

Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES

VOL. VII.

December 1903 to November 1904



W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

1904

Edinburgh:
Printed by W. & R. Chambers, Limited.



INDEX.

TALES AND STORIES.

	PAGE		PAGE
Almond-Tree, The. By R. E. Francillon . . .	635	COLONEL'S MURILLO, THE. By Andrew W. Arnold . . .	625, 648, 663, 680
AUNT MARY. By Fred M. White . . .	273, 298, 313, 329, 344	COMEDY OF LIEUTENANTS, A. By Richard Arthur . . .	209, 233, 249, 266
CAPTAIN BLACK AND WHITE. By John Oxenham . . .	417, 441	Conscientious Objector, A.	125
CAST BREAD. By Mary Stuart Boyd . . .	65, 88, 105, 121	'Contrabandista,' The. By Commander E. Hamilton Currey, R.N.	801
Changed Trunk, The. By S. Baring-Gould . .	759	DEAD HAND, THE. By Mrs J. H. Needell . . .	689, 714, 726, 740, 755
CLOSED BOOK, THE. By William Le Queux .		FIVE-HEAD CREEK. By Louis Becke . . .	721, 745
I. Which mainly concerns a Hunch-back . . .	1	Freeing of Ivancho, The. An Incident in the Macedonian Insurrection of 1903. By Nigel Carlyle Graham.	572
II. The Priest and the Book . . .	3	Gold <i>versus</i> Brass	219
III. In which the Prior is Mysterious . . .	20	HER EXCELLENCE. By Carlton Dawe . . .	481, 506
IV. By the Tideless Sea . . .	35	How the <i>Saint John</i> came Home. By W. Victor Cook	477
V. Shows Something Suspicious . . .	53	Intercepted Letter, The. By John Leys . .	252
VI. The Opening of the Book . . .	71	'ISLES OF DESTINY, THE.' By H. Halyburton Ross . . .	593, 614, 630, 643, 659, 676, 696, 709
VII. Forbidden Folios . . .	84	Judy, an Ugly Duckling. By Katharine Tynan .	520
VIII. Concerns a Woman's Serfdom . . .	100	Leopard-Conch, The. By A. Sarsfield Ward .	136
IX. Doctor Pellegrini's Opinion . . .	114	'LUCK.' By Louis Becke	145, 169
X. Across Europe . . .	132	Maiden's Shoe, The. By Alfred Colbeck . .	30
XI. The Old Lady from Paris . . .	150	MESSAGE FORGOTTEN, A. By Arthur H. Henderson	529, 553
XII. The Sign of the Bear-Cub . . .	163	MYSTERY OF THE DALOON RIVER, THE. By Arthur H. Henderson	10, 24, 41
XIII. What the Watcher saw . . .	183	MYSTERY OF THE VIOLET STORK, THE. By H. A. Bryden	769, 788, 808, 818
XIV. The Counsel of Friends . . .	195	One who Never Got There, The. By John Oxenham	56
XV. The old Monk's Secret . . .	214	Reformation at Trawdsley. By Robert Stone- cheek	380
XVI. Continues the Record . . .	228	RIGHT HORSE BUT THE WRONG MAN, THE. By F. B. Forester	353, 376, 393, 408
XVII. Contains forbidden Knowledge . . .	243	Setting the Clock Back; or, The Rejuvenation of Professor Wentworth. By Mrs Isabel Smith	318
XVIII. Lady Judith speaks . . .	260	TORREADOR'S TALISMAN, THE. By Charles Edwardes	177, 200
XIX. The Hand and the Glove . . .	279	Tragedy of Hongomont, The. By Ethel F. Heddlie	778
XX. Walter Wyman is unreasonable . .	292	UNDERSTUDY, AN. By Arthur O. Cooke . .	449, 472
XXI. We make Preliminary Investigation .	308	'VAIN THREADS.' By Mrs Isabel Smith . .	561, 583, 601, 618
XXII. What happened at Crowland . . .	324		
XXIII. Tactics of the Enemy . . .	339		
XXIV. Forestalled! . . .	360		
XXV. What the Buried Chest contained .	371		
XXVI. A Discovery in Harpur Street . .	388		
XXVII. 'If you knew the truth!' . . .	403		
XXVIII. The Stranger in Black . . .	425		
XXIX. Some Explanations . . .	436		
XXX. Humours of a House-Party . . .	455		
XXXI. Under the Gallows Knob . . .	468		
XXXII. The Major makes a Statement .	485		
XXXIII. Will the Sun shine? . . .	501		
XXXIV. The Red Bull of the Borgias . .	516		
XXXV. What we found at Threave . . .	535		
XXXVI. Shows the actual Spot at Crowland	548		
XXXVII. In which I enter the House of Mystery	566		
XXXVIII. The Room of the Bear-Cub . .	578		
XXXIX. Contains Lord Glenelg's Story .	597		
XL. By which the Book remains Open .	612		

ARTICLES OF INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT.

	PAGE		PAGE
Abeokuta. By a Resident	641	Dead Sea of the New World, The	431
Aerial Railway, The Original	540	Deaf-Mutes, The Education of Blind	568
Africa, The Prospects of British East	374	De Rullecourt's Invasion of Jersey. By C. T. O. Cooke	378
Air, The Conquest of the. By John Bacon, M.A.	699	Dickson, Antonia Kennedy-Laurie	55
Alien, The Criminal. By Edward John Prior	216	Dinner à la Carte or Table-d'Hôte	401
American Methods. By Sir Edmund Verney, Bart.	6, 22	Doctor in France, The Country	241
Andes, Across the Chilian	284	Domestic Evolution, The coming. As Foreseen by a Mere Man	289
Anecdotes of Celebrated People, New. By Orion	189	Doss-House, An Evening in a. By H. Jenner-Past, M.A.	396
Arizona, The Petrified Forest of	140	Dowie Dens of Yarrow, The. By Robert Borland	458
'Around the World through Japan'	74	Drink Monopoly, Russia's. By J. Blake Harrold	337
Atlantic Cattle-Carrying. By Walter Wood	453	Duchy of Lancaster and Estates, The. By W. M. J. Williams	494
Attire, Old Survivals in	335, 544	Edison, An Italian	45
Australia, The Progress of Western	129	Electric Trams, How they Work	148
Australia in the 'Thirties.' By Philip Laurence Oliphant	26	Electricity, Protection of Treasure by	613
Australian Cinderella, The	129	Enhydros, or the Salto Water-Stone	44, 750
Bananas	46	Ennerdale, The Wild-Dog of	470
Battlefield, Humours of the. By Captain Lewis Golding	173	Essex Marshes, The. By the Rev. Canon Vanghan, M.A.	657
Bell (Henry) and his Share in Steam Navigation	797	Estate Management	544
Biological Station, A New	783	Ex-Schoolmaster, Some Reflections and Reminiscences of an	491
Blind Deaf-Mutes, The Education of, with the Case of Helen Keller. By Charles Ray	568	Factory-Workers of the Twentieth Century. By Priscilla E. Moulder	812
Blue-Book, An Illustrated	540	False Alarm of 1804, The. By Elizabeth Grierson	49
Breakfast, Some Phases of	753	Fantasies which have Come True. By T. C. Hepworth	712
Breton Gentleman of Former Days, A	757	Fighting Power of Modern Warships, The. By Archibald S. Hurd	257
British East Africa, The Prospects of	374	Flowers, Forcing, by the Direct Action of Fire. By J. E. Whithy	784
British Trade with Foreign Countries. By a Resident in Brazil	231	Foods and Feeding, On. By J. Cater, M.D.	158
Burglary, The Most Daring, on Record. By W. B. Robertson	154	Foreign Countries, British Trade with	231
Burton (Sir Richard), A Reminiscence of	538	Forest of Dean, The. By William Andrews	654
Cape Castle, The Passing of	627	French-Canadian Rebellion, Diary of the Last Surviving Prisoner of the	108
Cattle-Carrying, Atlantic	453	French Officer, The. By One who Knows Him	172
Chemist in the Days of the Stuarts, A	734	Friskines, The	235
Chess-Problems, About	13	Fruit-Culture on Small Holdings. By J. M. Hodge	580
Chilian Andes, Across the	284	'Garden of England, The.' Its Literary Fertility. By W. Scott King	433
Chinese Humour. By Helena von Poseck	462	Gas Industry, Some Aspects of the. By a Gas Engineer	390
Chinese Labourers on the Rand Mines. By a Resident Engineer	748	Gentlemen-in-Waiting. By a Retired Lady-in-Waiting	683
Church Blunders and Stories Clerical	652	Geography in Commerce and Education	542
Clocks, The Crown	772	Giant Suns. By Alexander W. Roberts, D.Sc., F.R.A.S., F.R.S.E., Lovedale College, South Africa	294
Colour-Problems in America. By James Burnley	692	Glengarrys, The Two. By Norman Maclean	108
I. The Black Man	730	Gomera, The Whistlers of	347
II. The Red Man	826	Greene (Captain), The Death of. By Pilgrim	206
III. The Yellow Man	899	Guajuato	212
Conquest of the Air, The	699		
Conscripts Old and Young. By M. Betham-Edwards	677		
Co-operative Holidays	543		
Cornhill Burglary—The Most Daring Burglary on Record	154		
Corvo, Azores, The Island of	95		
Country Doctor in France, The	241		
Criminal Alien, The. By Edward John Prior	216		
Crown Clocks, The	772		
Cypress and Myrtle. By Lady Napier of Magdala	600		

	PAGE		PAGE
'Habitants,' In the Home of the. By the Rev. Robert Wilson, Ph.D., St John, New Brunswick	663	'Never Never' Land of Australia, In the. By Alexander Macdonald, F.R.S.G.S.	644
Handicrafts, The Style of Modern. By Charles L. Eastlake	703	Novel-Reading, Guidance in	97
Hawthorne's 'Rome,' Some Remarks on. By George Pignatorre	310	Nurse, Our Little	617
Heron, The. By Captain J. H. Baldwin	342	Old-Book Collecting, The Romance of. By Clive Holland	814
Highgate Hill, On. By Oliver Grey	37	Opium-Dens in London	542
History in Roman Remains, Buried	366	Palestine under the Sultan's Sway	362
Holidays, Co-operative	543	Panamá Canal, What America hopes to gain by the	540
House of Lords, Replenishing the. By W. V. Roberts	91	Patmos: Its Monastery and Passion Play. By Sir J. William Whittall	701
Humour, Chinese	462	Paton (Sir Noel): The Queen's Limner for Scotland	805, 823
Humour of America, The Provincial	153	Peat, Our Undeveloped Resources of. By W. J. Millar	251
Humours of the Battlefield	173	Petrified Forest of Arizona, The	140
Industrial Scotland	543	Photographic Progress	332
Ironclads, A Reminiscence of the First Fight between	459	Pianist, The Passing of the. By T. C. Hepworth	669
Ironworks in America, Early	316	Piedmont Peasant, The. By Eustace Reynolds. Ball	369
Italy, Travel and Misadventure in. By the Editor	497, 513	Pneumatic-Tool Works at Fraserburgh, The	720
Jacobite Gleanings, More	541	Police Telegraph-Code, The	16
Japan, The Sword-Makers of	518	Politics, The Great Ladies of. By Henry Leach	421
Jersey, De Rullecourt's Invasion of. By C. T. O. Cooke	378	Pompeii To-Day. By T. P. Armstrong	222
Kapock	541	Port Blair in the Andaman Islands, The Penal Settlement of. By a late Settlement Officer	574, 586
Keller (Helen), The Blind Deaf-Mute	568	Portuguese Sketch-Book, Leaves from a	406
Labourers on the Rand Mines, Chinese. By a Resident Engineer	748	Potato, Romance of the	444
Ladies of Politics, The Great. By Henry Leach	421	Queen's Limner for Scotland, The—Sir Noel Paton	805, 823
Lancaster and Estates, The Duchy of	494	Radium	180
Leopolds, Under the Shadow of the. By Alexander Macdonald, F.R.S.G.S.	185	Rag Fair of Rome, The. By G. G. Chatter- ton	438
Life-Saving Service of Sable Island, The Canadian. By Arthur P. Silver	716	Rand Mines, Chinese Labourers on the. By a Resident Engineer	748
Literary Recreation	124	Ravelston Dykes: A Disappearing Edinburgh Landmark	589
'Little Monkey'	511	Revenue, The Cost of Collecting the. By W. M. J. Williams	117
London Poor, The Lives of the. By H. Jenner- Fust, M.A.	396	Riviera, Wintering on the. By an old Resident	81
Loss to Gain, From—The Romance of the Rubbish-Heap	504	Roman Remains, Buried History in	366
Lycée Fénelon for Girls, The. By Miss Betham-Edwards	724	Rome, The Rag Fair of	438
Magnetic Storm and Sun-Spots, The Recent. By Violet Tweedale	86	Rome as it is To-Day. By George Pignatorre, late British Vice-Consul at Messina	810
Mangoes in Jamaica	282	Round the World 'On Duty.' By Surgeon- General G. J. H. Evatt, C.B.	564
Man-Tracking. By Stanhope Sprigg	743	Rubbish-Heap, The Romance of the	504
Marie Celeste, The Case of the. By J. L. Hornibrook	671	Russia's Drink Monopoly. By J. Blake Har- rold	337
Marriages, Mixed	113	Russo-Japan War, One Aspect of the	327
Match-Making. By T. C. Hepworth	166	Sable Island, The Canadian Life-Saving Service of	716
Midland Meadow of Enchantment, A	577	St Andrews, Underground	531
Mole and its new Fashionable Skin, Concern- ing the. By Canning Williams	33	St Andrews and Elsewhere, Ancient Wells in. By W. T. Linskill	17
Monsieur Le Curé, My Friend	427	Salto Water-Stone, or Enhydros, The	44, 750
'Mr Speaker, Strangers, Sir!' By T. H. S. Escott	263	Salvation Army Shelter, A Night in. By H. Jenner-Fust, M.A.	396
Napier (Robert): A Pioneer Steamship Builder Navigation, Henry Bell and his Share in Steam	637	School in Wild Life, The	305
Navigation, Progress of Steam	301	Scotch Manse, Reminiscences of a	197
Nelson's (Lord) Prize Captures. By R. A. Gatty, LL.B.	276, 355		

	PAGE		PAGE
Sea-Power, The Race for. By Archibald S. Hurd	705	Telegraph-Code, The Police	16
Sea-Sickness, and how to Avoid it. By Eustace Reynolds-Ball, F.R.G.S.	509	Thibet, A Visit to. By Captain A. H. Baldwin	245, 410
Shakespeare in Scotland. By Alexander Cargill	785	Torpedo, The Deadly	364
<i>Sleepy Hollow Gazette, The</i>	774	Travel and Misadventure in Italy. By the Editor	497, 513
<i>Snaileries</i>	429	Treasure, Protection of, by Electricity	613
Sport in Ancient Rome. By Professor Rodolfo Lanciani	102	Utah, The Great Salt Lake of—The Dead Sea of the New World	431
Stars Inhabited, Are the? By Alexander W. Roberts, D.Sc., Lovedale, South Africa	445	Vatican, The Finances of the. By Salvatore Cortesi	632
Steam Navigation, Henry Bell and his Share in Steamship Builder, A Pioneer—Robert Napier 'Stiff-Catchers' and their Victims	637	Walton (Izaak), an Old Edition of. By Charles Locke Eastlake	525
Submerged Class, Memories of a. By T. H. S. Escott	604	War, Ancient and Modern, Destruction of Life in	551
Sundials, Something about	484	Warships, The Fighting Power of Modern	257
Sun-Spots, The Recent Magnetic Storm and. By Violet Tweedale	86	Water-Stone, The Salto	44, 750
Suns, Giant	294	Weapons, My. By Reginald Wyon	239
Sword-Makers of Japan, The	518	Wells (Ancient) in St Andrews and Elsewhere. By W. T. Linskill	17
Talks with Girls. By Katharine Burrill	67	Western Australia, Progress of	129
For the Everyday Girl	161	Whistlers of Gomera, The	347
Diana and Atalanta	225	Who goes First?	596
Of Many Books	321	Wight, Isle of—'The Garden of England:' Its Literary Fertility. By W. Scott King	433
The Garden of Friendship	385	Wild Animal Farm, A Visit to a. By W. B. Robertson	488
Thursday's Bairs	465	Wild-Dog of Ennerdale, The	470
Jenny Wren and Fine Feathers	545	Wildfowling	134
Visitors and Visited	609	Wild Life, The School in	305
Letter-Writing and some Letter-Writers	673	Wintering on the Riviera	81
The Tears of Mr Turveydrop	737	Woodcock. By Lady Napier of Magdala	817
An Understudy for an Angel	77	Yarrow, The Dowie Dens of. By Robert Bolland	458
Teachers of My Time, Great. By T. H. S. Escott			

POETRY.

Amantium Iræ	656	Longing	800
Answer, The	352	Love's Treasury, In	736
Autumn Days, In	704	Memory Awakened	320
Beside the Alps	720	Missal of Life, The	832
Bookstall, At a	816	New Year's Eve, On	32
Call, A	416	Nightingale, To a	544
Change	560	Northward Ho!	192
Cupid and Psyche	80	Outlook, The	112
Dreamer, The	240	Plea, The	176
Dreamland Ship, The	640	Skylark's Song, The	432
Drifting down the River	224	Sleep, Dream, and Wake	784
Evensong, An	592	Solace in Nature	48
Flagstaff Hill	128	Song of Exile, A	256
Flowers of Kindness	576	Song of Roses, A	400
Fonte Avellana, At	304	Song of the Clock	608
Friend, To an Old	752	Song—Will he come when comes the spring-time?	384
Fulfilment	512	Statue of Memnon, The	336
Gate to Yesterday, The	688	Summer Night, A	672
Gloaming Hour, The	144	Ten Years After	208
Good-bye	624	Watcher of Inishail, The	448
Great Magician, The	288	Were I?	496
Home-Thoughts	96	Where Love is	368
I Dream	464	Winding Way, The	768
Kingship of the Hills, The	160	Winter-Time, In	64
Listen	272		

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Agriculturists, Natural	622	Grain from the Yukon	64
Alcohol, Duty-Free	475	Identification by the Teeth	623
Algerian Wine	622	Incense	767
Alpine Accidents	766	Indigo	557
Aluminium, About	62	Inoculating the Ground	832
Aluminium, Electroplating	475	Insect Pests	204
Angler's Paradise, An	767	Island, A Mysterious	765
Animated Microscopy	61	Ivy, Destructive	475
Anthrax	687	Lamp-Lighting, Automatic	829
Apples, Coreless	831	Lepers of Robben Island, The	559
Attar of Roses	767	Leprosy, The Prevention of	269
Aurora Borealis, The	270	Liberia, The Future of	831
Bananas, Dried	476	Lightning, Vagaries of	688
Battle Wounds	686	Lightning-Conductors	352
Bird Slaughter	829	'Live' Rail, Protection from the	766
Birds, The Protection of	64	Loch, The Deepest, in the United Kingdom	768
'Bits from an Old Book-Shop'	63	Machinery for the Farm	270
Boat, A New	686	Magnetic Attraction	830
Bread	272	Magnets, Lifting by	558
Bricks from the Gas-Works	270	Malaria at Ismailia	351
British Association, The	685	<i>Mal de Mer</i>	830
Bulwark, A Natural	350	Marine Biology	558
Canal Traffic	829	Metric System, The	765
Cancer Research Fund, The	621	Microscopy, Animated	61
Chafing-Dish, In Praise of the	688	Milk, Sterilisation of	686
Chartreuse	830	Motor-Boat, The	767
Chimneys that Smoke	204	Motor-Car Industry, The	766
Cider-Making	203	Motor-Cars, Dust-Raising	205
Coal, Smokeless Steam	271	Motor-Lorry, The	271
Coal-Saver, a Domestic	351	Motor-Omnibuses	349
Conscription	269	Motor Speed-Indicator	558
Cotton-Growing in the Empire	415	Mushrooms	205
Decimal System, The	143	Musical Education	557
Dinosaurs, A Great Find of Fossil	768	Natural Scenery, Destruction of	204
<i>Discovery</i> , The Return of the	765	Newspapers, Ocean Daily	476
Diver's Palsy	558	Orange Essence	350
Divining-Rod, The	63	Organisms, Beneficent	686
Dust, Dangers of	205	Ostrich-Farming	271
Dust, Laying the	204	Ozone	351
Egg-Packing	271	Panamá, Waste at	474
Eggs, Winter	831	Passenger-Lifts	62
Electric Power	687	Pearls	203
Electrical Dangers	686	Peat-Fuel	62
Electrical Progress	141	Peru, Facts about	206
Electricity <i>versus</i> Steam	413	Phonograph, The	61
Electrophone, The	61	Photographs in Colour	63, 414
Electroplating Aluminium	475	Physical Degeneration	351
Envelope-Making	61	Physical Deterioration	687
Eye-Massage	831	Pit-Shafts, Disused	206
Finger-Prints	143	Platinum	144
Fire-Escape, Portable	476	Plumbers, Registration of	62
Fire-Prevention in Theatres	270	Poisonous Shellfish	63
Fires on Shipboard	685	Printing without Type	477
Fisheries, Lake	623	Radium Cures, Alleged	205
Flammelette	142	Railway Brake, An Emergency	560
Floating Islands	62	Railway Carriages, Steel	271
Food Adulteration	556	Rail-Welding	350
Frogs as Food	624	Rats and the Plague	767
Fruit, Cold Storage of	831	Reafforestation	204
Gas Committee, The	272	Rifle-Clubs, Miniature	557
Gas-Engine, A New	205	Rifle, The Cullen	621
German Toys	474	Rubber at Lagos	143

	PAGE		PAGE
Rubber Industry, The	413	Telegraphing Extraordinary	144
Salmon for the Thames	415	Thames Lake, A	414
Salvage Operations	621	Timber, The Preservation of	63
Sanitation, The Pioneer of	687	Tools, High-Speed	142
San Marino	416	Torpedo, The Whitehead	349
Scenic Artists	269	Tranway 'Points,' Electrical	831
Sculpture by Photography	350	Treasure-Lake in South America, The	352
Sea-Sickness, To stop	415	Trout-Farming	830
Sharks, An Invasion of	766	Tuberculosis	556
Shellfish	203	Uganda, Progress in	624
Shellfish, Poisonous	63	Ullswater	557
Skippping as an Exercise	414	Vapour Bath, The	141
Sleeping Sickness	141	Veloxite	205
Smoke-Consuming Apparatus, A New	559	War, The Arts of	622
Snails, Artificial	475	Warfare, Submarine	413
Snake-Bite	622	Water-Bearing Plant, A	475
Soldiers, For our	557	Weather-Forecasting Plant, A	414
Sound-Quencher Wanted, A	476	Weather Forecasts	685
Sparrow, The Mischievous	142	Whitehead Torpedo, The	349
Steam-Coal, Smokeless	765	<i>Who's Who in America</i> up to date	416
Steel-Chain Making	61	Wireless Telegraphy, The Future of	142
Stuffed Animals	623	Woad	766
Submarine Warfare	413	Wood-Working Machinery	415
Sunshine, Healthy	623	World's Fair, The	474
Tea, A New	143	Zebras, Harnessed	351

EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER CONTENTS.

THE UNTOLD TALE	By A. L. Holland	1
SIX SEAMEN AND A MENAGERIE	By John Arthur Barry	16
THE FAVOURITES OF THE REGENT	By Katharine S. MacQuoid	23
THE STORY OF A SOVEREIGN	By Arthur O. Cooke	31
TARNABY'S BARGE	By Thomas St E. Hake	37
CHRISTMAS DAY	By Sarah Wilson	48





Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE CLOSED BOOK.*

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX,

Author of *The Tickencote Treasure, Of Royal Blood, Secrets of the Foreign Office, &c.*

CHAPTER I.—WHICH MAINLY CONCERNS A HUNCHBACK.

THESE strange facts would never have been placed on record, nor would this exciting chapter of an eventful life have been written, except for two reasons: first, because the discovery I made has been declared to be of considerable importance to scientists, bibliophiles, and the world at large; and, secondly, because it is my dear wife's wish that in order to clear her in the eyes of both friends and foes nothing should be concealed, misrepresented, or withheld.

It was indeed a memorable day when I halted before the white, almost windowless, house of the Prior of San Sisto, and knocked twice at its plain, green-painted door.

The sun-blanchéd, time-mellowed old city of Florence lay silent, glaring, and deserted in the blazing noon of a July day. The Florentines had fled to the mountains for air. The green *persiennes*, or sun-shutters, were everywhere closed, the shops shut, the people slumbering, and the silence only broken by the heat-song of the chirping cicale in the scorched trees at the end of the Lung Arno.

Like many another Tuscan town, it stood with long rows of high, frescoed, and sculptured palaces facing the brown river, its magnificent black and white Duomo and campanile, its quaint fourteenth-century streets, and its medieval Ponte Vecchio all forming a grim, imposing relic of a long-past glory. In many places its aspect was little changed since the old *quattrocento* days, when it was the centre of all the arts and the powerful rival of Venice and Genoa, although its trade has decayed and its power departed. The Lion and Lily of Florence upon a flag is no longer feared, as it once was even by the bloodthirsty corsairs; and the rich Florentine brocades, velvets, and finely tempered arms are no longer in requisition in the markets of the world.

Save for the influx of leisured Englishmen and Americans, and the scrambling Cookites, it is one of the dead towns of Europe. Modern trade passes it by unnoticed; its very name would be forgotten were it not for those marvellous works of art in its galleries and in its very streets.

I had always loved the quaint old city, ever since a boy, when my father, a retired English naval officer, lived in that ancient house with the brown frescoes in the Via di Pinti in the days before the shrieking steam-trams ran to Prato or the splendid Palazzo Riccardi had been desecrated by the Government. At fourteen I left these quaint, quiet streets, with their cool *loggias* and silent, moss-grown courtyards, where the lizards darted, for the whirl of Paris, and subsequently lived and worked in London. Then, after an absence of nearly twenty years, I found myself living again in my beloved Tuscany, by the Mediterranean—at Leghorn, to be exact—forty miles distant from that medieval city of my childhood. Was it therefore surprising that the mood often seized me to go and revisit the old places I had known as a boy? I found them all unchanged—indeed, nothing changes in 'Firenze la Bella' save the fortunes of her ruined nobility and the increase of garish stucco hotels for the accommodation of the foreigner.

I was something of an antiquary, and through many years had been collecting medieval manuscripts on vellum, ancient charters, diplomas, notarial deeds, and such-like documents, none being of later date than the fifteenth century. To decipher the work of the old scribes is, I admit, a dry-as-dust occupation; nevertheless it is a work that grows on one, and the palæographer is an enthusiast always. In one's hobbies one should always join advantage to amusement, and seek to gather profit with pleasure.

My collection of musty-smelling parchment rolls and folded vellum documents, with their formidable

* Copyright in the United States of America (1903) by William Le Queux.

seals of wax or lead, of heavy vellum books bound in oaken boards with brass bosses, or tiny illuminated Books of Hours so minutely written that a microscope was almost necessary to read them, appealed to very few people. Most of my friends regarded them as so many old and undecipherable books and rolls, without interest and without value. They wondered that, being continually occupied at my desk writing novels, I should take up such an essentially dry study.

Yet it was this love of collecting that first brought me into contact with Francesco Graniani, a queer little old hunchback, who was a kind of itinerant dealer in antiques. Unshaven, very shabby, and not particularly clean, he dressed always in the same faded drab suit, and, summer or winter, wore the same battered, sun-browned straw hat through all the years I knew him.

Often this strange, rather tragic figure would meet me in the sun-baked streets of Leghorn, raise his battered hat respectfully, and, taking me aside, produce mysteriously from his pocket a parchment charter with its seal, some leaves from a medieval psalter, or perhaps an illuminated codex or a Book of Hours with painted miniatures. Where he obtained such gems I have never to this day discovered. None knew who the old fellow was, or where he lived; he was a complete mystery.

One morning, while crossing the great square, I encountered him, and he informed me, in his strange, mysterious manner, of the existence of a very rare and interesting manuscript in the possession of the prior of the ancient Church of San Sisto, at Florence.

'If the signore goes to Firenze, Father Landini will no doubt allow him to have sight of the parchment book,' he said. 'Tell him that Francesco Graniani wishes it.'

'But what is the character of the manuscript?' I inquired.

'I know nothing of it,' he replied evasively, 'except that I believe it once belonged to the Monastery of the Certosa. I heard of it only last night, and thought perhaps it might interest you.'

It certainly did. Any discovery of that kind always attracted me, ever on the lookout as I was for a single folio of the original Dante.

With the object of inspecting the palaeographic treasure, I next day took train to Florence, and an hour after my arrival, knocked in some trepidation at the prior's green door.

The long, gray church, one of the oldest in that ancient city, stood in its little piazza off the Via San Gallo, and adjoining it the prior's house, a long, low, fourteenth-century building, with high, cross-barred windows, and a wonderful old-world garden in the rear.

In answer to my summons there appeared a thin, yellow-faced, sharp-tongued house-woman, and on inquiry for the Father I was at once invited into a big stone hall, cool and dim after the sun-glare outside.

'Body of a thousand anchovies, Teresa! who has come to worry me now?' I heard a man demand angrily from a door at the end of a darkened cor-

ridor. 'Didn't I tell you that I was not at home until after mass to-morrow? Plague you, Teresa!'

To the wizen-faced woman I stammered some apology; but at the same moment I saw a huge, almost gigantic figure in a long black cassock and biretta emerge from the room.

'Oh, signore!' he cried apologetically the instant he caught sight of me, 'do pray excuse me! I have so many of my poor people here begging that I'm compelled to be out to them sometimes. Come in! come in!' Then he added reproachfully, turning to his housekeeper, 'Teresa, what manners you have to leave this gentleman standing in the hall like a mendicant! I'm ashamed of you, Teresa! What must the signore think—and a foreigner, too!'

In an instant the Very Reverend Bernardo Landini and I were friends. I saw that he was thoroughly genuine, a strange admixture of good-fellowship and piety. His proportions were gargantuan; his clean-shaven face was perfectly round, fresh, and almost boyish in complexion; his dark eyes twinkled with merriment; his stomach huge, and spoke mutely of a healthy appetite; his hand big and hearty in its shake; and in his speech he aspired his 'e's,' which showed him to be a born Florentine.

After I had explained that my name was Allan Kennedy, and that I was introduced by the *gobbo* of Leghorn, he took out his great horn snuff-box, rapped it loudly, and offered me a pinch.

'Ah!' he remarked, 'the signore is English, yet how well he speaks our Tuscan!'

I thanked him for his compliment, and went on to explain that I had passed the years of my youth in Florence, and was at heart almost a Fiorentino.

This pleased him mightily, and from the moment I hinted at my antiquarian tastes he began to chatter as an enthusiast will.

The apartment wherein I sat, darkened by its closed sun-shutters, was certainly a strange one: small, and so crammed with antiques of every kind and description that one could scarcely move in it. Upon the old empire writing-table at which he had seated himself stood a small brass crucifix of exquisite design, while all around hung ancient pictures of a religious character: saints, *pietas*, pictures of the Redeemer, and several great canvases reaching from floor to ceiling, evidently from church-altars. The very chairs were of the fifteenth century, heavy, massive, and covered with stamped leather; the tables were of the Renaissance; and the perfect chaos of valuable objects of art stored there was, to me, a collector, absolutely bewildering.

And amid it all, seated at his table, was the ponderous, beaming cleric, mopping his brow with his big red handkerchief from time to time, and leaning back in his chair as he laughed and talked with me.

Yet when I mentioned that I had been sent by the mysterious old hunchback of Leghorn his face instantly grew serious, and with a low sigh he said:

'Ah! poor Francesco! Poor fellow!'

'You know him well, Signor Priore,' I said. 'Tell me about him. I'm very anxious to know who and what he really is. To me he has always been a mystery.'

But the stout prior shook his head, replying in a rather hard voice:

'No, signore. I regret that my lips are closed.'

His response was a strange one, and led me at once to suspect that my new friend was a party to some grave secret. Therefore, seeing that his manner was firm, I dropped the subject, although more than ever interested in the queer, deformed old fellow who had so long mystified me.

My friend the priest took me around his wonderful collection, and showed me a veritable confusion of valuable antiques: a Madonna by Andrea del Sarto, a Holy Family by Tintoretto, a tiny but exquisite specimen of that lost art of della Robbia, and a quantity of old tapestries, medieval ironwork, and old carved furniture.

In a room beyond was stored a splendid collection of Florentine armour: helmets, breastplates, gauntlets, and lances, with a heap of ancient swords, rapiers, and poignards. I took up several to examine them, and found that they were without exception splendid specimens of the Spanish armourer's work, mostly bearing upon the finely tempered blades the well-known marks of Blanco, Martinez, Ruiz, Tomas, and Pedro de Lezama.

Some of the work was wonderfully inlaid with brass and copper; and the collection appeared to be a representative one, ranging from the rusty cross-hilts of the Etruscans down to the thin Spanish rapiers of the seventeenth century.

A third room, still beyond, was the priest's bed-chamber, and even this was so packed with curios and *bric-à-brac* that there was scarcely room to enter.

Above the narrow little bed was an antique bronze crucifix, mounted upon a carved wooden background covered with old purple brocade, while the white-washed walls were almost hidden by the profusion of religious pictures. The red-brick floor was carpetless, as were all the other apartments; but the furniture was all old, and upon the chairs were heaped quantities of silks and velvets from the Genoese looms of the seventeenth century: truly an amazing profusion of relics of Italy's past glory.

The prior smiled at my exclamations of surprise as I enthusiastically examined object after object with keen and critical eye. Then, when I remarked upon the value of the objects of art with which his unpretentious house was filled, he answered:

'I am delighted that you, signore, should feel so much interest in my few things. Like yourself, I am an enthusiast, and perhaps by my calling I am afforded unusual facilities for collecting. Here, in my poverty-stricken parish, are quantities of antiques stored in the cottages as well as in the palaces, and the *contadini* from all the countryside, even beyond Pistoja, prefer to bring me their treasures in secret rather than to offer them openly to the pawnbroker.'

'But Graniani told me that you have discovered a manuscript of a remarkable character. I possess a small collection; therefore may I be permitted to examine it?' I asked, carefully approaching the subject.

'Most certainly,' he replied, after a moment's hesitation, it seemed. 'It is in the safe in my study. Let us return there.' And I followed his ponderous form back to the small apartment wherein stood his writing-table with the crucifix and heavily bound Bible and missal upon it.

But as I walked behind him, unable to see his face, I was surprised at the tone of the remark he made as though speaking to himself.

'So Francesco told you of the book, did he? Ah!'

He spoke as though in suppressed anger that the queer old hunchback had betrayed his confidence.

CHAPTER II.—THE PRIEST AND THE BOOK.



THE prior mopped his round face again with his red handkerchief, and taking a key from his pocket, fumbled at the lock of the small and old-fashioned safe, after some moments producing the precious manuscript for my inspection.

It proved to be a thick folio, bound in its original oaken boards covered with purple leather that had faded and in parts disappeared. For further protection there were added great bosses of tarnished brass, usual in fifteenth-century bindings, but the wood itself was fast decaying; the binding presented a sadly tattered and worn appearance, and the heavy volume seemed held together mainly by its great brass clasp.

He placed it before me on the table, and with eager fingers I undid the clasp and opened it. As soon as my eyes fell upon the leaves of parchment I recognised it to be a very rare and remarkable fourteenth-century manuscript, and a desire at once seized me to possess it.

Written by the monk Arnoldus of Siena, it was beautifully executed in even Gothic characters, with red and blue initials, and ornamented with a number of curious designs in gold and colours representing the seven cardinal sins. Upon the first page was a long, square initial in gold; and, although written with the contractions common at the time, I managed to make out the first few lines in Latin as follows:

'Arnoldus Cenni de Senis, professor in monasterio Viridis vallis canon regul. S. Augustini in Zonie silva Camerac. dioec. Liber Gnotosolitos de septem peccatis mortalibus, de decem præceptis, de duodecim consilijs evangelicis, de quinque sensibus, de simbolo fidei, de septem sacramentis, de octo beatitudinibus, de septem donis spiritus sancti, de quatuor peccatis ad Deum clamantibus, &c.

Across the top of the first page, written in a cursive hand in brown ink of a somewhat later date, was the inscription:

'Liber canonicor. regul. monasterii S. Maynulf

in Bodeke prope Paderborn. Qui rapit hunc librum rapiant sua viscera corvi.'

The introduction showed that the splendid manuscript had been written by the old Siennese monk himself in the Abbey of Saint Paul at Groenendale. The date was fixed by the 'Explicit':

'Iste liber est mei Fris Arnoldi Cenni de Senis Primi ordis B'te Marie carmelo. Quem p'pria manu scripsi i anno dñi M^oCCC^oXXXIX. die XXVIII. Maij. Finito libro Reseram' grā X^o.'

I really don't know why I became so intensely interested in the volume, for the ornamentations were evidently by a Flemish illuminator, and I had come across many of a far more meritorious character in the work of the Norman scribes.

Perhaps it was owing to the quaintness of the design; perhaps because of the rareness of the work; but more probably because at the end of the book had been left fifty or so blank leaves, as was often the case in manuscripts of that period, and upon them, in a strange and difficult cursive hand, was inscribed a long record which aroused my curiosity.

As every collector of manuscripts knows, one sometimes finds curious entries upon the blank pages of vellum books. In the days before the art of printing was discovered, when the use of paper was not general, and when vellum and parchment were costly, every inch of the latter was utilised, and a record meant to be permanent was usually written in the front or back of some precious volume. Therefore, the sight of this hundred pages or so of strange-looking writing in faded brown ink, penned with its many downward flourishes, uneven and difficult as compared with the remarkable regularity of the old monk's treatise upon the Seven Sins, awakened within me an eagerness to decipher it.

Hores, psalters, offices of the Virgin, and codexes of Saints Augustine, Bernard, Ambrose, and the others, are to be found in every private collection; therefore it was always my object to acquire manuscript works that were original. The volume itself was certainly a treasure, and its interest was increased tenfold by those pages of close, half-faded handwriting, written probably a century later, and evidently in indifferent ink to that used by the old monk.

'Well, signore,' inquired the prior after I had been bending over the ancient volume for some minutes in silence, 'what is your opinion? You are of course an expert. I am not. I know nothing about manuscripts.'

His frankness was pleasing. He did not seek to expound its merits or to criticise without being able to substantiate his statements.

'A most interesting codex,' I declared, just as openly. 'I don't remember ever having met with Arnolus before; and, as far as I can recollect, Quain does not mention him. How did it come into your possession?'

Landini was silent. His huge round face, so different from the pinched, gray countenances of most priests, assumed a mysterious look, and his

lips pursed themselves up in an instant. I noticed his hesitation, and, recollecting that he had told me how many people in the neighbourhood came to him in secret and sold him their most treasured possessions, saw that my question was not an exactly fair one.

Instead of replying, he merely remarked that if I desired to acquire the volume he was open to an offer. Then he added:

'I think, my dear signore, that when we become better acquainted we shall like each other. Therefore I may as well tell you at once that, in addition to the holy office which I hold, I deal in antiques. Probably you will condemn me, just as half Florence has already done. But surely it is no disgrace to the habit I wear? From the sacrilegious Government I receive the magnificent stipend of one thousand lire [forty pounds] annually;' and he laughed a trifle bitterly. 'Can a man live on that? I have both father and mother still living, dear old souls! Babbo is eighty-one, and my mother seventy-eight; they live out at the Five Ways in the Val d'Ema, in the old farmhouse where I was born. With the profits I make on dealing in antiques I manage by great economy to keep them and myself, and have just a trifle to give to the deserving poor in my parish. Do you blame me, signore?'

How could I? His charming openness, so like the Tuscan priest, and yet so unlike the Tuscan tradesman, gave me an insight into his true character. The extreme simplicity of his carpetless, comfortless house, the frayed shabbiness of his cassock, and the cracked condition of his huge buckled shoes all spoke mutely of a struggle for life. Yet, on the other hand, his face was that of a supremely contented man. His collection was such that if sold at Christie's it would fetch many thousands of pounds; yet, an antiquary himself, he clung, it seemed, to a greater portion of it, and would not part with many of his treasures.

I told him that I had admiration rather than reproach at his turning dealer, when he frankly explained that his method of selling was not to regard the marketable value of an object, but to obtain a small profit upon the sum he gave for it.

'I find that this method works best,' he said, 'for by it I am able to render a service to those in straitened circumstances, and at the same time gain sufficient for the wants of my family. Of the real value of many things I am utterly ignorant. This manuscript, for instance, I purchased for a hundred francs. If you give me a hundred and twenty-five, and you think it is worth it, I shall be quite contented. Does the price suit you?'

Suit me! My heart leapt to my mouth. If he had suggested fifty pounds instead of five I should have been prepared to consider it. Either Quaritch in London, Rosenthal in Munich, or Olschki in Florence would, I felt certain, be eager to give at the least a hundred pounds for it. Such manuscripts were not offered for sale every day.

'The price is not at all high,' I answered. 'In-

deed, it is lower than I expected you would ask; therefore the book is mine.' And taking my wallet from my pocket, I counted out and handed to him a dozen or so of those small, well-thumbed notes that constitute the paper currency of Italy, for which he scribbled a receipt upon a scrap of waste-paper which he picked up from the floor—a fact which showed him to be as unconventional as he was frank and honest in his dealing.

Dealers in any branch of antiques, whether in pictures, china, furniture, or manuscripts, are—except the well-known firms—for the most part sharks of the worst genus; hence it was pleasant to make a purchase with such charming openness of purpose.

When he handed me the receipt, however, I thought I detected a strange, mysterious look upon his big beaming countenance as he said, 'I thank you, my dear Signor Kennedy, for your patronage, and I hope that you will never regret your purchase—never.'

He seemed to emphasise the words in a tone unusual to him. It flashed across my mind that the manuscript might, after all, be a clever German forgery, as a good many are, and that its genuineness had already been doubted. Yet if it were, I felt certain that such a man would never disgrace his office by knowingly deceiving me.

Still, the mystery of his manner puzzled me, and I am fain to confess that my confidence in him became somewhat shaken.

His refusal to tell me anything of the ugly old hunchback whose orders he had obeyed in showing me the book, and his disinclination to tell me whence he had procured it, were both curious circumstances which occupied my mind. It also occurred to me as most probable that Graniani was merely an agent of the clerical antique-dealer, which accounted for his pockets being ever filled with precious manuscripts, bits of valuable china, miniatures, and such-like odds and ends.

Nevertheless, if the *Book of Arnoldus* were actually genuine I had secured a gem at a ridiculously low price. I did not for one moment doubt its authenticity; hence a feeling of intense satisfaction overcame everything.

He showed me several other manuscripts, including a fifteenth-century Petrarca *De Vita Solitaria*, an illuminated Horæ of about the same date, and an *Evangelia quatuor* of a century earlier; but none of them attracted me so much as the heavy volume I had purchased.

Then, at my request, he took me along the dark corridor and through a side-door into the fine old church, where the light was dim and in keeping with the ancient, time-mellowed Raphaels and the dull gilding of ceiling and altar. The air was heavy with incense, and the only sound beyond the echo of our footsteps was the impudent chirp of a stray bird which had come in for shelter from the scorching sun. It was an ancient place, erected in 1089 by the Florentines to commemorate their victories on 6th August, the day of San Sisto.

For more than twenty years I had not entered there. I recollect going there in my youth, because I was enamoured of a dark-eyed little milliner from the Via Dante who attended mass regularly. The past arose before me, and I smiled at that forgotten love of my ardent youth. The prior pointed out to me objects of interest not mentioned in the red guide-books, they being known to him alone. He showed me the splendid sculptured tombs of the noble house of Cioni and of Gherardesca, whereon lay the armoured knights in stone; the Madonna of Fra Bartolommeo; the curious frescoes in the sacristy; and other objects which to both of us were interesting; then, taking me back through his house, we passed out into the tangled, old-world garden—a weedy, neglected place, with orange and fig trees, broken moss-grown statuary, and a long, cool *loggia* covered with laden vines.

Together we sat upon a bench in the welcome shadow, and at our feet the lizards darted across those white flagstones hollowed by the tread of generations. Father Bernardo took the long Tuscan cigar which I offered him; and, on his calling old Teresa to bring a candle, we both lit up, for the ignition of a 'Virginia' in Italy is, as you know, an art in itself. He confided to me that he loved to smoke—the only indulgence he allowed himself—and then, as we lolled back, overcome by the heat and burden of the day, we discussed antiques, and he told me some strange stories of the treasures that had on various occasions passed through his hands to the national galleries or the wealthy American visitors.

A dozen times I tried to obtain from him the history of the fine old parchment codex I had just bought, but without avail. He made it a rule, he told me frankly, never to divulge from whom he obtained the objects he had to sell, and had he not been a cleric I should really have suspected him of being a receiver of stolen property.

Old Teresa, in blue apron and shuffling over the stones, returned to her master presently, informing him that some one was waiting for confession; therefore my friend, excusing himself, flung away his cigar, crossed himself, and hurried back to his sacred duty. He was a strange man, it was true; charming, yet at moments austere, reserved, and mysterious.

Alone, still smoking, I sat where he had left me. Opposite, the overgrown garden with its wealth of fruit and flowers was bounded by the ancient stucco wall of the church, around which, in a line above the windows, ran a row of beautiful della Robbia medallions hidden from the world.

When I had remarked upon their beauty to Landini he had sighed, saying:

'Ah, signore, if I only might sell them and pay for the restoration of my church! Each one is worth at least a thousand pounds sterling, for they are even finer specimens than those upon the Foundling Hospital. The Louvre Museum in Paris offered me a year ago twenty thousand francs for the one to the right over there in the corner.'

Yes; the old place breathed an air of a bygone age—the age of the Renaissance in Italy—and I sat there musing as I smoked, trying to fathom the character of the ponderous, heavy-breathing man who had that moment entered the confessional, and wondering what could be his connection with Francesco Graniani.

Across, straight before me, was a small, square, latticed window of old green glass, near which, I knew, stood the confessional-box; and suddenly—I know not why—my eye caught it, and what I noticed there riveted my attention.

Something showed white for a single instant behind the glass, then disappeared. But not, however, before I recognised that some person was keeping secret watch upon my movements, and, further, that it was none other than the forbidding-looking little hunchback of Leghorn.

In Italy one's suspicion is easily aroused, and certainly mine was by that inexplicable incident. I determined then and there to trust neither Graniani nor his clerical friend. Therefore, with a

feeling of anger at such impudent espionage, I rose, re-entered the prior's house, and walked up the dark passage to the study, intending to obtain the precious volume for which I had paid, and to wish my host a hurried adieu.

On entering the darkened study, however, I discovered, somewhat to my surprise, a neat-waisted, well-dressed lady in black standing there, evidently waiting, and idling the time by glancing over the vellum pages of my newly acquired treasure.

I drew back, begging her pardon for uncere-monious intrusion, but she merely bowed in acknowledgment. Her manner seemed agitated and nervous, and she wore a veil, so that in the half-light I could not well distinguish her features.

She was entirely in black, even to her gloves, and was evidently the person to whom Father Bernardo had been called, and after confession had passed through the little side-door of the church in order to consult him upon some matter of extreme importance, the nature of which I could not possibly divine.

In all this I scented mystery.

AMERICAN METHODS.

By Sir EDMUND VERNEY, Bart.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.



EW more significant events have taken place lately than the visit of the Mosely Industrial Commission to America. At the end of 1902 twenty-three representative trades-unionists were personally conducted by Mr Alfred Mosely, at his sole expense, to investigate the conditions under which the people work, and to inquire into the social aspect of their lives. The report of this Commission has attracted some attention, but not nearly as much as it deserves; we are all too busy to take up a quarto book and delve into its three hundred pages for the many precious facts and suggestions it contains; most of us like our facts tidily served up. Each of these twenty-three gentlemen has written an account of the impressions left by his flying visit, and has more or less answered some forty searching questions put to him. To sum up the total result is what is here attempted. A summary is open to the objections of all generalisations; but its main object is to see in what direction our American cousins are finding their best chance of successful rivalry, and whether we should be wise to adopt any of their methods. Mr John Foster Fraser has also published a book on *America at Work*, dealing with questions of the same kind; and it is not too much to say that these two works must be helpful to all employers who care to study them. Both suggest methods by which the commercial supremacy of England may be maintained. Mr Foster Fraser draws this curious con-

trast between the two lands: 'In Britain,' he says, 'the healthy, fresh-faced man is usually the employer, and the weary, sad-eyed man is the employé. In America the employé is filled with frolic. It is the employer who is tired; just tired, just worn out, just living to work, racked with worry, as many a man confesses.' Mr Fraser's book ranges over many phases of American life, while the Mosely reports are mainly concerned with the industries represented on the Commission.

It is worth while to see on what lines American commerce and manufactures are being run that differ so widely from our own and appear to be carrying them rapidly beyond us.

Retail business is on a much larger scale than anything we can show in London; possible customers, and particularly ladies, are encouraged to come and walk about whether they buy anything or not. The Siegel Cooper Company in New York is a good deal bigger than any of our London stores. Besides moving staircases for customers, there are twenty-three lifts. There are seventy-two different departments. In the groceries department butter is made 'while you wait.' In the busy season there is an army of from five to six thousand employés. *How Department Stores are carried on in America* (Grant Richards) is a little book giving very full information on the subject.

Time is everything in New York. You fly about horizontally on tram-cars and the elevated railway, or else vertically in lifts travelling six times as fast as English lifts—stopping lifts or express lifts to

the twenty-eighth floor. Rapid transit New York will have. A new railroad just below the surface of the street is in course of construction. The roof over the railway, carrying the street traffic, is only thirty inches thick. There are four lines of rail; two for slow traffic and two for express.

In almost every manufacture the Americans beat us in quantity; they can seldom compete with us in quality. Baldwin's locomotive works at Philadelphia turn out some six locomotives a day. As an experiment a locomotive was ordered on Saturday, 22nd June 1886; on Tuesday, 2nd July, it was delivered and tried under steam—eight clear days. Said a sarcastic American referring to the high finish of our engines, 'English engines are fit to hang on a lady's watch-chain if only they were a little smaller.' But, then, in these works the deplorable sweating-system, pure and simple, prevails; consequently the pace is fierce and the work scandalously finished. The success of this firm is due to cheap labour and rapid production.

It was remarked to an English manufacturer that American steel had a large market in Russia, and British steel a very small market. He replied, 'My firm could have had as much of the Russian steel-trade as they wanted; but we're full up. We've constant work; we cannot keep pace with our orders. Why should we bother ourselves with seeking fresh markets?' The American manufacturer looks at things quite differently; he deliberately builds works of enormous capacity, because he is long-sighted, and intends to have all appliances ready to pit his magnificent resources against the resources of the rest of the world. Then he steps in and secures the market we have despised.

The difference between the American and English manufacturer is well illustrated in the shoe-trade. When your new boots pinch the instep the Englishman tells you they will be all right in a few days; the foot has to fit the boot. Not so the American; if his ready-made sizes are none of them comfortable, he has half-sizes and varying widths, and he gives you a boot to fit the foot. In America so specialised is the shoe-trade that in many factories only one kind of shoe is made; while the different operations are so divided and subdivided for the various machines that a pair of shoes can be made in seventeen minutes. The laced shoe of a full-grown man passes through the hands of three hundred and seventy-one workpeople, many of them girls and boys. A machine for sewing on the buttons will sew eight thousand eight hundred buttons in a day.

Less than twenty years ago the Bureau of Labour in Washington was established; this office collects and reports on every conceivable aspect of labour; it publishes articles and reports written in a bright, attractive style. Its labours are not confined to America; it reports on subjects so remote as the municipal restaurant at Grenoble, the public baths of Europe, and the British Workman's Compensation Act and its operation. Any

American can have any of its publications free; he has but to send a post-card giving the number and subject of the report wanted, and it is at once sent to him without charge. The Government at Washington prints all returns and books ordered by Congress; none are sold, but all are for gratuitous distribution. In this country we have nothing at all of the kind; our blue-books and official reports are mostly the dreariest and dullest reading, and have to be ordered and paid for through a bookseller. The American Labour Department issued a report on marriage and divorce; and when its appropriateness to the Labour Department was questioned, the superintendent replied, 'If there is any subject in which labour should be actively interested, and which concerns the happiness of the working-man, it is the sacredness and the permanence of the home relations.' To this department Congress votes fifteen thousand pounds a year, exclusive of printing and other expenses; the Post-Office carries all such matter free.

The determination to succeed which characterises private enterprise in America becomes, both in agriculture and in education, a national enthusiasm. The Department of Agriculture is above all things practical. It is divided into eleven departments, in all of which original inquiry and research are being conducted. It costs one hundred thousand pounds a year; besides this, most states have an annual grant of five thousand pounds, which has to be spent within the year upon the local agricultural colleges. Each college has a huge tract of farming country; all the farming done is on scientific principles, and specially suited to the district. The colleges are greatly appreciated; the Agricultural College of Minnesota, for instance, has between three and four thousand pupils. These colleges mean money to the farmer. Thus, one farmer in a remote district, reading the pamphlets sent out from his college, makes money by the scientific fattening of hogs. The experiments carried out spell dollars. By the scientific hybridising of wheat, the yield, once sixteen bushels to the acre, is now forty.

There is a Weather Bureau. Every day weather maps are published in the great centres. Forecasting has risen to the dignity of a science. From three hundred and sixty-five centres, forty-two thousand farms are, by the co-operation of the Post-Office, supplied gratis with forecasts. Everything that may be brought within the range of agriculture is systematically and thoroughly investigated. When it is seen that a local agricultural 'institute' means business, a useful thousand pounds or so is sent from the Agricultural Department. Last year two thousand institute gatherings were held, attended by half a million farmers to hear lectures and to discuss agricultural questions. We do nothing of the kind; but in Canada Dr Saunders, the head of the Canadian Experimental Farms, is successfully carrying out a very similar work.

It did seem as if Mr R. W. Hanbury was about

to do a great work for English agriculture; but his gallant devotion to duty cut short a career of much promise.

The appetite of the American farmer for information is prodigious. Last year the Agricultural Department received nearly three hundred thousand letters asking for information; and six hundred and six publications were issued, of which eight millions were distributed.

Mr Fraser does not conceal his admiration for the American farmer, whom he describes as 'a good fellow, industrious, and absolutely sober.'

Scientific agriculture is regarded somewhat contemptuously by the sturdy, broad-shouldered, bright-cheeked, bluff-mannered Briton. In America there is quite a rage for scientific training. Every state in the Union has its agricultural college well filled with eager lads, keen to learn. In 1901 there were upwards of forty thousand agricultural students. Congress grants one hundred and forty thousand pounds a year to be spent in experiments alone.

At the college in Iowa there is no charge for tuition even for the four-years' course; students living in the college pay less than their food costs. All expenses need not exceed thirty pounds a year. The college buildings cost one hundred thousand pounds. Besides local income, the Government gives seven thousand pounds a year. Last year a new experiment was tried: a fortnight's instruction was offered to practical farmers; four hundred came and attended the course, some being old gray-bearded men, who worked from six A.M. till half-past nine P.M.

At the Ohio Experiment Station may be seen an object-lesson of an unfertilised plot of ground yielding ten and a third bushels of wheat to the acre; adjoining plots are scientifically treated with various manures, until at last a yield of thirty-seven and a third bushels to the acre is secured. With her sixty agricultural colleges and experiment stations, all State-supported, America is seriously competing with the British farmer.

It concerns us closely to see what it is that makes the Americans such formidable rivals. Much is due to the vast natural resources of the country, not yet half-developed or even explored; much is also due to the invigorating climate, and a good deal to racial and social conditions. But there are other causes at work which we can with advantage copy or adapt. In most trades and factories it rests with the employer to determine whether any and what changes will advantage his business; but in agriculture the impulse must come from the Government, who alone have the means and the facilities to acquire and spread agricultural information. Voluntary effort has done bravely so far; but it is clear that far more should be done immediately if we are to hold our own against the highly organised and enthusiastic rivalry of the New World.

The population of America is nearly double that of Great Britain; but they have ten times as many miles of railroad. It is not an unusual thing for one

train to bring ninety thousand bushels of grain, a large proportion of which comes to England. Automatic couplings are in America by law compulsory; in England, where they are not in general use, the injury and loss of life to shunters were almost double those of the troops in a year of the South African war. The London and North-Western Railway Company owns to a proportion of one man in seven injured in a year. The average of railway employes in this country killed or injured is forty-two per day. The latest annual return shows fifteen men killed and five hundred and one injured in shunting. The Board of Trade is authorised by law to compel the adoption of automatic couplings, which in America led to an immediate saving of eight men out of ten. But there are (or were) eleven railway directors in the Cabinet, sixty-three in the House of Commons, and fifty-eight in the House of Lords, besides shareholders innumerable; so the annual slaughter, mutilation, and suffering have to go on. During the last nine years this ghastly dividend has doubled. Railway directors in America are men who know their business. Most of them began as cleaners, firemen, drivers, or clerks, and have won their way by industry and ability. No one needs to be told what the English railway director usually is. The average cost per ton per mile in America is a third of a penny; in England it is a fraction over a penny.

The Americans can show us a trick or two in advertising; they advertise more than we do, and with greater finish. The head of the advertising department of a great business may get a salary of even two thousand pounds a year. Advertisements are meant to be read, so they have to be interesting and entertaining. It is seldom that the same advertisement appears twice; it is usually varied from day to day. There are firms who have no shops and no goods, trading wholly by advertisement; they freely circulate their interesting illustrated catalogues, and procure from the manufacturers whatever is ordered. Thousands of letters are received daily, and dealt with by a large staff of girls, perhaps a couple of thousand or so, working hundreds of typewriters and some fifty or sixty telephones.

In the two books that have been referred to, nothing comes out more strongly than the fact that for improved conditions of commerce we must look to the employers; the workers, whether in trades-unions or not, can alone do little. One of the commissioners says: 'The British employer has more to learn from America than the British workman.' Another writes: 'When our employers will pay more attention to elementary matters of manufacture they can be assured of results equal to, if not better than, those of America.' Employers are everywhere accessible to their men to a degree unknown with us; there is free personal intercourse, and this is repeated and emphasised by several members of the Commission. It is where the employer freely expresses appreciation of good work that the best in a workman is brought out.

The American employer is not satisfied with mere words of praise; he invites suggestions for the general conduct of the business as well as for improvements in machinery. If a suggestion is adopted, the originator is given a portion, or perhaps even the whole, of the resulting profit. A recent article in the *Contemporary* by Major C. C. Townsend relates how an average of eleven pourings is obtained at certain great steel-works near New York; that by close attention and scientific stoking twelve pourings may be sometimes managed, and that then the wages of the men are doubled.

Foremen or managers in this country generally resent suggestions from even their most practical workmen; but in America prizes of perhaps one hundred and twenty pounds a year are given in most works for the best suggestion. The introduction of a labour-saving device or improvement by a workman means to him a great personal advantage. At the National Cash Register Company's works three inventors are kept to work out the suggestions made. At the stores of Messrs Marshall, Field, and Company, of Chicago, upwards of seven thousand persons are employed; the manager took the Commission over the works, and laid particular stress upon the inducement held out by a system of rewards for suggested improvements, which every employé was encouraged to make. At a meeting of the local Trades Council at Pittsburgh, held to welcome the Commission, emphasis was laid upon the fact that even the poorest-paid labourers are encouraged by the employers to exercise mental activity. If a man has a notion for an improvement he may make his experiments on the employer's premises and in the employer's time without deduction from his wages. One of the commissioners reports: 'While we in this country use machinery to decrease wages, in America it means more wages and shorter hours, and workmen are encouraged by their employers to make any suggestion for improvement, for which they are amply paid; whereas here they would be told to mind their own business.' If a man suggests an improvement in a machine so that it can do twice as much work when the contrivance is applied, it is not expected he will turn out twice as much at the old pay. He will be met by the manufacturer, and given half the benefit. The British manufacturer has a curious contempt for all new-fangled notions. Even when he gives them a trial it is hesitatingly. He is rather pleased with himself when he can pooh-pooh the thing as useless, and say with a complacent smile, 'I thought so.'

America is *par excellence* the land of machinery and of every labour-saving invention. The men welcome every fresh invention, because 'experience has shown them that in reality machinery is their best friend.' We know that in our own country the introduction of new machinery is often regarded with suspicion and animosity.

Mr Westinghouse, the inventor of the brake that

bears his name, is always on the alert for improved machinery or method. He often buys an unworkable patent that has been condemned, and hands it over to a body of men who do nothing but experiment; and they *have* to make it workable and practicable. The success of his works is due to standardisation, labour-saving machinery, good pay to good workers, and the enthusiasm of the men.

Nothing so surely kills invention in this country as our patent laws. It costs at least a hundred pounds in fees to take out a patent. No search is made by the Government authorities, and therefore no reasonable guarantee of novelty is given. British inventors are mulcted in heavy sums by the Government in addition to payments to agents for search and other services; and so, when patents have been granted as the result of much time and money, they are often found to be useless. In America the Government fees are about seven pounds. A complete register is kept of existing patents of all countries within the Patent Union, and no patent is granted which is found to infringe upon any previous patent. The fact of an American patent being granted at all is, therefore, in itself reasonable proof of novelty. The State appoints experts to examine into the merits of each application, thereby materially assisting the inventor, and there is no Government charge for search. The English Patent Office actually wrings from the brains of wretched inventors a surplus income of one hundred and twenty-one thousand five hundred and eighty-two pounds a year; and, naturally enough, there are not half as many applications for patents as in America, where there are about one thousand applications a week. American patents have given employment to enormous numbers of workpeople and led to the adoption of much labour-saving and productive machinery. Our Patent Office ought to be at once remodelled; there should be simple and cheap registration, with free Government search.

At Schenectady the Commission visited the shops of the General Electric Company, and was impressed with the exceptional arrangements for the comfort and well-being of the workpeople. Wash-houses and shower-baths were on an extensive scale, and every workman had a separate locker for his clothes. It was a common practice for the workman to make an entire change of clothing when leaving the works. One of the features of factory and workshop life in America is the lavish manner in which air and light, sanitary, bath, and lavatory arrangements are carried out. 'Better than our best London hotels provide,' was the remark of a delegate competent to judge. The National Cash Register Company provides roomy and perfectly lighted and ventilated workshops, heated in winter and cooled in summer, the atmosphere constantly freed from inevitable dust and machine odour. There is no pretence of philanthropy. It is all done from pure business motives, and in the belief that the surest way to the dollars is through the efforts of healthy, happy, and contented workers. A practical gardener is engaged to

educate the boys in gardening. Girls leave the works half-an-hour before the men that they may get to the trams before the rush comes.

The town of Vandergrift is a garden city, surpassing such places as Port Sunlight and Bourneville; it is entirely the development of Mr. McMurtry, president of the United States Steel Corporation. Over 80 per cent. of the workmen own their houses, which are detached, and consist generally of a

veranda, entrance-hall, three or four reception-rooms, kitchen, three or four bedrooms, and a bathroom. They cost each from two hundred and eighty pounds to six hundred pounds or eight hundred pounds, according to the requirements of the workmen. All are noted for their artistic design, which lends a picturesqueness to the whole town. The streets are wide, with plenty of foliage. The only forbidden thing is the public-house.

THE MYSTERY OF THE DALOON RIVER.

By ARTHUR H. HENDERSON.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.



HE quiet Admiralty Buildings in Whitehall are a wonderful place. From behind those walls has issued news to stir the hearts of the British race scattered throughout the world. Through those doors have passed bulletins to the greatest maritime nation on earth of victory over powerful foe, of endurance through fiercest storm and peril, of disasters to ships whose owners were the whole people. The *Victory* at Trafalgar, the *Captain* in the Bay of Biscay, the *Calliope* at Samoa, the *Cobra* on the North Sea banks—their stories will be told to generations yet unborn. Often, also, could those stones murmur of other sights, when faces stricken with the sudden grief of those who have lost their dearest in the great waters of the sea went hopelessly out to face their world again—alone. They cannot speak, those buildings; they are but mute witnesses alike of sorrow and rejoicing—and it is best.

Also, they have their secrets. Confidential documents are locked away there by no means for publication. The First Sea-Lord may know of them; the Parliamentary Secretary of State probably does not. Reports which, if issued, might have set the world ablaze are tied up with commonplace pieces of tape and secured in dusty pigeon-holes, never to be revealed. That there is one such I know. Carr Elliston wrote it. Violet and I witnessed it. Leading-seaman Wilton has a snug berth in Devonport Dockyard, and, being unmarried, can keep his mouth shut concerning it. Abdul Nevi, pilot, is dead, and the Daloon River will know him no more. Therefore the profound peace of international relations is unjarred by knowledge of unseemly incident. This, too, is well.

When the steamer *Hambury* was lost off Cape Lopez few of the general public knew of the fact or concerned themselves about the details. She was the German mail-boat from the Cameroons to Europe, and was reported as having gone ashore on that comparatively unknown part of the West Coast of Africa. The exact causes of the disaster were most obscure, as all hands were lost, and nothing was saved of her cargo. Some short time later the

monthly Belgian steamer from the Congo foundered after having, it was said, struck a reef near the same spot, and again precise details were absent. Then sundry merchants and underwriters shook their heads portentously and talked of the insufficient lighting of the coast. But when two months afterwards the British mail-liner *Sahara* from Liverpool was wrecked near the mouth of the Daloon River, a little to the south of the scene of the previous disaster, there was a general outcry. She carried a valuable cargo and some thousands of pounds in specie. On this underwriters had to pay a loss, and forthwith put up the insurance premiums. Worse still, three boatloads of passengers and crew trying to escape from the wreck were upset in the surf and the occupants drowned. Then Liverpool and Lloyd's combined to bring pressure to bear on the Admiralty. Some one was put up in the House of Commons to ask questions and disturb the serenity of Government departments. At first it appeared, however, that the greatest navy in the world had no warship handy to proceed to the scene of the disaster. Then the matter was taken up by an evil-disposed set of newspapers. After more delay, the official mind was brought to realise that something must be done. It took longer to decide what that something should be. Finally, the deep-sea cables conveyed urgent orders to a second-class gunboat in the West Indies to proceed to the scene of the disaster and report on the same at once.

H.M.S. Buzzard, Lieutenant-Commander Carr Elliston, duly proceeded. She found the wreck sunk in shallow water, and her diver reported that he thought the specie could be salvaged. Before this could take place, however, the gunboat apparently ran on top of the wreck herself, badly holed her bottom, and barely managed to stagger into Sierra Leone half-full of water and all pumps working hard. Such was the official version given to the outside world. The court-martial sat with closed doors, and Lieutenant Carr Elliston was severely reprimanded and dismissed his ship. A subsequent salvage expedition failed to locate the wreck, and the next edition of the 'Sailing Directions' recorded

a solemn warning to shipmasters to give a wider berth to that ill-omened portion of the West Coast of Africa.

About a month after the verdict of the court-martial, I went by appointment to lunch with my sister Violet at her flat in Kensington. Some people call us Merediths a curious pair. We are almost alone in the world; but that is not unusual. We come of a seafaring race; and our one relative, an uncle, after flying a broad pennant on various foreign stations, now reigns in state over a department at the Admiralty. I began life on the *Britannia*, and served in the Mediterranean and Pacific for a time. Now I am a gentleman at large, and the owner of as smart a little steam-yacht as heart of man can desire. Violet is as good a sailor as half the men who call themselves by that name, and many a good time have we had together in my yacht *Lorna* on the sea. Also, Violet is twenty-four, tall, rich, pretty, and unengaged as yet.

'I have had a letter from Carr,' said my sister after a while. 'He is still at Sierra Leone, doing nothing, and very down-hearted.'

'It is a bad business,' I agreed. 'I can't think how he managed it.' And I scrutinised Violet's face somewhat curiously.

Carr Elliston and I had been cadets of the same year in the old *Britannia* days, and ever since then the greatest of friends. So, too, had he and Violet; but the last time he had been home something had gone wrong between those two—this much I knew, but no more. We Merediths are not given to confidences.

'I wanted you here,' said she, 'because one of his crew who is just back in England time-expired is coming to see me this afternoon to tell me about the disaster. Carr's letter hints at circumstances connected with the affair which have not been made public.'

'That is often the case,' I remarked as I lit a cigar reflectively.

'Now, look here, Harry,' said my sister decidedly; and when she speaks in that tone I generally pay attention. 'The *Buzzer* was said to have run on the sunken wreck of the mail-boat?'

'That is so,' I assented, 'according to the papers.' If she didn't do that she must have struck a rock or reef or something?

I nodded. The gunboat was certainly said to have holed her bottom badly.

'Well,' said Violet, 'first I got Uncle George at the Admiralty to give me the exact latitude and longitude. Then I bought a chart and looked up the position as you taught me to do. There is no rock or reef marked there at all. There is plenty of water.' And the speaker triumphantly produced a roll from her writing-table and spread it before me. Her small white finger travelled across the paper and stopped.

'Fifteen fathoms,' I read aloud.

'Just what Carr says in his letter,' said the girl significantly.

There was a pause, and we both stared at the white chart with its wavy outlines. 'The court-martial must have gone into that,' I objected dubiously.

'Courts-martial are not infallible,' replied my sister calmly. 'Their finding was to the effect that the *Buzzer* was sailed clean on top of the wreck. Carr swears she wasn't. Who should know best—the man who was there or the men who were not?'

Before I could answer this conundrum the maid came in to say that the expected seaman had arrived. He was a clean-shaven sailor, sturdy and hard of limb. He said his name was Wilton, and seemed at first rather embarrassed by his surroundings. Violet, however, soon put him at his ease—it is a way she has with all manner of men—so that he accepted a cigar and a glass of beer. Settled in a chair by the fireside, he presently launched out into his story.

'Bout this 'ere accident to the *Buzzer*, miss, as you told me you wanted to 'ear o', I'm afraid I 'ain't got much to say. Wot do you know o' it—on'y wot's been in the papers?'

Violet nodded. It was curious how the sailor practically ignored me throughout, and addressed all his remarks to the girl. But that often does happen, I find, when Violet and I are together.

'Them papers ain't o' no use,' said he scornfully. 'There was lots wot 'appened they knew nought o', an' other things as they went an' printed out o' their bloomin' 'eads.'

'Was the damage caused by her striking the wreck?' asked my sister, coming straight to the point, as is her wont.

'No, miss, certainly not!' averred the sailor emphatically. 'She weren't never damaged by runnin' up again' the wreck o' the *Sahara*. We was anchored well clear w'en the night come on, an' I don't b'lieve we dragged as them officers at the court-martial made out. 'Twas the middle watch from midnight to eight-bells when there comes a bit o' a shock or two, an' we finds as 'ow we was takin' in water fast.'

'Well?' said my sister as he paused. 'What was it?'

'Lord bless an' save your pretty face, miss!—beggin' your pardon for the expression—that's wot we can't guess no'ow. I 'as my own idee like, though maybe you won't b'lieve it.'

'Tell me what you think, anyway?' said Violet eagerly.

'Somethin' 'it 'er!' said Mr Wilton with mysterious solemnity; 'it 'er 'ard, an' 'it 'er more nor once. That's wot made them 'oles. 'Twas night-time as we 'ad the shocks, an' pitch-dark as could be. But that ain't all wot's queer 'bout this Daloon River business.'

'We on'y 'ad one diver on the *Buzzer*, bein' wot we was, an' one set o' divin'-gear. Tomkins as was diver 'ad been left at Bermuda in 'ospital consequent on 'is goin' under too far or stayin' down too long on 'is last job, I reckons. I 'ain't never been

borne on the ship's books as diver; but I've done a bit o' most things—torpedoin', divin', an' sub-marinin'—an' I knew summat 'bout wrecks an' sich-like. It is on'y one man in four or five, miss, 'as the 'ead or the nerve, as you might say, for divin'. So w'en we comes to the wreck o' the *Sahara* my orders is to go under water an' 'ave a look at 'er.

'There weren't no 'orrors—bodies an' sich—which I can't abide; but my 'eart was in my mouth for fear o' sharks. 'Owsoever, I didn't see none 'cept a dead shark a-mixed up wi' some wreckage on the fo'c'sle. 'Ow it come there dead an' jammed by the capstan was wot first set me puzzlin' in my mind. Next I 'as a look round the hull o' the wreck, an' I opens my eyes inside o' my divin'-helmet. There was a great rendin' tear in 'er side forard o' the engine-room as you could 'most sail a captain's gig through. "That's rum damage to be made by rocks," says I to myself. "This 'ere packet didn't never get that ashore." She was lyin' easy on level sea-bottom, wi' a list to port.'

At this point in the story Violet suddenly interrupted. 'What did happen to the *Sahara*, Harry?' she asked me.

I could not very clearly remember. To the best of my recollection the ill-fated liner was reported to have struck some hidden rock and been beached to avoid sinking in deep water.

'Yes, that's the yarn, sir,' cried the man-o'-war's-man. 'I 'ad it so arterwards direct from one o' 'er firemen as was put ashore at Sierra Leone—'im not bein' in the boats 'as was upset. But I didn't know it at the time I was divin' at the wreck. Me an' that fireman 'ad a few words unpleasant like. "Beached to perwent sinkin'?" says I to 'im. "You tell that to your young woman next time you're courtin'," says I, "w'en, both bein' fools at sich times, maybe she'll b'lieve you. If your tub were beached 'ow come she quarter o' a mile from shore wi' fifty feet o' water over 'er? Answer me that," says I; an' 'im bein' unreasonable in 'is langwidge, I lays 'im out gently to think it over.' The reminiscence brought a reflective smile into Mr Wilton's face.

'You surely do not mean you hurt him?' said Violet reprovingly.

'Oh no, miss,' answered the sailor genially. 'I wor in 'ospital for a space, an' the town police a-searchin' for the offender an' usin' their brains more nor was good for 'em; but that's neither 'ere nor there, so to speak. To go back again to the subject o' the wreck, my orders was special for to see about salvin' o' the specie in 'er strong-room, an' they 'ad wired out from 'ome most partic'lar, wi' a plan o' the vessel to 'elp. So I knows w'ere to find it; an' w'en I gets below there I fair gasped, like as if summat 'ad gone wrong wi' the divin' air-tube. That there strong-room 'ad been busted open—busted clean. It was full o' water, an' I mind a great fish o' a breed new to me a-swimmin' out o' it an' givin' me a fine start.

'Tain't for me, but bein' a proper diver like, to

do wot they calls theorise over-much. Some o' the boxes was there, but the number didn't tally wi' wot I'd been told for to expect. Some was missin', an' one was broken open an' the sovereigns lyin' about loose on the floor o' the strong-room in the water. Now, who 'ad done that?—that's wot I wants to know.

'Evenin' was comin' on, an' there ain't never much light at that depth. I 'ad left my lamp in the boat above, an' the queerness o' it all kinder upset me sudden-like, so I signals to be 'auled up to the surface. Glad I was to open the 'helmet an' sniff the free air again. There wasn't no more divin' that day, an' wi' the mornin' we was all too busy savin' o' the *Buzzer*, an' shovin' 'er for port wi' the water pourin' in faster nor the pumps could keep it out, to think much o' aught beside.'

'And nothing more happened then?' asked Violet as the narrator stopped, sat back in his chair, and regarded us steadily.

The man-o'-war's-man hesitated. His eyes travelled from my sister's questioning, girlish form to mine, as if making sure of our sympathy.

'I don't 'xactly know,' he said irresolutely. 'I 'aven't told scarce a soul 'bout it either.'

'About what?'

'Wot I thinks I saw—as I was bein' 'auled up—just in a flash, as may be.'

Again the speaker paused. He spoke as if he had been scared, I thought.

'You need not be afraid to tell us,' said Violet quietly, leaning forward to catch his lowered tones.

She can be very winsome, can my sister; and the contrast at the moment between her fair, eager face and the seaman's rough, tanned features was striking. He looked her straight between the eyes half-defiantly, as if not expecting her to believe him.

'Somethin' went past quick through the water not far off. First I thought 'twas a shark—the biggest one I'd ever set eyes on. Thinks I, "Your time 'as come at last, my lad." I couldn't see clear; but 'tweren't a shark, though.'

'What was it?'

''Twas more like a submarine boat than ought else I knows o', said leading-seaman Wilton. 'An' yet you know, miss, it's impossible—ain't it?—out there.'

We three sat back and looked at each other solemnly for quite a long time as the full significance of the thing dawned on us. 'Did you say anything to Captain Elliston of this?' I asked, breaking the silence.

'Yes, sir, just to 'im; an' 'e said as 'ow the blood must ha' gone to my 'ead a bit wi' the divin', an' made me silly. But I knows it 'adn't.—You see, miss, it's this way,' continued the sailor argumentatively. 'I puts it to you them things as wants explainin'. 'Ow was them three big steamers all lost there close on top o' each other? 'Ow, if the *Sahara* was beached, did she get back all that there way from the shore wi' 'er side ripped open? 'Ow comes a dead shark wedged under a pile o'

deck 'amper? 'Ow comes the strong-room open an' some o' the specie-boxes gone? Wot was it as knocked them 'oles in the *Buaser* 'erself? Them is the riddles, like.'

'What's your own idea?' demanded Violet suddenly.

The man-o'-war's-man got on to his feet and twisted his cap in his hands.

'An explosion could do some on 'em things,' he opined cautiously. 'Submariniin' an' divin' could do others, 'sides makin' the blow-up. But the 'ole bus'ness beats me clean! Beggin' your pardon, miss, but I must be goin' now for to catch the train back 'ome.'

Mr Wilton partook of more beer, and modestly bestowed further cigars in safety in his cap. Violet and I were left alone. The afternoon firelight lit up the cosy room.

'Is the *Lorna* ready for sea?' asked my sister abruptly.

'Yes,' I answered in some surprise. 'She is at Southampton now.'

'Let's go for a yachting cruise to the Daloon River, Harry,' said Violet calmly, with a light laugh not only in her eyes but in her soft voice.

I was somewhat taken aback. 'Think of the climate of the West Coast and the fever!' I objected.

'Think of Carr!' murmured Violet coaxingly. She paused and blushed slightly, and then laughed again. 'We might discover the mystery,' said she.

There was another pause. My sister stared gravely at the fire, her face half-hidden from me. I watched her thoughtfully and pondered many things. 'What went wrong between you and Carr?' asked I at last, with more discernment perhaps than delicacy.

'Some people never make allowances for mistakes,' was the irrelevant answer.

'He always was rather an owl,' I agreed cheerfully.

'It wasn't Carr,' the girl flashed out; 'it was I. He heard me say something at a dance which I didn't mean.'

'Nothing unusual in that,' I interposed, 'at a dance.'

'I was chaffing—some other partner—and Carr came up, and I said—oh, well! something silly about never marrying a man who was not rich.'

My sister was blushing violently. She looks especially charming when she blushes.

'Carr sailed next day. I've got money, and what does it matter really if he is poor. Be a dear, Harry, and wire at once to Jackson to get ready to sail.'

Jackson was skipper of the *Lorna*.

Violet produced a telegraph-form and a pencil. She was smiling, and there was a light in her delicate face that was not for me. 'I don't intend to make any more mistakes,' she murmured.

From which I gathered we should have to go. So I wrote the telegram.

'We will take Wilton with us,' cried my sister triumphantly. 'You can cable Carr, to say we are coming out on a yachting-trip to look him up, on your way to dinner at the club.'

Which I did.

Four days later the lighthouse-keepers at the Needles, lighting up on a wild and stormy evening, remarked a steam-yacht come speeding out to westward. She passed full into the smother of the angry Channel seas, and faded speedily hull down on the dark gray waves under the lowering winter sky. On the bridge a girl was standing facing the sullen sunset. One hand clung to the rail; the other held a telegram from Sierra Leone. I never saw all the words on that flimsy paper. But the look in Violet's eyes told me the news was good.

ABOUT CHESS-PROBLEMS.



AN unfortunate idea exists that chess is 'dry.' To begin with, appearances are all against it. We see two elderly gentlemen glaring fixedly at a board; they do not talk; they do not laugh. Once every five minutes, perhaps, they move a piece half an inch forward or backward; and sometimes they say, 'Check.' This sort of thing goes on for two or three hours. 'Good gracious!' we exclaim, 'this is not a game; it is work. Chess may be all very well and entertaining for people who want to go to sleep; but, if the worse comes to the worst, we would almost rather go and hear a lecture on art.'

Or perhaps, in a weak moment, we consent to take a first lesson in the game. It is like learning German: everything seems crooked and left-handed and irregular. Even the pawns, whose apparent simplicity we had relied on, are eccentric and

unreasonable in their movements. The first game is a trying affair. With infinite patience, pieces are got into a hopeless muddle. A long interval of inaction ensues. We yawn, and think of rational people. At last the tutor looks up, and says grimly, 'Go on; it's your turn.' This is unexpected, and adds considerably to the bewilderment. We have at least some distant, some hazy idea how the men ought to move; but why they should be moved, and what it is all about, not the least idea in the world. Our only hope is that the game may come to a speedy end. And when it actually is finished we come away with no very great enthusiasm for chess.

If the above applies to the game proper of chess, it applies with double force to the case of chess-problems; for the majority, probably, of efficient chess-players know very little about this distinct development of the game; while, as to outsiders,

it is not likely that they will be attracted by something so suggestive of Euclid, abstruseness, and tediousness. It occurs, consequently, that the diagram chess-board, so familiar a feature in periodicals of all kinds, is hastily passed over by all but a select and fortunate band of confirmed problemists.

To appreciate chess-problems a certain amount of drudgery is necessary—just as to play the flute you have first to learn the notes and go through the exercises; but, once beyond this stage, it will be quickly discovered that a chess-problem is not necessarily a long-winded, tedious, obscure, and heavy affair. Exactly on the contrary, they cater for a certain briskness and agility of mind. Of course I do not mean to say there is the physical exhilaration of football or horse-riding in a chess-problem. This is not a treatise on dumb-bells, but a suggestion to those who occasionally like to take their mental faculties out for exercise. To all such, problemists would say, 'Undeceive yourselves as soon as possible that our recreation is obscurely difficult and stolid; because in effect you will find it light and racy and diverting.' At the same time, it is not to be recommended to those excessively energetic persons who are impatient of being still and being alone, who dislike reading and quiet amusement of every kind. The sort of people who would find entertainment in chess-problems are the opposite to this type: people, for instance, who are curious and inventive, who care for reading, who are interested in machinery; ingenious, observant, argumentative people, and those of other similar turns of mind.

Speaking roughly but intelligibly, chess-problems are puzzles; and, like any other good puzzle, there is an attraction, a piquancy, a fascination about them which it is better to experience than attempt to explain. In common with the simple toy-puzzle, the riddle, the buried name, the missing word, and so on, they give a silent challenge to our dexterity and ingenuity. Beneath an innocent exterior they conceal some unusual, astonishing, elusive idea. As with Columbus's egg, there is some clever thought, some cunning move, some scheme which must first be divined and grasped before the combination can be mastered. Herein precisely lies the fascination; for when a solver is once interested in a puzzle, it is a match or a championship for honours between the two. The solver's self-respect is assaulted, and as long as the puzzle remains undone a certain incapacity is proved against him. This is especially the case if the proposition is on the face of it apparently a very easy one.

A chess-problem, it should be understood, is something quite different from a game at chess; although to appreciate the former a rudimentary knowledge of the parent game is necessary. The two departments have been styled respectively the poetry and the prose of chess. A long game between evenly-matched opponents playing for honours may be compared to an essay on political

economy, for instance; it is very deep and correct and learned no doubt, but often also a trifle tedious and monotonous. A two-move problem, on the other hand, is as witty and as pointed as a French epigram. Problems, by their nature, do not allow any redundancy. Everything but what is telling is left out. They exhibit chess strategy in essence; and this in a graceful, sparkling, lively manner. We might, in fact, call problems civilised chess. In a game the principal thing is to win; in a problem the principal thing is to be entertaining. To checkmate an opponent we do not hesitate to use rude force; but in problem-society we are always polite and elegant, and employ policy in place of force. Half the chess contests played end by something like brutal murder. The winning side, with a superior piece, whips off isolated pawns remorselessly, and then swoops down upon a defenceless king. It is like shooting down savages with a Maxim gun: very effective no doubt, but very coarse and clumsy. The refined and civilised problem-world will not tolerate for an instant any such barbarity. Here, for some time now, a strict code of chivalry has been laid down; and this etiquette is tacitly followed by all composers in the art. It is in just this particular that misapprehension exists. Beginners and even good chess-players only too often attempt to force the lock of a problem, just as they might in a game, where sheer strength and weight are likely to tell; and the result of this perhaps is the hasty conclusion that there is nothing in problems. But in order to be at home in cultured society a person must in the first place learn good manners. Exactly the same demand is made upon those who would really enter into the spirit of chess-problems. For in these polished and brilliant circles, where amusement rather than victory is the end, force is second to tact, and logic to vivacity.

At the end of a game of chess there may be several ways of giving the *coup de grâce*: one sure and obvious, for instance, and another difficult but brilliant. A cautious player, whose object it is not to be brilliant but to win, will choose of the two the easy and obvious way, and thus bring the game to a tame conclusion. In problems no such option is allowed: to be miserly and tame is prohibited. As in any bright and satisfying puzzle, it is of the very first consideration that there should be only the one intended solution, for otherwise the whole point is destroyed at once. Let us imagine a parallel case to illustrate this particular. A man invents a very ingenious and perplexing door-catch, fixes it to his front-entrance, and then challenges us to get into his house within two hours. The place is examined. One person finds the scullery window open, and gets in there; another finds a wide chimney, and gets in there. 'No, no,' says the challenger;—'this is not fair. I meant you to come in by the front-door.' 'Oh, did you?' we retort. 'Very well, then, you should have shut the scullery window and stopped up the fireplaces.'

The problem-composer is told to exercise the same care. And it is by enforcing this principle in every important connection—by making it practically imperative to close up all back-ways and unintended entrances—that chess-problems are made so effective and terse.

In the history of this admirable pastime, which is one of continued tranquillity and amity, there is no Babel. Problemists cater for each other, appreciate and understand each other, the civilised world over. This is very different, for example, from cricket, say, which is a game so peculiar to the English genius that no other nation will have anything to do with it. The art we are speaking of, on the contrary, is truly cosmopolitan; and this fact may be sufficiently clearly appreciated by a glance at the prize-list of any open tournament for problems. The recent competition promoted by *La Stratégie* is a case in point. In one section alone the awards went respectively to composers in Spain, Austria, Russia, Denmark, and the United States; while, taking the whole list, England, Germany, France, Holland, and Australia were also represented. This, surely, is wonderful testimony to the attractiveness and solid value of the problem art. Like painting and music, it is universal.

In the tournaments alluded to, however, the regular chess-masters—Lasker, Pillsbury, Janowski, and so on—are conspicuous alone by their absence. As I pointed out above, chess and chess-problems are distinct; and it occurs that few, if any, first-class players form first-class problemists as well, and *vice versa*. So the universe of problems has its own bright particular stars. There are B. G. Laws of London, Pradignat of France, Marin in Spain, Max Feigl and a distinguished coterie in Vienna—these, to mention a scant few among a host of names familiar and respected in problem-circles. Samuel Loyd of New York, too, must be cited; for although one has missed the signature in more recent years, as far as new work is concerned, it will always retain an outstanding significance to problemists. If others may be preferred for finish, delicacy, and address; as regards originality, versatility, and invention, this composer has hardly been surpassed. The spirited conceptions emanating from this fertile source, speaking quite literally, have perplexed and amused millions. For it is to this same Mr Loyd—the Edison of Puzzledom—that we are indebted for some enormously popular brain-worries; and among these especially the fifteen-block puzzle and the pony puzzle. Of the latter more than a thousand million were sold or distributed for advertisement purposes. Barnum the circus proprietor, it is said, ordered them in ten million lots at a time.

Another problem-maker of great repute is Mr A. F. Mackenzie of Jamaica. Afflicted by the loss of his eyesight some few years ago, this author has since then not only maintained but greatly increased his prestige. It is, indeed, becoming rare to find his name omitted from the honours list of inter-

national tournaments. Mr Mackenzie acknowledged recently that he had done much better work since losing his sight than before. He composes mentally; and he said in this connection that a board and men should be regarded as a distraction rather than an aid, for mental composition allowed much freer play to the imagination—a quality very essential in all invention. These facts in themselves are sufficient evidence of Mr Mackenzie's exceptional powers.

Lady-composers are ably represented by Mrs Baird, who unquestionably stands at their head. This talented authoress has just issued a collection of seven hundred original problems, exclusively the product of her own skill. Mrs Baird's work is recognised by problemists of all countries; and she has frequently carried off prizes in open competition.

These competitions, or tournaments, as chess-people call them, are held from time to time in one or another of the journals that devote space to chess. Matters are so arranged that positions shall be adjudged without reference to authorship, and this prevents in a large degree any undue partiality for known or native composers. The prizes given are invariably of small and insignificant value. In this art, as a consequence, there are no professionals, but only artists. Problem-making and problem-solving demand both time and trouble; yet the pursuit must be taken up solely, as we say, for love. There is no other reward.

Individual as well as national characteristics are distinctly traceable in chess-problems—in other words, they exhibit style. Those of the British school, for instance, plainly reveal the dominant puritanism of the nation. Here the accepted canons of taste enjoin a severe and dignified exposition of ideas, a chastity of style; what is known as the Bohemian school, on the contrary, is less exacting, less correct, and more genial, original, and easy-going; while the democratic and informal spirit of the American may be said to have been exemplified by Loyd in chess-problems much as it was by Whitman in poetry.

Finally, let me mention one of the most convincing advantages of chess-problems as a recreation. For half-a-crown you can snap your fingers at everybody. A set of serviceable men and a board may be had for two shillings, and a book of selected problems for sixpence. Sixpence may not be the usual price; but at any rate there is one set of volumes no dearer than this. Excellently printed, judiciously selected, these are published by Reclam in Leipzig, who for this liberal provision deserves the thanks of all problemists. Besides, if two or three periodicals are taken, book collections need not be troubled about, for so many journals cater for chess-players now. At this trifling expense, then, and given the right inclination, one is armed interminably against solitude and *ennui*. If a problem bores, it may be sent away. The chess-men, on the other hand, never get tired; there are no readier servants or more good-humoured.

In conclusion, should any one on reading these lines feel some desire to join the ranks of chess-problem solvers, I can assure him that a chosen

band of the most alert intellects are not merely willing but actually begging the opportunity to beguile him, gratis, with the wit of their choicest conceptions.

THE POLICE TELEGRAPH-CODE.



SINCE the introduction of the telephone, telegraphy has been comparatively little used in the police departments; but when, as in some cases, the telephone is not considered quite safe, telegraph-messages are sent, a private code being used. It is that code we now briefly explain.

When the police wire from one station to another, the code-words are used in a certain order; in fact, it is strictly enjoined that 'to prevent confusion this order should be adhered to'—namely, (1) the offence, or reason of the message; (2) the person wanted; (3) the age, height, and build of the person; (4) the complexion, hair, eyes, whiskers, moustache, and shape of face; (5) personal peculiarities and distinctive marks; (6) description of clothing; (7) where person wanted is likely to be found; (8) instructions as to what is to be done; (9) the registered number of office or chief-officer sending the wire.

Of these nine divisions, Nos. (3), (4), (5), and (6) are expressed not by code-words but by figures. Thus, if a certain person wanted by the police is forty years of age, five feet six inches high, and of slender build, the description would be expressed by five figures: 40,56,3; the first two represent the age, the next two the height, and the last one the build. For official purposes, the build is thus described: 'stout' by the figure 1, 'portly' by 2, 'slender' by 3, and 'medium' by 4. The official instructions state that the figures for 'each distinctive mark must be divided by a comma.'

It is well known that by codifying such messages a saving is effected. The five figures given above (40,56,3) represent twelve words, but are reckoned as one; thus many abbreviations are effected by the use of a code. But besides the economy there is the far more important consideration of secrecy involved in this method. Of course the full code as given in the police instructions cannot be published here; one or two specimens will suffice:

(1) The nature of the offence for which a certain person is wanted, and special items of information regarding him or her. We give two examples of the words under this heading. For the phrase, 'Wanted at this office on a charge of murder,' the code-word is 'Capital'; 'on a charge of fraud' it is 'Combat.' There are also many other items of valuable information given in this division of the code—for example, for the phrase, 'Missing from his home in this Borough [City, Division], the code-

word is 'Erudite;' and for 'Description of a man found drowned,' &c., the code-word is 'Filter.'

(4) The description of head and face is represented in the message by five figures: the *complexion*—fresh, represented by figure 5; the *hair*—flaxen, 7; the *eyes*—hazel, 8; the *whiskers and moustache*—clean shaved, 9; the *shape of face*—irregular, 3. There are nine examples under each of the five headings here italicised.

Suppose the person wanted is of fresh complexion, has flaxen hair, light-hazel eyes, is clean shaved, and of irregular features, then the figures used are 5,7,8,9,3, which, as shown above, exactly express the description. The fifth division, 'Distinctive Marks and Peculiarities,' is based on the same principle. There is another division with code-figures describing the clothing in which the person wanted may be dressed; but this is not of much importance for identification.

(5) The distinctive marks and peculiarities are represented in the message by five figures. We give two specimens: 'Cut-mark on right cheek' is represented by figure 1; 'Cut on chin,' 35; 'Deaf (very),' 36. In all there are one hundred of these code-words in this division.

We give a specimen police telegram in full, and also the same message codified. In full it reads:

'To X.—Wanted at this office, on a charge of housebreaking, a man of the following description—namely, age forty-two, five feet four inches high, stout build, dark complexion, dark-brown hair, hazel eyes, black whiskers and moustache, full face, has a cut-mark on corner of right eye, and abscess-mark left side of neck. Please cause inquiries to be made at common lodging-houses; and, if found, apprehend and wire.'

The code message is: 'Banana | Goblet | 42,54,1 | 2,4,3,1,1 | 2,69 | Mantlet | Nutmeg.'

The advantages of such a form of telegram are obvious. In the words of the official instructions: 'The list of code-words, which have been adapted to the phrases most frequently used in the transmission of telegraph-messages relating to police business, has been compiled with a view of effecting a saving in the cost of this branch of the service. It is not expected that the code can be utilised for every class of telegram; but the intention is, as far as practicable, to give the fullest description of persons who are wanted, &c., at a minimum cost, and the advantages are more apparent where a large number of telegrams have to be transmitted in cases of emergency. The saving thus effected may also be an inducement to a more liberal use of the telegram than heretofore.'

Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

ANCIENT WELLS IN ST ANDREWS AND ELSEWHERE: ECCLESIASTICAL AND SECULAR.

By W. T. LINSKILL.

MOST old abbeys, monasteries, castles, and churches possessed remarkable wells of great depth, and differing very much in shape and construction, used for various purposes. St Andrews, the ancient ecclesiastical metropolis of Scotland, abounds in the remains of its old churches, monastic buildings, nunneries, singular caves, underground passages, and deep wells.

Old wells are of much greater antiquarian interest than most people at first sight would imagine, and are well worthy of careful investigation. Some were simply for domestic purposes; many existing near the west end of churches were for filling the font or the holy-water 'stoups'; others were holy or healing wells, like those at Lourdes, Holywell, and the like. I have seen many such wells abroad, but they are too numerous to specify; and their healing powers to my mind seem undoubted. Others have subterranean connections, which I will refer to later on. It is quite a possible and plausible theory that persons when in concealment underground, for whatever reason, might have some means of access to neighbouring wells and springs.

One of the most interesting of the many explorations we have made in St Andrews was the careful examination of the singularly situated old well in the centre of the nave of the Cathedral. In this I was assisted by Mr George Bruce and Dr Hay Fleming. By kind permission, on 11th September 1886, a descent was made into the well by means of two long ladders roped together. For some considerable distance it is constructed of rubble; but the lower portion was found to be hewn out of the solid rock. The entire depth of this well is forty-nine feet four inches, the top measures three feet eleven inches in diameter, and at the bottom it measures three feet ten inches.

By many persons it is considered extremely doubtful whether this place was ever intended to

be a well to contain water for necessary purposes, since there exists no spring either in it or near it. However, it is a well-known fact that in some churches, as also in some abbeys and cathedrals, wells formerly did exist, and even now there are instances where they are still remaining. For example, I have read that there is a most remarkable well within the walls of the church at Marden, Herefordshire. This interesting old well is situated near the west end of the nave, and is supported by circular stonework. It is said to be supplied by a spring of pure water, supposed to arise from the spot where the body of King Ethelbert was first buried, and is known as St Ethelbert's Well. No doubt this well was used for the font and holy-water 'stoups.' There is another well within the Cathedral of St Patrick, Dublin, with a never-failing supply of water; and, if I recollect aright, there is a well at old Fountains Abbey called Robin Hood's Well. Within the more modern Collegiate Church of St Michael, near Tenbury, in Worcestershire, there is a well that supplies the splendid font with water. In the south-east corner of the crypt of St Joseph of Arimathea's Chapel in the ruins of Glastonbury there is also a well. In St Wilfred's Chapel at Brougham Castle, in the county of Westmorland, there is a well and a spring of water which at one time bubbled up into the bowl of the font.

I have heard it reported that in Carlisle Cathedral there exists a fine well partly situated under one of the centre pillars, and it has been thought that Carlisle, like Berwick, having been a Border city open to inroads in earlier times, it is not at all improbable that the scared inhabitants may have fled to the Cathedral or sanctuary, in which case a well of water within the holy precincts would be of incalculable value to them.

On the Continent I have heard the saying, 'It is as cold as the chain of the well of St Elvi.' In the Church of St Elvi, at Rouen, there was once in the

choir a well, now filled up, from which the pure water was drawn by a bucket and chain; no doubt this is the origin of the curious saying.

In a crypt at Bury St Edmunds there is a well of pure spring-water, or fountain, beneath the sacred shrine of St Edmund, in the chapel of St Mary in Cryptis. William of Worcester, writing about 1479, states that this crypt was one hundred feet long and eighty feet broad, and had twenty-four pillars of marble (probably Purbeck marble) to support the vaulted roof. When at Bury St Edmunds I was informed that this wonderful crypt still remained, full of rubbish and stones.

That something of a similar nature exists below St Andrews Cathedral I feel convinced. Regarding this well in the nave (now a gravel-path) of the Cathedral, it may be observed that when wells are in or near the nave of such a building—which circumstance, I am inclined to think, is rare—they are usually surmounted with a richly ornamented stone cover or canopy. Such an arrangement, however, excepting in cases where the nave is very wide, would greatly interfere with festal processions; and considering, with the other circumstances, the extreme narrowness of the nave of St Andrews Cathedral (which in this respect resembles Ely Cathedral), it has been suggested that the so-called well may have been a sort of sump, and intended as a means of keeping the Cathedral dry, as also possibly a means of drainage for some subterranean structure adjacent. I have carefully examined the ground-plans of most of the principal churches in Scotland and elsewhere in Britain; but in no case save that of St Andrews can I find that a well is so situated. The interior of this well was most carefully examined, but we found no subterranean inlet or outlet; and the stones and iron door were placed over the well precisely as before. Close at hand in the Priory is a very deep well, but much wider.

There was, without doubt, yet another well inside the walls of this grand church; it seems to have been at the west end, on the north side of the nave. This, too, was probably for the font and holy-water vats at the great entrance or Golden Gate. My friend the late Sir Lambert Playfair told me more than once that he remembered it perfectly, and also a doorway in the side a few feet from the top, into which as boys he and his playmates used to pitch stones and hear them rumble away. Mr Skinner, of St Andrews, a keen antiquary, who was rector of the Episcopal church about 1869, writes to a friend: 'I have a recollection that some feet beneath the top of a well [in the Cathedral] there was a door and opening in the masonry looking west, which might be the termination of a passage.'

In the new cemetery of the Cathedral is situated the once celebrated Holy Well, with its ancient stone canopy and niche for a statue of a saint, the latter, alas! long since gone. It can be entered by a few modern steps of stone, and is now made a receptacle for all kinds of filth, rubbish, and old wreaths; it

is, moreover, desecrated by the overflow pipe from the town's well above being turned into it, the back wall of the old masonry having been cut through to admit the pipe. About 1887 I asked for permission to clean it out thoroughly, and to put a light railing around it for protection. I did not get permission to put up this necessary railing; but I got it cleaned out, and placed a board on the wall requesting people not to put refuse in the well or its vicinity. This board was torn down after a year, and the well became dirtier than ever. It was, doubtless, a most holy place in the days of faith, and possessed powers like the sacred wells of Lourdes, Holywell, &c.

There are many such holy wells in Scotland. St Ninian's Well, St Andrews, is often referred to in the old accounts of the ancient city, and seems to have been at the foot of the brae, below the present Episcopal church. Possibly there was a chapel there dedicated to that saint, as St Andrews was once rich in churches; but the sites of many of them have utterly disappeared. At Melrose Abbey there were several sacred wells, such as St Helen's, St Robert's, and St Dunstan's. Mr J. A. Wade refers to these holy wells in his *History of St Mary's Abbey* (Melrose).

About 1888 we turned our attention to an old covered-up well situated in a garden in North Bell Street, St Andrews. This well had in former days belonged to the Greyfriars' or Franciscan Monastery, and was no doubt situated in the courtyard or cloister-garth. Until we obtained permission to open it out no idea had been formed of its size and great depth. This was a monastic draw-well pure and simple. The workmen descended this well by the same means as at the old Cathedral—namely, by two ladders; and several days were spent in getting rid of the water, which was a very slow process. We then removed the accumulated rubbish from the bottom of the well, and in so doing came upon the remaining fragments of two very old oak buckets. Of one practically only the ironwork remained; but the other, bound together by three iron hoops, was in a much better state of preservation. The chains are very peculiar, having an S-shaped link and a singular twist very rarely seen in these days, I fancy; and the length of time that they have been thus embedded has so oxidised them into large knots or lumps that they could only have been disentangled by means of fire. No doubt these old buckets and chains are those which the monks of the Franciscan Monastery used before the time of the Reformation, and therefore the discovery is somewhat interesting. There may be some persons who would disparagingly say, 'What interest can there be in the remains of two old buckets and chains?' For such persons I neither write nor make research, although I would gladly have them share the interest with me.

This well differs materially in size and construction from all the other wells, and is certainly the finest yet known in St Andrews, being fifty feet

deep and five feet in diameter. In places it is cut through the solid rock, and is otherwise constructed of well-dressed stones. It is now open to view, and has been surrounded with a parapet of two courses of ashlar stone. The top is surmounted by a high iron guard-rail similar to that which guards the old well in Archbishop Hamilton's Castle, but higher. Unfortunately the parapet could not be made as large as the mouth of the well, as it would thus block up the garden-gate, so it was made one foot smaller all round. The old buckets and chains hang inside the top of the well.

The splendid old well in the courtyard of the famous Castle must also as soon as possible be cleared out and explored.

Unfortunately I cannot as yet find out the site of the well in the Dominican or Blackfriars' Monastery, where the Madras College now stands, nor the famed well of St Leonard's College and Church. There must be one, also, in connection with St Salvator's, the great and good Bishop Kennedy's church and college.

The wells, whether considered holy wells or not, have long been a matter of great interest to antiquaries and others. Like the tombs of the dead, they often contain objects long since lost sight of, and have been used to conceal most astounding facts. Not very many years ago, at Westfield, Birchington-on-Sea, while a bucket was being lowered down a very old well, the proprietor, the Rev. H. A. Thorne, noticed that the bucket, which was swinging, suddenly disappeared in the side of the well. He at once descended, and discovered extensive subterranean passages. The entrance to these curious places is in the side of the ancient well, thirty-two feet below the surface. They are very large, and are eight feet high and upwards, their cubic measurement being twenty thousand feet. One very long subterranean passage leads off in the direction of the seashore, but stops before reaching it, the constructors having evidently intended to make a sea-escape, but abandoned the attempt in despair. It would be most interesting to know whether this well be not situated near the former site of some old ecclesiastical building, as there are so many cases where ancient wells have been found to afford an entrance to subterranean chambers, cells, and passages. In an old cavern here, on the cliffs, now known as the Smugglers' Cave, there is a well carefully hewn out of the rock containing a constant supply of cool, refreshing water. Farther to the west, on the cliffs, old inhabitants aver there was a passage with two branches, one of which seemed to run into a well, the passage continuing on its way beyond it—a dark, fearsome place.

At Hawthornden Castle, below which are the noted caves or places of security in times of great danger, there is in the King's Guard-room a well which Mr Grose alludes to in his *Antiquities of Scotland*, and which he imagines was constructed to let down valuables, &c., to secure them from an

enemy; as from the narrow entrance to the Castle, by steps and along a plank-bridge, property and valuables could not readily be conveyed elsewhere.

The Well-house Tower at Edinburgh Castle is also a place of interest, being so named, without doubt, from a stream of water that ran beneath it, and surely it must have been at one time connected with the upper buildings. James Grant, in dealing with this subject in his *Old and New Edinburgh*, writes: 'Eastward of this tower [the Well-house Tower] of the fifteenth century, are the remains of a long, low archway, walled with rubble, but arched with well-hewn stones, popularly known as "the Lions' Den," and which had evidently formed a portion of that secret escape or covered-way from the Castle (which no Scottish fortress was ever without), the tradition concerning which is of such general and ancient belief. This idea has been still further strengthened by the remains of a similar subterranean passage being found below Brown's Close, on the Castle Hill.' This, again, strengthens my idea that wells and springs had underground connections. In one of the very lowest crypts of St Mark's Church, Venice, is an interesting old well. This crypt is three and a half feet below the level of the water outside, and it seems to date from about the ninth century.

At my old 'varsity of Cambridge there are still strange tales told of underground winding passages and sacred old wells. From St Radegund's Nunnery, now Jesus College, passages are said to diverge to ruined Barnwell Abbey and Stourbridge Chapel; and I have often heard stories of their connection with the river Cam, Chesterton Church, and an old well in the above-mentioned abbey. I know not what the truth of it may be, as I never went into the matter very closely; but I have seen the reputed end of the built-up passage down some steps in an old tool-house at Jesus College.

In the churchyard of the old kirk of Crail—it is so old that many believed King David I worshipped there—is a well known as the Scholar's or Baptismal Well, and steps led down to it from the church. There is a singular old baptismal well hewn in the rock below Dunino Church, in the same neighbourhood.

But what of 'unexplored St Andrews, the Rome of Scotland'? Visitors are far too apt to look on the St Andrews of the present day as the Scottish Brighton, with its handsome houses and villas, broad, well-paved streets, its bathing-ponds, three golf-courses, and *al fresco* concerts. All is modern. They do not realise what it once was, and how much there is yet to discover and explore. My mind constantly goes back to the St Andrews of bygone days, with the old ports and walls, when the Cathedral, its many churches, chapels, and monasteries filled the air with the music of sweet bells, when the 'Angelus' was rung, and when the ecclesiastical buildings were filled with the plain-song chants of bishops, priests, monks, and white-robed

singing men; when the altar candles and jewelled lamps flooded the holy buildings with their soft light, and when clouds of fragrant incense ascended to the lofty roofs. Then were there also the old three or four storied wooden houses, each story projecting a foot or two beyond the other; the lattice windows; the quaint red-tiled roofs; the creepers on the walls; and the old booths or shops beneath.

Then, of a sudden, the dark pall of destruction fell on the old city, her churches and monastic buildings were desecrated and laid low, and she, the ecclesiastical capital of Scotland, dwindled

down gradually into a mere insignificant fishing-town, if it even deserved such a name. Her former fine old buildings became quarries open to all, and her once beautiful streets became grass-grown, deserted, and smothered with refuse. Not until Sir Hugh Lyon Playfair became Provost did the once famous old city arise from the ashes of its great past. In the metropolitan cathedral the rubbish lay where it fell until about 1826.

There is, sad to say, very little of the past left above ground now; the ancient St Andrews lies below, in her old cells, vaults, passages, and wells, still awaiting exploration.

THE CLOSED BOOK.

CHAPTER III.—IN WHICH THE PRIOR IS MYSTERIOUS.



HE prior entered his study behind me with a hurried word of excuse, expressing regret that he had been compelled to leave me alone, and promising to join me in a few moments.

Therefore I turned, and, retracing my steps along the stone corridor wherein antique carved furniture was piled, went back again into the garden, glancing up at the window whereat I had detected the hunch-back's face.

Landini had closed his study door after I had gone, thus showing that his consultation with his visitor was of a confidential nature. I regretted that I had not passed through into the church and faced Graniani, for I could not now go back and pass the closed door, especially as the keen eyes of the reverend's house-woman were upon me. So, impatiently I waited for the stout priest to rejoin me, which he did a few moments later, carrying my precious acquisition in his hand.

Perhaps you are a collector of coins or curios, monastic seals or manuscripts, birds' eggs or butterflies? If you are, you know quite well the supreme satisfaction it gives you to secure a unique specimen at a moderate and advantageous price. Therefore, you may well understand the tenderness with which I took my treasured Arnoldus from him, and how carefully I wrapped it in a piece of brown paper which Teresa brought to her master. The priest's house-woman, shrewd, inquisitive, and a gossip, is an interesting character the world over; and old Teresa, with the wizened face and brown, wrinkled neck, was no exception. She possessed a wonderful genius for making a *minestra*, or vegetable soup, Father Bernardo had already told me, and he had promised that I should taste her culinary triumph some day.

Nevertheless, although the prior was politeness itself, pleasant yet pious, laconic yet light-hearted, I entertained a distinct distrust of him.

I referred to my intrusion in his study while he had a visitor, but he only laughed, saying:

'It was nothing, my dear signore—nothing, I assure you. Pray don't apologise. My business with the lady, although serious, was brief. It is I who should apologise.'

'No,' I said; 'I've been enjoying your garden. Enclosed here by the church and by your house, right in the very centre of Florence, it is so quiet and old-world, so full of antiquity, that I have much enjoyed lingering here.'

'Yes,' he answered reflectively; 'back in the turbulent days of the Medici, that remarkable figure in Italian history Fra Savonarola owned this garden and sat beneath this very *loggia*, on this very bench, thinking out those wonderful discourses and prophecies which electrified all Florence. Nothing changes here. The place is just the same to-day, those white walls on the four sides, only the statuary perhaps is in worse condition than it was in 1498 when he concluded his remarkable career by defying the commands of the Pope as well as the injunctions of the Signoria, and was hanged and burned amid riot and bloodshed. Ah! this garden of mine has seen many vicissitudes, signore, and yonder in my church the divine Dante himself invoked the blessing of the Almighty upon his efforts to effect peace with the Pisans.'

'Your house is a truly fitting receptacle for your splendid collection,' I said, impressed by his words and yet wondering at his manner.

'Do you know,' he exclaimed a moment later, as though a thought had suddenly occurred to him, 'I cannot help fearing that you may have acted imprudently in purchasing this manuscript. If you wish, I am quite ready to return you your money. Really, I think it would be better if you did so, signore.'

'But I assure you I have no wish to return it to you,' I declared, astonished at his words. If he believed he had made a bad bargain, I at least had his receipt for the amount and the book in my hand.

'But it would be better,' he urged. 'Better for you—and for me, for the matter of that. Here are

the notes you gave me;' and taking them from his pocket, he held them out towards me.

I failed utterly to comprehend his intention or his motive. I had made a good bargain, and why should I relinquish it? Place yourself in my position for a moment, and think what you would have done.

'Well, Signor Reverendo,' I exclaimed, 'I paid the price you asked, and I really cannot see why you should attempt to cry off the deal.' Truth to tell, I was a trifle annoyed.

'You have paid the price,' he repeated in a strange voice, looking at me seriously. 'Yes; that is true. You have paid the price in the currency of my country; but there is yet a price to pay.'

'What do you mean?' I asked quickly.

'I mean that it would be best for us both if you gave me back my receipt and took back your money.'

'Why?'

'I cannot be more explicit,' he replied. 'I am a man of honour,' he added, 'and you may trust me.'

'But I am desirous of adding the codex to my collection,' I argued, mystified by his sudden desire to withdraw from his word. 'I asked you your price, and have paid it.'

'I admit that. The affair has been but a matter of business between two gentlemen,' he replied, with just a touch of hauteur. 'Nevertheless, I am anxious that you should not be possessor of that manuscript;' and he pointed to the parcel in my hand.

'But why? I am a collector. When you come to Leghorn I hope you will call and look through my treasures.'

'Treasures!' he echoed. 'That is no treasure—it is a curse rather.'

'A curse! How can a splendid old book be a curse in the hands of a paleographical enthusiast like myself?'

'I am a man of my word,' he said in a low, distinct tone. 'I tell you, my dear signore, that your enthusiasm has led you away. You should not have purchased your so-called treasure. It was ill-advised; therefore I urge you to take back the sum you have paid.'

'And on my part I object to do so,' I said a little warmly.

He shrugged his broad shoulders, and a pained look crossed his big features.

'Will you not listen to me—for your own good?' he urged earnestly.

'I do not think that sentiment need enter into it,' I replied. 'I have purchased the book, and intend to retain it in my possession.'

'Very well,' he sighed. 'I have warned you. One day, perhaps, you will know that at least Bernardo Landini acted as your friend.'

'But I cannot understand why you wish me to give you back the book,' I argued. 'You must have some motive?'

'Certainly I have,' was his frank response. 'I don't wish you to be its possessor.'

'You admit that the volume is precious, therefore of value. Yet you wish to withdraw from a bad bargain!'

His lips pursed themselves for a moment, and a look of mingled regret and annoyance crossed his huge face.

'I admit the first, but deny the second. The bargain is a good one for me, but a bad one for you.'

'Very well,' I replied with self-satisfaction. 'I will abide by it.'

'You refuse to hear reason?'

'I refuse, with all due deference to you, Signor Reverendo, to return you the book I have bought.'

'Then I can only regret,' he said in a voice of profound commiseration. 'You misconstrue my motive, but how can I blame you? I probably should, if I were in ignorance, as you are.'

'Then you should enlighten me.'

'Ah!' he sighed again. 'I only wish it were admissible. But I cannot. If you refuse to forgo your bargain, I can do nothing. When you entered here I treated you as a stranger; and now, although you do not see it, I am treating you as a friend.'

I smiled. Used as I was to the subtleness of the trading Tuscan, I was suspicious that he regretted having sold the book to me at such a low price, and was trying to obtain more without asking for it point-blank.

'Well, Signor Priore,' I said bluntly a moment later, 'suppose I gave you an extra hundred francs for it, would that make any difference to your desire to retain possession of it?'

'None whatever,' he responded. 'If you gave me ten thousand more I would not willingly allow you to have it in your possession.'

His reply was certainly a strange one, and caused me a few moments' reflection.

'But why did you sell it if you wish to retain it?' I asked.

'Because at the time you were not my friend,' he replied evasively. 'You are now—I know you, and for that reason I give you warning. If you take the book from this house, recollect it is at your risk, and you will assuredly regret having done so.'

I shook my head, smiling, unconvinced by his argument and suspicious of his manner. Somehow I had grown to dislike the man. If he were actually my friend, as he assured me, he would certainly not seek to do me out of a bargain. So I laughed at his misgivings, saying:

'Have no fear, Signor Reverendo. I shall treasure the old codex in a glass case, as I do the other rare manuscripts in my collection. I have a number of biblical manuscripts quite as valuable, and I take care of them, I assure you.'

My eye caught the ancient window where I had seen the white, unshaven face of the old hunchback, and, recollecting that there must be some mysterious connection between the two men, I tucked my precious parcel under my arm and rose to depart.

The prior knit his dark brows and crossed himself in silence.

'Then the signore refuses to heed me?' he asked in a tone of deep disappointment.

'I do,' I answered quite decisively. 'I have to catch my train back to Leghorn; therefore I will wish you *addio*.'

'As you wish, as you wish,' sighed the ponderous priest. Then placing his big hand upon my shoulder in a paternal manner, he added, 'I know full well how strange my request must appear to you, my dear signore, but some day perhaps you will learn the reason. Recollect, however, that, whatever may occur, Bernardo Landini is a friend to whom you

may come for counsel and advice. *Addio*, and may He protect you, guard you from misfortune, and prosper you. *Addio*.'

I thanked him, and took the big, fat hand he offered.

Then, in silence, I looked into his good-humoured face and saw there a strange, indescribable expression of mingled dread and sympathy. But we parted; and, with old Teresa shuffling before me, I passed through the house and out into the white sun-glare of the open piazza, bearing with me the precious burden that was destined to have such a curious and remarkable influence upon my being and my life.

AMERICAN METHODS.

PART II.

THERE is a 'housing question' in many American cities, but nowhere is it so formidable as in New York. In 1900 a new department was started called the Tenement-House Commission.

Large sums were spent by owners of houses, builders, and estate agents in fruitless attempts to defeat the Bill establishing this department. A tenement-house is one occupied by more than three families. Some houses of four floors contain fourteen families. In one large block were found living three thousand people. Under the new law the number of inspectors acting under the Medical Officer of Health was at once doubled. The evils of overcrowding and uncleanness were found to have assumed quite dangerous proportions. Strenuous efforts are now being made to lessen these evils; the work already accomplished by the commissioner and his inspectors constitutes a record of which they may well be proud. They do not wait for garden cities or municipal dwellings, but adopt speedy and drastic methods which may be commended to the notice of some of our own Boards of Health.

The determination of young Americans to secure a university education is inspiring. The fees are about sixty pounds a year; so some do odd clerical work at night, some work as labourers in the vacation, others earn money by waiting on their fellow-students, or they go as car-conductors; one is known to have acted as an undertaker's assistant, and another earned money by selling seed drinks at some big building-works. On the other hand, a youth who squandered four thousand pounds in his first year at college was cut by his fellows as a 'cheap sport.' As a rule, the technical schools and colleges are admirably staffed and equipped; but their success is due to the sterling enthusiasm of the pupils. We can provide as good schools in this country; it is in the enthusiasm that we fall short. An American would no more think of offering children prizes for regular attendance at school than for regular attend-

ance at dinner. In the Northern states no child is allowed to leave school before the age of fourteen, and most of the children remain a year or two longer; then they generally go to technical or evening schools. It is at this stage America's supremacy comes in with her splendidly equipped continuation-schools. Technical education is recognised as a necessary factor in developing and securing the national prosperity. Americans have seen clearly enough that education is the greatest force to enable them to win their way in the world's markets. There is no religious education in America as we understand the term; yet there is a remarkable absence of bad language in the streets, particularly noticeable in the Saturday-night crowds. Americans laugh at our Education Act, and twit us with caring more for dogmatic teaching than for the intelligence of the children. The religious difficulty is unknown in connection with the education of the young; in spite of this we have yet to learn that they are less Christian than we are.

One of the Mosely Commission writes: 'No expense is spared in developing and training the young mind in the United States. The willingness to learn displayed by the student is a pleasure to see. The outlay must, in the end, give a grand return to the people of that country; the example given might well be copied by the authorities of our own country, for it cannot be denied that we are lacking in technical knowledge. If we are to be in the race for supremacy we shall have to be up and doing; our young men will have to throw more energy into the subjects mentioned, or otherwise we shall soon be in the rear.' Another member reports: 'It is a humiliating fact that the children of our industrial population receive an education very much inferior to that given to the children of the United States of America. Not only is education in that country free, but it is continued up to the age of eighteen, and in some states even university education is free. So far as American law is concerned, every boy and girl starts life with at least a high-school education.'

With us the poverty of parents means compulsory ignorance for the children. In America poverty of the father is only another reason why his children should receive the best education the nation can give. If that is so in a country the natural wealth and resources of which are almost beyond the limits of human conception, how much more necessary is it for the people of these small islands to see to it that the children, upon whose shoulders rests the future, are in education and trained intelligence at least equal to those of the nation which promises to be their keenest and most masterful competitor as much at home as in the marts of the world? Education with us has become the sport of politicians and the toy of theologians. America is at least a quarter of a century ahead of us, and unless we wake up and fit our children for the burden which will inevitably fall upon them, the day of hobbling senility will surely overtake us. A full and interesting survey of the American schools will be found in Mr Charles Zuehlbin's book, *American Municipal Progress*, published by Macmillan.

Young America is awake and thinking in millions. It is seldom indeed that youths or girls are employed under sixteen years of age. It seems to be the desire of American parents to give their children as full an education as possible, so as to equip them for their struggle for existence. The educational system of the United States gives the lad an opportunity to start at the public school and finish up at the university, with no fees of any kind to pay, the son of the workman being on an equality with the son of the millionaire. In the question of education the Commission insists that the Americans are far ahead of us, not only in the fact that it is free, but that it is carried to a higher grade in the ordinary day-school than is the case in this country, with the result that it arouses the interest of the scholars and creates a desire and a determination to further continue their studies by attending the evening technical classes after they have left the day-school and commenced work.

In the City of New York the average yearly increase in the number of children at school is twenty-five thousand. There is no limit of age in evening-school work. There is a remarkable bodily uprightness and freedom of movement characterising the school children, both girls and boys, due to the excellent system of physical training prevailing in American schools. Most wisely, the high schools and technical schools are just as well equipped for girls as for boys. The hunger for education is a great contrast to the prevailing feeling in this country. When a large London establishment recently notified the boys of the printing and binding departments that if they wished to attend the classes at either polytechnic or continuation-school the firm would allow them the necessary time and pay half the fees, the response was most discouraging; not more than three out of a possible thirty showed any wish to avail themselves of the offer.

One member of the Commission after another

comments on the greater sobriety of the American workman; the consumption of liquor per head is not much more than half what it is in this country. One member writes: 'In no one firm or establishment we visited was drinking intoxicating liquor permitted. Even a luncheon would be served without beer, wine, or spirits, the usual drinks being iced water, milk, coffee, or tea.' Another reports that he only saw two intoxicated persons during the month he spent in the country; an unsteady man is regarded with contempt, and shunned by his comrades. Betting on horse-racing is practically unknown to the American workman.

America is the country of the young man. In the great factories and workshops the managers, heads of departments, and foremen are generally very young indeed for their responsible positions. When asked where these men had gained the necessary experience an employer replied, 'Well, you see, it isn't experience we want, but go?'

Now, it is constantly asserted that the high-pressure of life in America shortens a man's days, and that he breaks down at a much earlier age than in our own country. It is interesting to find that this view is not adopted by the Commission. One writes: 'We failed to find ocular evidence of the American workman running at high-pressure. The machinery runs at a high speed; but the man showed no signs of over-exertion. We looked in vain for the extraordinary "hustling" of which we had so often read, or for evidence of men aging rapidly and being cast aside.' Another reports: 'I was led to believe that hustle and rush permeated and actuated all kinds of workmen in every department of labour. I have seen no exceptional energy displayed by American workmen.' Again another: 'Much has been made of the statement that men are so rushed in American works that only the young and strong can stand the strain, and that only for a short time. No statement could be wider of the actual truth.' Another reports: 'Upon what grounds this statement has been based I confess entire ignorance. It struck me that the balance of evidence was in favour of the American working-man. Hard work, as it is understood in England, only finds a hiding-place in industrial America; as soon as it is discovered, a machine is patented which drives it out. American capitalists do not want hard work; if they do, they know a machine will work harder and longer than a human being, and cost less.' This body of evidence may be accepted as conclusive. It is the sweat of the brain rather than the sweat of the brow that is in demand.

An organisation exists called the National Civic Federation of New York. It makes largely for peace in the industrial world of America; and it brings capital and labour into closer touch, providing a practical solution of many of the difficulties and vexed questions that arise between the two. One of its most important features is to get information of the first sign of impending trouble, and in the earliest stages of a dispute to step in for the purpose

of bringing the contending parties together at a round-table conference before any breach has actually taken place, and before either side has assumed a position from which it can recede only with difficulty. The Civic Federation exists not so much for the adjustment of troubles after they have arisen as for their prevention. At its meetings the industrial problems that usually lead to misunderstandings and disputes are debated. Papers are read giving the views of both employers and employed, and are discussed not only by the interested parties but by highly educated men totally independent of either. 'A similar institution in this country would save many thousands of pounds to both capital and labour, and many a bitter tear.' The committee of the Civic Federation is composed of an equal number of leading trades-unionists and

leading employers, as well as a section equal to each of the others, composed of well-known public men who act as a leavening influence.

By escorting this little band of representative British workmen through American workshops, Mr Mosely has conferred a benefit on both countries; by printing and circulating the full reports gathered in he admits us to his company and enables us to judge for ourselves whether any of the conditions and principles of industrial life that obtain across the water are suitable for us and may with advantage be either adopted or adapted by ourselves. Kindly feelings towards England are incidentally revealed, and it must be admitted that Mr Mosely has performed a public service in uniting still more closely the 'cute Daughter and the Mother-Country to whom, after all, she owes so much.

THE MYSTERY OF THE DALOON RIVER.

PART II.

PICTURE a broad river creeping greasily into the tropic sea from a delta of creek, swamp, and forest. Rank vegetation tangled the banks and spread in unending vista to the small hills of slight elevation on the distant horizon. A low coast-line stretched on either side of the river-mouth. The slow current of the Daloon poured muddily through a complicated network of shoals, and the skipper of the *Lorna* swore uneasily—under his breath, because Violet was standing beside him. In the bows a sailor with the lead sounded incessantly, and announced the result in a series of hoarse shouts. I myself was at the wheel, and I was unfeignedly anxious. None of us liked the navigation a wee bit.

'Dis bad water!' said a voice from the other side of the bridge. 'T'ink you better stop, cap'n.'

Abdul Nevi, sole genuine pilot for the West Coast of Africa according to his own account, expressed the general feeling. The *Lorna* swung round promptly in a graceful circle till her nose pointed out again towards the healthy open ocean. She was far too dainty a little craft to risk unnecessarily among those treacherous sandbanks on that forsaken coast.

'First time the black heathen has spoken the truth since he came aboard, sir, I do believe,' commented the skipper to me in a low tone.

But then, Jackson was always suspicious of natives. Not but what he had some grounds for his dislike in this case, I was fain to admit. I did not altogether trust the chap myself. On our arrival at Sierra Leone two things had happened. First and foremost, Carr Elliston had gone—to our utter consternation. He had left a short note with the agents for me, and a longer letter for Violet. What the latter said I don't know to this day. The former explained that as the date of our arrival

was uncertain, he felt he could not wait any longer, but had gone back to revisit the scene of the *Dusser's* mishap in a trading-schooner that had offered him a passage. He suggested we should cruise down the coast towards Loanda, where he should presently arrive in the aforesaid sailing-boat. Secondly, he commended to our favour one Abdul Nevi as an intelligent individual with considerable local knowledge of the coast in general and the Daloon River in particular.

'A bit casual, isn't it?' said I in some disgust to Violet as I read the note. 'Just like old Carr to go off and leave us to hunt for him half-across the Equator.'

Violet read her own letter and then mine, and her face was white with anxiety. 'We must go after him at once,' she said, her small lips closing after the words with a look of decision.

'There is coaling to be done first, anyhow,' I answered. 'Hullo! who is this?'

This was Mr Abdul Nevi, who was hastening along the deck and promptly introduced himself with much salaaming and waving of arms. He produced a letter of identification from Carr, which smelt abominably from too close contact with his (the pilot's) person. Therefore I opened it gingerly. Our would-be friend and guide then explained with profuse reiteration that he had hastened to obey the great war-captain's orders to present himself to our honoured selves immediately on our arrival. No other man in Sierra Leone could with such absolute safety pilot so magnificent a ship to any conceivable place from Senegal to the Cameroons. And what did we propose to pay him for his services, with a trifle in advance for his destitute brother on shore before sailing? Thus it befell that we took him along with us on our cruise, fateful of so much, little though we knew it at the time. Now, off the mouth of the Daloon River, we presently rode at

anchor in the loneliness of a hazy sea and an apparently deserted shore.

I was roused shortly after midnight by the skipper. 'There is a bit of a boat drifting out from riverwards with some one in it striking matches to attract our attention. I have sent the gig to pick it up. It will be alongside directly, sir.'

I dressed roughly and ran up on deck in haste, nearly knocking over Abdul, who was prancing wildly by the davits. Wilton the sailor caught him unceremoniously by the arm and shoved him aside. 'E's 'alf off 'is 'ead, sir, since 'e seed that 'ere boat, an' the cap'n wouldn't let 'im board 'er.'

A voice came out of the darkness overside. 'Is Mr Meredith there?' it asked rather faintly.

'Hold up your lanterns,' said I to the sailors hanging over the bulwarks. They did so, and the light fell on the haggard face of Carr Elliston.

'Thank Heaven you've come, old chap!' he said. 'How is Vi?' and then he reeled as he reached the deck, and would have fallen but for Wilton's sudden, sturdy grasp. Next moment his glance fell on Abdul's swarthy form, and a gleam of fierce recognition came into his eyes.

'Quick, Harry!' he called to me, 'secure that chap; clap him in irons, or something. Now we have got the scoundrel we'll keep him tight. Have you got steam up? Then get well out to sea till morning.' The speaker fainted.

'Bring Captain Elliston below,' said my sister's voice quietly from the darkness, while the skipper and I grabbed simultaneously at our friend the pilot. That gentleman fought like a wild-cat for a little, and there was a considerable hubbub before we succeeded in tying him up scientifically in a perfect maze of ropes. As we had not any handcuffs on board, we ran him forward and locked him in the bo'sun's paint-store till daylight. Later I found Violet, with a rosy colour in her cheeks, feeding Carr in the saloon. He was eating ravenously, and he greeted my appearance—somewhat dishevelled after my exertions with Mr Abdul—with a cheery grin.

'Sounded like a bit of a scrimmage on deck,' he said. 'Vi has been trying to stop up her ears so as not to hear the expetives.'

Now, I hate to be roused suddenly from my bunk in the middle of the night at any time. Moreover, the native had clawed my neck viciously, and my own engineer had kicked me accidentally on the shin in the scuffle. Wherefore I spoke crossly.

'Must we put out to sea at once? And why?'

Carr sobered into sudden gravity. 'Never mind the reason for the moment,' he said abruptly. 'But the *Lorna* must be just out of sight of land by sunrise, Harry.'

Not for nothing have Carr and I knocked all round the world together and weathered through many a scrape. His eyes met mine squarely, and I read my orders there.

'All right!' I said shortly, and I returned to the bridge.

Two days later, at daybreak, the *Lorna* was back at the Daloon River. Early morning saw her small steam-launch proceeding cautiously up the stream, smelling of mud and fever, with green-stuffs shooting where its waters shallowed. Carr Elliston sat in the bows, and by means of a loaded revolver assisted Abdul Nevi the pilot to remember the navigable channel. Wilton stoked the boiler and greased the engines affectionately, proud of his engineering capacities. Violet held the tiller, and her eyes, under a jaunty little yachting-cap, watched for Carr's directing hand with all a sailor's skill. Beside her I lounged on the cushions, a rifle across my knees, and watched the banks as they narrowed inwards. Our launch will not hold more than five with any comfort.

Violet's presence in the launch at all had not come about without a breeze at starting. As the little craft bobbed alongside the yacht the girl, whom we had intended to leave behind, had quietly taken her place there. Carr expostulated vehemently; Violet retorted that the launch did not belong to him. The naval officer urged that we might possibly get into a tight corner, which was no place for a woman; my sister, glancing at him demurely from under her drooping lids, remarked illogically that in such case he had no business there either. Carr obstinately refused to cast off till she had returned to the *Lorna*; Violet defiantly declined to move. Carr appealed heatedly to me.

This was a stupid thing to do on his part, as he ought to have known quite well that my young sister generally gets her own way in the long-run; if he has not discovered the fact yet, he will do so soon. So I merely shrugged my shoulders and proposed to start as we were—which of course we did.

Now, as we steamed up the sullen river, between its green, unhealthy banks, I was thinking once again over Carr's story, testing its details, and wondering what our luck would bring.

It was a queer, unaccountable tale, to put it mildly: How the little French trading-factory up the Daloon, ostensibly for the collection of rubber and ivory from the interior, was merely a blind; how its present owner—ex-engineer and skilled mechanic from far-away Marseilles—had other and darker occupations; how Carr himself had been purposely trapped on to the trading-schooner, from which he was probably never meant to land alive. On board her he was recognised by a man who was a deserter from our own navy, whose life Carr had saved in earlier years in China. This man had roughly protected him on the schooner, and later had forced him to escape in the boat in which he had drifted down the river, to be picked up half-starved by us. How Abdul Nevi was one of the gang, though Carr had not known it when he recommended him to us. The pilot's reluctance to take us up the Daloon on the night of our arrival was probably due to his doubt as to whether his French master was ready to receive us. The *Lorna's* hurried departure from Sierre Leone had

outstripped the news that we were coming. Still, there were many details unexplained, and in the meantime we were steaming into this hornet's nest.

'I hope to goodness you are right that your friends at the factory will all be up-river to-day,' I called anxiously to Carr.

'Oh yes; don't you worry, Harry,' he answered, with a cheerful nod, from the bows of the launch. 'They were all to start two days ago on the warpath against some tribe that has been interfering with them lately. My deserter pal told me so, and I fancy Abdul knows it too. That is why he is so sick to-day. He is in a mortal funk—look at him! I call this trip a new kind of catting-out expedition.'

'All the same, I shan't be sorry when it's over,' I muttered; and then I added crossly, 'You know, Vi, it's absurd your being here—it really is.'

'Don't begin to squabble again,' said my sister calmly. She glanced quickly from me to Carr, laughed a little low laugh, and blushed. 'If it had not been for me the *Lorna* would have been laid up at Southampton now.'

'You are a brick, Vi,' said Carr earnestly. 'I shall never forget'—

'Oh! attend to the navigation, you two,' I interrupted rudely. Love-making in the launch at the minute was so entirely inappropriate, I considered. And silence fell again upon us all.

It was broken by the sharp crack of a distant rifle-shot. Then on the stillness of the early morning came a faint savage yell, followed by a splutter of musketry. Carr gave a sharp, low order to reduce speed, and the launch's way slackened. At the same time we edged in nearer the bank.

AUSTRALIA IN THE 'THIRTIES.'

By PHILIP LAURENCE OLIPHANT.



AUSTRALIA has ever been the Continent of Pioneers. To-day it leads the way in advanced legislation and democratic ideals, with all their glaring inconsistencies. Yesterday it was discovered—a land of trackless wastes and a degenerate race, but with boundless possibilities. The British Government annexed this land of promise, and turned it into a penal settlement, presumably with a view to counteracting the degeneracy of the population; for the aims of the British Government are always to benefit the countries annexed.

But there were others besides convicts who went to Australia to seek their fortunes; and though it is probable that very few found them before the discovery of the goldfields in 1851, yet these early settlers may claim to be regarded as the pioneers of Australasia. An example of their experiences is furnished by the diary of a lady now living, who was one of a party of colonists in 1836. The sailing-ship *William Glen Anderson* left Gravesend on the 5th of May 1836, for Sydney, with the following passengers on board: Mr William Saxon, Mrs Saxon, his wife, and their two children; Miss Caroline Stone, sister of Mrs Saxon, and the keeper of the diary; a nurse, a page, a gamekeeper, a clergyman, a doctor, half-a-dozen other men passengers, a few steerage passengers, and the crew. For obvious reasons, the names have been altered.

Their adventures appear to have begun at an early period. The captain, who was a cautious man, made a speech to the assembled passengers soon after leaving port, expressing the hope that they were all willing to go on the voyage; whereupon the doctor stepped forward and declared that he was not willing. It was the mate who held the key of the situation. He informed the captain that the doctor had been brought on board by his father, who had

handed him and a case of medical requisites over to his care, with strict injunctions that on no account was he to be allowed to go ashore until the ship reached Sydney. These were the days when obedience to parents was held in great respect, especially when they were other people's parents. The captain appears to have taken not the slightest notice of the unfortunate doctor's objection; for the ship continued on her voyage until off the coast of Madras, where the luckless doctor went overboard and was drowned.

The *William Glen Anderson* had been chartered by Mr Saxon, and carried a cargo of wheat and rum for the Sydney market. The odd corners of the ship were filled up with cattle, poultry, pheasants, and partridges, all under the care of the gamekeeper. There was something patriarchal in this migration of the sturdy English squire to the Antipodes with his wife and his little ones, and all that appertained to him, down to his very partridges—a suggestion of Noah and a touch of 'Masterman Ready.'

The remainder of the voyage appears to have been uneventful. The usual shark was captured; the inevitable whale spouted; there were flying-fish and porpoises. We can manage all these in the twentieth century, as every traveller knows and notes in his diary, if he keeps one, even as Miss Stone noted them seventy years ago. 'There go the ships, and there is that leviathan,' and that was recorded even more than seventy years ago.

To while away the tedium of the voyage, Mr Saxon and Miss Stone occupied themselves in making a net 'with a purse in the middle.' This net was later destined to achieve a record: it was the first that was put into the waters of Port Phillip—unfortunately the diarist does not mention with what success; but the event found its way into the newspapers.

Sydney was reached on the 25th of October 1836,

and here a fresh and shocking surprise was in store for the passengers of the *William Glen Anderson*: the captain put into Pinchgut Island, and landed there a large consignment of gunpowder, which he had concealed amongst the cargo, presumably for his own advantage. If ignorance had fallen short of absolute bliss during the six months' voyage, at least it had saved the passengers a great deal of anxiety.

From Pinchgut Island the *William Glen Anderson* proceeded to a wharf in Sydney Harbour, and it was then that Mr Saxon was to experience a two-fold disappointment. In the first place, no sooner were the hawsers made fast to the shore than hundreds of rats scrambled down them to land, leaving behind them gnawed and depleted sacks of wheat, from which the grain had escaped in large quantities and had been pumped with the bilgewater into the sea. But worse even than this calamity: another ship had arrived just before the *William Glen Anderson*, also with a cargo of wheat, and had completely spoiled the market.

The colonists landed, and took up their abode in the only vacant house in the place. It went by the name of 'The Hole in the Wall' from the fact that it was excavated out of the side of the cliff. The front door opened into the sitting-room, and this was the top of the house, all the other rooms being below. It would be interesting to possess a picture of this unique dwelling; but unfortunately none of the party made a sketch of it, and we are left to guess at the style of this example of early Australian architecture. They were supplied from the penal settlement with a lady to act as cook and general servant, but she does not seem to have been a success. Miss Stone relates difficulties about her 'permit,' without which she was not allowed out. When this was refused her, she took to terrorising the ladies of the party. Finally she attacked Mrs Saxon's nurse and tore out her hair, and was returned to the police with thanks.

The party remained in Sydney for three months whilst Mr Saxon was negotiating for the purchase of a station. The arrangements being completed, they started for Yass, some two hundred miles from Sydney. The journey was made in a large tilted cart, fitted up with lockers, and drawn by two horses. The servants, with the baggage, followed in a dray. At night the women and children slept in the carts and the men on the ground.

At Yass the only labour available was convict labour, and this was allotted by the authorities to landowners only in proportion to the size of their holdings. The domestic servant question had evidently reached an acute stage even in those early days. Both the servant-girls who went with the party from Sydney gave notice a week after their arrival at Yass, and left in a fortnight; and Mrs Saxon's nurse, in spite of a written agreement to stay with her for two years, married the mate of the *William Glen Anderson*.

The defection of the nurse was a matter of con-

siderable anxiety to Mrs Saxon and her sister not long afterwards. For there was to be another little colonist added to the party, and there was no nurse to assist him into the world or tend him in his early days. With difficulty one was procured; but as she sat and watched by Mrs Saxon's bed she pulled out a pipe and began to smoke. Neither of the ladies seems to have considered this proper behaviour on the part of a nurse, and she was sent away. Another came in her place, but left the day following the birth of the baby, saying that her husband wanted her back. So the duties of nurse devolved on Miss Stone, who acquitted herself admirably in that position, not only to the new arrival but to both the other children as well.

There are many allusions in Miss Stone's diary to the subject of convict labour. There can be no doubt that the privilege was often abused by the settlers, and their treatment of the convicts was frequently cruel and unjust. She mentions, among other things, a practice that some indulged in of aggravating the men who were near the expiration of their sentences, in the hope of provoking them to acts of insubordination and thereby forfeiting their tickets-of-leave.

She tells a story of Mr Saxon, who, when paying a visit to a neighbouring station, found the owner on the point of starting for Sydney with a convict whom he was taking back to the police as unmanageable. Mr Saxon happened to be short of a man himself, and asked his neighbour to assign the convict to him. The transaction was completed, and Mr Saxon returned to his station with the man, who for several days was unable to do any work owing to the flogging he had received at the hands of his late master. The story ends in the orthodox Sunday-school prize-book fashion, for the convict's gratitude to Mr Saxon was so overwhelming that he became his best and most trusted man. These things happened in the 'thirties.'

But there was another element besides the settler and the convict to be reckoned with in the Australian community of that day—namely, the 'blackfellow.' In these stirring times of a 'White Australia,' 'labour representation,' and 'Commonwealth,' one is apt to forget the decadent aborigine and the vanished convict. Indeed, you may now scarcely mention the latter; and it is in better taste to speak of Sydney Harbour (the finest in the world) than of Botany Bay. But had the convict and the 'blackfellow' possessed votes in the first half of the last century, the legislature of the colony would have consisted chiefly of braves and burglars.

The 'blackfellow' was a simple child of nature. He wore no clothes, he stole what he dared, and he picked up English words with an astonishing facility. There are many stories about him in the pages of Miss Stone's diary. She records the terror manifested by a party of them when Mr Saxon's little daughter brought her large Dutch doll for their inspection. Nothing would induce them to go near it. The 'blackfellow's' idea of a future state was

primitive: he believed that after death all black people become white people, and all white people black. A woman used this argument as a reason why Miss Stone should make her a present of one of her (Miss Stone's) gowns. She assured Miss Stone that when, in the natural course of events, their colours were exchanged, she would then be delighted to present her with many dresses. This argument prevailed, and the woman took her departure with the arms of one of the diarist's gowns tied round her neck, the remaining portion of the garment being draped becomingly behind her.

There is an account of a *corroborore* to which Mr Saxon took the ladies of the party. When the dance was at its height a spear hurled from the darkness struck one of the dancers in the breast. At this point of the proceedings Mr Saxon retired with his ladies; the subsequent events of that evening are therefore not recorded. But there is an account of the treatment of the wounded man by his friends: they tried to cure him by blowing into the wound. Strange to relate, the man died!

For reasons which are not stated in the diary, Mr Saxon determined to leave Yass and go to Melbourne. The station and stock were sold, and the whole party returned to Sydney, where the schooner *Edward* was chartered to take them to Port Phillip.

The voyage was a terrible experience. They started in company with another ship, and for three days they kept together. Then bad weather came, and in the evening the ships lost sight of one another. The night passed, but the storm continued. There was no sign of their companion ship, and she was not heard of again. The storm lasted for many days, and the schooner *Edward* fought her way in the teeth of it with broken boom and damaged rudder. The ship was short-handed, and Mr Saxon worked with the crew. The horses—there were two on board—were washed out of their boxes; one, a mare, was carried overboard. For a short distance she swam after the ship, shrieking piteously, and then sank. But to the unfortunate women and children, battered down below, the chief terror was the voice of the man at the wheel, who cursed the sea and the God who raised it; then fell to hideous peals of laughter, and cursed again; then sobbed in anguish through two long days and nights, until he was led from the wheel a blaspheming lunatic.

In Sealers' Cove they fell in with two whalers, and Miss Stone records that the ship suddenly ran into calmer waters, due to the refuse oil of a couple of whales which they had recently killed. They were short of provisions, and applied to the whalers for stores, but could only obtain a small quantity of salt pork. In this plight they put into Sealers' Cove, where Mr Saxon and some of the crew went ashore with a barrel of flour to make dampers and cut timber to repair the damage to the boom and rudder.

Another vessel carrying sheep to Tasmania also sought the protection of Sealers' Cove. Mr Saxon opened negotiations with the captain for the pur-

chase of sheep as provisions for his party. He succeeded in buying one; but the captain declined to sell any more, as, he naively remarked, they were not *his* sheep.

Once more they put to sea, and made for Wilson's Promontory. But the storm continued, and it was not until the fourth attempt that the *Edward* succeeded in rounding the headland and making Port Phillip Bay.

They were now almost starving, all their provisions being exhausted. The port-officer came on board, and they implored him to send them food. He took his departure with a promise to do what he could for them, and eventually sent them—half a loaf of bread!

Mr Saxon decided that the only course open to them was to get ashore, and to chance procuring provisions from Melbourne. A raft was accordingly constructed, and the passengers, together with a strange assortment of baggage, were placed on it and taken to land. Among the articles on the raft were the horse-box, a packing-case containing various necessities for camping, and a sofa. No provisions arrived that day from Melbourne, and the family finally disposed themselves for the night—Mrs Saxon and the children in the horse-box, Mr Saxon and the captain of the ship on the sofa, and Miss Stone in the packing-case!

Thus ended an eventful voyage from Sydney to Port Phillip, which had lasted fifty days.

The overland journey to Melbourne was fraught with difficulties. To begin with, there was no road, and the bush had to be cut to make way for their bullock-wagons. Neither was there a bridge across the Yarra, but only a clumsy ferry-boat. This led to a fresh disaster: one of the wagons overturned as it left the boat, and its load was deposited in the bed of the river. Two days elapsed before the 'blackfellows' succeeded in recovering all the submerged property, despite the fact that their efforts were stimulated by frequent bribes of tobacco and sugar.

Melbourne was reached at last, and the party moved into the first brick house that was built in that city. It had no windows and no doors, and the staircase lacked balusters. But the apertures were closed with blankets; and, as usual, the whole family set about to make the best of it with that spirit which has made the British race famous as colonists. The absence of doors and windows certainly had its disadvantages, for on one occasion a man armed with a knife thrust aside one of the blankets and made his way through the empty window-frame into the room in which Miss Stone was sitting with the baby on her knee. Three times he chased her round the table. Then she made for the doorway, calling for help. The cook, a man, was fortunately at hand, and the intruder was secured. He proved to be a dipsomaniac in the throes of *delirium tremens*.

The Saxons did not remain long in Melbourne. Mr Saxon had purchased a station seventy miles

distant in the bush, and thither the whole party went. Miss Saxon and Miss Stone were the first ladies who went from Melbourne into the bush, and their presence there aroused a great deal of interest and curiosity among the aborigines.

On the first day of their journey from Melbourne a 'blackfellow' and his two *gins* approached the party as they were sitting down to lunch by the side of a creek. Mr Saxon signed to them to be seated, and gave them food. After the meal signs were resumed once more. It was the 'blackfellow' who took the initiative on this occasion. He had a proposition to make to Mr Saxon, the nature of which he unfolded in graphic gestures. It was to the effect that Mr Saxon should exchange Miss Stone for one of his *gins*. Unfortunately the faithful *gin* also gathered the nature of the transaction that her lord and master proposed, and her righteous indignation found vent in words—a clicking, gibbering torrent of them—until Miss Stone was glad to mount her horse and ride away from her rival's wrath.

At the station they were met by the overseer who had been left in charge. He had erected a hut for the party, constructed of logs, with a shingle roof; earth formed the floors, and holes in the roof the chimneys.

The overseer had many complaints to make about the 'blackfellows.' Thrice had they robbed the huts; and he hinted that the sheep on the station were none too safe from their depredations. His suspicions were soon confirmed, for the shepherd came in a few days later with a tale of woe. A band of fifty 'blackfellows' had appeared upon the scene and demanded a sheep. Yielding to superior force, he had given them one. But the 'blackfellows,' with an insatiable desire for knowledge, had insisted on the shepherd's killing and skinning it for them, to show how it was done. Needless to relate, the aborigines of the neighbourhood acquired a taste for mutton. They came again, and took five sheep; and yet again, and drove off a whole flock of wethers.

Something had to be done.

Mr Saxon summoned his nearest neighbour, who lived twenty miles away, to his assistance; and a plan of campaign was organised. They started in pursuit of the 'blackfellows' and the lost sheep, and came up with them after seven days. They endeavoured by peaceable means to regain possession of the flock; but a spear hurled into the thin ranks of the pursuers brought the negotiations to a speedy close. It was answered by the rifle—a new experience for the 'blackfellows,' who had never before heard the report of a gun. One of them sprang to the front and brandished his shield in defiance; but a well-directed shot pierced the flimsy wooden protection and laid him out dead. More were killed before the sheep were recovered; but eventually the 'blackfellows' were driven off and the flock secured—many of them lame and disabled from the hard driving of their captors. The 'black-

fellows' never stole any more sheep or molested the colonists in any way. But Miss Stone relates many amusing experiences in which they played an important part.

There is a description of a visit to their camp. On that occasion the men appeared in their full war-paint, with feathers, armlets of human flesh, and bodies painted to resemble skeletons. Mr Saxon ventured to ask one of them what human flesh tasted like, and received the expressive answer, 'Like him pig.'

There is also an instructive story of a 'blackfellow' who was imprisoned in Melbourne for some offence. On his release, he was told, by his friends of course, that his two wives had been misconducting themselves during the period of his incarceration. His remedy was almost Gilbertian in its simplicity: he lighted a fire and sat his two faithless wives down on the glowing embers.

Eventually Mr Saxon and his family returned to Melbourne, as life in the bush was too exacting for the ladies and children of the party. Like the majority of pioneers, he failed to make a fortune out of his adventures, and the whole family returned to England in 1842. But, had he only known it, his horse was turning up nuggets of gold as he cantered across the wide acres of his station. Ten years later the goldfields were discovered, and his successor reaped the rich fruits of Mr Saxon's enterprise, and his grandsons are probably millionaires to this day.

The homeward voyage, *via* Cape Horn, seems to have been uneventful; but they were to experience all the disadvantages of sailing-ships in the neighbourhood of the Equator. For three weeks they lay becalmed and helpless, like a chip of wood on the surface of a pond. The sun beat down upon them in pitiless splendour till the tar on the yards and shrouds melted and dripped upon the decks, and the water in the cisterns turned brackish. Think of it, in these days of water-tube boilers and condensing-engines! Think, that not seventy years ago we were less helpless in the face of the storm than in the sullen stillness of the calm!

With eyes still alert and with pretty snow-white hair, Miss Caroline Stone sits daily in her cheerful room at Brighton, looking out upon the sea. She is no longer Miss Stone. She changed her name a great many years ago; but the pilfering fingers of time robbed her of the companionship of the husband who induced her to change it. She and the sea are old friends; she knows him in every mood, and likes to watch him from her window shimmering in the rays of the sun. We all like our friends best when they are complaisant.

Of the other members of the party: Mr and Mrs Saxon have long since travelled to the bourne from which they will never return to us; but their three children are still here—the two boys in Australia to this day, and the little girl— Well, the little girl is a very close relative of the writer.

THE MAIDEN'S SHOE.

By ALFRED COLBECK, Author of *A Bedawin Captive*, &c.

FOSTER, a civilian with a soldier's heart, was to the fore during the terrible two months when the Boxers, aided by the Imperial troops, tried to break through the defences and overwhelm the 'foreign devils' in the hated legations. He gave a good account of himself. I knew he would. But he was very reticent about it, and I had to glean the information from others. We met in Peking after a separation of five years. I was anticipating the pleasure all the way up from the coast, but he was unaware of my approach; and as we grasped hands he looked at me as if I had dropped from the sky.

The astute Dowager-Empress, realising that the game was up, had gathered the Court about her, taken the Emperor with her, and flown away to Si-ngan-fu. The olive-hued Japs (whom the Pekingese were fairly familiar with), the altogether unfamiliar darker Indians of our own contingent, the big Germans, the inquisitive Americans, and the smart Cossacks were posted in the streets, and kept order; others rambled about from city to city, in no way abashed at the huge walls and gateways. From the Chinese city to the Tartar; from the Tartar city to the Imperial; from the Imperial city to the Purple Forbidden, where even the Celestials themselves were not allowed to go; and from the Purple Forbidden city into the now-deserted palaces of the Son of Heaven—they went everywhere, and saw everything, and picked up many a choice morsel without so much as 'by your leave.' And, as if the Court were still there, the blue air was filled with glorious sunshine. Neither did the firmament fall nor one yellow tile turn colour in horror at the unwonted desecration.

Foster and I were among the ramblers. He was very well acquainted with these cities—formed like a Chinese puzzle, box within box—except with the Purple Forbidden city, and of that he had only caught a glimpse of the yellow roofs until we strolled through the courts and squares together. I was very fortunate in having such a guide as Foster, who knew as much as most European residents about the curious life of the place, and could tell many an interesting tale, when once you got the right side of him, about the Chinese and their rulers the Manchus, and about the Tibetans and Mongols who made their home in the Tartar city.

'They're a bad lot, Foster,' said I as we lounged in his room discussing the sights and sounds we had met with in our stroll that day. It was late, but we were not inclined for sleep—perhaps we were a trifle excited by our visit to the secluded quarters recently vacated by the most exclusive Court in the world.

'No worse than others,' returned Foster. 'You

can soon reach the human substratum under the yellow skin of a Manchu.'

'And the devilry too, Foster, if we may take recent events as a go by.'

'Yes,' said he musingly; 'but they are not monopolists in that line. I have met with a few men and women among the Pekingese who have about as little of it as you would care to find in any composition called human. The best of us are not without.'

'“The heathen Chinese is peculiar,”' said I, falling back upon a stock quotation.

'Certainly,' retorted Foster, 'that's just it; and you've got to understand him. He is peculiar. He could give the serpent points in subtlety and beat him at his own trade; but he's not all serpent. There's something else in him.'

'Tiger, I should say.'

'Well, yes—tiger when he's roused. But I was referring to something milder and more congenial—something that makes it well worth the while of the missionaries to bother with him as they do, and shut themselves up in the interior of the country, even with the risk before them of an upheaval like that which has just turned everything topsy-turvy. Mind you, Dick, these missionaries are not to blame. They didn't start the volcano. But hearken!'

A bell was striking the midnight hour. There was a sibilant sound in the hum of it which compelled attention.

'What an eerie tone it has, Foster! I heard it the other night, and it made me feel quite creepy.'

'It is like a spirit crying out for something it has lost and cannot find, and yet refuses to be satisfied without it.'

'So it is. You have described it exactly, Foster.'

'*Hsie! Hsie!*' sang my companion, drawing the sound out plaintively in imitation of the bell. 'There is a story about it, Dick, if you care to sit up and hear it.'

'I should like nothing better.'

'It will show you the other side of the heathen Chinese—the side I was speaking about. You remember the bell-tower we saw to-day as we walked from the northern gate of the Imperial city toward the Tartar wall?'

I nodded my affirmative.

'The intermingled moan and sigh we heard just now, with the question in it, came from the bell which that tower contains. It is one of five cast for the Emperor Yung-lo, who reigned from 1723 to 1735. He had a *pendant* for big bells. There's another of them—a monster, completely covered, inside and out, with Chinese ideographs, extracts from the sages of Buddhism, all clearly and cleverly cut—in the Great Bell-Temple about two miles

away. This nearer one, the bell of the midnight watch, is no pigmy. You could accommodate a tolerably large dinner-party within it. It is fourteen feet high, twenty-four feet round at the rim, with a uniform thickness of nine inches, and weighs about fifty-four tons.

'You are very exact, Foster.'

'I give the measurements and the mass of metal to disarm beforehand any suspicion you may have as to the truth of the story, and to conquer your innate scepticism—for you are a born sceptic, Dick: there's no doubt about that.'

'The casting of this particular bell was entrusted to a mandarin called Kuan-yiu. There was one perpetual drawback to this mandarin's happiness: he had an only child, a daughter.'

'But you wouldn't call that a drawback, Foster?'

'Didn't I agree with you just now that the heathen Chinese is peculiar, and didn't I say that you've got to understand him? Yes, the daughter, beautiful though she was—and there was no maiden in Peking so beautiful as she—was the one bitter drop in the life-draught of Kuan-yiu. A son would have made all the difference in the world to him—in the Chinese world of course: he knew no other. Yet, under the bright button of his officialism, this peculiar mandarin was human enough; for, despite the bitterness, he loved his daughter—loved her dearly—and in the privacy of his own home he lavished upon her an affection which in public he was exceedingly careful to disguise. A daughter! Oh no! he could not mention such a *thing* in public, or give the slightest hint even that any such inconvenient relation existed; but the winsome Ko-ai, notwithstanding all this, was the joy of his heart and the light of his life.'

'The mandarin Kuan-yiu had an inveterate enemy in Peking—Chou-tzu, an astrologer of great repute, who was believed to be able to foretell important events and to forewarn against dangers. The astrologer was a basely cunning fellow even for a Chinaman; his deceit was like the deep sea: no sounding-line could fathom it, and no white-bellied shark shooting to the surface and turning to grab his living prey was more treacherous or more cruel than he. Kuan-yiu had thwarted the astrologer's attempt to carry out a nefarious scheme which would have involved the disgrace and ruin of several city people, thereby exposing that man's villainy and greatly restricting his ill-gotten gains. That was years before the casting of the bell. However, Chou-tzu subsequently more than recovered his affluent but evil position, and he emerged into a notoriety even more widespread and more firmly established than that he had enjoyed before the exposure; but he never forgave Kuan-yiu, but cursed him and nursed in his black heart the desire of a terrible revenge. He had not yet been able to transform his curses into deeds, nor to launch his vengeful shaft at the mandarin's head and heart; now the casting of the bell gave him his opportunity.'

'The metal was glowing in the furnace, and the mould was prepared for its reception. Everything had been arranged with the utmost nicety. Kuan-yiu had personally superintended the preparations, and he was anticipating an achievement that would raise him a step higher in the esteem of his Imperial master. When the metal had cooled, and the mould was broken, and the bell was struck—oh, that a son were his, whose soul would thrill to the sound of it, and who could share with him the honour of the great occasion! But there was only Ko-ai! The night before the casting a muffled figure crept toward the clay-pit, disappeared for a few minutes, came again like a fitting shadow, and was gone. The bell was cast; but lo! when it was brought forth from the matrix there was a flaw in it, a most unaccountable crack that stretched nearly a third of its length, and utterly spoiled its tone.'

'The mandarin was keenly disappointed—more disappointed with the failure of the casting than afraid at the displeasure of the Emperor Yung-lo, notwithstanding that this displeasure might probably have cost him his life. But Yung-lo was considerate enough to allow the mandarin to try again. The second time Kuan-yiu was exceedingly cautious, and bestowed very great pains upon the fashioning of the mould; night and day he set a watch about it until the molten metal was ready, and carefully examined it just before the fiery stream was run in. He was certain there would be no flaw this time. Nor was there. But he did not know that one night, while the furnace-man slept, overcome by a powerful potion prepared and administered by Chou-tzu, the cunning astrologer had tampered with the metal. The fusion was perfect, but the ingredients were spoiled; and when the second bell was struck no clear tone issued forth—only a dull, harsh sound that went to the mandarin's heart like a death-knell.'

'With a gleam in his dark-brown eyes that could not be mistaken, Yung-lo intimated that a third failure would be accompanied by the removal of the mandarin's superfluous head, for what possible good could his head be to him if he could not successfully carry out his master's orders? Such an intimation would have disarranged the thinking-apparatus of many men; they would have dispensed with the useless attempt to cast the bell a third time, and elegantly bowed to the inevitable. But not so Kuan-yiu. For Ko-ai's sake, although he would never have made so humiliating a confession, he pulled his wits together, and resolved to try again. New metal was collected, another furnace was built, the mould was prepared in more suitable ground, and under his own eyes everything was prepared with the most extreme caution. A cordon was drawn around the furnace from the very commencement of the operations. The mould was guarded so closely that not a single straw was blown into it, and it was carefully dusted and examined minutely every day. The mandarin became haggard with sleepless vigilance. He appeased and propitiated

with numerous sacrificial offerings the spirits of the earth, the spirits of the air, the spirits of the fire, and the presiding genies of the metals; and he implored the help of his ancestors of many generations. He had a lurking suspicion that a much more tangible enemy was working against him, but he never once thought of Chou-tzu.

'Ko-ai was greatly distressed at the fate which awaited her father. She was fearfully anxious that the bell should come forth sound and whole. She thought of Chou-tzu, not as her father's enemy—for she knew not that Chou-tzu so bitterly hated him, or, indeed, hated him at all—but as a renowned astrologer who could show her how success might be assured and the threatened decapitation averted. Secretly she sought out this wonderful magician, and tremulously consulted him. With a dissembling smile he received her. She was too much concerned about her father to notice the craftiness of his little black eyes, and she loved her father too dearly to question the motive of the man who was ready to make use of this very love as the most effective weapon to pierce her father's heart. A devilish joy thrilled the spirit of Chou-tzu as he pounced upon the chance which Ko-ai had innocently given him to wreak a revenge so cunning in its refinement and so certain to strike the mandarin in a most vulnerable place that decapitation was as nothing to it. His evil soul gloated in anticipation over the mandarin's discomfiture. The demon had delivered the mandarin into his hands.

'When Ko-ai placed the case before him, and with tears in her eyes told him of the Emperor's threat, beseeching him to reveal to her how the dreaded decapitation might be averted, he slowly shook his head, and said that he must have time to consult the stars. To-morrow he would tell her. Back she came after a sleepless night, and Chou-tzu said yes, her father might be saved, but only in one way. She implored him to tell her. He hesitated, worked upon her fears, played with her like a great gray cat with a tiny mouse, all the while revelling in the anguish he was causing her, and yet with a fine pretence that it was very painful to him to reveal the remedy, and that her father had better be left to his fate. His deep design in all this was to secure the more certain accomplishment of his diabolical plan. He gave way at last, and told her that the only way to save her father was to mingle with the seething metal as it ran into the mould a maiden's blood.

'He watched her narrowly as he said it. Her face became suddenly calm. A deadly pallor chased every particle of colour from her cheeks. Her eyes seemed to grow larger in their solemnity as she realised to the full what the remedy meant. But she dried her tears, thanked him, paid his charges, and returned to her home.

'When the time for the casting drew near, she besought her father to allow her to witness it; and he, poor man! although he at first refused, overcame by her pleadings and ignorant of her intention,

finally gave his consent. To see that mass of molten metal pour in a coruscating stream through the conduit into the mould was a spectacle she might well desire to witness. Other visitors would be there, and why not she? A raised platform was to be provided for the visitors' accommodation. He was so certain of the result, too, that he was pleased with the idea that Ko-ai should look on, and so remember the scene, when, after the bell was brought forth, it should sound his triumph. Therefore Ko-ai came, in her bravest attire, to do honour to her father and herself: a sweet little figure, swathed in gay silks, and sitting in the middle of the front row with her eager face bent forward.

'The furnace was tapped. The glittering, molten metal began to flow. It gathered volume, and elicited shouts of admiration, when, suddenly, swiftly, just as the tide was at its fullest, Ko-ai darted across the platform, flung up her arms, cried with a loud voice, 'For my father!' and, to the inexpressible horror of the spectators, leaped head-long into the seething, fiery stream. It was all over in a moment. A young man, the only one with presence of mind to do it, sprang forward and tried to save her; but he only succeeded in catching her shoe as she went over to her doom. The shoe came off in his hands. The father, stricken with madness at the sight, would have leaped in after her, but strong hands held him back. It might have been better to have let him go, for his madness never left him, and he died calling upon his darling Ko-ai, who had given her life for his.'

'What about the casting?' I ventured to ask after a long silence; for the end of the story had impressed me too deeply to call forth either question or remark about the maiden herself.

'Oh, the casting was perfectly successful,' returned Foster; 'only, as you have heard, there is a singular sibilant, penetrating appeal in the tone of the bell, which the Pekingese explain by saying that the maiden is crying for her shoe. *Hai!*' he sang again in imitation of the bell: 'that means shoe.'

'Are there other Chinese women, do you think, Foster, who are capable of a sacrifice like that?'

'Yes. I have known one myself; but that is another story.'

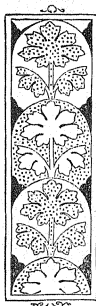
ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

THE moon is throned in queenly state;
The stars, like pages, round her wait;
And clouds, drawn out in solemn news,
Before her face in silence pass.

See! Time leads out the Old, Old Year
Without a pause, without a tear;
And, midst our welcome's joyful din,
Now brings the New one, smiling, in.

The moon looks down on us in state;
The stars, her pages, round her wait;
Time passes on just as before,
And leaves his blessing as of yore.

SARAH WILSON.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

CONCERNING THE MOLE AND ITS NOW FASHIONABLE SKIN.

By CANNING WILLIAMS.



THE most pronounced vogue in furs this autumn,' says a daily contemporary, 'is not for the stately sable or the elegant ermine, but for the common mole, whose soft little skin has hitherto been thought good enough only for gamekeepers' coats and sometimes for the waistcoats of country squires.' This humble and erstwhile despised creature has, therefore, suddenly sprung into importance, an importance which, alas! may but presage its total extinction.

The mole is to be found from the north of Scotland to Japan; but, strange enough, it is not met with in Ireland. Owing to the greater part of its life being spent beneath the surface of the ground, there are comparatively few people who have seen a mole in its native haunts, and not a very large number who have seen one at all; so a few words descriptive of its appearance may not be out of place. The length of the creature (including a half-inch tail) is about six inches; its body is plump and nearly round; it has very short legs, the front ones being beautifully adapted for digging; eyes so minute as to escape casual observation; a long, pointed, and extremely strong muzzle; and a numerous and efficient set of teeth. It is covered with a close, soft, and velvety fur, usually of a black or blackish-brown colour, with a grayish tinge in certain lights. Pure white moles (albinos) have been observed, but they are exceedingly rare.

The food of the mole consists principally of earthworms; but it is not at all dainty in its tastes, the larvae of insects, mice, lizards, frogs, snails, snakes, and even birds being sometimes included in its bill of fare. It is also even guilty of cannibalism, weaker members of its own species being killed and eaten in times of scarcity of other food. The quantity of food which a mole consumes is enormous. It is said that, for its size, the spider is the most voracious and ferocious of creatures; probably the mole would make a very good second.

One that was in the possession of Professor Lenz destroyed and devoured in the course of twenty-four hours 'a large slow-worm, a large snail, two chrysalids, and a snake about thirty-two inches long. Of the reptiles he left nothing but the skin and the bones.' M. Geoffroy St Hilaire states that in the capture of birds the mole displays considerable skill in stealing upon them without being seen, and when sufficiently near his prey, makes a sudden and violent attack, seizing the bird by the belly, tearing it open, and thrusting his muzzle therein in a sort of frenzy of hunger.

In searching for its living food, the mole is probably guided chiefly by the sense of smell. On one occasion the writer captured a mole and subsequently placed it in a box of earth, the animal quickly making its way beneath the surface. An hour or two afterwards he put a worm in the box, and a few seconds later was astonished to see the earth beneath the worm raised, the snout of the mole protrude, and the creature seized and swallowed with a rapidity that was nothing less than startling.

As is well known, the mole makes elaborate subterranean passages and chambers, and is in this respect an accomplished engineer. Each mole has his own domicile or 'fortress,' which is constructed under a little natural mound of earth. The dwelling consists of two circular galleries one above the other, 'the lower one considerably larger than the upper, with which it communicates by five nearly equidistant passages running slantingly upwards.' The roof of this structure is dome-shaped, 'the earth composing it being pressed into a solid mass by the mole while excavating the internal passages and chambers.' Leading into this dwelling is a road, or highway, usually four or five inches below the surface, and generally running from one end of the animal's hunting-ground to the other. The passage is just large enough to enable him to pass easily along it, and after a time becomes smooth from the friction

of the creature's body. In the construction of this highway, instinct teaches him to leave no trace which would lead to the detection of the whereabouts of his domicile; so, instead of forming his tunnel by removing the earth and forcing it outwards (which would be far the more expeditious way), he obtains the space required by compressing the adjacent soil. In some cases two or more highways are formed, each leading in a different direction; sometimes, too, several moles will make common use of the same tunnel; but should two of them meet and neither be inclined to 'back' into a branch-road, a combat ensues which does not terminate until one is killed.

It is through these passages that the mole proceeds to and returns from his hunting-grounds. In searching for his food he does a large amount of digging, and as the loose earth rapidly accumulates, he is obliged to get rid of it. This he does by making his way to the surface from time to time, breaking through, and pushing out with his powerful snout the obstructing material. Thus are produced the mole-hills or mole-casts which are so common a sight in the country.

In the summer-time, when food is plentiful, the mole often makes in fields and heaths long trench-like runs immediately above the surface of the ground, but hidden by the grass or other growth. These temporary channels are probably very quickly made, rendering comparatively light his work in the warmer months of the year; but in the winter, when the frost drives the worms downwards, his task in providing himself with the large amount of food necessary for his comfortable existence becomes extremely laborious.

Moles naturally prefer light soils for their burrowing operations; and through these, by means of their strong, shovel-like forefeet, they make their way with surprising rapidity. Indeed, a close student of these creatures has likened their progress through such earth to *swimming*.

Being a great carnivorous eater, the mole is also a great drinker, and therefore he always takes care to construct a tunnel to a water-supply. Where there is no ditch, pond, or stream available, it is said, on the authority of several mole-catchers, that he sinks a perpendicular shaft into the earth, at the bottom of which water is always found. Thus he adds well-sinking to his other engineering accomplishments.

We have referred to the greediness and ferocity of the mole; it is a pleasure to turn to his more worthy side; that of his devotion to his wife and family. It is true that, owing to the males greatly outnumbering the females, many sanguinary battles are fought between the former at that season of the year when their fancy 'lightly turns to thoughts of love;' but having overcome the rivalry of his competitors, and persuaded, not without difficulty, the coy lady of his choice to share his habitation with him, he acts in a most exemplary manner, showing a warm affection for his wife, and great devotion to

his family when it arrives. It usually consists of four or five, but may vary from three to seven. The young ones are produced once a year, most commonly in April, being cradled in a nest 'lined with grass, fine roots, dried leaves, and similar materials, collected in a sort of chamber which is formed by the enlargement of the point of junction of three or four of the ordinary passages, always separate from the fortress, and often at a considerable distance from it.'

We have thus seen that the mole is one of the most interesting of mammals; but the farmer hates him with a bitter, implacable hatred. Whether this animosity is deserved or not is a moot question among scientists. Some say that the good he does in the way of ridding the land of noxious creatures counterbalances the harm he perpetrates; but the practical agriculturist, who is nothing if not opinionated, pool-pools this theory, and will have none of it, for does he not see with his own eyes the damage the 'vermin' do to his fields and pastures, and is that not enough for him? What do scholars and folks who live in the towns know of such things? Let them mind their own business! So, when he is troubled with the burrowers, he bargains with a professional mole-catcher to reduce their numbers. Several methods of capture are employed, but they are nearly all in the nature of a metal trap, which is inserted in the ascertained runs of the animals. The traps are placed in position when the moles are on their foraging expeditions, which is said to be principally in the morning and evening, the middle of the day being aristocratically passed in sleep. On returning to their dwellings the moles unsuspectingly enter the traps, and so compass their own destruction.

In days gone by wooden traps were used, and in the successful placing of these considerable skill was required. Indeed, a man experienced in this work was considered a personage of no small importance. 'He was not infrequently,' says Richard Jefferies in *The Gamekeeper at Home*, 'a man who had once occupied a subordinate place under a keeper, and, when grown too feeble for harder labour, supported himself in this manner; contracting with the farmers to clear their fields by the season.'

The number of moles that are annually trapped and massacred is enormous, and it is no uncommon sight in the country to see rows of dead moles hanging from a string stretched between two sticks placed in the ground, or fastened to the branches of trees. The writer was once walking through an avenue of trees some miles from Scarborough, when he noticed a lot of small black objects suspended, festoon-fashion, between the trees, and on examining them, discovered that they were moles. The strings extended on both sides of the road for fully a quarter of a mile, so that, at a moderate computation, there must have been five or six thousand of the late busy burrowers thus conspicuously exposed.

During the prevalence of the present fashion such a sight as this will probably not be seen, for the raw (undressed) skins—which measure about three inches by two and a half inches—now fetch remunerative prices. A few weeks ago a London firm of furriers offered a farmer ‘from eighteen shillings to twenty-five shillings a hundred for them (twopence to threepence each skin, according to quality, colour, and size), to be forwarded

in quantities of not less than one hundred or two hundred.’ For a large cover-all motor-coat as many as seven hundred skins are necessary. ‘Moles by the million are therefore required,’ to again quote from the newspaper, ‘by all the great furriers, not only in London, but in the capitals of Europe.’ If the moles but knew of this, surely the poor things would quake in their fortresses!

THE CLOSED BOOK.

CHAPTER IV.—BY THE TIDELESS SEA.



WHEN a man secures a bargain, be it in his commerce or in his hobbies, he always endeavours to secure a second opinion. As I hurried across to hug the shadow of the Palazzo Pandolfini I glanced at my watch, and found that I had still an hour and a half before the *breve luncheon*, or snail-train, as the Florentines, with sarcastic humour, term it, would start down the Arno valley for Leghorn. Therefore I decided to carry my prize to Signor Leo Olschki, who, as you know, is one of the most renowned dealers in ancient manuscripts in the world, and whose shop is situated on the Lung Arno Acciajoli, close to the Ponte Vecchio. Many treasures of our British Museum have passed through his hands, and among bibliophiles his name is as a household word.

Fortunately I found him in: a short, fair-bearded, and exceedingly courteous man, who himself is a lover of books although a dealer in them. Behind those glass cases in his shop were some magnificent illuminated manuscripts waiting to be bought by some millionaire collector or national museum, and all around from floor to ceiling were shelves full of the rarest books extant, some of the incunabula being the only known copies existing.

I had made many purchases of him; therefore he took me into the room at the rear of the shop, and I displayed my bargain before his expert eyes.

In a moment he pronounced it a genuine Arnoldus, a manuscript of exceeding rarity, and unique on account of several technical reasons with which it is useless to trouble those who read their cursive record.

‘Well, now, Signor Olschki, what would you consider approximately its worth?’

The great bibliophile stroked his beard slowly, at the same time turning over the evenly-written parchment folios.

‘I suppose,’ he answered, after a little hesitation, ‘that you don’t wish to sell it?’

‘No. I tell you frankly that I’ve brought it here to show you and ask your opinion as to its genuineness.’

‘Genuine it is no doubt—a magnificent codex. If I had it here to sell I would not part with it under twenty-five thousand francs—a thousand pounds.’

‘A thousand pounds!’ I echoed, for the price was far above what I had believed it to be worth.

‘Rosenthal had one in his catalogue two years ago priced at sixteen thousand francs. I saw it when I was in Munich, and it was not nearly so good or well preserved as yours. Besides—this writing at the end: have you any idea what it is about?’

‘Some family record,’ I answered. ‘The usual rambling statements regarding personal possessions, I expect.’

‘Of course,’ he answered. ‘In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries they habitually disfigured their books in this way. It was a great pity.’

Having obtained the information I desired, I repacked my treasured tome while he brought out several precious volumes for my inspection, including a magnificent French *Psalterium seu preces pie cum calendario*, with miniatures of the thirteenth century, which he had catalogued at four hundred and fifty pounds; and an Italian *Psalterium ad usum ord. S. Benedicti*, of two hundred leaves, written at Padua in 1428, that he had just sold to the National Museum at Berlin for fifteen thousand marks. In addition to being an expert and dealer, he was a true lover of books and manuscripts; and, knowing that my pocket would not allow me to indulge in such treasures, he would often exhibit to me his best volumes and gossip about them as every bibliophile will gossip, handling them tenderly the while.

I caught my train and returned to the white villa facing the sea, outside Leghorn, which was my bachelor home, entirely satisfied with my visit to the Tuscan capital.

Three miles beyond the noisy seaport, close down where the clear waters of the Mediterranean lazily lapped the shingly beach at the little watering-place of Antugniano, stood the square, sun-blached house, with its wide balcony, and its green sun-shutters now open to the soft breeze that came across the water with the brilliant sundown. The faithful Nello, my old Tuscan man-servant, who was cook, housekeeper, and valet all in one, had been watching for my arrival; and as I rang at the big iron gate before my garden the old fellow came hurrying to admit me, with his pleasant bow and words of welcome on his lips:

'Ben tornato, signore; ben tornato.'

I thanked him, carried my precious parcel to the study upstairs, and then descending again, ate hurriedly the dinner he placed before me, anxious to examine my purchase.

My old servitor moved noiselessly in and out as I ate, fidgeting as though he wished to speak with me. But I was looking through my letters, and took but little notice of him. Italian servants are always a nuisance, being too loquacious and too ready to offer opinions or advice. I had suffered for years from a succession of unsatisfactory men, until my friend Fra Antonio of the Capuchin Monastery brought old Nello to me. He had little in exterior appearance to recommend him, for his countenance was that of a Mephistopheles, and his attire neglected and shabby. He was an old soldier who had served Italy well in the days of Garibaldi, and had for years been engaged as steward on board one of the Prince line of steamers between Naples and New York.

Fra Antonio knew him well; therefore I took him on trial, and very quickly discovered that even though he had a wife and family living high up in one of the odorous back-streets of Leghorn, to whom some of my provisions secretly found their way, I had discovered a treasure of a servant.

Although old in years, he was not decrepit. His physical strength often amazed me, and after three years of service his devotion to me was often remarked by my friends. His only vice was smoking; and as he consumed the very rankest of tobacco, which clung about the house for days afterwards, I had set apart an arbour in the garden beneath the vines where he might poison the air whenever he wished.

Having dined, I ascended the wide marble staircase to my study, a big, high room, with frescoed ceiling that looked out across the open sea. Houses are large and cheap in Italy—mine was far too large for a lonely man like myself. There were half-a-dozen rooms into which I never entered, and I only opened my drawing-room when I had visitors, for I have a man's dislike for silk-covered furniture, mirrors, and standard lamps.

The long windows of my study were open, and the place was at that moment filled with the crimson afterglow. I stood upon the balcony and breathed the pure air from the sea, delightfully refreshing after the stifling heat of the day. Across, in the far distance, the islands of Corsica, Capraia, and Gorgona loomed purple against the blood-red sunset, while up from the beach the evening stillness was broken by a young fisherman playing his mandoline and singing in a fine musical voice the old love-song with that chorus which every one in Italy knows so well:

Amarti soltanto
Non basta al mio cor:
To voglio parlarti,
Parlarti d'amor!

Love! Ah! those words he sang brought back to

me, an exile, all the bitterness of the past—all the bitterness of my own love. A lump arose in my throat when I recollected the night-have-been; but I crushed it down just as I had done a hundred times before, and re-entered the room, closing the windows to shut out the words of the song, and, sighing, seated myself at my writing-table to occupy myself with the book I had bought from the fat prior of San Sisto.

Old Nello—whose correct name was Lionello, although, as usual in Tuscany, every one called him Nello ever since his birth sixty years ago—brought in my coffee and liqueur, setting it down at my elbow, and afterwards crossed to reopen the window.

'I closed it, Nello,' I snapped. 'Don't open it. There's too much confounded music outside.'

'*Tene*, signore,' he answered. 'I forgot to say that the Signor Console called at four o'clock.'

'And what did the Consul want?' I inquired.

'He wishes to see you to-morrow to luncheon,' was the old fellow's response. 'And, oh! I forgot—another man called to see the signore only a quarter of an hour before his return—the *gobbo* Graniani.'

'Graniani?' I echoed. 'And what did he want, pray?'

'To sell you some more old rubbish, I suppose,' was Nello's blunt reply, for he always looked upon my purchase of antiques as a terrible waste of good money. 'He said he would return later.'

I was very surprised at this. He had probably returned to Leghorn by an earlier train from Florence; but why he wished to see me after secretly spying upon my movements I was at a loss to know. One must, however, be clever to comprehend the ingenuity of the Italian, with all his diplomatic smiles and ingenious subtleties.

'If he comes I will see him,' I responded; adding, 'Do you know, Nello, I don't like that man.'

'Ah, signore!' answered the old fellow, 'you should never trust a hunchback.'

'But when I asked you about him you knew nothing to his detriment. I look to you to make inquiries about such people.'

'At the time I was in ignorance, signore,' he said apologetically; 'but I have learnt several things since.'

'Things that are not very creditable, eh?' I asked, regarding his weird, almost grotesque figure in ill-fitting black coat and crumpled shirt-front.

He hesitated as though unwilling to tell me the whole truth. He was always reserved regarding any person of bad character. A Tuscan never cares to denounce his compatriots to a foreigner.

'If I were you, signore,' he said, 'I'd have nothing to do with any *gobbo*.'

'But I've bought several good manuscripts from him,' I argued.

'The signore must please himself,' he remarked. 'I have warned him.'

I really did not desire any warning, for the mysterious appearance of the old hunchback's face at the church window was sufficient to cause me grave suspicion. But Nello for three years past had exercised a kind of paternal care over me, seeming to regard me with wonder that I could scribble piles upon piles of paper and get paid for it. It was really wonderful how I wrote romances, he often declared. He read two of them translated into Italian and published serially in the *Tribuna*, and kept the copies neatly tied in bundles, which he proudly showed to his friends as the work of his *padrone*.

'Well, had I better see the *gobbo*?' I asked.

'No, signore, I would not,' was his prompt advice. 'He has no business to come here. His place is in the piazza, and it is impudence to call upon a gentleman.'

'Then tell him I'm engaged. I'll want nothing more to-night. Don't disturb me.'

'*Benissimo, signore; buona notte.*' And old Nello went softly out well satisfied, leaving me to my coffee and my old manuscript.

I had not asked Nello to give his reason because I knew that he would refuse to be drawn. He was a clever old fellow, and would, in argument, get the better of me.

So, the music having ceased, I reopened the window, and in the fading light settled myself to a pleasant hour with my latest acquisition.

Further acquaintance with the splendid volume was not disappointing. It was certainly a treasure; and having glanced casually at the coloured miniatures and gilt initials, I turned to the first page of the record written upon the blank pages at the end.

The cursive writing with its long flourishes was extremely difficult to decipher, and the ink much inferior to that used by the old monk Arnoldus, for it was faded and brown, having evidently been penned by one who had no acquaintance with the Gothic or book-hand. The writing was undoubtedly that of the early sixteenth century.

The first line I was able to make out read as follows:

'*Qui scripsit scripta manus eius sit benedicta*,' while, as far as I could decipher it, the record ended in the following manner:

*Qui me scribat Godefridus nomen habebat
Godefridus Lupellus
de Croglandia
me scripsit anno
domini 1542 in no
no die men
sis Januarii
rij.*

This final page was so ill-written and half-obliterated by a great yellow damp-stain that I had not before noticed it. But by it my curiosity became further aroused, for, translated into modern English, it showed that the addition had been made to the book by one Godfrey Lupellus, or Lovel, of Crowland, in Lincolnshire, probably one of the monks of that once celebrated Benedictine abbey which is now but a magnificent pile of ruins familiar to many by photographs.

The discovery that it had been penned by a person living in England caused me to set to work at once to learn what was written there, so I took a sheet of plain paper, and, assisted by that valuable little work of reference the *Dictionary of Abbreviations*, commenced to slowly disentangle the calligraphical riddle before me.

The task was extremely difficult; and, whether from the heat of the evening or owing to the fatigue I had undergone, I felt a curious, indescribable sensation slowly creeping over me.

It commenced with small shooting pains that paralysed the muscles of my jaws, gradually increasing in intensity. At first I believed that it was merely a touch of neuralgia, until all in a moment a quick, sharp pain shot down my spine, paralysing me so completely that I could neither move nor utter a sound.

My head swam. My jaws were fixed. I tried to rise, but could not; I tried to cry out for my faithful Nello, but my tongue refused to utter a sound.

A curious drowsiness seized me, and I struggled against it vainly. Never before had I experienced such a feeling. Then a second pain ran down my back far more acute and excruciating than the first, and I believe I must have fainted.

At any rate all became an utter blank. The fat priest's solemn warning was, it seemed, no idle one.

Ah! would that I had heeded it.

ON HIGHGATE HILL.

By OLIVER GREY.

IN this age of rapid and direct communication, with an ever-growing population flooding the fair hills and fields which girdled the London of an earlier day, it is difficult to identify the modern suburb with the old remoteness of village and bird-haunted woodland. Here and there the fast-decaying picturesque

house-front, the chance survival of a broken fountain, a pile of moss-grown masonry, or the storied epitaphs of ancient churches assist imagination. But for the most part it is only the traditions of literature, or perhaps the names affixed to streets and retained by new-built villas, which preserve the dead memorials of the men and women who lived and made history in these sadly transformed

regions. The northern heights of London have hitherto suffered less ruthlessly from the invading torrent, while the dedication of open spaces to the public and the preservation of some remnant of forest-land here at least assist us to conjure up the sights and scenes which were familiar to our predecessors. As we stand on Highgate Hill and look north, the prospect is not much altered. It is only to the south that all is changed, and the intervening relief of meadowland, greenwood, and village spires engulfed for ever in the teeming ways of London.

When the world was young and the ballads of England in the making, we may picture the 'Bailliff's Daughter' and the squire's love-sick son upon the causeway which once linked these slopes with Islington, or hear with weary Dick Whittington, beside his milestone, the encouraging distant chimes of Bow. Alas! the apprentice and his cat, the pretty daughter of Fitzwarren, and all the rest of that cheerful story will not bear the searching light of latter-day criticism. Yet for every person who is conscious of its proud historic fame, its literary celebrities, its crowd of famous men and women, it is safe to say a hundred associate Highgate with the lad who from all time has been regarded as the commercial ideal of British youth, and was assuredly thrice Lord Mayor of London. That he retained a great affection for the place seems incontestable, for the Highgate almshouses of to-day owe their foundation to the College of the Holy Spirit, which was another and more magnificent outcome of his benevolence.

At this epoch Highgate, with its immemorial toll, was already a chief gateway to the City from the north. Thither came the pilgrims and other pious folk on their way to Our Lady's shrine at Muswell Hill or to the praying-cross of Crouch End; while Ascension-day would bring all sorts and conditions to hear the priest beneath the branches of Gospel Oak. Hardly less an object of veneration would be the Hermitage hard by, tended by the brotherhood whose duty it was to collect the bounty of travellers for the neighbouring leper-hospital. All day an endless procession of coaches, horsemen, herds, and sumpter-mules passed up the weedy steep by roads knee-deep in mud; and at nightfall, from Cuen and Bishop's Woods, the foot-pads went abroad, and the daring and lawless robbers who were the terror of the king's highway on Finchley Common. Through many centuries these coverts, rich also in acorn-mast and grazing for cattle and for deer, gave shelter to the outlaw and the insurgent. Hither rode Cade's rough bands of Kentish men; here ten years later, in the long struggle of the Roses, Thomas Thorpe, a Baron of Exchequer, met his doom for loyalty to the House of York. Two centuries go by, and the leafless trees are hung with the bridles and accoutrements of the fantastic Fifth Monarchy Men, with whom Sir John Reresby, 'having a mind to see a

little action,' engages in a skirmish, not altogether to the advantage of the King's Guards. But before the willows are in flower, Mr Pepys, on his way from Whitehall, meets their leaders, Venner and Pritchard, drawn to Tyburn, there to be hanged with all the hideous ceremony which their death-sentence entailed. A hundred years later, and once more the glades are filled with rebel Protestants. The Gordon rioters, fresh from burning Lord Mansfield's house in Bloomsbury, have come to complete their vengeance upon his splendid palace in Caen Wood. How the landlord of 'The Spaniards' entertained them with much strong ale, and the Chief-Justice's servants succeeded in making the mob drunk by the roadside while messengers were despatched to bring up the soldiers, need not be told. Caen Wood was saved, and with it the many memorials of a distinguished career collected from the time when, as a penniless Scots adventurer, the fourteen-year-old Murray rode over the Border to Westminster, afterwards to be the scene of his brilliant forensic triumphs.

Meanwhile yet another military pageant had passed over the famous hill—passed and returned, bringing with it the prisoners of '45, and among them unwieldy Simon Lovat, whose jests upon the scaffold shocked a proverbially callous crowd. Lovat suffered on Tower Hill for his treason; but the majority of the captives brought through Highgate toll in his time were those 'gentlemen of the road' whose reputation has lost nothing by the gallantry of a few of their number. We all appreciate Duval dancing the *courante* upon the moonlit heath. The memory of him survives in Duval's Lane; but he probably deserves neither more nor less admiration than his murderous companions, and the innkeepers of Highgate, who were many and prosperous down to the coming of the railways, were perhaps the only people who honestly deplored the final destruction of those North Road pests. Half a century ago, beneath a spreading Highgate oak, were exhumed the bridle-irons, spurs, and weapons of some long-departed 'knight of the road,' left here never to be reclaimed by their owner. For timid folk the journey even from London was not to be undertaken without fear and trembling and an escort. Yet at a very early period Highgate had become the haunt of statesmen and lawyers, poets and literary men, and with them of a race of builders and architects who, deserting traditional sites in the valleys and on the plains, sought for their houses the slopes and breezy uplands where mists are rare, and a fresh, wholesome air breeds health and intellectual activity.

The choice of Highgate in earlier times for a 'lazar' house was due more perhaps to its convenient isolation on the fringe of the City, and the proximity of the religious houses on the London road, than to its salubrious position. Later, in the spacious time of Queen Elizabeth, the attention of the great and wealthy lords and merchants was drawn irresistibly to where 'upon this hill is most

pleasant dwelling, yet not so pleasant as healthful for delicate people.' Prominent among them were Sir Roger Chomeley, the founder of the famous grammar-school for the poor boys of the parish; and Grindall, Bishop of London, who supplemented that foundation with the adjoining chapel, wherein so many of the Highgate worthies have found a resting-place. A few years earlier Elizabeth, as she passed in triumph from Hatfield to the throne, met the Bishops, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, and the thousands of her happy people at the neighbouring residence of the Earl of Norfolk; and many a time did she and her successor, James I., put up there on the way to Theobalds and the pleasant Hertfordshire hunting-boxes of royalty.

In Highgate, too, was confined for a time the luckless Arabella Stuart, whose escape on her removal to Barnet is as romantic a tragedy as 'the age of velvet and bright steel' can show. 'Drawing on a pair of great French-fashioned hose over her petticoats, putting on a man's doublet, a man-lyke perruque, with long locks over her hair, a black hat, black cloake, russet boots with red tops, and a rapier by her side,' this pretty Rosalind was brought to Woolwich, where Seymour, himself escaping from the Tower, missed the vessel that bore her to Calais. So the lady was captured and brought home to die in the grim prison where her husband had been shut up; while he, having boarded the wrong ship at the Nore, was carried in safety to Newcastle.

What time this tragedy was in the making, Arundel House received the first of the great names with which Highgate is associated in literature. Bacon, indeed, no doubt assisted his friend the Earl to lay out the grounds there, and must have had them in his mind when he wrote that charming essay which commences: 'God Almighty first planted a garden. And indeed it is the purest of pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which building and palaces are but gross handiworks.' Thither, also—disgraced and stripped of office—came the great Chancellor-philosopher to die in the late and bitter spring of 1626, having taken a fatal chill over a trivial experiment in the snow upon the body of a dead chicken!

The monuments in the chapel of Arundel House recall others who followed in his footsteps. Sir Harry Blount, scholar, king's-man, and Parliamentarian, traveller in Turkey, and author of an epistle in praise of coffee and tobacco, is not here. But his family is represented by his sons: the learned Thomas Pope Blount, who in these green woods imbibed an early passion for nature; and Charles, who at nineteen years of age was defending Dryden in print and preaching the liberty of the press!

At the time of the Civil War Highgate was a favourite country of the Parliamentary notables. Harrington (commander of the City forces, member of the State Council, and afterwards the president),

who occupied Caen Wood, Ireton (Cromwell's son-in-law), and Harrison the regicide all were neighbours of Sir Harry Vane at Hampstead. At the same time the charm of Highgate pleasaunces found expression in the verse of Andrew Marvell:

I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness.

But the estates of the old Cromwellian families implicated in the tragedy of the rebellion were either sequestered or transferred. Sir James Harrington had barely arranged a sale before he was forced to flee the country, and Caen Wood House became the property of John Bill, the father of English journalism, inventor and proprietor of the *Gazette*, which had its birth upon the site in Printing-house Square now occupied by the *Times* offices.

With the Restoration came also a new element to Highgate, and one which the honest, austere poet and noble enologist of the martyred king may well have resented. Lauderdale House (now used as a refreshment-room for Waterlow Park) stood next door to Marvell's humble cottage, and it was there, to his favourite's house, that the second Charles would bring Mistress Nell Gwynn to flaunt before the stout Puritan whom neither bribes nor frequent threats of violence from the Highgate braves could shake in his allegiance to the dead and gone republic. The cruelty of the Parliamentarians, however, if less refined, had been no less pronounced. Carter the incumbent had been ejected from his house and living with such violence and despatch that his wife actually gave birth to a child in the porch of Highgate chapel. Hither, too, about now, and in the cool of the summer evening, would ride sly Mr Pepys, 'not a little proud, God knows, to be seen upon so pretty a beast,' or complacent with my Lord Brouncker in his coach-and-six.

But the associations of Highgate during the Commonwealth are not all of King and Commonwealth. The Marquis of Dorchester ('Wise William') lived here, and in his garden cultivated the herbs and simples which, as a Fellow of the College of Physicians, were his chief delight; and as the times became more settled, a successful City merchant decided upon the splendid edifice which the Marquis had built upon the site of Chomeley's humbler dwelling for what was then a novelty in the way of charity foundations.

William Blake, woollen draper of Maiden Lane, was born at least two centuries before his time. To-day he would be hailed as a fit candidate for Polytechnic presidency. In the reign of the second Charles his philanthropy appeared no less absurd to his generation than the *Silver Drops on Serious Things* which he wrote to further it. Dorchester House, indeed, under happier circumstances, might have become the first of the continuation schools, for here Blake proposed to educate boys in all the

useful vocations of life, even to the art of painting, and to institute a 'ladies' school' where girls might be taught 'to read, write, sew, starch, raise pastry, and dress that they might be fit for any good service.' His appeal to the aristocracy, by whom he was treated as a madman, was a failure; the scheme fell through, and it is sad to think that so enlightened a pioneer died in poverty, having expended the bulk of his fortune to no purpose. The *Silver Drops*, however, is not the only curious literary effort inspired by Highgate at this period, for it is not improbable that Sir Hugh Platt was resident here when writing *The Garden of Eden and the Jewell-House of Art and Nature*.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Law and Literature continued to be closely associated with the place. Sir Francis Pemberton, who, like Bacon, fell upon evil days at the end of a distinguished career upon the Bench, deserves to be remembered as one of the first judges who discouraged 'Buzfuz' methods of cross-examination and the practice of throwing dust in the eyes of simple jurymen. Nicholas Rowe, the almost forgotten laureate of George I., can hardly be ranked among the bright particular stars of the period. But when the Duke of Argyll was installed in Caen Wood House, and before that historic property had passed to his nephew Lord Bute, perhaps the most unpopular Premier of that or any other age, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu must have been a frequent visitor. The English Sévigné, the one woman of her time whose letters rank as classics, not more by the brilliancy of their style than for the outspoken, trenchant criticism of her contemporaries, reverts to her Highgate days with peculiar affection. 'I well remember Caen House,' she writes late in life to her daughter, Lady Bute, 'and cannot wish you a more agreeable place.' For there it was that she had met her friend and correspondent Pope, whose favourite walk had been beneath Lord Bute's lime-trees, and of whom it is interesting to note that he taught eloquence to silver-tongued Murray, in his turn, as Lord Mansfield, to possess and adorn the same estate.

Meanwhile the adjacent woods were not left wholly to the herdsman, the gipsy, and the outlaw. Already the fathers of English natural history were placidly investigating the animal and plant life which had, before them, excited the curiosity and admiration of men like John Evelyn and Lord Dorchester. Ray and Pottiver, the pioneers of entomology and other branches of research, found here a happy hunting-ground for their studies, regardless of the ridicule of the unlearned satirists by whom the civilising power of such knowledge was as little understood as the motives of the men who sought it. Shenstone, whose claim to be remembered as a poet at all above the low-water mark of Hanoverian laureates is based on the single remarkable quatrain of an otherwise ridiculous set of verses, launched out into a savage attack upon poor Benjamin Wilkes when he was soliciting

subscriptions for an illustrated work on insects. The great Doctor Johnson himself, who on his way to Topham Beauclerk's at Muswell Hill may have encountered the old 'Aurelians' on their pleasant excursions, was no less scornful of the brotherhood. The encroachments of the builder and, more destructive still, the poison of London smoke have spoilt much of the charm and banished to a great extent the wild creatures of these sylvan retreats. But in retrospect the naturalist of to-day will ever regard them with sympathetic eyes as the haunt of those gentle scientists who found in every leaf and living thing a revelation of the divine order of the universe (Ray's *The Wisdom of God Manifested in the Works of Creation*).

To the painters and poets of the purely British school the rustic humours of the Highgate roads and the luminous beauty of its upland prospects appealed with singular force. Thither, in the closing years of the eighteenth century, George Morland brought his easel, the boon companion of the town-bound farmers who frequented the Bull Inn, and cheerful comrade of the coach-drivers and guards whose good-nature, according to the artist's canvases, was as great as their capacity for eating and drinking. And as Morland studied human nature at the Highgate ale-house, Crabbe—too poor to buy refreshment on his rambles in search of flowers—would pass, *Tilulthus* in hand, to sleep the summer night among the scented hay-fields, and shape the country life of England into verse, prim, orderly, and wholesome as a cottage garden.

With the dawn of the nineteenth century, Highgate was to become the resort of many a singer whose name stands for the second renaissance of English literature. The Robertses, the Gillmans, the Gillieses, and, later, the Howitts, all drew to their houses the levelling spirits of their time, delighting in the society of literary men and women, but above all, as it seems, in that of the poets. In 1817 Thomas Moore christened a cottage on the hill 'Lalla Rookh'—'the only one,' as he afterwards wrote of his various residences, 'I do not again see with pleasure;' for there he lost his daughter. At Fitzroy House forgathered Rogers and Keats, the fairy-minded stripling who, from the obscurity of a chemist's shop in the neighbourhood, had astonished the world with *Endymion* and the immortal odes 'To the Nightingale' and 'To a Grecian Urn.' The nightingales still sing in Highgate Woods, and we may well believe that it was there,

In some melodious plot

Of beechen green and shadows numberless, that was conceived perhaps the most wonderful creation of his rainbow-hued imagination. But the name with which the Highgate of this period is even more closely associated is that of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who, at the house of his friends the Gillmans, 'throughout a long-drawn summer day would talk to you in low, equable, but clear and musical tones concerning things human and

divine.' Many were the distinguished men who came to reason with and to hear the poet-philosopher: Charles Lamb (his tenderest friend and panegyrist), Edward Irving, F. D. Maurice, Arthur Hallam, Joseph Henry Green, Julius Hare; and of the critics: Hazlitt, De Quincey, and Leigh Hunt; with ever and again the head and father of the poets of nature, William Wordsworth. From one of them we have a pretty picture of Coleridge wandering in his 'Nightingale Valley' (now Fitzroy Park), or moving slowly down the road which is still called Poet's Lane in his honour, attended by a wandering escort of merry little children. Here, too, by way of contrast, reviving the meander memories of long-departed royalty, would come the Prince Regent with his boon companions to gamble in the ivied seclusion of a house which afterwards concealed the forger Fauntleroy. That such vagaries should escape the caustic wit of those who knew of and deplored them was improbable. Leigh Hunt, himself embodied in Charles Dickens's 'Harold Skimpole,' was just now resident in Highgate, and it was possibly with some such escapade in his mind that he wrote of his future monarch as 'a fat Adonis of fifty,' and was awarded two years' imprisonment in the Fleet Prison for his pains. Later, again, when William and Mary Howitt were installed at the Hermitage, came Dante Gabriel Rossetti, with Monckton Milnes and the members of that literary coterie which waxed and waned in the early Victorian period, when, with the linking up of London to her suburbs, Highgate began to realise that it was no longer an isolated village, but part and parcel of the great

city in whose history and whose development it has played so considerable a part.

In reviewing the historical and intellectual traditions of a locality, it is always interesting to determine how far its surroundings and associations have affected the minds and actions of those who have dwelt there. 'The lives of streets are as the lives of men,' writes Thackeray. How much more is this true when it is the country that weaves itself into the thought and action of successive generations! For centuries and side by side, woodland and garden have made delectable the northern slopes of London. Gradually the enclosures and gardens encroached upon the old primeval forest, until but little remained of the dark coverts that stretched away to the Chilterns in leafy silence, unbroken save by the howl of the wolf, the horn of the hunter, or the leper's warning-bell. Now it is the turn of the gardens and open spaces, the green lawns and the pleasant retreats, whose influence is surely to be marked in the lives, the writings, and the characters of the men and women who move across them as we look back over the days that are no more. Mr J. H. Lloyd, a diligent collector of unconsidered literary trifles, and himself an old inhabitant, has brought together in his *History of Highgate* a mass of details of historical and topographical interest. From the material thus collected, and from the brief review taken in this article of events and personalities, it may fairly be argued that the locality has played no small part in shaping the character, the thoughts, and the doings of those who have dwelt within it.

THE MYSTERY OF THE DALOON RIVER.

PART III.



HAT followed was the work of an instant. Seeing our attention momentarily distracted, the black pilot flung himself overboard with incredible rapidity, and dived. The distance to the bank was not great.

He came to the surface once, and Carr's revolver rang out, and—missed. A minute later he was hauling himself out of the water on to the land.

Hastily I shoved a cartridge into my rifle, rammed home the bolt, and took a careful aim. But as I pulled the trigger Violet deliberately knocked the barrel up, and the bullet skimmed away gracefully into the air and cut the topmost bough of a tree into chips. I swore.

'I won't have the man murdered before my eyes!' cried the girl, with a little catch in her voice; and before I could reload, the pilot had disappeared in the bush.

At that moment I cordially agreed with Carr that we ought to have left Violet behind. I made several remarks to this effect at once with pointed

emphasis. In fact, I should probably have enlarged on the subject at considerable length had not a second and greater disaster occurred almost immediately. Ahead was a sharp bend in the river, and for some ever-unexplained reason we saw fit to put on full speed to get round it. I remember Carr shouting with sudden sharp alarm to starboard the helm. I remember Violet putting it hard over; and I shall never forget the mighty heave of the little launch as she crashed and tore with grinding havoc on to the shoal beneath us. She heeled over on to her side, and the sullen water surged through her riven bottom.

'Now we 'ave done it proper!' said Mr Wilton, hastily opening all the steam-valves. The escaping steam made noise enough to rouse the whole river.

Carr was over the side up to his knees in water. 'It is quite shallow,' he cried. 'Don't be scared, Vi. I believe we can wade ashore.'

This proved correct. Half-an-hour later the four of us, heated and bedraggled, were looking ruefully

at our poor abandoned launch. She would never sail the seas again. And talking of tight places, we were fairly in one now.

The noise of the distant shooting had died away. An ominous silence reigned over sullen stream and lowering forest. The morning sunlight amid the tangle of the trees showed a rough, narrow track winding along the bank up-river. What was to be done?

'I will reconnoitre up towards the factory,' said Carr after a little deliberation. 'You have rifles. You must wait here in the bush till I return.'

'Well, what then?' asked Violet gravely.

'What then?' repeated he. 'Then, perhaps, I shall be able to pick up a boat.'

The girl gave a queer little laugh. 'Better stick together!' she said slowly.

Something in her tone made Carr turn suddenly. She was looking thoughtfully over the river, her face half-hidden under the pushed-forward rim of her cap.

'We are in real danger now?' she asked.

'Yes,' was the swift answer.

'Then we will not separate,' said my sister simply.

Headless of our presence, Carr Elliston put his arm round her and kissed her. Then, without another word, he turned to lead the way towards the factory, with squared shoulders and stern-set eyes that boded ill for the man who first faced his hostile rifle. I felt that the cartridges were loose in my pocket as I followed after Violet. Wilton brought up the rear.

With hardly any warning we came to the edge of a clearing in the forest. A low tin shed stood on the river-bank, and a wooden wharf was built out into the stream. The noise of savage yells and random shooting had broken out again not far away.

Crouching down in the bush, Carr was staring at the wharf as if he could not believe his own eyesight. There was a hasty muffled exclamation from Wilton. Excitedly he pointed out to his officer an object moored alongside the wharf. Carr turned to me, his face ablaze with wonder.

'It is a submarine boat,' he whispered. 'Well, I am.'—

As he spoke a man emerged from the other side of the clearing. A blood-stained bandage was wrapped round his head, and he trailed a rifle beside him with difficulty. As he staggered with feeble haste towards the river, Carr jumped to his feet and ran out into the open to meet him. He had recognised the ex-navy seaman who had befriended him on the schooner a few days before.

A minute later Carr rejoined us. Rapidly he explained.

'That fellow is badly hit. I don't think he will last long. He says the blacks ambuscaded their party yesterday, and most of them were cut up.

The few survivors are defending the factory, but the building is already on fire and surrounded on all sides. They haven't a chance. He says our only hope is to get away in the submarine—there is no other craft of any sort here.'

'Do you know how to work her?' I asked curtly.

'No,' he answered with equal brevity. 'But that chap will show me—while he lives.'

'Tain't so difficult, sir,' said Wilton eagerly. 'I 'ad a turn submarinin' not long since at Barrow.'

There was no time to be lost. It was the one possible means of escape. We boarded that submarine, and I carried the wounded sailor on to the platform. With ready coolness Wilton swung himself down through the manhole to take charge of the steering of the weird craft; Carr east off the mooring-ropes and took a sharp look round.

'Come below,' he said to Violet.—'You stay on the platform for a bit, Harry, and keep a lookout. Better lie down in case you are sniped at from the banks. I must see how to work this man-of-war.'

What was happening below I could only guess from the remarks that presently came up through the manhole. At first all was impenetrable darkness; then a light was turned on. The air had the chill of the tomb, sufficient to cause nerves and courage to suffer considerably—it is always so in a submarine. I heard faint directions from the wounded sailor, and talk of valves, ballast-tanks, and batteries. Then at last, after hours of waiting as it seemed, we began to move. A column of black smoke was rising from amid the trees up-river, where the hidden factory was burning fiercely.

Very cautious and slow was our progress. They were steering below by the aid of the periscope; I knew enough to show me that. We were keeping well out in mid-stream, and the mouth of the river was almost in view when two large war-canoes filled with shouting savages came sweeping down on us in chase. In the bow of the leading one was Abdul, whether as chief or as prisoner we never knew.

'Come below, Harry—look lively!' called Carr, and I swung myself down through the manhole. He showed me where to sit, and warned me not to move for fear of endangering the craft's stability. Submarines are extraordinarily cranky at the best of times.

It was a curious scene. The wounded sailor lay in a corner of the little interior, his pallid, bloodless face ghastly in the semi-darkness. Violet was sitting on the floor beside him. Wilton's attention was concentrated on the pointer before the little wheel. Carr closed the manhole and manipulated sundry instruments.

'What are we going to do?' I asked.

'Dive,' was the curt answer. The ballast-tanks

were filling, and the speaker's eyes were riveted on the dial indicating the depth to which the vessel sank. The single light cast queer shadows on our strained, excited faces. The wounded man gasped feebly as Carr bent over him.

'You are sure she will not sit on her tail and plunge to the bottom stern first when it leaves her bow?' queried Carr enigmatically.

'No. There is a forward compensating ballast-tank that fills automatically.'

'What are you going to do?' I asked again breathlessly.

'Torpedo the devils!' said the naval officer grimly. With braced nerves and set mouth he crouched, one finger on the fatal button, watching the puzzled canoes on the surface through the periscope reflector. My heart was beating fiercely.

'Now's your time, sir!' called Wilton suddenly. And the torpedo was fired.

There was one terrible minute of suspense. 'Missed? No! Got 'em, by Jove!' There followed the sound of a muffled explosion, and the submarine rocked on her unsteady keel. 'Shows the advantage of a torpedo training,' muttered Carr in a hoarse, unnatural voice. 'Those fellows will not trouble us any more. I think we will have a look round on the surface again,' he added after a little, turning and moving some instrument-handles as he spoke.

Up we went to the surface with a rush like a cork—too fast it was—and I saw God's blessed daylight once more as Carr and I crawled on to the dripping platform. The leading canoe had disappeared utterly. The other was drifting past us empty; we saw the black heads of its scared crew, who were swimming for dear life to the nearest bank. Carr shouted rapid orders down to Wilton, and we manoeuvred alongside and took the canoe in tow. All danger was past. We were drifting slowly out to sea. Carr was silent for a time. What was uppermost in his thoughts? I wondered as I watched him. After a while he spoke slowly.

'The *Lorna* is round the point there, Harry. We cannot take the submarine with us, even if it would be wise to do so. We had better sink her and take to the canoe,' he said with an effort.

'We might try a tow to Sierra Leone,' I suggested doubtfully.

'I do not see any good in doing that,' he answered. 'She is French. Think of the blaze that might follow if the full account of these doings were published to the world at large.'

One of the lessons taught in the navy is to know when to keep your mouth shut on occasion. We both had learnt it in the past, and I knew that Carr was right.

'All the same, you will have to tell them at Whitehall,' said I in grudging acquiescence, 'if only to put yourself right after that court-martial.'

'Yes, I suppose I shall have to make a report,'

answered Carr reluctantly. 'But I expect, Harry, it will be strictly private and confidential,' he added, with a grim smile.

Wilton's voice interrupted our reflections calling in alarm from below. 'The young lady has fainted, sir,' Carr was down that manhole again in an instant.

The truth was, the physical strain on us all had been stretched to breaking-point. A sudden nervous haste to be quit for ever of that accursed river seized us. Carr brought Violet up on deck, where she soon revived, and he helped her tenderly into the canoe. A box of the *Sahara's* specie that we found below was transhipped as well. 'It will show we 'ain't been tellin' lies,' muttered Wilton coolly as he stowed it forward in the bows. Two beautiful ivory trunks we found and annexed; they adorn Violet's drawing-room to this day. Then we turned to the wounded sailor by whose help and knowledge we had all escaped. Carr bent over him, and then looked up with a sudden exclamation. The man was dead. The real wonder was that the poor fellow had lived so long after his terrible wounds. It was impossible from the first to do anything for him. During that awful time, while we were boxed up in the submarine, Violet had sat beside him bravely whispering the comfort that a woman alone can give. Now he was dead we decided to leave him there sleeping his last sleep on the under-deck of the weird ship he had helped us to navigate in life.

Later, we sank that submarine at the mouth of the Daloon River. Carr, as if making a funeral oration, pointed out in curious monotonous tones that she was built in sections, with engines and mechanism from France, and evidently put together on the coast; that she was of the newest pattern, and designed with the greatest ingenuity; that she possessed a formidable ramming apparatus of a kind new to us, quite capable of causing the holes to H.M.S. *Buzzer*, whose presence at the wreck of the *Sahara* must have seriously alarmed her owner; that the latter, who had met his fate in the burning factory, was simply a pirate of strange submarine variety, waging a deadly war on the unsuspecting merchantmen who passed. What the Frenchman—lunatic or sane—did with his plunder we could only conjecture. Exactly how he towed the stranded *Sahara* from the shore to deep water before blowing her open and looting her we never could tell. And as Carr recited the strange story in the rocking canoe under the burning African sun, the submarine settled gently down for ever to the bottom, and nothing remained to show what had happened save a few white patches of foam scattered over the sullen waters. She is there still, I suppose, with the drifting river-ooze piled around her. Perhaps she could yet be raised; but one thing I know: we shall never return to attempt it. Carr is serving now on a crack battleship of the Channel Fleet. Violet and he are to be married as soon as his present cruise is over. It was really

settled without any words at all that morning when he kissed her under the steaming tropic trees on the bank of the equatorial river. But once, as we sat after dinner on the *Lorna's* deck in the moonlight, we spoke of everything over again—of the whole strange story, of the *Buzzer* court-martial, and of Carr's despair for the future, now to be righted soon; of Wilton's tale in the flat at Kensington, and of Violet's insistence on a cruise to the coast; of our steam up the Daloon River, of the fight with the war-canoes, and of our first and only voyage in a submarine—till, as the stars rose higher in the heavens, and we grew silent in the beauty of the night, Violet made a sudden, low confession.

'Once you heard me say something—something horrid that I did not mean a wee bit. Do you remember?'

Carr's hand found hers and held it. 'Yes, dear,' he answered quietly, 'I think I do.'

'About not liking to be poor, and unable to go to sea yachting when I liked,' she murmured. 'It—it was just a mistake, you know.'

So I left them there to make allowances for each other's mistakes in the past, and went forward on to the bridge. As I have said before, we Merediths are not given to confidences. But that the future which my sister and Carr Elliston have planned is not a mistake I am sure.

THE SALTO WATER-STONE, OR ENHYDROS.

FEW people at home, outside geological circles, have heard of, and still fewer have seen, a specimen of the singular geological puzzle known to the English-speaking community in Uruguay and Argentina as the Salto water-stone. These stones are found in a northern part of Salto, a province of the Uruguay Republic. In the picturesque and quaint little town of Salto the stones are often seen in the shop-windows for sale, and the stranger on the lookout for curios is frequently gulled by the fluent cajolery of the vender as to the extreme rarity of the stone, and induced to pay an exorbitant price for what an expert would pronounce a poor specimen. In fact, the Salto water-stones are by no means rare, as ordinary specimens can always be had; but fine ones, those in which the water can be distinctly seen, are somewhat difficult to procure.

In appearance, an average water-stone resembles a piece of clear glass that has been fused by heat, as shown in illustration No. 3. The stones vary in size from the bulk of a lark's egg to that of a goose; but larger specimens are met with. They are not uniform in shape, are slightly flattened, and all are more or less contorted. Unfortunately the writer cannot give an analysis of the component parts of the stones; but it is very evident that the principal constituent is silica, and the rock in which they are found embedded is a dense black lava. Illustration No. 4 shows a water-stone with part of the lava-rock adhering. Many stones contain no water, and the more or less imperfect stones seem to be numerous. However, these imperfect specimens, in a measure, enable us to throw light—although, it has to be admitted, an uncertain one—on how the water-stone is formed. For example, the appearance of one specimen (illustration No. 1) clearly indicates that the first formation of the stone has been abruptly stopped by some unknown cause. It is shown from the concave side, and presents somewhat the appearance of a conical sea-shell, displaying irregular concentric circles.

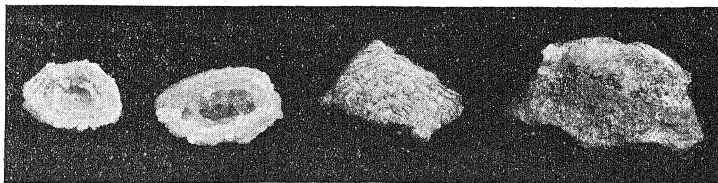
In the centre of these circles there is a rounded indentation which indicates with comparative certainty that the infiltration of water holding silica in solution is the cause of its formation.

To give a lucid and accurate description of these two causes or factors of its formation we will deal with them separately. As stated, the water-stones are found embedded in a black lava-rock, which at one period was soft and pliant from volcanic heat. Silica in a molten state *may* have dripped on it, possibly falling from a considerable height; and as this dripping continued to bear on one point, the silica, while slightly broadening out, would be depressed in the centre, thus causing the underside to become convex or pointed, and the continued augmentation of material would cause the silica gradually to sink in the lava. Molten silica in cooling has the property of remaining for some time in a soft, gelatinous condition; but in a heated atmosphere it would remain pliant infinitely longer. Thus, as the silica continued to sink, the lateral pressure of the lava on the silica gradually brought its upper edges together, and, by the continued dripping of the molten silica, the closure ultimately became hermetic. This theory is so far substantiated by illustration No. 2, which shows a water-stone well advanced in formation. It has a deeper cavity than the stone depicted in No. 1, and has perceptibly begun to flatten; and it will also be seen that the upper edges show a decided tendency to curve inwards. Water holding in solution a low percentage of silica might have achieved the same results by leaving the silica in a semi-solid condition for the time being. Then, when the silica had deepened and assumed its cup-like form, the cavity may have been filled with more water charged with silica in solution, and in this way the water eventually got sealed up.

Thus we have before us the presumed action of the two agents; but to which of them are we to ascribe the formation of the water-stone? Is it to the action of molten silica, or is it to the more direct action of water? Both explanations deserve careful

consideration; but probably that of water claims the preference, as, at least, it will be seen that it has the merit of giving a theory for the solution of the greatest problem of all—namely, as to how the water came to be enclosed in the stone. If the formation of the water-stones is to be traced to the more direct action of molten silica, the water they contain must have found its way in by some means

after the stone was formed. If this be the case, there seems to be only one rational solution of the problem: that the stone after completion must have been submerged in water for a long time—possibly warm water, the heat of which would have caused a slight expansion in the silica; this being united with pressure, in time the water may have filtered through to such an extent as ultimately to fill the cavity.



No. 1.—In its first stage of formation.

No. 2.—Well advanced in formation.

Water-stone.

No. 3.—Complete, containing water.

No. 4.—Containing water, with part of the black lava rock in which they are found embedded adhering.

By some persons the water-stone has been pronounced a fraud, inasmuch as, they assert, if it be left exposed for any length of time the water it contains will gradually evaporate and finally disappear. That there are various cases of this having occurred is undeniable; but the evaporation of the water in all these instances was probably due to a slight fracture in the stone, the result of carelessness or want of skill in the excavation. On the other hand, the fact is well known and authenticated that there are many water-stones that have lain

in museums and elsewhere from twelve to fifteen years, and during that comparatively long period the water in the stones has shown no perceptible diminution. That, it is hoped, will be a sufficient proof that the water-stone is not a fraud, but a very singular phenomenon. Finally, although the reader may come to the conclusion that the writer's theories as to the origin of these stones will not, in a metaphorical sense, hold water, they may rest assured that the Salto water-stones literally do.

AN ITALIAN EDISON.

THERE died in Sheffield, early in October 1903, one of the most remarkable of the many remarkable men who have left their native Italy to seek their fortunes in alien lands: a man with a mind worthy to be ranked with that of his brilliant fellow-countryman Signor Marconi. This was Frederick William Martino, whose name is fixed in the public mind by his invention of the breech-action for rifles which bears his name. The Martini-Henry rifle (the name Martini being given to it by accident instead of Martino) was on the block and lever system, which superseded the Snider in the early seventies; but although Martino's name will probably go down to posterity allied with the name of this rifle, his real claim to fame is based on far more important and far-reaching discoveries in the realms of science. Born at Pisa, he claimed to be descended on his mother's side from the Medici. Whatever foundation there was for this claim, his connections were sufficiently influential to secure him an introduction to the powerful Cardinal Antonelli, who was so interested by his

brilliant visitor that he introduced him to Pope Pius IX., and of his long interview with this Pope, Martino used to give most interesting accounts. A close friend describes him as a man of extraordinary ability, with an astounding range of interests and knowledge, making him a most absorbing companion. He was thoroughly Italian in temperament: passionate, impatient of restraint, and, though teeming with ideas and suggestions, practical and otherwise, he was lacking in the capacity for business, with the result that, notwithstanding his extraordinary prolific output of valuable ideas and inventions, he died a comparatively poor and obscure man.

He was the discoverer of the process which led to the conversion of basic slag into manure, an invention which has put hundreds of thousands of pounds in the pockets of German manufacturers, into whose hands, owing to the tardiness of British capitalists, the discovery fell.

Martino also claimed to be the inventor of the fluted metal rib for umbrella-covers; but, bubbling over as he was with new ideas, he had not the time to

devote to the development of this, and the fortunes which have since accrued from it have gone into other pockets.

He was well known to most of the greatest scientists of the country, and his development of platinoid, with its superior electrical resistance over any other material, brought him into touch with Lord Kelvin. One of his most serviceable contributions to science was in connection with the extraction of nickel from ore, he having been considered one of the greatest authorities on nickel, in the manufacture of which he was some years ago directly interested.

At the time of his death Martino had been experimenting for a considerable time with a process for the reduction of gold in the cyanide solution by precipitation by means of an injection of gas made by mixing a compound whose component parts are barium, sulphur, and carbon, with water. A considerable amount of money has been sunk in patenting the various processes connected with his discovery; but at his death the experiments were still incomplete. This process is still believed by experts who have had the opportunity of examining it to be not only

practicable but of great value; but the whole of the interests vested in the cyanide process have steadily fought against the development of the method, as, if it had been put into practice, it would have revolutionised the extraction of gold from the ore. Another of the patents which have been covered in connection with this invention is one by which gold is precipitated without the introduction of the cyanide process in any form, the gold ore being crushed up in its raw state with powdered barium-sulpho-carbide; but whether or not these several inventions will be proceeded with now remains, of course, to be seen.

Of a restless and energetic nature, Martino had travelled much, and he returned from America only a short time before his death. He could speak six languages. In addition to his connection with celebrities in the scientific world of this country, he was intimately acquainted with President McKinley. At one time he was engaged as analyst in connection with some copper-mines which were being exploited by British capital in Spain, and he told many stories of his adventures there.

B A N A N A S.



HE banana, one of the most interesting plants yielding a food-product, is one of the curiosities of the vegetable kingdom. It is not a tree, a palm, a bush, a shrub, a vegetable, nor an herb; it is simply a herbaceous plant with the stature of a tree, and is perennial. Some of the illustrations of the banana convey the idea that the plant is a kind of palm; but these have evidently been drawn from rough sketches by artists who had not seen the banana.

Although the banana sometimes attains a height of from twenty to thirty feet, there is no woody fibre in any part of its structure. The soft, succulent stalk rises like an immense stalk of rhubarb, and out of this shoot gigantic leaves, often ten feet or more in length, for the banana-plant has no branches. The dwarf banana, which grows scarcely higher than an average man, yields still heavier bunches than the larger varieties—heavier, in fact, than the stalk which supports them.

No plant yields such a great quantity of food to the acre as the banana. Humboldt the famous traveller was probably the first to call attention to the fact—which has been mentioned by nearly every subsequent writer on the banana—that it yields forty-four times more by weight per acre than the potato, and one hundred and thirty-three times more than wheat. It is often a surprise to travellers in the tropics to see how small is the extent of ground required to support a numerous family in those regions. Still more extraordinary is the rapidity with which this plant comes into

bearing. In less than six months after the suckers are planted the fruit begins to form, and is ready to be cut in from nine to twelve months from the date of planting. It is stated that some varieties yield their fruit in so short a time as six months. Such extraordinary precocity and fertility are scarcely credible to the European who has never lived in the tropics, especially when it is added that each plant is capable of bearing three or four crops a year; for in these lands of eternal summer fruit-bearing occurs without intermission, and the fruit is never out of season.

Probably no plant requires less labour in its cultivation and in the gathering of the fruit; indeed, the labouring classes in the countries where it grows are able to live almost without working, or by working only one or two days in the week. The ground must be kept clean where the plants are growing; but after a few months' growth, if properly planted, they keep the ground so well shaded that few weeds grow between them, and little cultivation is necessary. When the fruit is ready for gathering one blow of a cutlass is sufficient to sever the whole bunch of one hundred to two hundred bananas from the parent stalk; and, as this forms one compact mass, it is equally easy of transportation. In fact, in every process connected with the banana—even in the operation of plucking and peeling the fruit—labour is reduced to a minimum.

Nor are these the only advantages which nature has lavished on this plant: no insect will attack it, an immunity which is all the more valuable in those regions where insect-pests are so numerous; nor is

it infested by the parasite growths which are equally troublesome in the tropics. Indeed, it is seldom attacked by disease of any kind. The writer does not, of course, claim to know the conditions under which the banana grows in all parts of the world; but he has made a special study of it in several tropical districts, all widely apart, and has always found the same immunity.

In other respects the banana-plant is a puzzle. The fruit contains no seeds, and the plants must be propagated by suckers; but as that mode of reproduction is artificial, the question arises: How does the banana propagate itself in a state of nature? It can scarcely be assumed that the plant has been cultivated by man from the commencement, though there are some who believe that it is the original 'forbidden fruit' of the Garden of Eden. According to report, wild varieties of the banana which propagate themselves by seed are to be found in some parts of Eastern Asia; and the writer has also heard of fully developed seeds occasionally appearing in the cultivated fruit elsewhere when left to ripen on the tree. In the ordinary course the fruit is cut before it is fully mature, and left to ripen on the stem, which improves the flavour. It is probable, owing to the cultivation of the plant for many years, that the seeds have become atrophied, in virtue of the law by which an organ diminishes by disuse and in the course of time may disappear altogether if not allowed to exercise its functions.

A grove of bananas has another valuable quality in a tropical climate: it acts as a cooler of the atmosphere. This is evident to any one who places his hand on a banana-leaf; when the sun is not shining directly on it the leaf will be found to be sensibly cooler than the surrounding air; because of this it is often bound round the forehead in cases of fever, and gives great relief by its refreshing coolness. Thus the leaves act as natural condensers of the moisture in the atmosphere. On a calm night the continual patter of drops of water on the leaves is heard, as though a slight shower were falling; but this is caused by the dew condensing as it comes in contact with the cool surface of the leaves. This property is not, of course, confined solely to the banana, although that plant possesses it in a high degree; it is notably exemplified in the so-called 'traveller's-tree' of Madagascar, which is nearly related to the banana, and owes its name to the fact that at the base of the leaves there exists a natural reservoir which is always filled with cool, limpid water in the driest and hottest weather, supplied by the condensation of moisture on the broad leaves, whence it trickles into these natural cups, which furnish the thirsty wayfarer with needed refreshment. Even in dry weather the ground at the foot of the banana-plant may be seen to be quite saturated in the early morning by the moisture that has trickled down during the night.

When travelling in the wilds of South America the sight of a clump of bananas is always welcome

to the wayfarer, for it is a certain sign of the proximity of a human dwelling. If a house is abandoned, the banana-plants which surround it soon die out; for they will not grow in ground overrun with weeds, but dwindle away, cease to bear fruit, and finally die out. On the other hand, there are few plants which respond so quickly to careful cultivation.

Although bananas are so cheap on their native soil—in some parts of tropical America the finest bunches can be bought for less than sixpence—there are few fruits which are so profitable under proper conditions. In the West Indies and in Central America a small capital invested in banana-cultivation gives a large return, and these are the countries whence the United States draws her enormous supplies. There are many steamers which make a specialty of this trade, and which are loaded mainly or entirely with the luscious fruit. A frequent and regular steamship service is necessary. When the steamers call at uncertain times or at long intervals large quantities of the fruit are lost, as it is very perishable. When shipped the bananas must be quite green and almost as hard as a stone; and in six days, when the steamers reach New York, the fruit is soft, yellow, and in prime condition for eating. If a day or two later, the consignment will be rotten. On the wharves at the shipping ports vast quantities of bananas in prime condition for eating are thrown into the sea when there is any delay in the arrival of the steamer; for, although in the best condition for consumption, they would not stand a six days' voyage. It is noticeable that in the banana-trade between the West Indies and the United States the middleman has been almost totally eliminated. The bunches are bought on wharves direct from the growers; and on the arrival of the steamer at the port of destination an auction is held also on the wharf, and the fruit is disposed of direct to retail dealers and consumers. The writer does not know if this is the rule in every case; but that was the practice in those places which came under his personal observation.

It is said that in Mexico as many as one thousand bananas are planted to the acre; but we doubt the accuracy of the statement. Even the dwarf varieties can scarcely be planted at a less interval than ten feet, and this would only give four hundred and thirty-five to the acre. The writer speaks from practical experience, having grown bananas for the market and made a careful study of their cultivation. In planting out the bananas, the number of plants to the acre can be somewhat increased by the system of planting in hexagons instead of in squares or quincunxes, as is generally the case. As the hexagon system does not seem to be generally understood or practised, it may be described here at length, especially as it is applicable to any kind of plant, and not merely to the banana. The writer has found it extremely advantageous, and it is probably the best possible method of utilising the

ground. In explanation, it may be said that, other things being equal both above and below ground, plants have a natural tendency to spread equally in all directions—in other words, the ground effectively occupied by each plant is represented by a circle. Now, if it were possible to allow each plant a circle of the requisite size without there being any intervening space between the circles, the whole of the ground would be effectively occupied without any waste. But this is manifestly impossible; there must always remain a space between the circles, and this is so much ground unoccupied. The roots, supposing they spread equally in all directions, cannot penetrate this extra space without overlapping in other parts. The nearest approach to the circle which is possible under these conditions is the hexagon, for ground can be divided into hexagons without leaving any intervening space. The bees are well aware of this principle when they make their cells hexagonal. The simplest way of planting in hexagons is to lay out the ground in equilateral triangles instead of in squares, and at each apex or point of intersection to place a plant. In this way it will be found that each plant stands in the middle of a hexagon. When planted in hexagons it will be found that there is space for about 15 per cent. more than if the planting were in squares or quincunxes, although the plants are the same distance apart. Thus, if arranged in squares ten feet apart, only four hundred and thirty-five plants can stand on an acre, whereas five hundred and three will occupy the same area when planted in hexagons. Farther, the ground being better shaded, weeds are kept down and moisture retained; and as the plants are more in contact with each other, they are not so liable to be blown down or injured during a heavy gale. This plan involves a smaller expenditure both of capital and labour. Of course, the system of planting in hexagons is entirely different from that of planting in quincunxes, although several persons to whom the writer explained it imagined that it was the same.

The uses to which the banana-plant can be applied are probably as numerous as in the case of the bamboo, which serves so many purposes in tropical countries. Nearly all domestic animals are fond of the fruit, and cattle and horses also relish the leaves. The Chinese eat the flowers pickled with vinegar; the young shoots are cooked and eaten as greens, and the stem contains a considerable amount of starchy matter, which is relished by cattle and pigs, especially when boiled. The fruit can be eaten either raw or cooked in a variety of ways; when dried like figs it is wholesome and nourishing, and it can be converted into a dry meal.

The plantain, a variety of banana formerly considered a distinct species, is still more valuable as a food than the ordinary fruit. It is not edible in a raw state, but when cooked in a variety of ways it may be eaten as a vegetable or as a substitute for bread, and is very nourishing; though not so sweet as the banana proper, it is more sustaining.

A very intoxicating spirit can be distilled from the banana, or a more useful product in the form of an excellent vinegar. The juice of the stem furnishes an indelible black dye, as all those who have worked among bananas know to their cost, it being impossible to eradicate the stains which it leaves on the clothing. On this account it has been proposed as an excellent basis for the manufacture of marking-ink, as well as for common ink and blacking. It is also used as a mordant in dyeing other colours, and has in addition many valuable medicinal properties. The stem abounds in a fibrous matter which is said to be well adapted for the manufacture of paper. In some varieties of the plant this fibre is very strong; the so-called Manilla hemp—which is not hemp at all—is the produce of a kind of banana. The leaves or spathes form an admirable natural material for packing tobacco, and the dried fruit of the banana itself is often sent to market in a kind of packing-case made of this substance. In fact, the uses to which the banana could be put are innumerable.

A continuous augmentation in the value of the imports of bananas to the United Kingdom has taken place within the past few years. The value, which was under seven hundred thousand pounds in 1901, had risen to about one million pounds in 1903. Nearly the whole of the trade was with the Canary Islands three years ago; now about one-fourth of the enlarged imports come from the British West India Islands.

SOLACE IN NATURE.

When Fortune had no smile for you, and joy seemed out of reach.

And you and Happiness, alas! were very far apart,
Did you ever stand at twilight on some quiet, wave-washed beach,

And let the sea's soft monotone speak comfort to your heart?

When Life had lost its savour, and chill disappointment fell

On the cherished plan or project that you had gladly made,

Did you ever bend your footsteps to some green and tranquil dell,

Where the trees grow leaves for healing, and birds sing unafraid?

When Death had cast its shadow, and a loving voice was still

That had been as tender music to the sunshine of your day,

Did you ever take your sorrow to the moorland or the hill,

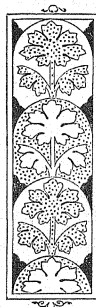
And let the whispering breezes charm your bitter tears away?

For Nature, sweet in silence and passing sweet in speech,
Has a word for every trouble and balm for every smart;

But to find her gifts of solace, which are well within our reach,

We must come as trustful seekers, and draw very near her heart.

E. MATHESON.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE FALSE ALARM OF 1804.

By ELIZABETH GRIERSON.

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the loons beware, sir;
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, sir.
The Nith shall rin to Corsiicon,
And Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally.



O wrote Robert Burns in the summer of 1795, when the first rumours of the danger of a French invasion were beginning to spread through the country. The rumours were vague and indistinct at first, but it was seen that there was cause for uneasiness in the great force which was being gathered together by Napoleon Bonaparte, whose destination was said to be the shores of Scotland, and the earliest step towards measure of defence was taken when the first two companies of volunteers in Scotland were formed at Dumfries. The poet joined the force, and at a dinner given by the magistrates of that town on the occasion of the king's birthday he proposed the somewhat unfortunately worded toast, 'May we never see the French, and may the French never see us.' There were some ill-natured critics who professed to see in these words a spirit of cowardice, with which they taunted Burns, who, indignant at the suspicion, went home and wrote the above verses, which were subsequently published in the *Dumfries Journal*.

The effect was marvellous. The 'Invasion Song,' as it was called, echoed through the country; and a year afterwards, when the writer died, his brother volunteers came forward and expressed their desire that he should be buried with full military honours, his being the first volunteer funeral in the country.

For some time after this the alarm seems to have calmed down, although it was never quite dead; for on the 4th of November 1798 we find an order issued to the First Roxburgh and Selkirk Rifle Volunteers containing the following: 'The commanding officer desires to impress on all concerned

the necessity of being ready in case of emergency. . . . He also recommends volunteers who are in any business to consider what arrangements they can make for carrying on their affairs during the time they may be mobilised.'

From that time onwards things grew more and more threatening. It became clear that the ambition of Napoleon aimed at nothing less than universal dominion, and to this ambition the power of Britain seemed the only obstacle. 'Let us be masters of the Channel for six hours,' he is reported to have said to Admiral Treville, who was in command of his fleet, 'and we are masters of the world.' Slowly but surely he set about collecting the means of transport for his soldiers, and by the beginning of 1803 he had fourteen hundred boats gathered together at Boulogne, backed by an army of five hundred thousand men.

With such a force menacing the country, it behoved us to be on the watch, and the call to arms sounded through the length and breadth of the land. It was responded to right loyally, for at once ninety thousand militia and four hundred and twenty thousand volunteers were enrolled, ready to rise at a moment's notice to defend our shores.

The age of service was from seventeen to fifty-five, and some curious entries may be found on the roll of 'names for general defence.' Thomas Dyce, the parish minister of Teviothead, enters himself as 'above age, yet willing to serve;' and four other names appear on the roll with the same declaration. Another writes 'below age, yet willing to serve.' Ten men declare themselves 'not willing to serve;' and one, an exciseman, only promised to serve 'if duty permit.'

Then came a stirring time, when nothing was talked of or thought of but things military. According to an old chronicler, there was 'ridin' an' drillin' like the very deevil.' Statesmen and orators delivered stirring speeches, and poets helped to deepen the enthusiasm by their verses. Burns's 'Invasion Song' was followed by Scott's 'War

Song to the Edinburgh Light Dragoons' and Hogg's 'Donald MacDonald,' of which a verse may be quoted :

Wad Bonaparte land at Fort-William
Auld Europe nae langer should grama.
I laugh when I think how we'd gull him
Wi' bullet, wi' steel, an' wi' stane;
Wi' rocks o' the Nevis and Garry,
We'd rattle him off frae our shore,
Or lull him asleep in a cairn,
An' sing him 'Lochaber no more.'

Nor was the Church behind the Press. The General Assembly voted a patriotic address to the king, and decreed that the 20th of October should be observed as a general fast throughout the country, while Dr Chalmers and many other ministers preached appropriate and patriotic sermons. One Glasgow divine, Paterson by name, took the very suggestive verse for his text, 'He that hath not a sword, let him sell his garment and buy one.'

In the south of Scotland and Border districts extensive preparations were made. Every small town and village had its drilling-ground, and every country laird was turned, for the time being, into an amateur officer. Curious stories are told of the difficulty some of these worthy gentlemen had to remember the cut-and-dry phrases which come so pat to the lips of the well-trained soldier. One old gentleman wanted to give the order, 'Tear rank, forward !' but not being able at the moment to remember the exact military expression, he said sharply, 'Back raw, step foret.' Doubtless the order served its purpose, although it was not formulated in any 'Soldier's Pocket-Book.' Another gentleman whose memory failed him altogether turned in despair to the sergeant and ejaculated, 'Lord ! Ha, cry, man. Aw've forgot !'

Not only men but carts and horses were requisitioned, and each district agreed to provide a certain number at a moment's notice should they be needed for transport. Thus the parishes of Lilliesleaf and Bowden, besides supplying sixty-four volunteers, furnished seventy-five horses, fifty-four carts, and twenty-seven drivers ; while at a muster held at Newcastle in October, sufficient horses and carts were brought to convey two thousand troops at once to any quarter where they might be needed.

Early in 1803 the Lord-Lieutenants of Scotland were informed by the Secretary of State that he had received information that Napoleon intended to invade Scotland, and that Edinburgh was to be the point of attack. Consequently Lord Moira, the commander of the Scottish forces, concentrated his troops—and he had none too many—in the capital, leaving the country districts to be guarded by the militia and the volunteers. The coast was carefully and eagerly watched by night and day, for, as an old minister explained, 'It could not be told where the French would land, but likely it would be at the *seaside*.'

At that time our modern methods of communication were unknown, but measures were promptly taken which ensured a speedy rising when the hour of danger came. In the old 'reaving days,' bale-fires had often flashed from hill to hill, and once more they were to be employed to herald the approach of danger. Along the coast and on all the more prominent hill-tops sentinels were posted and beacons erected. Each of these beacons consisted of eight wagon-loads of faggots and three or four tar-barrels, and it was calculated that they would burn fiercely for two hours or more. Each district was left to make its own plans. In the counties of Haddington, Berwick, and Roxburgh it was arranged that if the French fleet were sighted during the day, twelve minute-guns were to be fired from St Abb's Head, Eyemouth, Berwick, Knockenhair, near Dunbar, and Haddington, and a single column of smoke was to be made by means of burning wet straw. If the enemy arrived at night, twelve minute-guns were to be fired at each of the above stations, and beacons were to be lighted at St Abb's Head, Hardchester, Duns Law, and Hume Castle in Berwickshire ; at Caverton Edge, Peniel-heugh, the Dunon, Crumhaugh Hill, Tudhope, and the Wisp in Roxburghshire ; and at Knockenhair, Blackcastle, Panerik Hill, North Berwick Law, and Garleton Hill in Haddingtonshire. Black Andra and the Eildons were the danger-signals for the men of Ettrick Forest. Should the French manage to come to anchor in any of the bays on the Haddington or Berwickshire coast, men were told-off to remove all the cattle to safer quarters, while others had orders to remove all the upper mill-stones and to destroy the ovens. The whole country was on the tiptoe of anxious expectation, and such was the apprehension that prevailed among all classes that we read that 'figures in the distance were supposed to be the advance-guard of the French army, while at night the noise of a wheelbarrow along the stony street was enough to alarm a whole neighbourhood.'

Sir Walter Scott, who was quartermaster of the Edinburgh Light Horse, as well as sheriff of Ettrick Forest, got into hot-water at this time with the Lord-Lieutenant of Selkirkshire over his conflicting duties, for the continual drills and musters which were held at Musselburgh and Portobello did not, in Lord Napier's opinion, leave Sir Walter enough time to attend to his duties as sheriff, and he found occasion to remind him that the law required every sheriff to reside at least four months of the year in his shrievalty. Scott was very wroth with this interference, which seemed to him uncalled for ; but perhaps he saw the wisdom of acting on the reminder, for shortly afterwards he removed from Lasswade to Ashiestiel. Writing about this time to Mr Ellis, the author of *Specimens of English Poetry*, he gives us an interesting picture of the state of anxiety which prevailed. 'The necessity of the present occasion,' he says, 'has kept almost every individual, however insignificant, to his post.

Government has left us entirely to our own means of defence, for we have not above one regiment of the line in all our ancient kingdom. In the meanwhile we are doing the best we can to prepare ourselves for a contest, which, perhaps, is not far distant. A beacon-light, communicating with that of Edinburgh Castle, is just erecting in front of our quiet cottage. My field equipage is ready, and I want nothing but a pipe and a *Schnurr-bartchen* to convert me into a complete hussar. Charlotte, with the infantry (of the household troops, I mean), is to beat her retreat into Ettrick Forest, where, if the Tweed is in his usual wintry state of flood, she may weather out a descent from Ostend.'

At last the crisis arrived. On the night of the 31st of January 1804, the whole of the inhabitants of the eastern border were startled by the sudden, sullen boom of the alarm-guns, and the beacons blazed up, first on one hill, then on another, until the midnight sky was lurid with light. One can fancy the commotion that ensued in the early hours of that dark winter morning. From every town, village, and hamlet, from bleak hillside and lonely valley, volunteers came pouring forth, bound for their appointed trysting-places. Every one was eager to be in time, and in the case of those absent on business we read that their wives and mothers sent their arms and accoutrements to the rendezvous, lest they should be the last to join the ranks. At some places (Melrose, Gattonside, Smailholm, Morebattle, &c.) kindly forethought on the part of the ladies of the place had provided each man with a flannel undergarment, which was given to him before he marched. At Galashiels, where the volunteers (warned by the alarm-hell of the old Tolbooth and the flaming beacon high up on the Eildons) fell in at the Cross, an eye-witness describes the scene, made visible by the bright light of a blazing fire: 'Women were to be seen helpin' their men wi' their accoutrements, some rinnin' wi' as thing an' some wi' anither, sabbin' an' greetin' a' the time, while the bairns were haudin' by their goon-tails, cryin' for their fathers no' to leave them;' and doubtless this scene was repeated at every mustering-place.

When the Galashiels company was ready to march, their destination being Dalkeith, it was found that a woman named Susie Ha', the sergeant's wife, had established herself on top of one of the baggage-wagons, and, in spite of the officer's remonstrances, announced her intention of remaining there. It would not be the first time she had faced the French, she told him, and she spoke the truth. As a girl of sixteen she had left her home to follow her sweet-heart, William Hall, who was serving against the French in the Irish Rebellion; and when hostilities were over, and Hall discharged, the devoted couple returned to Galashiels, where they settled. When volunteers were called for William again offered his services, and was appointed drill-sergeant to the local force.

At Selkirk the town was roused by trumpet

and drum, and the mustering-place was the Cross. Like the Gala Water men, the company had to march to Dalkeith, and, starting about four o'clock in the morning, they kept a sharp lookout lest peradventure they encountered a flying squadron of the French. 'Halt, lads! Yonder comes the enemy,' shouted Sergeant Cameron just as daylight broke. A halt was made, and in breathless silence the column waited. As the enemy drew near it resolved itself into a string of harmless coal-carts.

The Duns volunteers marched to Haddington, while those of Smailholm, Ancrum, and Spronston marched to Kelso, the little band from Spronston being led by their parish minister, the Rev. Andrew Thomson, afterwards of St George's Church, Edinburgh.

At Hawick the alarm was given about nine o'clock in the evening by the lighting of the beacon on Crunhaugh Hill, which was first observed by a volunteer named Knox, who ran to the Tower Knowe and fired his gun, thus gaining a prize of twenty shillings which had been offered for the firing of the first signal-gun. Curiously, no beacons had been erected in Liddesdale, so James Moffat, a cavalry trumpeter, was sent galloping up the valley of the Slitrig and down Liddesdale to warn that district. One can imagine the thrill of dismay that went through many a startled cottage-home as the sound of his trumpet woke the inmates. The dalesmen rose with an alacrity which proved them worthy descendants of the old moss-troopers. Although some of them had to ride twenty-five miles over very rough country, all of them had assembled in Hawick before daybreak. One of their officers, Mr Robert Scott of Arkleton, having ridden by the coach-road which runs between Langholm and Hawick, arrived in Hawick before his Liddesdale men, and without drawing rein, turned and galloped up the Slitrig to meet them. Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto swam the flooded Teviot on horseback at a place where few of his servants dared follow him, so that he might be in good time to meet and encourage his troops; while Sir Walter Scott, who happened to be at Gilsland when the alarm came, had his horse saddled at once and rode to Dalkeith, covering the distance—one hundred miles—in twenty-four hours. Before he arrived, however, the alarm was known to be false. The Roxburgh yeomanry, under Colonel Lockhart of Borthwickbrae, rode to Duns, while the Berwickshire contingent rallied at Duns and proceeded to Dunbar.

These are but a few instances of how the volunteers rode at the call to arms, not only on the Borders, but in the north of England as well. Everywhere we read the same story of prompt action and ready obedience.

Innumerable stories are told of incidents connected with that anxious night. Most of them relate to 'weaker brethren;' for, although there were few laggards, all were not so heroic as Susie Ha', and there were some who had joined the ranks in a

Song to the Edinburgh Light Dragoons' and Hogg's 'Donald MacDonald,' of which a verse may be quoted :

Wad Bonaparte laud at Fort-William
 Auld Europe nae langer should grane.
 I laugh when I think how we'd gull him
 Wi' bullet, wi' steel, an' wi' stane;
 Wi' rocks o' the Nevis and Garry,
 We'd rattle him off frae our shore,
 Or lull him asleep in a cairn,
 An' sing him 'Lochaber no more.'

Nor was the Church behind the Press. The General Assembly voted a patriotic address to the king, and decreed that the 20th of October should be observed as a general fast throughout the country, while Dr Chalmers and many other ministers preached appropriate and patriotic sermons. One Glasgow divine, Paterson by name, took the very suggestive verse for his text, 'He that hath not a sword, let him sell his garment and buy one.'

In the south of Scotland and Border districts extensive preparations were made. Every small town and village had its drilling-ground, and every country laird was turned, for the time being, into an amateur officer. Curious stories are told of the difficulty some of these worthy gentlemen had to remember the cut-and-dry phrases which come so pat to the lips of the well-trained soldier. One old gentleman wanted to give the order, 'Rear rank, forward;' but not being able at the moment to remember the exact military expression, he said sharply, 'Back raw, step forret.' Doubtless the order served its purpose, although it was not formulated in any 'Soldier's Pocket-Book.' Another gentleman whose memory failed him altogether turned in despair to the sergeant and ejaculated, 'Lord! Ha, cry, man. Aw've forgot!'

Not only men but carts and horses were requisitioned, and each district agreed to provide a certain number at a moment's notice should they be needed for transport. Thus the parishes of Lilliesleaf and Bowden, besides supplying sixty-four volunteers, furnished seventy-five horses, fifty-four carts, and twenty-seven drivers; while at a muster held at Newcastle in October, sufficient horses and carts were brought to convey two thousand troops at once to any quarter where they might be needed.

Early in 1803 the Lord-Lieutenants of Scotland were informed by the Secretary of State that he had received information that Napoleon intended to invade Scotland, and that Edinburgh was to be the point of attack. Consequently Lord Moira, the commander of the Scottish forces, concentrated his troops—and he had none too many—in the capital, leaving the country districts to be guarded by the militia and the volunteers. The coast was carefully and eagerly watched by night and day, for, as an old minister explained, 'It could not be told where the French would land, but likely it would be at the *seaside*.'

At that time our modern methods of communication were unknown, but measures were promptly taken which ensured a speedy rising when the hour of danger came. In the old 'reaving days,' bale-fires had often flashed from hill to hill, and once more they were to be employed to herald the approach of danger. Along the coast and on all the more prominent hill-tops sentinels were posted and beacons erected. Each of these beacons consisted of eight wagon-loads of faggots and three or four tar-barrels, and it was calculated that they would burn fiercely for two hours or more. Each district was left to make its own plans. In the counties of Haddington, Berwick, and Roxburgh it was arranged that if the French fleet were sighted during the day, twelve minute-guns were to be fired from St Abb's Head, Eyemouth, Berwick, Knockenhair, near Dunbar, and Haddington, and a single column of smoke was to be made by means of burning wet straw. If the enemy arrived at night, twelve minute-guns were to be fired at each of the above stations, and beacons were to be lighted at St Abb's Head, Hardchester, Duns Law, and Hume Castle in Berwickshire; at Caverton Edge, Peniel-heugh, the Dunion, Crumhaugh Hill, Tudhope, and the Wisp in Roxburghshire; and at Knockenhair, Blackcastle, Pancraik Hill, North Berwick Law, and Garleton Hill in Haddingtonshire. Black Andra and the Eldons were the danger-signals for the men of Elrick Forest. Should the French manage to come to anchor in any of the bays on the Haddington or Berwickshire coast, men were told-off to remove all the cattle to safer quarters, while others had orders to remove all the upper mill-stones and to destroy the ovens. The whole country was on the tiptoe of anxious expectation, and such was the apprehension that prevailed among all classes that we read that 'figures in the distance were supposed to be the advance-guard of the French army, while at night the noise of a wheelbarrow along the stony street was enough to alarm a whole neighbourhood.'

Sir Walter Scott, who was quartermaster of the Edinburgh Light Horse, as well as sheriff of Elrick Forest, got into hot-water at this time with the Lord-Lieutenant of Selkirkshire over his conflicting duties, for the continual drills and musters which were held at Musselburgh and Portobello did not, in Lord Napier's opinion, leave Sir Walter enough time to attend to his duties as sheriff, and he found occasion to remind him that the law required every sheriff to reside at least four months of the year in his shrievalty. Scott was very wroth with this interference, which seemed to him uncalled for; but perhaps he saw the wisdom of acting on the reminder, for shortly afterwards he removed from Lasswade to Ashiestiel. Writing about this time to Mr Ellis, the author of *Specimens of English Poetry*, he gives us an interesting picture of the state of anxiety which prevailed. 'The necessity of the present occasion,' he says, 'has kept almost every individual, however insignificant, to his post.

Government has left us entirely to our own means of defence, for we have not above one regiment of the line in all our ancient kingdom. In the meanwhile we are doing the best we can to prepare ourselves for a contest, which, perhaps, is not far distant. A beacon-light, communicating with that of Edinburgh Castle, is just erecting in front of our quiet cottage. My field equipage is ready, and I want nothing but a pipe and a *Schnurr-bartchen* to convert me into a complete hussar. Charlotte, with the infantry (of the household troops, I mean), is to beat her retreat into Ettrick Forest, where, if the Tweed is in his usual wintry state of flood, she may weather out a descent from Ostend.'

At last the crisis arrived. On the night of the 31st of January 1804, the whole of the inhabitants of the eastern border were startled by the sudden, sullen boom of the alarm-guns, and the beacons blazed up, first on one hill, then on another, until the midnight sky was lurid with light. One can fancy the commotion that ensued in the early hours of that dark winter morning. From every town, village, and hamlet, from bleak hillside and lonely valley, volunteers came pouring forth, bound for their appointed trysting-places. Every one was eager to be in time, and in the case of those absent on business we read that their wives and mothers sent their arms and accoutrements to the rendezvous, lest they should be the last to join the ranks. At some places (Melrose, Gattonside, Smailholm, Morebattle, &c.) kindly forethought on the part of the ladies of the place had provided each man with a flannel undergarment, which was given to him before he marched. At Galashiels, where the volunteers (warned by the alarm-bell of the old Tolbooth and the flaming beacon high up on the Eildons) fell in at the Cross, an eye-witness describes the scene, made visible by the bright light of a blazing fire: 'Women were to be seen helpin' their men wi' their accoutrements, some rinnin' wi' ae thing an' some wi' anither, sabbin' an' greetin' a' the time, while the bairns were haudin' by their goon-tails, cryin' for their fathers no' to leave them;' and doubtless this scene was repeated at every mustering-place.

When the Galashiels company was ready to march, their destination being Dalkeith, it was found that a woman named Susie Ha', the sergeant's wife, had established herself on top of one of the baggage-wagons, and, in spite of the officer's remonstrances, announced her intention of remaining there. It would not be the first time she had faced the French, she told him, and she spoke the truth. As a girl of sixteen she had left her home to follow her sweetheart, William Hall, who was serving against the French in the Irish Rebellion; and when hostilities were over, and Hall discharged, the devoted couple returned to Galashiels, where they settled. When volunteers were called for William again offered his services, and was appointed drill-sergeant to the local force.

At Selkirk the town was roused by trumpet

and drum, and the mustering-place was the Cross. Like the Gala Water men, the company had to march to Dalkeith, and, starting about four o'clock in the morning, they kept a sharp lookout lest peradventure they encountered a flying squadron of the French. 'Halt, lads! Yonder comes the enemy,' shouted Sergeant Cameron just as daylight broke. A halt was made, and in breathless silence the column waited. As the enemy drew near it resolved itself into a string of harmless coal-carts.

The Duns volunteers marched to Haddington, while those of Smailholm, Anerum, and Spronston marched to Kelso, the little band from Spronston being led by their parish minister, the Rev. Andrew Thomson, afterwards of St George's Church, Edinburgh.

At Hawick the alarm was given about nine o'clock in the evening by the lighting of the beacon on Crumlaugh Hill, which was first observed by a volunteer named Knox, who ran to the Tower Knowe and fired his gun, thus gaining a prize of twenty shillings which had been offered for the firing of the first signal-gun. Curiously, no beacons had been erected in Liddesdale, so James Moffat, a cavalry trumpeter, was sent galloping to the valley of the Slitrig and down Liddesdale to warn that district. One can imagine the thrill of dismay that went through many a startled cottage-home as the sound of his trumpet woke the inmates. The dalesmen rose with an alacrity which proved them worthy descendants of the old moss-troopers. Although some of them had to ride twenty-five miles over very rough country, all of them had assembled in Hawick before daybreak. One of their officers, Mr Robert Scott of Arkleton, having ridden by the coach-road which runs between Langholm and Hawick, arrived in Hawick before his Liddesdale men, and without drawing rein, turned and galloped up the Slitrig to meet them. Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto swam the flooded Teviot on horseback at a place where few of his servants dared follow him, so that he might be in good time to meet and encourage his troops; while Sir Walter Scott, who happened to be at Gilsland when the alarm came, had his horse saddled at once and rode to Dalkeith, covering the distance—one hundred miles—in twenty-four hours. Before he arrived, however, the alarm was known to be false. The Roxburgh yeomanry, under Colonel Lockhart of Borthwickbrae, rode to Duns, while the Berwickshire contingent rallied at Duns and proceeded to Dunbar.

These are but a few instances of how the volunteers rode at the call to arms, not only on the Borders, but in the north of England as well. Everywhere we read the same story of prompt action and ready obedience.

Innumerable stories are told of incidents connected with that anxious night. Most of them relate to 'weaker brethren;' for, although there were few laggards, all were not so heroic as Susie Ha', and there were some who had joined the ranks in a

moment of enthusiasm who began to count the cost when they heard the drums and saw the beacons flaring. Indeed, the mothers in some cases seem to have been braver than the sons; although perhaps there was some truth in the retort which a farm-lad made to his mother when she was trying to rally his drooping spirits: 'It's easy ye speakin', mother; but *ye diuna need tae gang*.' One woman, hearing the alarm, and finding her son asleep, went and shook him vigorously, crying, 'Get up, Jock; the French is landit'; but Jock, regardless of the danger which threatened his native land, only drew the bedclothes tighter up to his chin, and replied decidedly, 'Aw winna rise if a' the French in *Britain* was here.' Another lad, a Teri, a degenerate descendant of the 'sons of heroes slain at Flodden,' who had been persuaded by his mother to join the volunteers, hid under the big box-bed when the crisis arrived, and on being found by his companions and dragged unwillingly out, gazed sullenly at his martial parent and said upbraidingly, 'Ye auld limmer, ye see what ye ha'e brocht me to;' while yet another faint-hearted youth is reported to have taken leave of his family with the doleful words, 'Aw wuss aw'd been a wumman.' A unique letter is still preserved, written by a man who would fain have escaped his duty. It runs thus: 'Dr. Doctor, this comes to enform you that the kernel of our core will nut let me off from volunteerin', so you wou oblige me by giving me a surtificate that I am inkapable of serving.' What the doctor's reply was history does not relate.

In some places the impression prevailed that the French had really effected a landing and were pressing inland to murder and destroy. 'What about the French noo, Tibby?' was the trembling inquiry of a woman in Hawick as a neighbour passed her door. 'They're a' at the Easter toll-bar,' answered the sobbing Tibby, who had not the self-control of a lady farther down the street, who was having a supper-party when the first alarm-gun was heard, and who, proud of her order in domestic affairs, said comsedly, 'Everybody has their ain, except the hamper up the stair; it should be sent to Leith.'

As every one knows, the alarm proved false; but it served to show of what stuff the Borderers were made, and what sort of reception the French would have received had they ever gained a footing on our shores.

It will never be exactly known what raised the alarm. Some people think it was a ruse on the part of the authorities to test the spirit of the volunteers—if it was so they might well be satisfied with the result; while others, probably with more truth, hold that the error arose through the watchman at Hume Castle mistaking the glow of burning charcoal at Shoreswood Priory, in Northumberland, for a lighted beacon. The mistake was soon found out, and Captain Murray of Gordon Bank, who had charge of several beacons, sent a mounted messenger to Greenlaw in the hope of stopping the alarm, but in vain. The tufts of flame leaped from hill to hill

like wildfire, and it was out of any man's power to stop them. At Edinburgh, however, where a force of four thousand volunteers had been raised, including a regiment of cavalry and two corps of artillery, each capable of serving twelve guns, besides the regular troops under Lord Moira, the men were not called out, owing to the thoughtfulness of the sentinel at St Abb's Head, who, suspecting that there was some mistake from the fact that the alarm came from inland (Hume Castle), did not light his beacon; so the capital was fortunately, or unfortunately, spared the excitement. The men of Peebles, too, were allowed to sleep in peace, because, for some unknown reason, the alarm did not reach them.

The alarm was not confined to the Borders alone; it spread from Berwick to Newcastle, where it was confidently affirmed that seventy thousand men had landed in the Firth of Forth; and from Newcastle to Durham and the north of Staffordshire, more than a day elapsed before the inhabitants of these regions became aware that it was false.

Whatever was the cause of the mistake, the authorities profited by the experience, for a proclamation was issued three weeks later to the effect that 'the Vice-Lieutenant of Berwickshire requests the inhabitants of the county to refrain from muir-burn, or other extraordinary fires, or smokes, either by day or night, lest those deceitful lights should mislead the signal-posts on which the national safety so much depends, besides leading the public not to confide in them or come forth when conveying the real alarm of an invading enemy.' After this the country settled down and the excitement subsided, although Napoleon still hoped to carry out his plans. His boats remained at Boulogne, and in the following July he went there himself to confer with his admiral. So confident was he of ultimate success that he arranged that the Pope should crown him king of England in Notre Dame in November, and he had dies for a medal prepared, which bore on one side the image of his own head crowned with laurels, and on the reverse Hercules crushing the fabled Antæus, the motto being, '*Descende en Angleterre*,' and in smaller letters, '*Proppé à Londres en 1804*.' When all was ready he gave orders for Admiral Treville to put to sea; but alas for the uncertainty of all human plans! Latouche Treville fell ill, and died on the 20th of August; and fourteen months later the battle of Trafalgar put an end for ever to the project of a French invasion.

It was Douglas Jerrold who said that 'if an earthquake were to engulf England to-morrow, the English would manage to meet and dine somewhere among the rubbish, just to celebrate the event.' The threatened invasion of Napoleon was social earthquake enough to our ancestors just a hundred years ago, as every reader of this sketch will admit. We are sufficiently removed from the event to realise the ready bravery therein exemplified, and to rejoice at the same. To mark the centenary of this event various Border associations will dine together in Edinburgh next month.

THE CLOSED BOOK.

CHAPTER V.—SHOWS SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS.

LIFE has no labyrinth but one's steps can track it, and mind acts on mind though bodies be far divided.

Following the strange sensation that crept upon me while examining that half-faded, uneven scree came a complete blank. My muscles were paralysed, my breathing difficult, my throat contracted, and my manhood's energy utterly sapped until I was helpless as a child. It seemed as though the Unseen Power had touched me with the finger of Death, and I had withered and fallen.

Yet slowly and painfully I struggled back to a sense of my hapless position, and on opening my eyes, sore in their sockets, I found, to my amazement, that I was lying in a heap on the carpet beside my overturned chair, my head close to the carved leg of my writing-table. The light dazzled me, and I quickly became aware that I was lying full in the morning sunshine which streamed in at the open window.

I had fallen from my chair and remained insensible the whole night. Nello had not discovered me, as I had dismissed him, wishing to be alone.

In Tuscany it is light early in summer, and the July sun soon gathers power. I glanced at the clock, and saw that it was already a quarter to five.

Outside, a fisherman was singing a gay song as he unloaded his boat, and children were already shouting as they bathed in the sulit water; but the brightness in the world beyond only jarred upon me, soured and embittered man that I was. Could that curious sensation be a precursory sign of some terrible malady—epilepsy or paralysis, perhaps?

I struggled to my feet and stood beside the table, dazed, unbalanced, and so weak of limb that my legs could scarcely bear me. I felt as though I had just risen from a sick-bed after months of suffering.

The book lay open at the final page whereon the writer of the record, Godfrey Lovel, had inscribed his name and date as already reproduced here. My thoughts ran back to the moment when I had experienced that sudden seizure, and I recollected how interested I had been in the few lines I had succeeded in deciphering.

The unmistakable paralysis that had stricken me down at the very moment my curiosity was aroused was certainly alarming, and even mysterious, especially after the prior's hints as to the evil that would pursue me if I determined to continue in possession of that fine old volume.

The fat priest's words recurred to me with a deep and hidden meaning, and I admit that my spirit was mightily disturbed. It seemed that I had raised a foe where I might have won a friend.

I locked the book away in my safe, and went forth upon the balcony and breathed the fresh air

of morning. Across the sparkling waters of the tideless sea the islands stood gay and mysterious in the blue haze, Gorgona, peopled only by its convict-gangs, showing most distinctly of all. A veil of mystery seemed to have fallen upon everything—upon all save a mighty battleship, with black smoke belching from her three yellow funnels and flying the white ensign of England as she approached an anchorage outside the port.

A desire for fresh air seized me; therefore, feeling faint, I took a liqueur glass of neat brandy, and then descended to the big marble entrance-hall that always echoed so dismally to my lonely footsteps. Recollect that I was a man without kith or kin, self-exiled for private reasons over which I had been unable to exercise control, and although living among a people that I loved because of their sympathy and charm, I was yet homesick for England and suffering from the nostalgia that those whose lot it is to spend their lives abroad know, alas! too well.

Outside I took the old sea-road—that shadeless road that runs with so many windings away along the edge of the deadly Maremma and on to Rome. I walked it often, for it led out along the edge of the brown cliffs through a wild and uninhabited tract of country, a district which until ten years ago had been dangerous on account of a band of lawless brigands. The latter had, however, all been exterminated by the Carabineers, and the loneliness of the country suited well my frame of mind.

I met no one save an old barefooted fishwife whom I knew, trudging onward with her basket poised on her head. So I lit my pipe and gave myself up to reflection, trying to account for my strange seizure. I hesitated to consult a doctor, for I entertained an Englishman's want of faith in the Italian medico. I longed to be able to consult my own doctor in London, and ask his opinion whether the strange stupor were an actual warning.

Although Italy possesses such distinct charm; although Tuscany was the home of my youth; although I had hosts of friends among the fishermen and honest *contadini* about me; although my friends at the white old monastery away among the olives on the side of the Black Mountain were always warm in their welcome and eager to render me the very smallest and humblest service, yet I was suddenly tired of it all. Sweet as were the pleasures of Tuscany, as Byron, Shelley, Smollett, and George Eliot had found, yet I was English, and England was my home.

I threw myself down on the grass of the cliff-top and thought it all out. Through seven long years I had led that life of utter loneliness, returning to London only for a fortnight or so each year, and then sadly leaving Charing Cross again for another

twelve months of exile. I had my work, the writing of romance, to absorb my attention, it was true; but the writer of novels must live in congenial surroundings, otherwise the influence of a solitary life must show in his work.

Letters I had received from home during the past few days showed, too, that there was really no further reason why I should not return and live in England among my friends; therefore, after long reflection and carefully considering the whole question, I at length made up my mind to pack up my collection of pictures, old furniture, manuscripts, and antiques, and remove them to some country home in England.

I have a habit of acting with precipitation. My father, full of old-fashioned caution, used to chide me for it. In his day there was no such thing as smartness. But in the professions, as in business, old-fashioned stolidity has now passed away. To-day, if one sees the legend 'Established 1792' over a shop, one avoids it, knowing that its proprietor is not content with up-to-date small profits. Time was when the solid professional or business man was as black-coated and serious as an undertaker; but it is all of the past. The smart, speculative man, who acts promptly and has the courage of his own convictions, is the man who succeeds in the present scramble for daily bread. In every walk of life one must keep abreast of the flood; hence, with my mind made up, I entered the Consulate at eleven o'clock, and announced my immediate departure to my old friend and confidant Jack Hutchinson, one of the most popular of His Majesty's representatives abroad, and whose name with every skipper up and down the Mediterranean is synonymous with geniality of manner and kindness of heart.

When I sank into a chair in his private room and announced to him that I was going his face fell. I knew well that he had no other English friend there, and my departure would leave him utterly alone. He was an exile, like myself; only, there was for him a comfortable pension at the end of it.

'Well,' he exclaimed after a moment, 'I'm awfully sorry you're going, my dear old fellow—awfully sorry. But I think you are acting wisely. You've been here too long, and have grown misanthropic. A little London life will take you out of yourself. Besides, of late you've been working far too hard.'

I told him of my strange seizure; and, having heard me, he said:

'Exactly. Just what I expected. Peglegri the doctor feared a collapse, and told me so weeks ago. That I'm very sorry to lose you, old chap, you know too well. But you'll be better in England. You're homesick, and that never does in Italy, you know. I and my wife both were so when I was first appointed here twelve years ago; but we've got over it—you never have.' Then he added: 'By the way, have you seen old Graniani to-day? He stopped me half-an-hour ago in the Corso Umberto and asked if I had seen you this morning.'

It was on the point of my tongue to tell Hutchinson all that had passed in Florence on the previous day; but I thought it useless to trouble him with what seemed but vague suspicions.

'Why does he want to see me?' I inquired.

'Oh, he has got something or other to sell you, I suppose,' was the consul's reply. 'Somehow, Kennedy, I don't like the old fellow. Whether it's his ugliness, his deformity, or his manner, I can't tell; only, I instinctively dislike him. And more than ever when I met him just now.'

'Why?'

'Well, to me, his manner was as though he expected to hear some grave news regarding you.'

'Grave news!' I echoed. Then it occurred to me that the old hunchback was, of course, privy to the mysterious evil following the possession of the *Book of Arnoldus*. 'What grave news did he expect?'

'How do I know, my dear fellow? These Italians, and especially men of his class, are so subtle and cunning that you can never get at the bottom of their motives.'

'But I've always given Graniani his price—with a little bargaining, of course. Why, I've paid him hundreds of francs. You recollect what I paid for that miniature of the missing Dauphin of France?'

'But you obtained a gem, even though you had to pay heavily for it,' was my friend's answer. 'If it had been in old Contessini's hands you'd have had to pay double, or he would have sent it to London.'

'I know that,' I laughed. 'Graniani has had some good things now and then, and I've been a good customer; therefore I can't see why he should entertain any hostile thought towards me.'

'As I've already said, you never know the Italian character. The man who is your best friend to-day will be your worst enemy to-morrow. That's what makes life so insecure here, and affrays with the knife so frequent. All I can say is that I noticed about the old scoundrel a distinct expectation to hear bad news of you, and I judged from his manner that he was disappointed when I told him that for aught I knew you were all right. If I were you, I wouldn't have any more dealings with him. Now you're leaving Antigiano, cut him. He has served your purpose well, and you can't afford to be mixed up in any quarrel with a man of his stamp.'

'Yes, I will,' I answered. 'I don't like him myself. Of late he has been far from straight.'

'And of late, it seems, he has been making secret inquiries of one of the Italian clerks here about your antecedents in England.'

'Whatever for? How can my antecedents concern him?'

'Ah, that's the point, my dear Kennedy. He's forming some ingenious plot or other; therefore we must be on the alert. When a man bribes one of the clerks to obtain information about an English-

man's past, his parentage, and all the rest of it, there's something devilish suspicious about it.'

'I should think so! I wonder what the old scoundrel is up to?'

'Some blackmailing business or other, most probably. If so, act with discretion, and we'll have a chat with the Chief of Police. The present Questore is terribly down on blackmailers.'

'But what can be the motive?'

'That's more than either of us can tell. We must watch and form our own conclusions,' was the consul's reply, leaning back in his white linen suit and stretching his arms above his head. 'You see now,' he added, 'why I am in favour of your leaving Tuscany without delay.'

'Yes, I see. But there's some mystery about old Graniani, and we ought to clear it up.'

'Why should we trouble to do so?' he asked.

I had told him nothing about the incident which had occurred while I was waiting for the fat Prior of San Sisto; therefore, in a few words I briefly recounted what I had witnessed.

'Strange!' he exclaimed. 'Remarkably strange! We must watch him, Kennedy. It almost looks as if, for some mysterious reason, he means mischief.'

We agreed as to this, and then fell to discussing the best means by which I might get rid of my house and have my collection of antiques packed for transmission to England.

Soon after noon I returned home to luncheon, and in crossing the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele to take the electric tram, my eyes caught a glimpse of a neat female figure in black, which struck me as strangely similar to that of the dark-eyed woman who had been closeted with the fat prior in Florence on the previous day. My first impulse was to turn and follow her; but not being sufficiently certain of her identity, I stepped upon the tram, although sorely puzzled. Was she in Leghorn for some secret purpose? I wondered. Somehow I felt convinced it was she.

On my arrival home, however, my suspicion became more than ever aroused, for I found old Nello in a terrible state of anxiety. On getting up he had discovered that my bed had not been slept in, and that I was absent. Being Italian, he feared that some *disgrazia* had happened to me.

Then, when I assured him that I had merely been out for a long walk instead of sleeping, he said:

'The hunchback antique-dealer is awaiting you, signore. He says it is most important that he should see you, so I have shown him upstairs to the study.'

His announcement took me aback. The old scoundrel was the last visitor I expected. Nevertheless, I drew a long breath to steady my nerves, and with calm resolution mounted the stairs.

(To be continued.)

ANTONIA KENNEDY-LAURIE DICKSON.

IT affords the Editor of *Chambers's Journal* some melancholy satisfaction to give a few biographical particulars of this highly gifted and accomplished lady, who passed away at the end of August 1903, after

four and a half years of great suffering, patiently and bravely borne.

Miss Antonia Dickson, who possessed a versatile literary gift, besides being an old contributor to our columns, was a friend of the present Editor and of his father and predecessor in the editorial chair. We do not hesitate to say that as a pianist, the subject of this sketch was one of the most amazing and brilliant of the many whom it has been our privilege to listen to.

Of Scottish descent, her father, James Dickson, of Liverpool, was a distinguished painter and lithographer, who published *Outlines of Celebrated Pictures*. Her mother, Miss Elizabeth Kennedy-Laurie of Woodhall, Kirkcudbrightshire, was a descendant of the Lauries of Maxwelltown and of the Robertsons of Struan, connected by blood and marriage with the Earls of Cassilis and the Royal Stuarts. This lady was a brilliant scholar and musician, and noted for her beauty, the latter a heritage from her mother, Miss Robertson

of Struan, whose presentation at the Court of George III. was the occasion of His Majesty's remarking, 'My English Court cannot boast so beautiful a woman.'

In 1895 Miss Dickson furnished some biographical particulars of her life to a friend. These we now follow. She says:

'I think there never could have been a time in my life when I was not absorbing music. My first recollections are of the weird crooning of my Breton nurse (I was born in Brittany), and of the tones, magically sweet, of my mother's voice. My mother used to revert frequently to my passion for sweet sounds and the facility with which I could be diverted from my childish sorrows and beatitudes by a strain of music. At five my scientific education began on a toy piano of one octave in compass. A few weeks after my initiation into the scale of C, we started on an extensive travelling tour, where, for the most part, musical instruments were unobtainable or located in some public place from which my childish timidity debarred me; but so crammed was I with the new methods that I formed a habit of practising regularly on the sheets of my little crib or on the furniture. I think even this dumb practice was valuable, for my mother superintended my efforts and instituted a correct poise

and elevation of the fingers. At ten I went to London, where I played the Moonlight Sonata and Thalberg's "Home, sweet Home," to Osborne Williams, the eminent English composer and pianist. It was in accordance with his advice that I took up my abode in the centres of Leipzig and Stuttgart, studying under Moscheles, Johann Zschöcher, Sigismund, Lebert, and the Court pianists of Württemberg, Prückner and Wilhelm Krüger. Let me relieve the strain upon my modesty by quoting from a journal noted for its severity to youthful aspirants: "Miss Antonia Dickson, a child of twelve, performed a composition of Kullak's *Les Perles d'Écume* with the most effective brilliancy of execution, and so completely mastered all technical difficulties that her performance excited the deepest admiration." Leaving the Stuttgart Conservatory, I gave an extended concert-tour, playing in France, Edinburgh, Glasgow, at the Crystal Palace, and at the house of Sir Julius Benedict, who pronounced me "a most accomplished and eminent artiste, who has a splendid future before her." I took a certificate for composition in its different branches from Trinity College, and gained the degree of Associate of the Royal College of Organists under peculiarly severe standards and examiners. Of the thirty-three candidates present on that occasion I was the only lady, a fact on which the press enlarged next day, stating also that the associateship of the College of Organists had up to that point been conferred only upon three ladies in Great Britain; that, moreover, I was the first Scotswoman in possession of this honour.

'Side by side with my musical education, my literary powers were progressing. My father and mother were skilled in the use of the pen as in the brush. My father was a good classical scholar, an archaeologist, and a comparative mythologist;

my mother a gifted linguist, an adept in folklore, and a scientific musician. With my father I studied the pearls of ancient wisdom and drank in the glories of the classics; with my mother I threaded the mazes of national fancy and music. My parents encouraged me to write, forming my style on the best models. I remember once at the age of nine trying to shape one of my childish effusions after the model of an unexceptionable but extremely heavy leader in the *Times*. At seventeen I became a contributor to *Chambers's Journal*, the Editor of which was accustomed to refer to me as "my literary goddaughter, and one of my most esteemed contributors."

Magazine and newspaper work followed, successful and congenial in character, until literature and music were broken up by the illness and death of a sister and by the mother's physical prostration. A removal to Petersburg, Virginia, took place, where her mother died, and Miss Dickson herself became a chronic invalid for many years. In this enforced seclusion, Antonia Dickson devoted herself to literary work. She wrote the text for a sumptuous art-work, *La Photographure*, and conjointly with her brother, W. K.-L. Dickson, a distinguished inventor and electrical engineer, the *Life and Inventions of Edison*, *The History of the Kinetoscope*, *Art Leaves*, &c. In later life she appeared with success on the lecture-platform with her 'Lecture Recitals on Musical History,' and her public and private appearances must be still fresh in the memories of many of our readers. An American contemporary says, referring to Miss Dickson: 'She was a charming writer, a thorough student of art, literature, and music, and a brilliant conversationalist. Her mind was a rich storehouse of knowledge, of which she gave generously to the world through the magazines and the press.'

THE ONE WHO NEVER GOT THERE.

By JOHN OXENHAM, Author of *John of Gorizan*, *Barbe of Grand Bayou*, &c.



LADY JONES, relict and sole legatee of the late Alderman Jones, knighted in the usual way for the usual reasons, was a lady of generous proportions and many good deeds. Her charities were bounded only by the limits of her knowledge of necessitous cases. She had a fine, large, open face, and a fine, large, open pocket, and she clothed and fed and warmed multitudes of sinners less well protected than herself from the blasts and storms of life.

Sir John had made his money in some quite common article—butter or tea or sugar, or some such thing; but he had handled it on a scale so extensive as almost to redeem his operations from the vulgar taint of trade.

Neither he nor Lady Jones was burdened with any very close relations, and they had not been

blessed with children. When the alderman died and his business was turned into a limited company, Lady Jones found herself with full hands and a somewhat empty heart; and, like the good soul she was, she turned them wholesomely, and in the wholesale fashion of her late husband, on to the cause of charity.

It would be easier to tell what she did not do than what she did, for her benevolences were endless and the sluice-gates of her golden reservoirs were never closed. The leaves of her cheque-books were as plentiful almost as those of autumn, and more satisfactory to those on whom they fell; and the whispers of them rustled throughout the land.

She had always taken very great and sympathetic interest in the missionary service; and when she read Duncombe's article in his paper, suggesting the idea of invitations from outside friends to the

little exiles of the Missionary School at Willstead, she took the matter into immediate and serious consideration: immediate, because when she gave she always gave quickly; serious, because she felt some not unnatural doubts as to the ability of herself and her companion, Miss Conway, to suitably amuse, entertain, and control a small boy, who must obviously be somewhat unused to being subjected for the space of several weeks solely to the society of the gentler sex.

'I feel it a kind of duty to have a boy, Connie, after reading this,' she said to Miss Conway, tapping Duncombe's article with her gold eyeglasses; 'but dear knows what we shall do with him! Do you know how to play with boys?'

'Well, I used to,' said Miss Conway, somewhat dubiously; and, being of a conscientious disposition, made haste to add, 'but it is some time since, and I'm afraid boys have changed a little since then.' Some boys had, notably those with whom Miss Conway used to play. For she was down in the last census paper as forty-three, and there was another one nearly due, in which she would probably figure as forty-four, and Lady Jones would look thoughtfully at her over her glasses as she filled in the figures. 'But,' said Miss Conway, with a gleam of inspiration, or, it might be, of reminiscence, 'if you give him plenty to eat, and take him to some entertainments, and give him a shilling now and then, he'll enjoy himself all right. We might try a small one to begin with.'

'Yes, that's a good idea. We will ask for a very small one for the first time, and if he is a success we can try two next time. I wonder if they have any boys of the name of Jones.'

'Sure to, I should think,' said Miss Conway undiplomatically, and solely with a wish to coincide with her patroness's views, which she made a point of doing.

'Why?'

'Oh, well—er?'—and Miss Conway began to root earnestly after other than the obvious reasons for the belief she had expressed. 'There are so many good Welshmen in the ministry and in the mission service, you know. There was that Mr John Jones of Tan-gan-something in Central Africa, and that Mr Griffith Jones of Ram-chun-something-else in India?'

'Yes, I should think they'll have some little Joneses. We'll tell them we'll try one if he's small and quiet and easily amused, and not likely to get into any mischief, or have the mumps or anything of that kind.'

And so, among the other invitations received at the school in response to Duncombe's article, there came one from Lady Jones at Bournemouth, offering to take a very small, quiet, easily amused, and guaranteed healthy boy for the Christmas holidays, if the order could be filled on something closely approximating the lines named.

The headmaster at the school ran rapidly over his supply of Joneses, and fixed on little Pedr Jones,

whose father and mother were located at Antananaconda in Central India. 'He's as quiet as a mouse, and as shy as a tortoise,' said he. 'He'll suit Lady Jones to a T.' So he wrote saying he was sending her ladyship little Pedr Jones, who, he was quite sure, would suit her in all respects. He only hoped she would not find the boy too shy and quiet. And in due course he himself saw little Pedr safely into the train at Waterloo, duly consigned to Lady Jones at Bournemouth.

Lady Jones and her companion drove to the station to meet their guest, outwardly calm, but inwardly full of anxiety to see for themselves what kind of a boy little Pedr was, and whether he looked amusable and controllable, and not visibly predisposed to any epidemic.

When the train disgorged, and a nice-looking small boy in bowler and overcoat, with a neat brown handbag stamped in black letters 'P. J.,' came along, looking anxiously round for a friendly face, Lady Jones rushed at him herself, and said, 'You are Pedr Jones?'

'If you please, ma'am!' said the small boy modestly.

'That's a dear boy. Just what we wanted. Have you any other luggage?'

'Gracious me! I hope so,' said Miss Conway to herself.

'A box—yes—with "P. J." on it.'

'Thomas,' to the footman, 'go and find Master Jones's box, marked "P. J.," and bring it along in a cab.—Now, come along, dear. Here is the carriage. I'm quite sure you're hungry. You shall have some tea the minute we get home. Did you find it cold on the journey?'

And they were bowling along towards Boscombe, all apparently very well satisfied with themselves and their neighbours and the world in general.

Little Pedr proved eminently satisfactory. He was a round-faced little fellow with dark hair and bright, sharp eyes which seemed to see everything that passed, and at first he was extremely timid and quiet; but that wore off by degrees, as it could not fail to do under the genial sunshine of Lady Jones's overpowering kindness. He perked up in time, came out of his shell, and livened up those two quiet ladies' lives in a way that astonished even themselves. Lady Jones was rather disappointed that he did not speak or even understand a word of Welsh; but he explained that his parents did not speak Welsh in Central India, and he had come home when he was eight—four years ago. His recollections of life out there were getting somewhat overworn by English manners and customs; but certain things had remained in his memory, and these he related at times, when his shyness wore off, with considerable gusto, and caused his auditors to open wide their eyes and thank their stars that they lived in a land where other manners and customs prevailed.

Among his effects, which Miss Conway found

when she unpacked his box, was a very nice little Bible, awarded to him as a prize for general good conduct during the current year, and this she of course duly reported to Lady Jones, whereby little Pedr gained still higher standing in their eyes.

He was a knowing little fellow too, in his way, and his erudition extended to things not always known of small boys. He was telling them one day, when his shyness had worn off, about the chief of the district in which his father and mother were located: of his gorgeous dress on state occasions, of his golden trappings and flashing jewels—of which things he had a more vivid recollection than of anything else in his childhood. 'He used to wear one great ruby in his turban which they said was worth fifty thousand pounds,' said little Pedr. 'A lovely jewel. I can see it yet when I close my eyes;' and he closed his eyes and presumably saw it. 'He was a very nice man. He gave mother some little stones, and she used to let me play with them at times. I used to like just to let them roll about in my hands. I can remember yet how much I used to enjoy it.'

It was the thought of a very kind heart that prompted Lady Jones to call little Pedr into her own bedroom next day and smilingly to show him her own collection of jewels. She, too, knew the pleasure of the rippling gleams in one's own hand, and the alderman had known of it, and had gratified her enjoyment, as being one of the best uses to which he could put a part of his superfluous wealth. She had not bought a stone since he died, and she rarely wore a jewel; but neither had she sold any, since it was he who gave them, and they reminded her of him. He had bought with discrimination, and, being a business man, had bought in a business-like way, and made sure that he got good value for his money; so Lady Jones's collection of gems, mostly unmounted, was choice and of very great value.

'The lovely stones!' said little Pedr, and trickled them delightedly through his fingers. He gazed at their sparkling beauties with deep absorption for a time, and Lady Jones watched him with almost equal enjoyment. Then, with several still in his hand, he closed his eyes and said quietly, 'I can almost feel myself a very little boy again, and you are my mother standing beside me.'

Lady Jones was nearly overcome, and wished most ardently that she had been blessed with a boy of her own like this dear little fellow. She kissed him mistily, and made up her mind to keep an eye on his future, and if anything ever happened to his parents—why—who knows?—perhaps she might have a little Pedr of her own in everything except actual fact of birth. And while she could not find it in her kind heart to wish anything unpleasant to happen to Mr and Mrs Jones out in Antananaconda, she believed that if anything of the kind should unfortunately come to pass she could lessen the effects of the blow to little Pedr very effectually.

Pedr was in and out of her room often after that

first time, and she allowed him full share in her own enjoyment of her gems. He was always most scrupulous in seeing them all tucked safely away in their flat velvet cases, and he always took upon himself to see them lodged securely in the safe in the corner of her room.

But little Pedr's amusements were by no means confined to playing with her ladyship's jewels. He had much more boyish tastes, and Lady Jones and Miss Conway laid themselves out to give him a good time. They took him to entertainments, such as there were. They took him drives when the weather permitted. They let him have a very small, quiet, hired pony all to himself now and then. They took him walks among the pines and along the shore. They let him hire a bicycle, and he begged so hard for Miss Conway to accompany him on a tricycle that she consented to try; but she never went a second time, and Pedr did not press it. And so, among all these diversions, the days passed all too quickly, and time came at last when there was only one week of the holidays left, and the coming event manifestly cast its shadow on little Pedr's spirits. He grew very thoughtful, not to say gloomy at times, and it took more than their combined efforts to cheer him.

Lady Jones thoughtfully saw to little Pedr's writing at the proper time to his parents in India, and gave him a note of her own to enclose, saying what a nice little fellow he was, how much they had enjoyed having him, and how they hoped they would be able to repeat the enjoyment another year, and perhaps also in the summer as well. This with a view of lightening his present shadows.

Then, just about a week before term began, a very unpleasant thing happened. Lady Jones's house was broken into one night, and among other valuables her unique collection of unmounted jewels was stolen. The job was most effectually carried out, and evidently by practised hands. An entrance was effected by a scullery window looking into the back garden. Two masked men appeared like nightmares at Lady Jones's bedside, and in the most gentlemanly way requested the loan of her keys, promising her no ill-treatment whatever if she behaved herself. Then they leisurely ransacked the drawers, came on the safe, and tried the keys till it opened, pocketed the gems, bound Lady Jones's hands and feet and mouth with her own white silk handkerchiefs, apologising the while for the precaution in really the politest manner imaginable, and departed as quietly as they came.

In due course the detectives arrived, subjected the house and every member of it to the most scrutinising examination, nodded their heads suggestively, and went off, presumably on a clue.

This little affair naturally cast a certain shadow on the last week of little Pedr's stay at Bourne-mouth. Lady Jones, while regretting the loss of her jewels, more from the associations which sparkled in their faces than from their actual worth, did her very best to make little Pedr's

last days as happy as the former ones; but the shadow was on him and the brightness had departed.

'Mumps!' said Miss Conway didactically. She had once been in a family where the mumps ravaged twelve children one after another, and she had never forgotten the experience. 'I'm not sure but it would be safest to send him home at once.'

But Lady Jones had in her own doctor, and he laughed the idea of mumps to scorn, and declared little Pedr as sound as a bell.

'It's damps,' said he, 'not mumps.—School isn't a patch on Bournemouth, is it, Pedr?'

'No, sir,' said Pedr meekly.

In due course Miss Conway packed up his box with the prize Bible in it, and the two good souls drove with him to the station and saw him into his carriage, and there were tears in Lady Jones's eyes as she kissed him a final good-bye and pressed half-a-sovereign into his hand at the same time. And she drew down her veil hastily when little Pedr, not knowing or caring a button whether it was a sixpence or an actual button she had given him, threw his arms round her ample neck, and sobbed, 'Oh, you are so good! I am so sorry'—and then the guard whistled and the train was out of the station before Lady Jones could get her handkerchief up under her veil.

A few days later little Pedr Jones in the second form classroom was struggling manfully with some abstruse arithmetical problems which most tantalisingly recalled happier days gone by. One of these invited him to find out exactly how much plum-pudding would fall to the share of each boy in a school of two hundred boys if twenty-five puddings, each weighing eight pounds thirteen ounces, were sent up for their delectation. Another stated definitely that a certain circus was seventy-five feet in diameter, and requested information as to the amount of ground covered by the whole circus.

Pedr had arrived at the conclusion that the boys of that school would, if the division were fairly made, each have more plum-pudding than the boys of some schools were in the habit of getting, and his thoughts were reaching out tentatively towards such facts as: whether the ground covered by the whole circus comprehended the stables and menagerie, whether they had a comic donkey in that circus and a pony that stood still while fireworks were let off all round him, whether— And then the headmaster came in, tapped him on the shoulder, and carried him off to his study, where a stout, handsomely dressed lady and a keen-eyed man sat waiting for him. They gazed curiously at him as he came in, and there was a look of surprise on the lady's face.

'But this is not Pedr Jones,' said the lady.

'I beg your pardon, my lady,' said the headmaster.

'This is not *my* Pedr Jones,' said the lady, with surprised emphasis.

'Exactly!' said the keen-faced man, with a snap like a steel trap.

'It is the Pedr Jones we sent, and, as it happens, it is the only Pedr we have on the books just at present.'

'But *my* Pedr had black hair and very dark, bright eyes. This little fellow has yellow hair and blue eyes.'

'I don't understand it,' said the headmaster, staring at the bewildered little Pedr as though he expected thereby to detect signs of sudden changes of hair and eyes in him. 'You went to Bournemouth, Pedr?'

'Yes, sir.'

'To Lady Jones?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well?' and he looked from Pedr to Lady Jones.

'Don't you know Lady Jones again?'

Little Pedr looked at the lady and said, 'This is not Lady Jones, sir;' at which Lady Jones laughed, but in a very puzzled way.

Then she and the headmaster looked helplessly at Steel-trap, and he said, 'It is as I expected. There has been substitution on the road;' and he took little Pedr in hand himself.

'What station did you get out at in Bournemouth, my boy?'

'Bournemouth West, sir.'

'How was that? You were to go, I think, to Bournemouth Central.'

'Lady Jones met me at Bournemouth West, and told me to get out there, sir.'

'I see. Did she say why?'

'Yes, sir. The drains had had to come up suddenly at her own house, and she had taken one at Parkstone for a month till her own was all right again.'

'Quite so. And you stayed with her at Parkstone for the whole time?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Had a good time?'

'Yes, thank you, sir.'

'You could show me the house you stopped at if I wanted you to?'

'Oh yes, sir.'

'Thank you!' and he nodded to the headmaster, and at a sign from him Pedr went back to his musings on plum-puddings and circus-rings in a state of fog.

Before he had quite settled the circus matter he was sent for again, inducted into his coat and hat, and sent off in a cab in company with Mr Steel-trap, who proved a very pleasant and amusing companion, and knew as much about Pedr's Lady Jones before they reached Bournemouth as Pedr did himself. And the news circulated throughout the school that Pedr Jones had been arrested and taken away by detectives for highway robbery and attempted murder—which let his special chum in for four pitched battles in defence of their mutual honour,

three of which he won beyond dispute, and claimed the fourth, which was accordingly postponed for further argument.

Little Pedr quite enjoyed this extra holiday and the official visitation of his holiday scenes; and when he returned to school, without gyves upon his wrists and no visible signs of imprisonment about him, but wrapped in a golden cloud of mystery which he duly shared with his valiant chum, he became a nine days' wonder and a miniature Sherlock Holmes, and was much courted by large and small.

And there our story might stop; but it does not.

Lady Jones and Miss Conway never ceased talking and thinking of their little Pedr, and the former spent much money in the attempt to learn what had become of him.

'He may have been all they say, Connie,' she said stubbornly; 'but he was a dear little fellow, and I am sure there was good in him. Do you remember how he flung his arms round my neck at the last minute just when the train was starting? He said, "I'm so sorry"—And I'm quite sure he was. If he helped those men, he was made to do it. I do wish we could get hold of him. I believe he'll like me.'

'Of course he did,' said Miss Conway, with a sympathetic sniff.

They were sitting so one night, when there came a faint knock on the front door, a tentative, deprecatory suggestion that one without sought admittance, and at the same time expressed a doubt of his right to so great a boon. And presently—it being fortunately Thomas's evening out—a maid came flying in.

'Please, m'm, my lady, there's a boy outside wants you, and I do believe, m'm, it's little Master Pedr; but he's'—

And those two good souls leaped straightway at the door, and their bodies were not much behind. There on the top step they found a dilapidated little object which it was no wonder the maid had objected to let into the house on her own responsibility, so forlorn, so wretched, and so extremely dirty was he.

But the others did not hesitate one second. He was very dirty, he was very miserable, he might be extremely wicked; but he was first and foremost a boy, and a boy in need of many things—among others, and not least, a bath. If a stray dog had looked up at Lady Jones with eyes like that, she would have invited it into a shop and fed it on buns and milk.

Not even when he was bathed and combed and fed into comfort and a remote likeness to the Pedr they had known did they question him. Lady Jones was no fool, and she had it in her mind that it was better for him to say what he thought well to say rather than that she should draw it out of him. And presently, with his little black head in the curl of his arm, and many shamefaced sobs, he told them:

'I did it because they sent me here to do it. I had never thought about it much. But you were so good to me. . . . But I couldn't go back on them till it was done. . . . I was very miserable. I escaped from them three days ago, and have been coming ever since. If you will get the police I will tell them all I know.'

Lady Jones was for not getting the police; but Mr Steel-trap happened to call the very next morning—you might almost have thought he had got wind of the matter—and of course there was no good trying to conceal anything from him.

He questioned little Pedr, whose name was not Pedr at all, very sharply, then went quickly out and despatched a number of telegrams, though his stiff under-lip curled up over its still stiffer fellow at the hopelessness of it.

'If I'd only got my hands on the little chap a week ago,' he said to himself. And again, 'If those chaps get caught they'll deserve all they get.'

But the chaps—some of them at all events—were caught, to Mr Steel-trap's surprise and contempt and lasting glory, and they got all they richly deserved. For they had put down their little tool's disappearance to accident, and not to malice premeditated, or, may one say, to self-recovery. They had searched high and low for him; but they had never suspected him of turning soft and going back to the place where he had spent at once the happiest and most miserable days of his life.

The leader of the gang—a most gentlemanly man, I assure you—was the boy's stepfather; and no sooner did he hear of Duncombe's idea of billeting the boys out for Christmas than he saw his own possibilities in the scheme. It was easy to strike up an acquaintance with one of the school servants, and through her to learn the destinations of some of the boys. The moment he heard the assignment to Lady Jones he sought no farther, for he had heard rumours of her ladyship's diamonds, and only required confirmation of the fact, and some points as to household arrangements and the place where the gems were kept.

Some few of the stolen stones were recovered, but not many.

The empty spaces in Lady Jones's jewel-cases were never filled up; but she always claimed that she gained more than she lost, for there had always been an empty corner in her large heart, even when the alderman was there, and now it was filled, and without the necessity of wishing any ill to anybody in India or elsewhere.

Little Pedr, whose name was not Pedr, grew up as straight as a die, and never gave her one moment's anxiety. She used to watch him cautiously and unostentatiously at first, but soon gave it up and rejoiced in him exceedingly, more than ever she had done in the jewels she never wore.

Lady Jones is still alive, and little Pedr, whose name is not Pedr, and who is no longer little, is in the navy. He has gone far, and is likely to go farther.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

STEEL-CHAIN MAKING.

IN describing a modern machine it is often asserted that the raw material goes in at one end and comes out a finished product at the other. This is literally true of the Locke chain-making machine, of American origin, of which a demonstration was recently given in London. It is fed on one side with a tape of annealed steel, and from the other side there emerges link by link a completed chain. And perhaps the most wonderful feature of the process is that there is not a particle of waste, a ton of steel producing a ton of chain. The chain is of the 'detachable' kind—that is to say, the links can be separated from one another sideways; but there are no loose pins, the end of one link folding over its fellow. Such chains used in connection with sprocket-wheels are extensively employed on all kinds of machines, and many different sizes are made, from the big-linked kind suitable for dredging machinery to one small enough to replace the perishable sash-line on an ordinary window. We were witnesses of tests applied to this new form of chain which conclusively proved that it will bear a far higher strain than will the ordinary sprocket-chain with links of malleable iron. A steel chain is lighter bulk for bulk than one of iron; and the machine under review, being quite automatic, and thus dispensing with hand-labour, will produce a cheap article. It is being introduced in this country by the Locke Steel Chain Company, of 18 Bishopsgate Street, London.

THE ELECTROPHONE.

For some years that modification of the telephone known as the electrophone has enabled people at their own homes to listen to performances at concert halls, theatres, &c. The apparatus has now been brought to such perfection that on the occasion of Mr Chamberlain's recent speech at Birmingham his words were listened to in London and taken down in shorthand, a verbatim report appearing in the London *Evening News*. The matter occupied eight columns of type, and was being eagerly read by Londoners about twenty minutes after Mr Chamberlain had concluded his speech at Birmingham, more than one hundred miles distant. This is certainly a great achievement, and marks a new departure in journalism. Possibly some day the electrophone or some such apparatus will be made to work automatically in union with a type-setting device, so that the verbatim reporter will find his occupation gone. But that time is not yet. There are very few public speakers whose utterances will bear verbatim reporting. Most speeches require much judicious editing before they are published, and no machine possesses

the powers of discrimination to perform that very necessary work.

THE PHONOGRAPH.

While the electrophone is helping the shorthand writer by putting him in touch with a speaker more than a hundred miles away, the phonograph is gradually ousting him, or her, from the merchant's office. In several different offices lately we have seen the phonograph in use. It stands at the principal's elbow, and when he wants to dictate a letter to it he presses a button to set its cylinder working, and talks the letter into its trumpet-mouth. When several letters have been so recorded, the detached cylinder is removed to another room, where it speaks the words which it has absorbed into the ear of the typist. It is obvious that this method of correspondence obviates the necessity of keeping a shorthand clerk. The Columbia Phonograph Company, who do an immense business in the circulation of musical phonographs and records, inform us that the instrument is used for correspondence to a much larger extent in America than it is here. The convenience of the system is such that it is sure to extend as soon as its advantages are known.

ENVELOPE-MAKING.

The manufacture of stamped envelopes for the United States Government is carried out by means of a machine invented by Mr H. J. Wickham, which gums, stamps, prints, folds, and counts the envelopes into packets of twenty-five. At the commencement of the operation five hundred blanks are placed in a pile on a table or bed attached to the machine; they are automatically picked up one by one, and carried to dies and type, where they are stamped and printed in the required colours. They are then passed on to the folding apparatus, where three edges are gummed and joined, the fourth, the flap of the envelope, being left to dry. Carried forward by an endless chain, they are again picked up one by one by pincers and arranged in packets of twenty-five. One machine, attended by a single workman, is able to make forty-five thousand envelopes per day, the cost of manufacture being reduced to a very small sum.

ANIMATED MICROSCOPY.

The work of the cinematographer has hitherto been to amuse rather than instruct, and when we see the announcement 'Animated Pictures' we do not associate the phrase with anything of a technical nature. But it has lately been shown in the most conclusive manner that this form of photography can be enlisted as an able expositor of facts in natural history which could not by any other means be brought before a class of students in such a realistic manner. Mr Martin Duncan has succeeded in wedding the cinematograph to the

microscope, so that organisms which are too small to be seen at all by the unaided eye are projected upon a screen in highly magnified form, while their movements can at the same time be studied. An old but still a favourite experiment with microscopists is to secure a living frog near the stage of the instrument so that the circulation of the blood can be seen in its webbed foot. Mr Duncan has produced an animated photograph of this phenomenon, in which the blood corpuscles can be plainly seen coursing in lively streams through the vessels. He has also photographed in the form of animated pictures living bacteria magnified by the microscope to one thousand diameters, the component images being taken at the rate of sixteen per second. To achieve this remarkable result a special system of lighting the original object had to be devised, and this, we understand from Mr Duncan, is the subject of a patent application.

FLOATING ISLANDS.

The recent report of a floating island which drifted out to sea from the German coast has called attention to the circumstance that Britain can boast of a phenomenon of a somewhat similar character. It is mentioned in most of the guide-books to the Lake Country as occasionally appearing on Derwentwater not far from the famous Lodore Waterfall. The eminent meteorologist, the late Mr G. J. Symons, who was well known in connection with the rainfall statistics, when visiting the Lake District had an opportunity of seeing this island, which only occasionally makes its appearance above the surface of the water, and generally in the month of June. Its appearance is that of a lawn, and while the centre portion rises perhaps to a height of a foot or so above the water-level, the edges are still anchored to the bottom of the lake. The phenomenon is attributed to a mass of vegetable matter which is normally attached to the soft bottom of the lake, but under certain conditions it gets charged with gas and becomes buoyant enough to tear itself away from its bed. Observations of its occasional appearances go back for many years, and it is marked on some of the old maps.

REGISTRATION OF PLUMBERS.

In a memorandum forwarded to us by the Worshipful Company of Plumbers, it is pointed out that an ample supply of water and an efficient system of drainage are the two first requisites to the health and comfort of the home; that, although the architect and builder are responsible for the erection of a house, the actual work in connection with the drainage and the water-supply is undertaken by the plumber, who, unless a competent worker, can do no end of harm. To protect the public against the disastrous results of bad workmanship, by enabling them to distinguish between qualified and unqualified workmen, the company organised some time since a scheme of technical instruction by which plumbers could be efficiently

trained, and a system of registration by which competent workmen could be identified. The company now call upon householders to assist in this useful work by employing only plumbers who can show a certificate issued by them and a registration ticket for the current year.

PASSENGER-LIFTS.

Hydraulic and electrical lifts are now so common in business premises that they are familiar to all dwellers in large towns and cities, and in underground tube-railways there are lifts of the same type, each capable of carrying fifty passengers or more, which establish communication between the stations and the streets above. In the next tube-railway to be opened in the Metropolis, the Great Northern and City Railway, the stations are to be furnished with moving stairways instead of lifts. In these stairways there are no stairs, but a moving belt which traverses an inclined plane, upon which the passengers will stand two abreast. The belt being always in motion, the passengers will be able to step on to it at any moment, and a large number can be carried by it within a short time. The method has been in use at the Crystal Palace and at other places of amusement, on a small scale, and has been found to work well. It will probably be adopted by other tube-railways.

ABOUT ALUMINIUM.

There are two notes in the November issue of the *Journal of the Franklin Institute* concerning aluminium, which we think may be of service to our readers. The first refers to a method of soldering the metal, which forms the subject of a recent United States patent. The solder consists of aluminium five parts, antimony five parts, and zinc ninety parts. First the aluminium is melted, the zinc is then added, and lastly the antimony. The mixture is fluxed with sal-ammoniac, and the clear metal poured off into sticks for use. The other note has reference to an observation by Bernhard a German experimenter, which was published some little time back. He found that aluminium would act just like a hone of fine quality, and would put a splendid edge on surgical knives, razors, &c. The edge thus formed is so fine that no amount of stropping can improve it; indeed, the latter operation tends to spoil the edge by rounding it. All this is confirmed by the writer of the paragraph in the journal from which we quote; but he is careful to add that with an Otachita (Hot Springs) hone it is quite possible to get as keen an edge in as short a time.

PEAT-FUEL.

Many are the patents which have been granted to sanguine inventors for processes which aim at compressing peat into solid block-fuel; but for some reason or other peat-fuel is not yet an article readily procurable, although thousands would buy it if it would answer the purpose of coal at a lesser price. We recently saw a demonstration of one of these

processes at the works of Messrs Johnson & Phillips, electrical engineers, Charlton, Kent, the novel point of which seems to be the introduction of a current of electricity at one stage of the manufacture, in order to drive off the water. We were not able to ascertain anything about the cost of this new fuel, nor did the printed description of the process handed to us contain any particulars of tests having been made by competent workers of its actual value as a heat-producer compared with that of coal.

THE DIVINING-ROD.

At Renfrew some time back a demonstration was given of the art of 'water-divining,' the operator being Mr A. W. Wills, of Bath, who claims, it is stated, that he has never yet failed to find subterranean water by means of the divining-rod. Two places were marked where the curling upwards of the rod indicated that there was running water beneath, and we presume that borings will be made to test the correctness of the diagnosis. Professor W. F. Barrett, who has devoted much attention to the alleged powers of the water-diviners, believes that in many cases the 'dowsers,' as these diviners are called, are guided by surface signs, imperceptible to the ordinary observer, but known to the experienced eye. But he admits that there have been several successful cases of water-finding where this explanation cannot apply. He fancies that the real cause of such success is due to something new to science; to a supernormal perceptive faculty possessed by certain individuals which causes an object sought for to excite an impression upon them when they approach it. The necessity for the divining-rod and its alleged movements he regards as absurd. He suggests, as a subject for investigation, that some modern method of detecting a change in the circulation of the blood, the result of emotional disturbance, might be tried on one of these 'dowsers,' as a substitute for the divining-rod.

THE PRESERVATION OF TIMBER.

A novel method of seasoning, strengthening, and preserving timber has lately been introduced and is said to give most satisfactory results, and we have been able to glean from the *London Chamber of Commerce Journal* the following particulars concerning it. The timber is boiled in a weak solution of sugar, so that as the natural sap and moisture is driven off its interstices are filled and its fibres knitted together with a cement which both strengthens and preserves. After boiling, the wood is put into a drying-stove and submitted to a high temperature, and by the time the moisture is driven off it is ready for use. It is believed that soft woods which have hitherto been useless for structural purposes can now be changed, by this process, into a valuable material which can be used by builders. Wood treated in this manner becomes heavier, poplar, for example, gaining 75 per cent. on its original weight; and the tensile strength of this and other woods is increased by the sugar-treatment

to a remarkable extent. The process makes wood less inflammable by reason of the greater compactness and solidity conferred upon it; and as the necessary plant and raw material are cheap, this method should have a wide future before it. It would seem to be especially adapted to the treatment of soft wood-blocks for street-paving purposes.

POISONOUS SHELLFISH.

The recent scare concerning the pollution of certain oyster-beds has caused many persons to refrain from eating the toothsome bivalve, and the trade has suffered to a serious extent. It would seem from a report of the London Medical Officer of Health that similar care must be exercised regarding mussels and cockles. A case of enteric fever was traced to mussels sold at Billingsgate Market, and these were found to have come from Leigh, near the mouth of the Thames. Samples of both cockles and mussels from the same beds were submitted to bacteriological examination, and were found to be polluted, some to a dangerous extent, with sewage. The Fishmongers' Company have therefore prohibited the sale in the London markets of these Essex cockles until they can render a better account of themselves. It seems from this report that there is a minimum period for which these shellfish should be boiled before being eaten, and this precautionary measure has been disregarded.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN COLOUR.

Although we do not seem much nearer to the realisation of that dream, 'photography in natural colours,' we have abundant evidence in the various periodicals devoted to artistic matters that a means exists of associating photographs with coloured surface-printing. The process is not published, so that those who are anxious to find out all about it must possess their souls in patience. The Photochrom Company have lately issued a remarkable series of coloured copies from well-known works hung in the National Gallery, London. Except that they are much reduced in size, it is very difficult in the case of some of them to believe that they are not actual painted replicas of the original works. They are sold at a price which brings them within reach of the shallowest purse, and we hope that in process of time such pictures, or something like them, will elbow out the terrible German lithographs after the same masters which may still be found in isolated districts. The wide circulation of such photochroms would be a potent aid in the art education of the masses.

'BITS FROM AN OLD BOOK-SHOP.'

There is an endless fund of interest and romance connected with an old book-shop. One never knows—although in these days of lynx-eyed collectors the chances are daily lessening—when one may lay hands upon some bibliographical curiosity. In this graveyard of dead reputations, humbling to the vanity of authors, we may stumble upon a first edition of

R. L. Stevenson, Shelley, or Burns. Mr R. M. Williamson, who seems an enthusiast in his profession, has published *Bits from an Old Book-Shop*, in which he gossips pleasantly about the pleasures of bookselling, lovers of books, the twopenny-box, and kindred subjects. There are bits of autobiography, too, which relate how the author was trained in Selkirk, and started business at 325 Leith Walk, Edinburgh, almost on the same site as William Chambers did in May 1819. According to Mr Williamson, the books that sell best are the Bible, an English Dictionary, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Arabian Nights*, *Pickwick Papers*, and *East Lynne*. Mr Williamson evidently knows most about retail bookselling, although his remarks on publishing are shrewd and sensible. Like many more in the trade, he has calculated the profits of the author of *Woe Macgregor* on that shilling book at three thousand pounds. That is on a basis of three-halfpence for the initial cost per copy, leaving twopence-halfpenny to be divided between author, publisher, the wholesale trade, and the bookseller. But is this not mere guess-work? Many thousands more have been sold since Mr Williamson made his calculation. Few speculations pay better than publishing when a book goes well; on the other hand, in none can money be more quickly lost when that is produced which the public does not want. And there are thousands of volumes written and published every year which no human being wants, or would be the better for if given for nothing. Myriads of these annually gravitate towards the old book-shop.

GRAIN FROM THE YUKON.

A Canadian correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald* draws attention to the possibilities of receiving grain from the Yukon. He remarks that 'it is curious how the northerly limit of wheat production has continually advanced. Not so many years ago the very idea of raising wheat anywhere in the Canadian West was accounted as absurd. Then it was found that wheat could be grown, and profitably grown, in Manitoba. But the people of Manitoba were equally sceptical as to the possibility of growing wheat in the Saskatchewan country, until adventurous farmers had proved the Saskatchewan valley to be an even greater wheat-country than Manitoba. Then the limit of credulity was placed in the Peace River country, far north of Edmonton; but men brought down samples of wheat raised on Indian reservations on the Peace River that were superior to anything that had previously been seen. And now an authentic report states that wheat can be grown successfully in the Yukon. An American scientist, H. Brian Pearson, writing about the agricultural possibilities of the Yukon, says: "From a residence in the country extending over some years, I can state that all the hardy cereals and vegetables can be grown there; in fact, I have raised various kinds both at the coast and in the interior. There are thousands of acres of land in this region avail-

able both for agricultural purposes and for stock-raising. This land is far richer in the earthy phosphates than that in many of the Eastern States. Alaska and the Yukon will probably be capable of ultimately exporting millions of bushels of wheat and other grains to add to the world's present supply." It is improbable that we shall have to fall back upon the Yukon for wheat for many generations to come; but the fact remains that it must now be classed among the regions capable of growing marketable grain.'

THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

The plea urged by the Duchess of Portland, as president of the Society for the Protection of Birds (3 Hanover Square, London, W.), deserves the widest possible publicity. The duchess utters a note of appeal and warning which should reach the heart of every woman wearing a hat decorated with birds' wings or other bird-trimmings. The duchess says: 'Hats composed of feathers—some wreathed in bullfinches, some with twisted and distorted bodies of terns, others decked with dyed plumes—offend the eye at every turn. From seagulls and bullfinches, in fact, to the brilliant gen of the tropics, nothing appears to be sacred to the trade. Is it useless to protest yet once more against the reckless slaughter of bird-life which this barbarous fashion entails? The personal vanity which sacrifices, not the life only, but the very race of birds created for the beautifying of the world, is unworthy of the civilisation of the twentieth century. In the interest of good taste, and for the sake of bird-life, I hope I need not plead in vain.' The securing of so-called osprey feathers is described by R. W. Cater in his article, 'Heron-Hunting on the Wanks' in this *Journal* for 1897.

IN WINTER-TIME.

Ah, my Beloved! when the snowflakes fall,
And all the world is dead and cold and sore,
A weight lies on my heart as if each year
Had fallen like these flakes and wrought a pall
Cold as the snow and heavier than all!
Does death lie 'neath its folds? Have doubt and fear
Killed faith and hope and love, and every dear,
Sweet dream of youth that we can still recall?
In truth, I know that 'neath it, through the sod,
New life is quickening in root and tree;
That soon the snows will melt, and fair flowers nod
To the warm sun. I know that this will be.
Ah, if I knew it were the will of God,
His spring-time then might come to thee and me!

KATE MELLERSH.

* * * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of illegibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if illegible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

CAST BREAD.

By MARY STUART BOYD, Author of *Our Stolen Summer*, *Clipped Wings*, &c.

CHAPTER I.—MR DREGHORNE CASTS HIS BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

THE Dreghornes were a well-known and highly respected Glasgow family. For generations their stock had been esteemed as solid folks, prone to charity, and much given to ungrudging hospitality.

Peter Dreghorne, the last male survivor, was a warm man both in pocket and in heart. He had retired from business, and his interests were divided between sharing the direction of certain charitable institutions and guarding the affairs of a West End church where he acted as elder, and whose management knew and valued him as one of the three members whose cheque-books were ever ready when there was any deficit in the church funds.

All his married life had been spent in the house in Park Terrace to which he had taken his bride; and there it was that Elizabeth, John Peter (who died in infancy), Gertrude, and Ellen Mary were born. Mr Dreghorne loved his placid, buxom wife and admired his three daughters, especially Elizabeth, the eldest, who was both handsome and witty.

Mr Dreghorne's greatest pleasure lay in entertaining, though it was not in elaborate dinner-parties given in return for similar feasts that his soul delighted. His selection of guests was entirely uncalculating, and most frequently consisted of those from whom no return invitation could be anticipated.

At one time it was a score of aged poorhouse inmates, whose sole claims to his hospitality lay in their poverty and dependence. At others, city missionaries, Bible-women, residents in the Blind Asylum, night policemen, pupils from the Deaf and Dumb Institution, all in turn shared his generosity; though against the future reception of these latter Elizabeth raised a mild protest, because, as she averred, the knowledge that they were watching her and criticising her among themselves without emitting a sound caused her to wrestle with an overpowering desire to scream.

No. 318.—Vol. VII.

With this exception, Mr Dreghorne's family, accustomed to their otherwise indulgent father's foible, uttered no objection to his inviting whom he liked—except, of course, on that memorable occasion when they were giving a formal garden-party at their coast house at Inellan, and Mr Dreghorne arrived accompanied by a swarm of utterly disreputable street-arabs. Strolling through the park on his way to the club that morning, he had seen the young ragamuffins disporting themselves round the fountain, and, seized by compassion, had brought the troop down by river steamer, walking in accompanied by his grimy guests just when the garden-party was at its gayest.

But even on that trying occasion the protest was of the mildest. Mrs Dreghorne cherished a fixed belief that everything her husband did was right, and the younger girls took their cue from Elizabeth.

'Papa is master of the house, and can amuse himself as he likes, and everybody he chooses to invite must be welcomed,' was Miss Dreghorne's ultimatum. 'The only thing I must insist on is that we are not expected to recognise the guests after the entertainment has ended. Fancy, having all papa's protégés claim one as a friend!' she had added with a shudder.

It was therefore no surprise for Mr Dreghorne's home-circle when that worthy gentleman, on his return from taking part in a meeting of divinity students, announced that, pitying the loneliness of those fine young fellows, many of whom, having come from distant homes to the University, were forced to live in squalid lodgings, he had, just on the spur of the moment, invited as many as liked to spend the following Thursday evening at his house.

'A little music, a good supper, and a hearty welcome,' he had promised them; and the gathering had applauded the generous nature that prompted the spontaneous invitation.

[All Rights Reserved.]

JAN. 2, 1904.

'How many do you expect?'

Elizabeth, who was housekeeper, asked the question.

'Um—forty, or perhaps fifty. Yes, there must have been quite fifty at the debate. Better prepare for fifty, my dear; and remember that young men have good appetites.'

'Well, papa, I only hope you won't have reason to regret your rashness.' Miss Dreghorne could not resist a touch of reproof at this fresh instance of her father's precipitate kindness. 'I don't object to emancipated washerwomen or indigent road-sweepers, because they are on a different social plane from us, and know it; but I certainly think it a little indiscreet to issue a general invitation to a tribe of men who are sure to consider themselves on terms of equality with us. It is so—complicating.'

And Peter Dreghorne, shutting himself into his study—the ground-floor room wherein he studied the *Glasgow Herald* and considered the claims presented by the begging-letters that formed the greater part of his correspondence—pondered whether the act whereto a momentary impulse had urged him might prove a foolish as well as a hasty one.

The fateful Thursday arrived. At six o'clock the family dined in the breakfast-room, for in the dining-room the table, telescoped to its fullest extent and flanked by sundry smaller tables, was already laid for supper.

'Give them something substantial, Lizzie,' the host had advised when consulted regarding the nature of the viands to be provided. 'Have plenty of fowls and joints and sweets: jellies, meringues, and tarts, and—and things you know. Young men are certain to have a sweet tooth.'

And Elizabeth interpreted his commands liberally.

Mayonnaise of salmon, lobster salad, boned turkey and tongue, oyster patties, chicken croquettes, besides all manner of enticing sweets, were there in profusion, with dinner-rolls sufficient for a hundred. Large crystal jugs of iced lemonade graced the board, and an overpowering odour of coffee pervaded the staircases.

Elizabeth, shrugging her white shoulders under the black-net dress that she esteemed good enough for the occasion, made a caustic remark comparing the house to a coffee-tavern. But the younger girls were in their gayest evening-frocks and their highest spirits.

When they had assembled in readiness in the drawing-room there was diversity of thought as to the manner of the guests' arrival.

Nelly and Gerty, their minds prejudiced by memories of rectorial election riots, and expectant of a gay, rollicking band, thought the students would dash up in hansoms. Mr Dreghorne inclined to the belief that they would arrange to gather somewhere and arrive in a body. Elizabeth scornfully refused to express an opinion; and, seated in her special easy-chair, Mrs. Dreghorne dozed placidly, as was

her after-dinner wont, the knitting that never progressed held laxly in her plump hands.

Consumed by hostile concern, Mr Dreghorne moved restlessly about. As he looked into the dining-room, a sudden and utterly foundationless fear that there was too little to eat tortured him. He had just hurried upstairs to voice the dread conviction when a tinkle of the door-bell heralded the arrival of the first guest.

It was not the bold clamour to be anticipated from a band of heroes. Indeed, so little imperative was the sound that, had it not fallen upon alert ears, the summons might have passed unnoticed.

'Mr Colin MacCalman.'

With the announcement the parlour-maid had thrown open the drawing-room door to admit a being so different from their preconceived notions that Nelly and Gerty involuntarily gasped, and even the host's greeting was silenced on his lips.

So far from belonging to the type of vivacious manhood anticipated, Mr MacCalman proved to be the epitome of awkward sobriety, clad in a heavy suit of rough home-spun tweed. To add to the girls' disappointment, he was not even what they considered young. His actual age was three-and-twenty; but his black beard marked him at least five years older. His hands revealed that his acquaintance with honest labour had been by no means a casual one. To judge from Mr MacCalman's consternation, it might have been the first time his country-made boots set sole on carpet. Why he, of all that student throng, should have been the only one who accepted Mr Dreghorne's invitation in the spirit wherein it was extended remained an unsolved mystery.

The Dreghornes' dismay lasted but a moment. Hastening forward, Mr Dreghorne shook Mr Colin MacCalman warmly by the hand, and promptly introduced him to his wife and daughters; only a slightly increased effusiveness of manner betraying the perturbation he experienced. Elizabeth, coming to her father's aid, chatted her hardest to relieve the constraint of the situation. The girls' chagrin had given place to amusement. Stifled giggles came from behind the window-curtains, where they had stationed themselves to watch for fresh arrivals.

Mr MacCalman meanwhile lost no opportunity of exhibiting his embarrassment. He experienced great difficulty in modulating his voice to the acoustics of a drawing-room, and met his genial host's attempts at conversation by replies that sounded either scarce audible or over-loud.

The time spent in waiting for the company that never came dragged heavily past. Even the kindly flood of Mr Dreghorne's small-talk threatened to dry up, and his spouse's social efforts—which were strictly limited to a beaming smile and an occasional remark respecting the vagaries of the weather—did little to relieve the tension.

Elizabeth, having early classed Mr MacCalman as impossible, and the party as a fiasco, was tempted to indulge in some sarcastic remarks, which the

guest, being happily void of a sense of humour, received with a serious attention that rendered her shafts powerless.

When ten o'clock had come without bringing a second arrival, Elizabeth, taking the initiative, suggested supper, and the little procession—half-a-dozen all told—went downstairs valiantly to face the tables spread for fifty. It was quite evident, from the seemingly reluctant manner in which Mr MacCalman endured the touch of his hostess's hand on his arm, that even the stereotyped civilities of life were as yet mysteries to him.

In the dining-room, when confronted by the feast, MacCalman evinced no surprise. Mr Dreghorne, his attention perforce concentrated upon one guest, heaped that guest's plate, and the guest ate earnestly, as though the assimilation of food were a sacred duty, and one not to be lightly interrupted by frivolous conversation.

It must be confessed that each individual member of the family cherished an unspoken hope that, the meal ended, their solitary visitor might take his departure. But such a cavalier proceeding would have been contrary to the Highland gentleman's conception of courtesy. Mr MacCalman accompanied his weary entertainers upstairs, and sat, an interested listener, while Gertrude and Ellen Mary, with many wrong notes and much *sotto voce* friction, performed the duets over whose acquirement they had spent much time and temper, their achievement being received by their admiring parents with that astounding exhibition of complacent enjoyment wherewith unmusical progenitors greet their unmusical offspring's efforts in harmony. Then Elizabeth sang sweetly, a little disdainfully perhaps, but altogether to the secret delight of MacCalman, who, while appreciating the sweetness, thought it only right that so gifted a being should be proud.

Mrs Dreghorne had lapsed from the stage of fitful apologetic dozing into that of profound slumber, when the incubus, who had been stealthily watching

the timepiece, and saw the hands reach midnight, rose abruptly to his feet.

'I'll have to be taking the road.' He spoke hesitatingly, as though reluctantly compelled to deprive the company of his presence. Needless to record, nobody offered this terribly literal person even the most half-hearted inducement to prolong his visit.

Mrs Dreghorne, awaking with a slight involuntary snort, uttered the formula wherewith she invariably sped the parting guests. 'Must you *really* go? Glad to have seen you. Hope you'll call soon.' And good Mr Dreghorne, who could not have been inhospitable had he tried, and who would have been honestly grieved had Mr MacCalman suspected himself unwelcome, remarked in farewell that they would be happy to see him again.

'I'll have to be taking the road,' mocked Elizabeth, who was turning out the lights in the drawing-room brackets when her father returned from seeing their visitor off the premises. 'One consolation, father, that dispensation is over!'

But Mr Dreghorne, remembering the invitation he had unwarily uttered on the doorstep, rumbled his gray hair uneasily. Even at that early date, the fear that her congratulations might be premature oppressed him.

A poor student has but few opportunities of making affluent friends. Colin MacCalman was in his third year at Glasgow University, yet the occasion of his visit to Park Terrace marked his introduction to the superfluities of existence.

MacCalman was a man endowed with great natural ability as yet latent. His prosaic exterior concealed a powerful poetic nature; and even Miss Dreghorne's opinion regarding the stolidity of her father's latest protégé would have met with considerable modification had she been privileged to see a translation of the eloquent Gaelic letter he despatched to the far-off Highland croft where dwelt the old folks who stinted themselves that their aspiring grandson might have the means to study for the ministry.

TALKS WITH GIRLS.

By KATHARINE BURRILL.

FOR THE EVERYDAY GIRL.



GENERALLY speaking, I don't like boys. How do you do, boy?' was the memorable remark of Miss Murdstone when she first met 'David Copperfield.'

Generally speaking, I don't like girls. Little boys are much easier to get on with. You can always put things on a pleasant footing by the gift of half-a-crown—a very small boy will even accept sixpence with gratitude; and you can make a friend for life of a gorgeous young gentleman in a stand-up collar and coat-tails by giving him a sovereign. When the waves of adversity engulf you, he of the

collar and tails will always say, 'Poor old chap, he once tipped me a sovereign.'

There is a popular superstition that you cannot offer little girls money. Personally, we believe they would accept it with inward satisfaction, though with much outward reluctance. But who has the courage to tender even 'so old and valuable a friend as a half-crown' to a small person in a Liberty velvetreen frock, or to a more advanced young woman in a serge skirt and a red Tam o' Shanter? You can give them boxes of chocolate; but even the very best chocolate does not form the same firm basis of friendship, probably because the actual spending

of money, the mere act of laying it ostentatiously on the counter, is a greater joy than the possession of what money buys. Little boys are always quite oblivious to your clothes, and this fact gives you, when in their society, a feeling of ease and security. 'Contrariwise,' little girls stare hard at your hat, which makes you nervous. They appear polite; but you know they are comparing your appearance with that of Mrs Jones next door, and the comparison is not to your advantage. A small girl will embarrass an entire company by saying in a stage-whisper, 'Mummy, why is Mrs Smith so bulgy?' or staring very hard at a plain friend, will remark, apparently into vacancy, 'I do like pretty people.' It is on these occasions that we feel girls should be locked up at three years old and let out at five-and-twenty; for the semi-grown-up 'Backfisch,' the just-left-school-home-for-good-girl, is even more alarming. She remembers accurately all you have forgotten, and has possibly learnt more than you ever heard of in the way of lessons—and she looks her superiority. The girl who is least alarming is the 'Tom-boy' country girl, who keeps pets; being more like our friend the genial school-boy, she is less terrifying. Never having been at a boarding-school, she is neither full of airs and graces nor does she talk to you of Constitutional History and Higher Mathematics with pitying condescension for your appalling ignorance. Quite the nicest girl we know is the one sister among many brothers, which goes to prove that boys are good educators and disciplinarians. Therefore we still hold to our opinion that English public school-boys and Scotch old ladies are the most delightful Human Beings in the world. As girls cannot turn themselves into Etonians or Harrovians, they ought to try to grow into charming old ladies. Age does not always bring wisdom, and you may be as idiotic at seventy as you are at seventeen. You can be as empty-headed with white hair as you were when your locks were golden; only, a stupid old woman is ten times worse than a stupid young one; and if the years have merely hardened your heart, crystallised your faults, and left your mind stagnant, your case is very bad indeed. In the most beautiful speech that a woman ever made to her lover (and that we wish every girl would read), Portia tells Bassanio that the full sum of her is nothing—she calls herself

An unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn.

Portia was a great heiress and a beautiful woman, and yet she calls herself 'nothing' with a sweet humility that, I fear, we do not find in the girls of to-day. To me, Portia seems almost an ideal of what a true-hearted woman should be. Perhaps a little bit of a romp; but so gay, so generous, so *great-hearted*, so true a friend, so loyal a lover. Truly she was not 'bred so dull' that she did not grow into a magnificent woman, and made her home at Belmont the

centre of all that was best and happiest; in fact, I am not at all sure that she did not try to do something for Shylock, perhaps persuaded Jessica and Lorenzo to ask for his forgiveness and be friends once more.

One quality Shakespeare's Heroines possessed that is rarely met with in girls of the present day—they were Merry. Now, merriment is a good old English word that means cheerfulness and gaiety, and does *not* mean loud and senseless laughter; nor does it mean screaming at the pitch of your voice, nor an unending stream of rather vulgar chaff. The merry heart that goes all the way without tiring is the heart so full of generous good-fellowship that there is no room in it for envy, jealousy, and small-mindedness. You can be very amusing with a spiteful tongue, but you will never be merry. Beatrice, who was 'born in a merry hour,' tensed poor Benedick unmercifully; but she was nevertheless a brave and loyal woman—nothing of the Feminine Cat about her. Light-hearted Rosalind, even 'bonny Kate,' who was also 'sometimes Kate the Curst,' were nearer the old ideal of what a wife should be than the maidens of to-day. For long ago a wife had to be 'Merry, buxom, and debonaire.' Now, we have occasionally seen old ladies who answered this description; but we fear the young men would have some difficulty in finding Brides if they insisted on these three qualifications. At one time all the poets—except Byron, who said rude things about milk and water and bread and butter—wrote nice things about girls. When they were not 'standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet,' then they were Queens of the May, or rosebuds 'set with little wilful thorns.' They were beautiful, they had golden curls, they wore white muslin, they were dainty and charming and graceful, and everything that was delightful.

Other times, other manners. Now every one who writes about girls calls them hard names; and if we believed the articles in Magazines and Newspapers (only we don't) we should think the youthful feminine portion of the English Race in a very bad way. Mr Marriott Watson inveighed against the Athletic Girl, with the result of a shower of indignant letters from hockey-players who revel in rude health and sevens in shoes, and another shower of applauding letters from maidens whose pride is an eighteen-inch waist and a small foot, and who do not play games. No sooner did the Athletic and Unathletic, each perfectly pleased with themselves, simmer down into comparative peace than some one rose up and attacked The Suburban Girl. She, poor thing, was accused of many enormities, chief among them being imitation lace and jewellery, and dyed birds in her hats. Is it to be wondered at if the dwellers in Suburbia rushed into print in defence of their rolled-gold muff-chains and cheap torchon-trimmed petticoats? After all, is it anybody's business what any one else wears? And if Miss Suburbia cannot

afford the real, is she to go unadorned when the attractive imitation calls to her from every shop-window?

The Play-going Girl is like 'the fly on the ceiling whose case is the worst one,' for she is accused of Morbid Hysteria. So far she has said nothing in her defence. Silly she may be, but that she writes to her favourite actor offering him her photograph we do not believe. She may spend her pennies on bunches of flowers for actors (more probably for actresses), and she may buy gorgeous frames in which to enshrine the counterfeited presentments of 'Karl Heinrich' and 'the dashing Brown'; but that any English or Scotch girl is such a drivelling idiot as the article in question says she is we absolutely refuse to believe.

Now, it is bad to be a morbid play-goer, to play cricket when you ought to be doing something else, to wear hats covered with poor little birds and high heels that make you totter as you walk; but all these things are minor matters compared with the very much graver charges brought against the Modern Girl. Quite lately we had—possibly an instructive—certainly an unedifying correspondence in a Leading Daily Paper on the subject of revolting Daughters. To judge from their letters, many of them must be very revolting indeed. On the other hand, the mothers, who are presumably older and should have more sense, wrote equally revolting, and in some cases very narrow-minded, unfair letters. Surely the daughters might be better employed than airing their grievances in print; and if the mothers were busy with their homes trying to make their children's lives interesting and happy, they could have no time in which to expose their ignorance and failure to an unsympathetic public under such alluring names as 'A distressed Mother,' 'Hopeless,' and 'A Matron of Balham.' Many of the girls seemed to think themselves very ill-used because they had 'to make calls' with their mothers, and 'go out in the carriage.' These young persons' parents evidently keep a gig and come up to Mr Pecksniff's standard of respectability, possibly live in 'a cottage with a double coach-house, a cottage of gentility,' and have besides what Bailie Nicol Jarvie called 'a' the comforts of the Sautmarket.' Now, many people have to walk when they would much prefer to drive, and other people have no carriage exercise but what is afforded by a penny Tram-Car and an occasional common cab. Happy little Miss! who is both the fortunate possessor of a kind mother and a family barouche. If little Miss finds making calls so irksome, when she has daughters of her own she will be able to enter into their feelings and leave them at home, sallying forth alone in her best bonnet, new gloves, and a card-case. We do not pretend that driving from house to house praying that people may be out is an interesting or exciting performance, but it is better than excitement and interest to please your mother. You may regret that you do not live in Far Cathay

or on the plains of Timbuctoo, where we imagine calling is unknown; but we must pay something for civilisation. Many mothers look forward longingly for years to the happy day when their daughter returns home for good, and it must be a bitter disappointment to find your girl does not care to be with you and grudges every moment spent away from her own pleasures and her own friends. We say 'home for good,' but for bad would unfortunately be more accurate. The advent of the emancipated scholar is often the upheaval of the whole domestic economy. Perhaps it is hardly her fault, as she is rather in the position of a dog who is let loose after always running on a chain—we can hardly blame 'Fido' if he takes advantage of his liberty to root up the flower-beds or scour the woods for rabbits, oblivious of our whistle.

At school a girl is hemmed in with rules and regulations, bells for this and bells for that, hours for work and hours for play, the whole day carefully mapped out and very little left to her own initiative. She comes home from the Finishing School, or the Higher Education College, and Hey, presto! everything is changed and she is thrown on her own resources, with very often dire results. For at eighteen we are quite as sure that we know everything as we are certain at eight-and-thirty that we know nothing and can never live long enough to learn one millionth-part of what there is to learn. Cock-sure Youth gallops round the world, while Age sits at home and is afraid to look out of the window. When Cock-sure Sweet Seventeen comes home she is very likely, with her upsetting, new-fangled ways, to turn the whole house out of the windows to the very great discomfort of 'Papa' and 'Mamma.' 'Papa' (bless him!) has cheerfully paid for all the extras, the accomplishments that Seventeen (we hope) brings home with her, and probably has worked very hard for that same privilege. But will Seventeen sing 'Annie Laurie,' or 'The Message,' or 'Drink to me only with thine eyes,' when 'Papa' asks her? Not she—either she is not in good voice and will not sing at all, or she sings short German or French songs, or erotic English ditties that poor 'Papa' does not know and does not care for. He probably loves little scraps of Mozart and Haydn that 'Mamma' played in their young days; but Seventeen is not going to indulge them with 'The Dream of St Jerome'—that poor Charlotte played so sweetly!—or Weber's Last Waltz—I should think not—Seventeen fancies her playing of Paderewski or Moskowski, and will Mazurka up and down the piano entirely to her own satisfaction. Of course there are homes where both father and mother are entirely musical, where there is a Home Orchestra, and where all appreciate and understand Classical Music; but we believe these are rarer than the Homes where 'Papa' would like an English Ballad or an old Scotch Song sung to him in the evening. Perhaps this is hardly the place to say so; but the day may come when you would give all the

world to have 'Papa' back again—even though he prefers *Il Tronatore* to *Tannhauser*, or to hear 'Mamma's' voice even though she was scolding you for some little duty left undone. It is as difficult to make the young believe that changes must come as it is to make the old believe that some things will remain fixed and immutable. But I think if girls would remember what they owe to their fathers and mothers, and how empty Life will be without them, we should hear less of Revolting Daughters.

If girls have become 'unmanageable' (as 'Rita' says they have, and says it too in a beautiful new Magazine tied with red ribbons), does the very grievous fault lie with their home upbringing or with their education? To-day, many more subjects are studied, books are fifty times more instructive, and teachers have higher qualifications than they had ten years ago; but are girls improved? Certainly not in manners, or what Mr Turveydrop called Deportment. We constantly meet clever, brilliant girls whose manners and conversation leave much to be desired: after an hour in the society of a dictatorial, loud-voiced, knock-you-down young woman, you feel this must be Julia Mills' 'Desert of Sahara,' and your heart longs for the return of pretty little 'Dora,' even though all she can do is sing to the guitar and play with 'Jip.' If Education cannot teach respect and reverence to elders, and—yes, we are old-fashioned—better, then a little less education, please. If culture does not tend to refine, away with the Higher Culture. A pleasant, agreeable woman who can only read and write, but takes wherever she goes her own atmosphere of love and happiness, is worth twenty spectacled scholars who in the pursuit of learning have lost what R. L. Stevenson calls their '*métier de femme*.'

This is not written for girls who are studying to pass stiff examinations and take their places as teachers, and who have to earn their own living—splendidly they do it too; but for ordinary girls who are living at home, and who are done with school—not done with trying to learn, we hope, for there is more to be learned when you leave off lessons than ever there was before.

A great many girls are discontented and dissatisfied because they have nothing definite to do. Now, Milton, who knew what he was talking about, wrote, 'Nothing lovelier can be found in woman than to study household good.' Cannot and will not the mothers help their daughters by allowing them 'to study household good,' and giving them certain duties in the home? Even, perhaps, let them order the dinner on certain days, or take an alternative week of housekeeping—suppose they make mistakes; every one makes mistakes when they begin, and girls are less likely to make muddles of their own homes if they have had a little experience of household management under a mother's careful and watchful eye. People say, 'The servants would not like it.' No, they would not if a girl is uncivil and overbearing; but most servants are interested in 'their young

ladies,' and let us hope there are still left a few British homes where the cook has known 'Miss Mary' or 'Miss Ethel' as a baby. If nothing will tempt girls to take an intelligent interest in housekeeping or cooking, and they will neither make their own blouses nor 'sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,' then they had better go on with their studies. If all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, all play and no work makes Jennie a very silly and tiresome member of society. Even if Jennie lives in the depths of the country, are there not Correspondence Classes? Are there not books? Most of all in the good green country are there not those other books that Sweet Earth holds in her arms and that are found 'in the running brooks'? If it is really true that there are 'Stately homes of England' that, however 'beautiful they stand,' are full of bitterness and unhappiness, mothers railing at their daughters, and the latter 'speaking back' to their parents—then, it is inexpressibly sad. It is worse than sad, it is shameful to think that it should be English-speaking women and girls. Did they not for over sixty golden years have before them an example of noble womanhood, of womanhood that showed no signs of flinching or faltering, though living 'in the fierce light that beats upon a throne'? It is a poor return for all Victoria the Good did for her people that within three years of 'the Passing of the Great White Queen' the newspapers of her land should be flooded with letters and articles on unmanageable and revolting Daughters. Queen Victoria was good. When 'the shouting and the tumult dies,' that fact will remain; even after the World has forgotten the Greatness of Her Reign, the magnitude of Her great Possessions. She was good: good wife ('*gutes Fräulein*'), how simple and sweet it sounds!), good mother, and good friend. May all the wives and mothers of this England, 'that never did nor never shall lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,' remember whose children they are and rise up to call Her blessed who was so truly the Mother of Her People.

Charles Kingsley's 'Be good, sweet maid,' sounds rather stupid and dull to the girl who feels she is and 'can be clever'; but surely it is better 'to do' than 'to dream.' You need not throw away all your dreams; you can still 'Hitch your wagon to a star,' still build your Castles in the air, still listen for the far-off voices of Immortal Gods.

But sooner or later a girl will discover that only while digging in the homely Potato Patch does she find the Four-Leaved Shamrock of happiness, only when following the straight line of duty does she see the curved line of beauty circling round her feet. When a great man came to die, at the end of a life so well spent, so fine under misfortune that we of the Gray North are proud to claim him for our own, almost his last words contained the solution of the whole question. For what is it all about after all—all this pother and outcry? Things cannot be so very bad, 'there is always sun on the wall,' some women are happy, some mothers love their

children, some girls are devoted to their parents. Would you hear the conclusion of the whole matter?

'I found him entirely himself, though in the last extreme of feebleness. His eye was clear and calm

—every trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished. "Lockhart," he said, "I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man."—*Lockhart's 'Life of Scott.'*

THE CLOSED BOOK.

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

CHAPTER VI.—THE OPENING OF THE BOOK.

SUSI, signore!' exclaimed the ugly, disreputable-looking old man, holding his battered straw hat behind him, and bowing with as much studied grace as his deformity would allow. The Tuscan, always the essence of politeness, is a marvellous diplomatist. 'I regret to disturb the signore,' he went on in his soft musical speech; 'but I was anxious to know if he met yesterday in Florence the Prior of San Sisto?'

'I did,' I replied, amused at his ingenious attempt to affect ignorance of our meeting.

'And did you make any purchases?'

'I bought one book—a rare Arnoldus.'

'In manuscript?'

'Yes.'

'Bound in original oak boards, with an old brass clasp—eh?' he inquired, with a queer smile about the corners of his mouth. 'May I be permitted to see it?'

His demand aroused my suspicions at once. It was evident that the prior had regretted having sold it to me, and had sent his agent to endeavour to get it back at any cost. Therefore, knowing the unscrupulous ways of some Italians in a cosmopolitan city like Leghorn, I did not intend to give the cunning old fellow sight of it.

'Why do you wish to inspect it? I've packed it away, and it would give me great trouble to get at it again.'

'Then the signore does really send things to England to sell again, as I have heard the people say?' suggested the old man somewhat rudely.

'No, I'm not a dealer,' I responded angrily.

'Who told you so?'

'It is common gossip, signore,' replied the queer old fellow blandly. 'But if you wish it I'll take steps to correct public opinion on that point.'

'Let the gossips say what pleases them,' I snapped. 'I've never yet sold anything I've bought. I suppose they think that by the quantity of my purchases I must be going to set up a curiosity-shop. But,' I added, 'tell me, Graniani, why do you wish to see the manuscript I bought yesterday?'

'Oh, mere curiosity,' was his quick answer. 'You know I'm interested in such things, and I wanted

to know how the prior treated you after my recommendation.'

'He treated me well enough, and I bought a bargain.'

'A bargain!' he echoed, and I fancied I detected a strange curl in his lip. 'The Reverendo does not sell many bargains. How much did you pay?'

'Ah!' I laughed, 'I suppose you want to charge him commission—eh?'

The hunchback grinned, displaying his toothless gums, whereupon I took up the receipt and showed him the amount I had paid.

Again he expressed a desire to be allowed to see the book; but, feeling certain that he had come to me with some hidden motive, and at the same time wondering what plot against me the evil-looking old fellow was forming, I point-blank refused. I did not tell him that I knew of his presence in Florence on the previous day, deeming it best to reserve the knowledge to myself. Without doubt he had seen the book in Landini's possession, and the desire to inspect it again was only a clever ruse.

'I think, signore, that hitherto my dealings with you have shown me to be trustworthy,' he said in a tone of complaint, 'and yet you refuse to allow me to see a volume that I understand is most interesting.'

'And rare,' I added. 'It has already been valued by Olschki, who declares it to be a unique specimen, and worth very much more than I gave for it.'

'I know, I know,' he replied, with a sly wink. 'The person who sold it to the prior knew its value and told me. But it is not a bargain, signore—depend upon it that you never get a bargain from the Signor Reverendo.'

'To whom, then, did it originally belong?'

'Ah! that I regret I am not at liberty to say, signore. I gave my word not to divulge the name. Our nobility who become so poor that they are compelled to sell their treasures to the rich foreigners, like yourself, are naturally very reticent about allowing themselves to be known as needy.'

True, I had believed that he was a broken-down noble, some count or marquis who had a knowledge of antiques and who had fallen upon evil times; but the events of the last couple of days had caused me to change my opinion, and to regard him rather as a clever and crafty adventurer.

I could see by his manner that he was ill at ease,

and after some conversation regarding an old Montelupo plate he had offered me at a fabulous price, I waited for him to speak.

'I really wish, signore, you would show me the manuscript,' he blurted forth at last. 'Believe me, I have always acted in your best interests, and surely you will not refuse me such a small favour?'

'But why are you so desirous of seeing it?' I demanded.

'In order to verify a suspicion,' was his response.

'Suspicion of what?'

'A suspicion which I entertain, and of which, if true, you should be warned.'

I was surprised at his words. Had not the actual seller of it warned me by strange hints?

But an instant later, on reflection, I saw the cunning of the two men, who, acting in collusion, wished to repossess themselves of the book, and I resolved to combat it.

'I have no use for any warning,' I laughed. 'I suppose you'll tell me some fairy-story of evil pursuing the man in whose possession the volume remains—eh?'

The hunchback raised his shoulders and exhibited his grimy palms, saying:

'I have come to the signore as a friend. I regret if he should seek to treat me as an enemy.'

'Now, look here,' I exclaimed rather warily, 'I've no time to waste over useless hounding like this! I've bought the book at the price asked, and neither you nor the prior will get it back again. Understand that! And further,' I added, 'I shall not require anything more that you may have to sell. I've finished buying antiques in Leghorn. You can talk all the touts in the piazzas that my purse is closed.'

Again the ugly old man raised his shoulders expressively and opened out his hands—this time, however, in silence.

I rang the bell for Nello to show the fellow out. Then, when I had done this, he turned to me with knit brows and asked:

'Does the signore refuse absolutely to show me the *Book of Arnoldus*?'

'Absolutely.'

'Then it must be at the signore's peril,' he said slowly, with a strange, deep meaning and a curious expression on his brown, wrinkled face.

'I don't believe in prophecy,' I cried in anger. 'And if you mean it for a threat—well, only your age saves you from being kicked downstairs.'

The old fellow muttered beneath his breath some words I did not catch, then bowed as haughtily as though he were a courtier born, and, turning, followed the silent Nello through the long white door.

I believe it was a threat he uttered at the moment of parting; but of that I was not quite sure, therefore was unable to charge him with it.

Still, the strange warning caused me to reflect, and the old hunchback's movements and his secret inquiries about my antecedents all combined to

induce within me a vague sense of anxiety and insecurity.

Through an hour in the blazing, breathless afternoon I dozed with cigarettes and my three-day-old English newspaper, as was my habit, for one cannot do literary work when the sun-shutters are closed and the place is in cooling darkness. I was eager now to get back to England, and had already ordered Nello to make preparations for my departure. He was to go into town that afternoon and inform the professional packer to call and see me with a view to making wooden cases and crates for my collection of old furniture and pictures, all of which I intended to ship direct to London. Italy was a lovely country, I reflected; but, after all, England was better, especially when now, through no fault of my own, I had stumbled into a slough of mystery.

The faithful old man was heart-broken at my sudden decision to leave.

'Ah, Signor Padrone,' he sighed when he returned to report, 'this is a sorry day for me! To think—the signore goes to England, so far off, and I shall never see him again! I have told them in the town, and every one regrets.'

'No doubt,' I answered, smiling. 'I suppose I've been a pretty paying customer to the tradespeople. They must have made good profit out of me—eh, Nello?'

'They did, Signor Padrone, before I came to you; but of late it has been different. I've continually threatened to tell you when I've found them attempting to cheat. They don't like to be thought thieves by an Englishman, signore.'

'Well, Nello, you'll get another place very soon. The Signor Console will look after you till you get something to do. I don't intend to discharge you at a moment's notice.'

'But—but, signore?' faltered the faithful, white-haired old man. 'Ah, signore! you don't know—indeed you don't. You have always been so good to me that somehow—well, to tell the truth, I've served you as though you were my own son. Could you not take me with you to England?'

'Impossible!' I said. 'You don't know English, in the first place; besides, you have your family here. You'll be far better off in Leghorn than in England with its gray skies and damp climate. You, a Tuscan, couldn't stand it a month.'

'But Beppo Martini, from the Hotel Campari, went to London, and now he's one of the headwaiters at the Hotel Carlton—a splendid post, they say,' urged Nello.

'I know. But he was younger, and he'd been in Paris years before,' I answered decisively. 'I regret, Nello; but to take you to England is utterly impossible. When I am gone, however, I hope to hear of you often through the Signor Console.'

'But you do not know,' he argued. 'You can't know. All I can tell you is that when we part you will be in peril. While I am at your side nothing can happen. If you discharge me, then I fear for your safety.'

I laughed at him, deeming his words but a blundering attempt to compel me to keep him. Italians are experts in threats and insinuations of evil.

'Well, Nello, I haven't any fear, I assure you,' I replied. 'You've been a most excellent servant to me, and I much regret that we should be compelled to part; but as for evil falling upon me during your absence, I must say frankly that I don't anticipate anything of the kind.'

'But will not the Signor Padrone be warned?'

'Warned of what?' I cried, for every one seemed to have some warning in his mouth for me.

'Of what I have told you?'

'You want to go to England as my personal body-servant and guardian—eh?'

'I do,' replied the old man gravely.

'And because of that you've hit upon an exceedingly clever ruse by which to induce me to let you have your way,' I laughed. 'No, once for all, Nello, you cannot go with me.'

He stood in silence for a few minutes, as still as though he were turned to stone.

Tears stood in the eyes of the affectionate old servitor. A lump had arisen in his throat, and I saw that with difficulty he swallowed it.

'You do not know my fears, Signor Padrone,' he said huskily. 'It is for your own sake that I ask you to keep me as your servant—for the sake of your own future. If, however, you have decided, so it must be. Nello will leave you, signore; but he will not cease to be your humble and devoted servant.'

Then he turned slowly and went out, closing the doors after him.

I felt sorry that I had jeered at him, for I had not known how deeply he was attached to me. Still, to take a man of his age to England would be an utter folly, and I could not help feeling that the warning he had given me was a false one, spoken with a motive.

At last I rose, and, ascending to the study, where the windows were still closed against the heat and sun-glare from the sea, took forth my treasured *Arnoldus*, and seated myself at my writing-table with the determination of deciphering at least some of that record written at the end.

The first line only of the uneven scrawl was in Latin, as I have already given, and for a long time I puzzled over the next, so sprawling and faded was it; but at length I discovered, to my utter surprise and satisfaction, that the rest was not in Latin, but in the early sixteenth-century English.

Then slowly and with infinite pains I gradually commenced to transcribe the mysterious record, the opening of which read as follows:

'FOR SOE MUCH AS THE UNSKILLFULL OR THE UNGODLY cannot of themselves conceive the use of thys booke, I have thought it good to note unto them what

fruite and comeditie they maye take thereof in soe plane forme of manner as I can devise.

'Fyrst, therefore, they maye here lerne who and what manner of man I am. Next, they maye knowe of mi birthe and station, of mi lyfe at the Courte of mi Lorde Don Giovanni Sforza, Tyrant of Persaro, of mi confydences wyth mi ladie Lucrezia, of my dealynges with the greata Lorde Alexander P.P. VI., the terryble Pontiff, of mi adventures among the fayre ladies of Pesaro and Rome, and of dyvers strange thynges in Yngolande.'

Written in rather difficult Old English, it continued:

'Then may they further mark the deep signification of this my secret record, and of how with speed I made amends for my slowness beforetime. Lastly have I here noted at the request of certain that by their own labour and without instruction or help they cannot attain the knowledge of THE SECRET HIDDEN. The studious man, with small pains, by help of this book, may gather unto himself such good furniture of knowledge as shall marvellously enrich the commonplace.

'Do you, my reader, think of death? The very thoughts disturb one's reason; and though man may have many excellent qualities, yet he may have the weakness of not commanding his sentiments. Nothing is worse for man's health than to be in fear of death. Some are so wise as neither to hate nor fear it; but for my part I have an aversion to it, for it is a rash, inconsiderate thing that always cometh before it is looked for; always cometh unseasonably, parteth friends, ruineth beauty, jeereth at youth, and draweth a dark veil over the pleasures of life. Yet this dreadful evil is but the evil of a moment, and that which we cannot by any means avoid; and it is that which makes it so terrible for me, sinner that I am; for were it certain, hope might diminish some part of the fear; but when I think I must die, and that I may die every moment, and that too in a thousand different ways, I am in such a fright the which you cannot imagine. I see dangers where perchance there never were any. I am persuaded 'tis happy to be somewhat dull of mind in this case; and yet the best way to cure the pensiveness of the thoughts of death is to think of it as little as possible.

'Let him that learneth this MY SECRET, AND SURVIVETH, seek and so gain his just reward. But if thou, my reader, hath terror of the grave, seek not to learn the contents of THIS CLOSED BOOK. Tempt not the hidden power that lieth therein, but rather let the clasp remain fastened and the secret ever concealed from thy knowledge and understanding.

'I, Godfrey Lovel, one time of the Abbey of Croylande, brother of the Order of the Blessed Saint Benedict, warneth thee to stay thy curiosity, if thou fearest death as I do fear it.

'TO SEEK FURTHER IS AT THINE OWN PERIL.'

'AROUND THE WORLD THROUGH JAPAN.'



UCK may be left out of the question, for he offered to put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes. Jules Verne's hero, who went round the world in eighty days, is out of the reckoning as well; he has been beaten by many a modern globe-trotter. Here we have Mr Henry Frederick, traveller and journalist, who has encircled the globe in fifty-four days seven hours and twenty minutes. Possibly this was done for a wager. Mr J. C. Doherty, of the Junior Conservative Club, started from London in September 1903, to do the journey, if possible, in fifty days; maybe in forty-eight days. By using the Siberian Railway the traveller may now shorten the journey by about twenty-two days. Then by Canadian Pacific steamer to Vancouver, and across Canada by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and on to New York, is the shortest route.

Compare this with the tedious voyages of the famous old circumnavigators, who did the thing leisurely, and were so much at the mercy of wind and weather and the enemies of England as well. They had an eye, too, for a Spanish treasure-ship by the way, and enlarged the bounds of the British Empire in the pure spirit of adventure. Sir Francis Drake's famous voyage of circumnavigation occupied two years and ten months; Dampier, the keen-eyed observer, took two years; George Lord Anson sailed from England in September 1740, with six indifferent vessels and crew, and bad stores. After three years and nine months he returned with only one vessel and less than two hundred of his original followers, but with Spanish treasure amounting to five hundred thousand pounds, and having greatly extended our knowledge of navigation and geography. Captain Cook, to mention only one of the results of his voyages, enlarged the British Empire by Australia. As compared with these early voyagers, travelling in a first-class steamer is now a gigantic picnic in a first-class hotel, with all the comforts of civilisation.

That is an old but true saying that 'the eye sees what it has the power of seeing.' One man may go round the world and come back a greater ignoramus than when he set out, and maybe a worse man morally. If a fool at the beginning, a fool he will remain to the end. Travel will make no more impression upon him than good advice. Another man, with the seeing eye and the mind to grasp and utilise the new knowledge and stimulus and inspiration that come from contact with fresh scenes and peoples, has not only added to his own information, but is prepared to hand on his knowledge to others. One great defect in most of our modern elementary education is that so much of it is derived from books. Much observation and intercourse with one's fellow-men are needed as a corrective. There are travelling scholarships and

bursaries; but neither Andrew Carnegie nor any millionaires have seen their way to institute a Round-the-World Scholarship for a tour of six or eight months. An examination-paper drawn up at the end of it might have a chance of being more interesting and instructive than the bulk of such documents.

Books have been multiplied recording tours round the world, inasmuch that the voyage eastward has become almost a commonplace to the reader, who still, however, betrays a languid interest in reading about China and Japan. The native of India or China protests, and quite naturally, that the globe-trotter should set down his crude impressions, which do not go deep enough to be a correct mirror of the life of the country. Mr Walter Del Mar, in *Around the World Through Japan* (A. & C. Black), writes pleasantly and intelligently in setting down notes and impressions of a tour which occupied about eight months. One can see a great deal and spend much money in eight months. A bachelor travelling first-class, and having the best of everything, will spend on an average, over a period of eight to twelve months, about two guineas a day. This does not include cigars or wines, or the purchase of outfits or curios; but it includes steamer tickets and all other expenses. If two were to occupy the same rooms at hotels the expense might be three guineas a day for both. The fare by Siberian Railway from Dalny to London is about twenty-six pounds, with ten or twelve pounds for food and extras by the way. Mr Del Mar started eastwards on 12th January 1899, on board a steamer in the Thames, travelling by Colombo, Batavia, Singapore, Hong-kong, and Shanghai. He was at Nagasaki on 5th April; at Honolulu on 23rd July; San Francisco, 14th August; and left New York for London on 20th September. Two-thirds of his book are about Japan. He thinks the three months ending with June are the most favourable for that country.

The landsman is apt to marvel at the pastimes engaged in on board an eastern-bound ship; but possibly the reader so circumstanced would be ready to fall in with the most insane of the lot. Whist, piquet, gambling on the ship's run, concerts, potato-races, tugs-of-war, races in which the ladies run with cotton to be threaded by partners who hold needles at the other end of the deck, pillow-fights, or maybe a necktie race, in which the ladies run with neckties to their partners, tie them in a bow, and race back to the goal. Mr Del Mar has nothing good to say of Port Said, which is 'an emporium of the indecencies of literature, art, and nature, unredeemed by the saving grace of either cleanliness or beauty.' A guide at Aden had the accomplishment of being able to avoid telling the truth in seven languages.

Colombo was reached in twenty-four days from

London. The tea-planters are described as most agreeable gentlemen; while we hear about cocoa, cinchona, and the india-rubber industry, which is on the increase. It was a relief to get away from 'hot and evil-smelling Batavia.' Less than three million acres in Java are owned by Europeans and Chinese.

Mr Del Mar found Singapore, that great emporium of the East, most interesting, although topographically he found it had little to claim attention. To Sir T. Stamford Raffles, who with Sir Humphry Davy founded the London Zoo, belongs the credit of far-sightedness in taking the measures whereby it was saved for the Empire from the Sultan of Johore. The mine-managers of South Africa, who have been at their wits' end for labour, might here get an object-lesson of how useful and successful John Chinaman may become under the British flag. As a recent correspondent of the *Times* has pointed out, Singapore is probably the most cosmopolitan city of its size in the world, with a population of about two hundred thousand. This is shown by the methods adopted by the post-office. For some parts of the town three sets of postmen start together on almost the same rounds. A Malay takes all the correspondence for Europeans; a Chinese postman takes all correspondence for Jews, Armenians, Malays, Arabs, Parsees, and Japanese; a Tamil postman delivers letters directed in the Tamil, Telegu, and South Indian characters; a Sikh delivers letters addressed in Hindustani, Persian, and the North Indian characters. Chinese postmen fail in delivering letters directed in Japanese; but the Malay postmen succeed in this. Mr Del Mar calls Singapore a Chinese terrestrial paradise; and amongst the Celestials it is an accepted fiction that the territory of the Straits Settlements is part of China, and a place where good Confucians may pass their lives and leave their bones. Under our beneficent rule the Chinese are free to develop their many good qualities and abilities; they rank high as business-men, and in the lowest work do the best work at the lowest prices. The Chinese coolie is described as hard-working, patient, sober, and not unintelligent. The Chinese merchants have luxurious homes, and indulge in cycling and horse-riding, in boots and breeches, with their pig-tails under their caps. The Governor of Singapore remarked that 'they drive better cattle than I do!' The deaths exceed the births, and the balance of population is kept up by immigration. Our traveller enjoyed the sight of how quickly the coolies could coal a big ship with baskets suspended on a bamboo pole. They have been known to put three thousand tons of coal on board a British man-of-war in eight hours. Convention abides at Singapore, for a 'swallow-tail' is worn by Europeans at all formal dinners. Amongst the fruits our traveller enjoyed here were a small banana, the sour manilla (a fruit like a small pear), and the durian.

It may be that Mr Del Mar is more frank and

plain-spoken than most travellers; but in no volume we have ever read were there more entries regarding the 'social evil.' There are at least twenty-two different pages in the book in which the matter is referred to in undisguised language; and under Japan a painstaking account is given of the question there. The student of social morals may welcome such references, although these are hardly for indiscriminate reading. According to our traveller, 'it would almost seem that social and marital relations are loosened as the temperature of the locality rises, and that levity of manners are the result of lightness of attire. No doubt the relaxation of social restraints is one of the charms of the East, for this charm cannot be said to be a physical or even an intellectual one.' One can never imagine any nation rising to be a prominent world-power, however, that trades in the subjection of women. Mr Del Mar is under no illusion as to the Japanese, for he says 'their immorality and gross shamelessness, and generally their treatment of women, are disgraceful to a people claiming to be one of the Great Powers, as well as their commercial dishonesty and their continued subjection to gross and trivial superstition.' Of their commercial sharpness the publishers of this *Journal* had an example by the reprinting of their *Dictionary of the English Language* (edited by T. Davidson) by means of a photo-lithographic process, in order to undersell the legitimate edition in Japan. The seamy side of their life goes alongside high intellectual competency; the Chinese physically are a finer people, and intellectually as well endowed. Japan itself, Mr Del Mar thought, was a sterile country, largely volcanic, and not beautiful in the sense that England, Scotland, and Ireland are beautiful; while 'the mass of the people are not as cleanly in their habits as the Dutch, nor as polite as the Germans, nor as moral as the Scotch, nor as truthful as the Portuguese. And it may be doubted if they are more patriotic than the English, more artistic than the French, or more adaptive than the Americans.' They have been called the Frenchmen of the East.

Mr Del Mar found Hong-kong pleasant to look at from the harbour; but the Chinese there are confined to their own quarter, and dare not make a display as at Singapore for fear of the sharks amongst their own countrymen. There is a lively description of Canton, which can be seen extended along the Pearl River for about four miles, with the densest masses of house-boats and sampans in the foreground. The number of boats is given at eighty-four thousand; and here the owners live, are married, and die. In exploring miles of narrow streets, some of them covered so as to form long arcades, 'the vista of such an arcade, with its succession of vermilion and gilt signs, is striking enough to make one forget the dirt and smells.' In Flowery Forest Monastery he saw five hundred well-gilt wooden idols, each with an incense-bowl before it. The execution-ground was a place where criminals

were brought in batches to be decapitated or cut into a thousand pieces. At the Chinese Examination Hall the competitors bring food and writing materials, and may have to remain twenty-four or sixty hours, whatever happens. Passes are accomplished by bribery, corruption, collusion, fraud, personation, and purchase of papers. The Manchul caste monopolises all the high offices.

Macao advertises itself as the 'Monte Carlo' of the East, and the expenses of the Government are partly met by the yearly payment of fifteen thousand pounds received from the Chinese syndicate which has the gambling concession, and runs sixteen fan-tan houses to suit the various classes of gamblers. Bread, it appears, is practically unknown to the Chinese, and the favourite drinks are a sort of arrack distilled from rice and tea scented with chulan-seed or rose-leaves. Opium, our traveller thinks, is little if any more injurious to hard-working coolies than tobacco, and seemed to act as a stimulant. In steamers crossing the Pacific a Chinese crew is to be preferred. The Europeans in Shanghai are less than seven thousand, while the Chinese population in the native city is estimated at six hundred and twenty thousand. But if the visitor has seen Canton or Peking, he is recommended to omit penetrating the walls which for three and a half miles encircle Old Shanghai, for 'the lions of Shanghai are very small ones, its smells are very great, and it far exceeds either Canton or Peking in the quantity of filth per acre it can and does exhibit.' The trade of the great river-valley is centred here. The British and Japanese firms outnumber all the other nationalities. The United States comes next to Great Britain in the value of goods sold to China. The Chinese seem to have most fear and respect for Russia, and from peasant to Empress-Dowager, among both Chinese and Manchus, there still remains, we are told, hatred of the foreigner.

Dorothy Mompes, in looking at China from an artistic point of view, says that the colouring of her cities and canals reminds one of a meerschau pipe. The cities show rich red-browns and golds, ranging down to blue-blacks, and have an ancient, smoked, and polished appearance. And the people: 'Their minds and imaginations are as fine as ever; they do not lack the genius to conceive nor the dexterity to execute, and yet they remain stationary.' When China does begin to move doubtless we shall hear of it.

Nagasaki, we are told, is the winter-quarters of all the foreign fleets in North Pacific waters. Mr Del Mar had a sight of the Emperor of Japan. He is above the average height of the Jap, and advances slowly and rather unsteadily, as if unused to walking; his toes are turned in, and he seems to walk without straightening his knees. The Empress appeared to have a cold, sorrowful face, with small, refined features and curved nose, and was dressed in European costume, with hat, gloves, and parasol. In

a fashionable resort our traveller did not see one woman with a really good figure, and the proportion of women with pretty faces was small. But the ladies excel in small, well-shaped hands. In the baths they sometimes appear in absolute nudity before the other sex. Religion seems very much a veneer, like a good deal of Japanese imitative civilisation, and the temple-pilgrimages are a pretext for a day's outing; 'half of the people go to the temple to play and half to pray.' There is no weekly day set apart for religious observance, although the Government offices are closed on Sunday. The Buddhists boast the greater number of large temples and monasteries; but, as in China, the votaries do not take their religion very seriously, and are prepared to change it in obedience to the imperial edict. Japanese Christian missions have been a great success; a deep impression is also being made upon China. The immediate effect of the Anglo-Japanese alliance has been to secure the integrity of Korea and of China, although there have not been wanting signs that there may be trouble between Japan and Russia over Korea.

Here are a few Japanese contrasts to what obtains with us: The husband may keep as many concubines as he likes; but a Japanese lady can have no male friends or acquaintances. Drunkenness is uncommon; but suicide is increasing, and is double that of the United Kingdom. A foreigner is as safe in Japan as in London. The common people bathe in the same tub one after another, and the women last, all in the same water. Mr Del Mar saw rice being washed in the gutter-water. Dorothy Mompes remarks that everything in Japan is small and slow and careful. If a lady does go on horseback, she rides astride like a man. A Jap puts a horse in a stall tail-first, probably from the fear of being kicked. The beef is better even than that of Old England. At an hotel in Kobe it is possible to have a choice of seventeen dishes. Rice-bran is used by many instead of soap. Paupers are seldom seen; they are cared for by their own relations. Almost every country in the world buys rice from Japan, while the United States takes about three-fourths of the tea; and in these days of fiscal proposals it is suggestive that the removal of the American duty has been a source of much satisfaction to the growers. Over the taverns at Hakodate are branches, suggesting the old saying, 'Good wine needs no bush.'

A recent critic terms this book one of the best impressionist records of travel he has ever read, and the account of modern Japan by far the fullest and most truthful known to him. With the reservation that it has not been written for babes, but takes cognisance of all the facts of life, we recommend the reader to make its acquaintance for himself. There he may learn to his heart's content of pilgrims, dancers, temples, theatres, actors, geishas, restaurants, inns, coolies, and railways; also, how best to see and afterwards to tell of what he has seen.

GREAT TEACHERS OF MY TIME.

By T. H. S. ESCOTT.



H, Children of Nineveh, with no music in your souls, and ears hardened against the concord of sweet sounds!' With some such exclamation of mock-heroic banter, a Harrow master during the second

half of the last century was in the habit of relieving his overwrought feelings when a false quantity particularly atrocious or some other elementary blunder of an exceptionally aggressive kind was perpetrated by one of the pupils in his class-room. The teacher, a slightly built but remarkably wiry young clergyman, had then not reached his thirtieth year. With boys of any intellectual turn or taste his popularity and success were surpassed by no teacher on the staff of Vaughan or Butler. At that time the most refreshing quality distinctive of F. W. Farrar was a breezy but intense earnestness, and a cheery but passionate belief in the truth of any opinion to which he had been conscientiously led and the righteousness of the cause that, after careful thought, he had made his own. As a young man, indeed till the final failure of his health, an enthusiast, he never failed to show to all those whom it concerned a reason for the faith that was in him. Boys of any quick receptiveness could, therefore, have been subjected to no more enlightening or stimulating influence. Given responsive natures of that sort, the man who died Dean of Canterbury had been in his day the most successful among educationalists in the Victorian age.

At Harrow, in other ways too, he exercised a healthy power throughout the school. Rugby Chapel never heard from Thomas Arnold himself sermons better calculated to do such a congregation good than those preached by Farrar before the school of Byron. Once it was known that Farrar would fill the pulpit, the Sunday colds and coughs often pleaded as excuses for absence from the service were never heard of. Chalmers or Liddon himself never addressed a more attentive audience. The author of *Child Harold* was called by Heine the greatest elemental force of his century. The letters of Byron's name, rudely written, may still be read on the tree in the 'churchyard on the hill' commemorated in his lines. Appropriately enough, therefore, to those poetic traditions, 'voluntary verse' is, or used to be, among the exercises of the place. To some purpose it was encouraged by Farrar. As still a youth at Cambridge, he had, indeed, himself produced many metrical compositions, inspired, it might be said, by the genius as well as marked by the mannerisms of a certain spiritual Byronism. By-and-by, in the course of half-holiday walks with them, even more than during school-hours, he really communicated some of those graceful gifts to his more promising and sympathetic disciples.

Of the 'voluntary' versifiers whom he trained at Harrow, one at least, a Scotch nobleman, bade fair to rival the reputation of the historic bard produced by the school. That child of the muses afterwards won notoriety by his wealth and munificence to the Church of his adoption, and as Lord Bute he received a sort of immortality from sitting to Benjamin Disraeli for the hero of *Lothair*. It was thought in the Harrow stage of Farrar's career that, should the future Lothair fail to achieve the highest laurels of song, the distinction must be won by a class-mate, a famous eye-doctor's son. This was George Anderson Critchett; since then he has become, not the greatest bard, but the most eminent oculist known to Harley Street. Another member of the same Harrow group, J. T. Agg-Gardner, has developed, as member for Cheltenham, into one of the trustiest and most self-sacrificing pillars of twentieth-century Conservatism.

Among Farrar's Harrow colleagues was another theologian who was making those years of tutorial work a time of preparation for the highest service not less to all classes in his country than to his Church. At that earlier epoch Brooke Foss Westcott, who was to die Bishop of Durham, had about him neither in his dress nor manner anything very distinctively ecclesiastical. The first impression produced by him was that which might have been associated with a highly cultivated and especially refined Nonconformist minister of liberally undenominational views. His life was that of ascetic but simple piety. His sermons appeal to interests different from those to which Farrar addressed himself, and seemed so saturated in a spirit of mystical devotion as to give rise to the school-boy saying that the preacher wrote them on his knees. They held his hearers not less closely than Farrar's more popular discourses. Together with Vaughan's scriptural lectures, they produced, in the formation of school-boy character, an effect to be compared with the results that had followed Thomas Arnold's discourses to an earlier generation at Rugby. Westcott's peculiar power manifested itself elsewhere than at the Middlesex school, and in a shape equally practical. The present writer, when travelling with him in the Western Islands of Scotland, has heard him deliver informal addresses on the everyday aspects of Christianity to the fisherfolk on the sandy levels of the Iona shore or on the rock-bound coast of Mull. Here his teaching sank as deeply into the native mind, and is to this day recalled as vividly, as his addresses many years later, when Bishop of Durham, expounding to the Northumbrian miners the Gospel of the Resurrection in its capacity to solve the problems of industrial life, including the difficulties between labour and capital. With all these persons Westcott became a power because he

was an earnest, simple-minded man, who lived what he preached. In addition to this, he was a Briton of an essentially manly kind, a true specimen of muscular Christianity, notwithstanding his slight, delicate stature. Some little physical disability unfitted him for boating. But while canon of Peterborough he captained a cricket eleven comprising six sons of his own, completed by others of his colleagues. His own forte in the field was bowling; here Lillywhite's *Guide* of the period noticed the excellence of his 'head-work.' Athletic feats of this sort I have only seen paralleled among ecclesiastical families by Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St Andrews, and his sons.

In some points Bishop Westcott curiously resembled Arthur Stanley, Dean of Westminster. Both men's theological lectures at their respective universities were equally epoch-making events about the same time. There was a similarity, too, as regards personal habits. Westcott, indeed, lacked that constitutional incapacity for the simplest arithmetical matters which prevented Stanley from realising that the coin half-a-crown and two shillings and sixpence were of the same value. But Westcott's generous disinclination to spend anything on himself called almost as much for family supervision or control as did Stanley's grotesque absent-mindedness. In moments of spiritual elation, when they were addressing undergraduates from the university pulpit, the slight proportions of the two men seemed to expand under the influences of the same fervour. Inspired by his theme, and by the sight of the intent young faces before him, each preacher seemed to be transfigured from the homilist into the seer.

If these two men differed from other teachers of their time in not appearing to fashion themselves after any special exemplar, that was scarcely the case with their distinguished contemporary, Benjamin Jowett. As tutor of Balliol, even more than as master, Jowett in his day exercised a healthy influence of a kind generally ignored. H. L. Mansel, who in 1867 succeeded Milman as Dean of St Paul's, had engaged in a controversy with F. D. Maurice, with results more theologically unsettling to the receptive youth of that generation than can have attended any other discussion in the second half of the last century. Jowett's so-called scepticism was merely a trick of manner, by which he tried to reproduce the famous irony of Socrates. As a fact, and in his relations with the youth of that period, Jowett had a great deal more of the downright British bluntness of Dr Johnson than the merely intellectual sympathies of the Attic philosopher. Jowett's real hero was not, indeed, Socrates, but Samuel Johnson, whose writings he knew almost as well as he did Shakespeare, and infinitely better than he ever even pretended to know Plato. Whether as tutor of his college or as its head, he first aimed, as did Johnson, at making those whom he influenced good citizens. The views of the High Church Tory Mansel, as J. S. Mill had fore-

seen, were not calculated to strengthen or quicken young people's faith. 'A person of some rhetorical ability' was the praise allowed by Jowett to Maurice's opponent. The Balliol teacher devoted all his shrewdness, wisdom, and quiet satire to impressing upon his disciples that the personal dicta of a theologian on his promotion could not possibly interfere with the preparation for the duties of life which they were at Oxford to acquire. Herein lay the distinctive value of his service and teaching during the most useful years of Jowett's blameless life.

It was a period of notable teachers, on the Isis, elsewhere than at Balliol. The lectures of W. W. Capes of Queen's on subjects of modern usefulness to lads entering upon any sort of intellectual calling owed nothing to any Balliol teachings, and were becoming an influence for good not confined to the University. His chief colleagues—Edmund Moore (to-day the great authority on Dante, recently made a canon) and H. B. Byrne—succeeded in inspiring often the most unpromising material with an abiding interest in Old World philosophy and scholarship, not as antiquarian curiosities, but as effective instruments of modern training.

Nearly contemporary with those just named were other moulders of the undergraduate mind worthy to be remembered among the intellectual forces of Victorian Oxford. Early in the sixties of the nineteenth century had been elected to a studentship at Christchurch a Snell exhibitioner from Balliol, a Scotsman of intellect as powerful as his physique seemed frail, and of the same courageous and ardent temper as forms the material of great moral reformers, now a Savonarola, now a Luther, now a Thomas Arnold. No one then in Oxford residence will have forgotten the manifestation of heart-deep sorrow that filled the place when, on a cold, bleak spring day in 1862, the news went round of George Rankine Luke having been drowned in a canoe on the Isis, close by Ilfley Lock. H. G. Liddell, picturesquely aristocratic of figure and general appearance, and steeped to the finger-tips in patrician prejudice, was then Dean of Wolsey's famous foundation. On his election to the House, Liddell was thought to have received somewhat coldly the modest, shrinking little Scot, fresh from the college presided over by his brother-lexicographer, Scott. Luke's quiet strength and serene zeal for everything of ennobling tendency had long since converted the stately and scornful Dean into one of his warmest admirers. As he issued from the deanery in Great Tom Quad., accompanied by Santford (then censor, to-day Bishop of Gibraltar) and by Osborne Gordon (who put more Greek scholarship into more generations of golden youth than was ever done by Jowett himself), Liddell, in a voice tremulous with emotion, drew the attention of his companions to the fact that all the window-blinds had been drawn down. It was a spontaneous and merited tribute from all sets and degrees within

the building to the tender respect universally won for the quiet little scholar and teacher by a course of tranquil and brave devotion to duty.

About this time, too, a compatriot of Luke had won, in the university of King Alfred, a reputation rivalling that of his former tutor, Jowett. Beaumont Street, Oxford, had long been more or less classical ground from its containing the residences of Frederick Symonds, the kindest and most skilled medical attendant ever possessed by, at least, three Oxford generations, and of J. E. Thorold Rogers, the friend of Bright, of Cobden, and, with the late T. B. Potter, founder of the Cobden Club. Had Rogers in the first instance, instead of taking orders, gone to the Bar, or while young entered Parliament, he would have made a national name. As political litterateur in prose and verse he had the happiness of Mansel himself. His was the epigram *à propos* of the two Oxford historians of that epoch:

Where from alternate tubs,
Stubbs butters Freeman,
Freeman butters Stubbs.

But the particular denizen of Beaumont Street now referred to was John Nichol of Glasgow. The son of the Glasgow astronomer, the son-in-law of Sheriff Bell, he was then in the habit of passing the summer term at Oxford, to take a few favoured pupils for the final Honour Schools. He may not have been without some of the egotistic weaknesses of the greatest men. These, if they existed, were more than relieved by a genius for teaching, improved by art and elevated by native kindness into a general power and wish to help his pupils to the utmost and in every way. The success with which he secured first-classes eventually caused a decided modification in the papers set for 'Greats.'

With Nichol must be ranked another teacher, then making a name for himself in another direction. Walter H. Pater lived to be first the high-priest of the æsthetic movement, and afterwards, while fellow of Brasenose, a convert to genuine Christianity, who desired, when death came upon him, to settle down to clerical life in a college-living. In earlier days he had among Oxford teachers a position not unlike that of John Nichol. To all then meditating an intellectual vocation they were healthfully stimulating preparatives for later usefulness. At this time he systematically overworked himself. Even thus early the results to his health were but too painfully apparent. He began his teaching before breakfast and continued it throughout the day. Then came his private studies. The light in his room, looking out upon the High Street, long outlived the lamps in that thoroughfare.

At the epoch now looked back upon, two of the schoolmasters who perhaps sent up the best-prepared heads to Oxford were the present Bishop of Hereford and the late Dean of Westminster. Both of these, in their influence and in its fruits, reproduced not a little of the example and the methods of Thomas

Arnold. Bradley at Marlborough and Dr Percival at Rugby, nearly at the same time, made an identical discovery as regards the chief instrument of classical training. The writing of Latin prose had come to be regarded as the great test of youthful excellence. The two teachers just mentioned discovered that true perfection in this art was to be obtained less by constant practice than by the habitual assimilation of the best models. To write like Cicero and, above all, Livy, the surest plan was not merely to study these authors, but copiously and regularly to learn them by heart. Hence, and hence only, the marked improvement displayed in the Latinity of those papers with which Oxford examiners were then busy.

'It is the sermon of a man who knows better than most of his cloth what real theology is.' Such was the comment made in the present writer's hearing by Benjamin Disraeli on a sermon which he had just heard from its then Principal in the chapel of Glasgow University. The occasion of the remark was the English statesman's visit to Glasgow to be inaugurated as Lord Rector in 1874. The discourse thus characterised was a masterly exposition of the Divine attributes with the human, especially in regard to the virtue of forgiveness. The crowded building in the half-light of a winter afternoon; the tall, rather gaunt, but most impressive presence of the preacher in the pulpit above; the remarkable, familiar features of the most distinguished member of the congregation, in his House of Commons listening-attitude, below: these were only some of the details that made a scene never to be forgotten by the many who witnessed it, but of whom very few now survive. What Disraeli felt was intelligible enough to all who had even a slight acquaintance with John Caird. The Prince-Consort had used nearly the same words of this great teacher and preacher as early as the middle of the nineteenth century. Carefully-thought-out eloquence, intellectual strength, spiritual fervour: these, fused together in one discourse, had caused Queen Victoria's husband, in 1855, to pronounce the divine, who had taken the religion of common life as his subject, 'the greatest living prophet in Protestant Christendom.' Norman Macleod, Principal Tulloch, and others of that school and generation have impressed deeply their personal qualities, their mental power, their zeal in their high service, upon Anglo-Saxons in all parts of the world. Perhaps, even of these, none spoke with more abiding and more elevating authority than did Principal Caird during the period in which Benjamin Disraeli formed one of his congregation.

The closing decades of the last century comprehended the palmy period of a distinguished little society in London which might have been described as a club for the teachers and preachers of their age, secular or religious. Such, indeed, was the Metaphysical Society. Its organising spirit had perhaps been Mr James Knowles. If its most famous

member were found in W. E. Gladstone, its leading spirits, who took the most active part in its discussions, were Cardinal Manning and Richard Holt Hutton, the editor of the *Spectator*. James Martineau, Matthew Arnold, and William George Ward (the erewhile mathematical tutor of Balliol), as well as the poet Browning, may sometimes have been of the company, but the chief figures were those already mentioned. In his earlier days, Hutton, like so many reflective men of his day, was the disciple of F. D. Maurice; then among his associates were J. M. Ludlow and Thomas Hughes, the author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. Afterwards, R. H. Hutton's mental master would have been recognised by him in his brother-member of the Metaphysical Society, James Martineau. The great incidents in its proceedings at this time were the high speculative arguments, wherein different sides were taken by teachers of their generation so mutually opposed and so individually distinguished as Manning and Martineau; upon very rare occasions, it may be, by Gladstone, Browning, and I rather think once or twice by Tennyson himself. The extraordinary magnetism exercised by Martineau over his personal following was perceptible in his manner with casual acquaintances. As such, it was realised very many years ago by the present writer, when, as an exceedingly young man fresh from college, he was concerned in preparing some examination questions, in which his venerable seniors, Maurice and Martineau, with one or two more, were to have a voice.

The wisdom of Arnold of Rugby, though in shapes very different, to some degree descended to his sons. Matthew, illustrious eldest, had as his second brother Tom Arnold, whose faculty of imparting knowledge and stimulating thought marked him, through all his phases of religious development, as a great teacher. The intellectual relations between Arnold of Rugby and his brilliantly versatile second son seemed to suggest to those who knew them best a comparison between the positions in which stood to each other John Henry Newman the Cardinal and his brother Francis William. At one time Francis Newman had served as professor in New College, Manchester.

Not the least famous of Francis Newman's and of Thomas Arnold's Manchester pupils was one who long before his death filled a front place in the ranks of English teachers or preachers on matters equally concerning this world and the next. The two literary founders of the school of Radical Imperialism are the late Admiral Maxse and the happily surviving Mr George Meredith. The former, a naval officer of Crimean distinction, once a Gladstonian, always set that statesman a pattern of militant patriotism. The novelist just named reflected some aspects of the admiral's political evolution in his *Beauchamp's Career*. The whole episode of Dr Shrapnel, in that book, may be said to present the germ of the political faith now identified with Birmingham. In that connection,

the Manchester College student, under Thomas Arnold and Francis Newman, must be mentioned here. R. W. Dale, quite as much in politics and letters as in theology, was the great intellectual worthy of nineteenth-century Birmingham. His influence and message, not merely in the pulpit but in the everyday duties of civic life, made him locally all that Martineau was on a larger stage, and what Joseph Parker's successor at the City Temple, R. J. Campbell, promises to become.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

THE fisher-boats wing o'er the seas,
Home from their green dominions,
Swing fluttering up into the breeze,
And fold their red-brown pinions;
Gannets are plunging near the land,
And gulls in ether wheeling:—
And you, upon the yellow sand,
With spade and bucket kneeling.

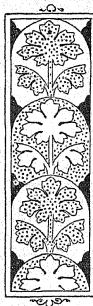
Brown, sunny face, light sunny hair,
Eyes of the blue of heaven;
A little girl—one would declare
A boy—of six or seven,
With mop of curls for winds to woo,
And—which is truly shocking—
Jersey of blue, and knickers too,
And neither shoe nor stocking.

Here, all intent on serious play,
Mere mortals nought affect you;
Who, as they pass upon your way,
Turn, smiling, to inspect you.
Garment and guise might well perplex,
Nor can we deem them stupid,
The folk that, witless of your sex,
Have dubbed you 'Little Cupid.'

'Tis Sunday. Who this dainty maid
Would know, if now they met her?
True, the brown legs are still displayed,
The feet mere sandals fector:
But, ah, the frock!—snow-white, with lace
And starchly frills upon it;
While, ringed with curls, a flower-like face
Laughs from a snow-white bonnet.

So, whether maid or ocean-elf,
Fresh sunshine round you giving,
In blithe unconsciousness of self,
You live for joy of living.
Fashion is mostly far to seek,
But we are fine on one day:
They call you 'Cupid' all the week,
And 'Psyche' on a Sunday.

C. H. ST. L. RUSSELL.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

WINTERING ON THE RIVIERA.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

BY AN OLD RESIDENT.



WITH the return of winter comes, as usual, so many letters full of questions as to the conditions and cost of living in the South that it seems possible a larger circle of intending visitors might like to get the following plain, matter-of-fact information from an old resident on the Riviera. But let it be understood that the following remarks are not intended for 'well-to-do' travellers. Little pity need be wasted on the small discomforts suffered, and maybe impatiently endured, by the favoured rich, who can take the *train de luxe*. They probably do not get all they have the right to expect for the amount of money spent; but still they have the minimum of discomfort, and after a rapid journey they alight at one of the best hotels to find landlord and waiters ready with that eager welcome which is always flattering and pleasant, somehow; they are shown to large, clean, comfortable rooms, with sunshine generally streaming in from windows looking out on a beautiful view, and no time is lost in serving tea—good tea, and excellent toast and butter, &c.—on a dazzlingly clean table-cloth. Small and natural comforts; but how much prized after a long, dusty journey! That class of traveller need not waste a moment in reading these suggestions, which are addressed to those who pack their own boxes and prefer travelling second-class.

But here, at the very outset, comes a difficulty. The only *rapide* with first and second class carriages leaves the Gare de Lyon in Paris at 2 p.m., which necessitates the alternative of travelling from London by a night train, with all the discomfort of a night crossing or of sleeping in Paris. Excellent accommodation is now to be found in the Nord Station in Paris, at the hotel buffet. As this sleeping in Paris always entails a certain amount of expense, it might be found almost as cheap, and more convenient, to take a *billet mi-voie*—that is, second-class—from London to Paris, and first-class from Paris to the Riviera, about six pounds ten shillings, a

little more or less according to the distance of the town to be visited.

LONDON TO CANNES :	First-Class.	Second-Class.	Time of Journey.
Via Calais.....	£7 11 2	£5 3 3	26½ hours
" Boulogne.....	7 5 2	4 18 10	27½ "
" Dieppe.....	6 9 6	4 9 10	27½ "
LONDON TO NICE :			
Via Calais.....	7 14 9	5 5 8	27 "
" Boulogne.....	7 9 10	5 0 8	28 "
" Dieppe.....	6 12 4	4 11 8	28 "
LONDON TO MENTONE :			
Via Calais.....	7 16 5	5 6 9	28 "
" Boulogne.....	7 12 3	5 2 4	29 "
" Dieppe.....	6 14 7	4 13 2	29 "

And so on, according to distance. It may prove useful to remember that in every station there is a *cahier des réclamations*, which the stationmaster is bound to produce if called upon to do so, and in which, in presence of a witness, travellers can enter their complaints. We have known the mere insisting on the production of this *cahier des réclamations* work wonders in the way of finding places in an overcrowded train, carriages being added, and utmost civility replacing curt answers, to avoid a complaint being entered in the dreaded *cahier*.

It would be wise to pack up for November and part of December light woollen garments, such as tweeds or serges; from middle of December to middle of February warmer clothing would be wanted; from that time to the middle of March the lighter garments come again into wear. After that the days gradually get warmer and longer, and gentlemen and ladies take to summer clothing. For ladies, during the whole stay, pretty blouses for dinner-wear at *table-d'hôte* will be found useful. From these hints, the stronger sex will know best what will be correspondingly 'the right thing' for them to pack up, since, although women try hard—and too often succeed—to look manly, men on the Riviera do not as yet wear chiffon blouses at *table-d'hôte* dinners. In fact, the only

unusual thing a few exceptional specimens do is—when German—like good children, to tie their napkins round their necks with an ingenious little instrument for the purpose; if French, a few—very few—tie it lower, a sort of bandage across their person, generally a broad, protuberant person. But whatever else they do, individuals of both sexes, always, at all seasons, should take an extra wrap, whether walking or driving, and put it on at once when, turning away from a sunny path or street, they encounter the cold chill of a sunless road. This precaution is, very wisely, never omitted by the people of the country, postmen not excepted, as the only way of ensuring immunity against the real danger of sudden transitions. At sunset the temperature falls suddenly by many degrees, and all doctors earnestly advise strangers not as yet acclimatised not to be out of doors at that time. Later in the evening the temperature is generally less trying. Of course when driving warm wraps or furs are always necessary, as well abroad as in England; and when the *mistral* (north-west wind) blows no warm wrap will be found 'too much.' That 'scavenger of Provence,' as it has been named, does not blow often; but when it does come, sweeping down straight from the glaciers along the valley of the Rhone, and stirring up the sea into that wonderful deep blue, it seems to blow through and through one's very bones. After Easter summer clothes can be worn most days, although before May real steady summer weather cannot be reckoned upon; it remains liable to sudden and marked transitions. Many healthy, strong people learn from sad experience the necessity of submitting to the precaution of taking that tiresome extra wrap, warm or light, according to the season.

In June visitors who chance to remain on the Riviera will find that the natives have discarded all unnecessary covering, and gradually appear very lightly and loosely clad, save on Sundays, when they turn out, women especially, extremely clean and smart, considering the wretched, dirty dwellings they emerge from.

There are many charming spots on the Riviera—both the French and the Italian Riviera; but the cost of the journey to Cannes, Nice, and Mentone gives a clear notion of the expense of going out to places a little before or a little beyond these well-known winter resorts. These three towns on the French side, and San Remo on the Italian coast, can boast of the great advantage of having first-rate English doctors. Cannes is perhaps the most favoured in this respect, as it is also for the number of its English churches.

One more little piece of advice about wise, small precautions: Take galoshes and put them on in the train before leaving dear Old England. To get on board with wet, cold feet means more sea-sickness and discomfort, and a probable cold at the beginning of the journey.

Hotels are numerous and generally good all along the Riviera; the prices range from moderate to

exorbitant. The inclusive terms for *pension* (board), with a south room, in one of the moderate but good, well-situated hotels vary from twelve francs fifty cents (ten shillings) to twenty francs (sixteen shillings) a day. These hotels have electric light, lifts, and various public rooms besides the dining-rooms. In less fashionable and up-to-date hotels—that is, without lifts and only one sitting-room and one dining-room—a good south room, with *pension* (board), can be had from eight to twelve francs per day, according to the floor. North rooms are, of course, much cheaper; but they are cold and cheerless, and very unadvisable for delicate people. East and west rooms are cheaper than south rooms, but not quite as good, although they are, of course, infinitely better than rooms with a northern aspect; but they are not easily secured, as the hotels are long, narrow buildings facing south, north at the back, with a wide passage running down the centre, lighted at both ends by a large window, leaving only space enough for one room generally, two at most, looking east, and a corresponding number facing west. For these rooms the *pension* price varies from seven to twelve francs, whereas north rooms, with *pension*, can be had for five to seven francs per day.

In places where so many invalids are collected it is reassuring to know that in hotels and boarding-houses every room in which there has been a fatal case from infectious disease is compulsorily thoroughly disinfected, doctors being made answerable for the declaration of such cases to the municipal authorities.

Although the prices asked are at first alarming, good bargainers can always obtain a considerable reduction for a prolonged stay, especially for the beginning and the latter end of the season.

The *pension* includes: Bedroom first breakfast (generally brought up to the bedrooms, but served in the coffee-room if desired), consisting of tea, coffee, or chocolate with rolls and butter. Eggs, bacon, or fish are seldom eaten, and are 'extras' paid for as such at a more or less high rate according to the class of the hotel. The second breakfast 'with fork' (*à la fourchette*), or luncheon, is served in the public dining-room, no longer as a rule at a long *table-d'hôte* as formerly, but at small tables, which is infinitely pleasant. The luncheon-hour is pretty universally half-past twelve; and this meal consists as a rule of a dish of eggs or fish, an *entrée*, a roast, potatoes, vegetables, cheese and butter, and dessert—that is to say, apples and oranges and dried fruit. Wine is an extra in hotels, but in boarding-houses ordinary claret (*vin ordinaire*), to be mixed with water, is generally provided. Coffee after luncheon or dinner is an extra, so is afternoon tea save in most *pensions*, where it is frequently served at about four o'clock; but as a rule visitors prefer making it in their own rooms.

In boarding-houses (*pensions*) the charges are much the same as at inferior hotels, and vary from seven to ten francs per day; but where there is no electric light, lamps and candles are highly charged

for, and it is often cheaper, if the landlord declines to make a reasonable bargain, to pay a sort of fine, like 'corkage' charged on wine bought out of the house, and to buy one's own candles. Some of the large hotels now provide afternoon tea (cups, not pots) in the hall for about seventy-five cents a head; but as a rule all people residing in hotels make their own afternoon tea in their own rooms; and a very cosy, comfortable little meal it generally is. One hotel we have known to notify: 'The hotel reserves to itself the right of furnishing afternoon tea or coffee;' but this notice was ignored with proper contempt by the visitors, who naturally had not bound themselves to anything of the sort. No one need be dismayed during a comfortable little home-like afternoon tea by the sudden appearance of an inquisitive porter or waiter, who chooses to select that precise moment to bring up letters or a message. In fact, no evil consequence would follow if one were to ask the intruder for a plate or a cup—empty, of course.

Dinner, generally at six or half-past six in boarding-houses, at seven in fashionable hotels, is always the principal meal of the day; too large, and therefore too long, in the best hotels. But as of late years small tables have been adopted, family parties can somewhat shorten the tedious waiting by telling the waiter beforehand which course they wish to 'skip.' In truth, it is sometimes far too noisy as well as too lengthy a meal, as hotelkeepers encourage Italian and pseudo-Hungarian bands to come and play during dinner. After dinner people so minded can escape; but at the cost of losing part of one's dinner who would do so? Never! It would be giving the hotelkeeper an unfair advantage.

Good villas, sufficiently well furnished, with plate, china, glass, linen, &c., are to be had on applying to the agents for lists. Really fine, delightful residences, with good view and large, well-kept garden, cost from four hundred to one thousand pounds for the season (1st November to end of May); smaller villas, with three reception-rooms, four to seven best bedrooms, four or five servants'-rooms, kitchen, pantry, &c., from two hundred to four hundred pounds for the season—all in proportion to the price. Under two hundred pounds, rooms, garden, and all are inferior; and very few of these houses have any view—none, one may say, a good view of the sea. For eighty or one hundred pounds for the season, visitors must be content with a small villa securely seated in a hollow, or objectionably surrounded by higher buildings, poorly and insufficiently furnished, and pretty generally in an unsatisfactory sanitary condition. A few really good furnished flats are to be found, more desirable by far than villas at the same price, ranging from eighty to two hundred and forty pounds for the season; fewer servants are needed, and the flats are generally in good houses with fine view and sunny aspect, there being a good garden round the house as a rule. But the number of these flats is very limited. Nice and Mentone have more than Cannes or San Remo; but then

Nice is a large town, and Mentone is considered more specially good for lung affections.

Agents, consuls and vice-consuls, clergymen, and doctors are generally able and willing to give useful information. Rooms and small furnished lodgings are exceedingly scarce, and can only be discovered by making inquiries from local tradespeople. For English visitors, English tradespeople give the most reliable information touching these.

The following will give an approximate idea of the prices of provisions: Meat, first quality, 'all round'—that is to say, taking sometimes the best pieces, such as the under cut (fillet) of beef, and less choice parts at other times—two francs twenty-five cents per kilo (elevenpence-farthing per pound). But it must be borne in mind that the French pound is larger than the English pound—nearly one-fourth larger.

Fish is neither very abundant nor very good in the Mediterranean: sardines, mackerel, good and cheap when in season; soles are good but dear, three to four shillings per kilo (the kilo is two pounds).

Milk and butter excellent. The best Normandy butter, two francs (one shilling and eightpence) per pound, is in fact cheaper than the current price in England for shorter weight. Poultry is very good and abundant, not dearer than in health-resorts in England at the beginning of the season; but the prices rise considerably after New Year's Day.

Fruit and vegetables cheap and abundant when in season.

Sugar, tea, coffee, candles, raisins, &c.—in fact all groceries—are dear, owing to the heavy taxes laid on all those articles.

Useful 'job' servants for the season are to be found at the Swiss agencies (*Maisons Hospitalières*), mostly Protestants; also at the Roman Catholic *Œuvre de Sainte-Marthe*, and often from tradespeople. But do not trust to written characters. The wages are relatively high, as the season is short, and these cooks and housemaids leave their families in the Swiss or Italian bordering countries to come and earn a little money, then return home to work in the fields and do the harvesting: hard-working women, most of them are better cooks than can be procured at high wages in England. They ask from two pounds to three pounds a month. Some can be got for thirty or forty francs (twenty-four shillings or thirty-two shillings) a month; but these are a rougher class of servants, though often very good and 'teachable.'

Wood for firing costs two shillings and sixpence and two shillings and tenpence per two hundred-weight (one hundred kilos); charcoal, four shillings and tenpence per one hundred pounds. Fir cones for lighting, tenpence per bag.

When we have said that studies can be carried on as successfully in many ways as in England, if one sets about it with proper determination, most of the questions usually asked will have been answered. But school-life and education are weak points in

France; we therefore only refer to instruction imparted at home by masters under the supervision of parents—watchful parents. For all English branches of study competent teachers can always be found among the visitors who are sent South to recruit or to ward off illness, and who are glad to increase often too slender means by giving lessons. French, Italian, and German teachers are of course

numerous; and there are even Russian teachers, though few pupils are likely to be forthcoming for them. Drawing-classes are good and less expensive than private lessons.

Resident clergymen and doctors, for the most part good scholars, would be best able to give good advice on the spot, and the 'spots' are very beautiful and sunny.

THE CLOSED BOOK.

CHAPTER VII.—FORBIDDEN FOLIOS.

THE words of warning inscribed there in large, uneven letters, shaky in places as though penned by an aged hand, stood out from the time-stained vellum page like capitals of fire.

It really seemed absurd to heed them, and yet on every side I seemed to be warned by those whom I believed to be in ignorance that any endeavour to open the Closed Book would result in disaster. Surely the manner in which the precious volume had come into my possession was romantic enough; yet why should even the faithful old Nello be apprehensive of impending evil? There was something uncanny about the whole affair—something decidedly unsatisfactory.

Italy is a land of superstition shared alike by count and *contadino*; hence I at first put it down to some vague belief in the evil eye, of which I was in ignorance. During my residence in Tuscany I had often been surprised by the many popular beliefs and terrors. Your true Tuscan sees an omen in everything, and an exhortation to the Virgin or to good Sant' Antonio is ever upon his lips, while his first and last fingers are always outstretched when he sees a *gobbo*, or female hunchback—the harbinger of every evil.

Whether the warnings uttered to me were the outcome of mere superstition, or whether part of one of those ingenious conspiracies which he who lives among the suave Italians so often has to thwart, one fact remained—namely, that in the almost undecipherable record itself a further warning was plainly penned. And this, instead of creating fear and hesitation within me, only further aroused my curiosity.

I was determined to possess myself of the secret at all hazards.

Ah! if I had but known how well founded were those words of caution uttered to me, and what was meant by the warning written on that damp-stained page, I surely would have closed the book for ever.

The pale, tragic face of that dark-eyed woman whom I had discovered in the fat prior's study, and whom I had afterwards seen in the noisy, crowded city, haunted me. Yes, there was a calm sweetness in that proud and beautiful countenance,

Tuscan most certainly, and yet mystery and tragedy were written there but too plainly.

How I longed to question Father Bernardo about her!—for, odd as it may appear to you, my reader, her strange, subtle influence seemed upon me, and I felt myself helplessly beneath a kind of spell which, even to this day, I cannot define.

In turning those vellum leaves listlessly, I paused and gazed across my half-darkened room, deep in thought. Outside, the cicada in the dusty tamarisks kept up their cricket-like song, and in the far distance from the blue hills came the clanging of a village bell. Beyond that all was quiet—the world was hushed and gasping beneath that summer heat that ripened the maize in the fields and the grapes and oranges in my garden.

But I was sick of it all—yes, heartily sick. Italy had charmed me once; but over my heart its white dust had accumulated, and I longed for the fresh, green fields of England, longed for my own friends and my own tongue. Nostalgia had seized me badly, and I was world-weary and home-sick—longing now for the day of my departure.

With those secret pages still beneath my hand I thought it all over: the new life before me in England, among those friends I had known so well. When I had left London to exile myself I had left it with a canker in my heart, a soured and misanthropic man, aged before my time, prosperous as far as profession went, but bearing a burden of ill-concealed sorrow and regret. It was because—But no, I will tell you nothing more of that wretched past. It is among the by-gones, and surely I need trouble no one with what is so essentially a purely private bitterness of heart. Let it suffice to say that by the removal of my cause for grievance, a new vista of happiness had now opened out to me, and I was therefore eager to return to England and embrace it.

But some men are doomed to disappointment and dishonour where women are concerned, and perhaps I am one of them. I, however, leave it to you to decide when you have read all that I have penned here, the perfectly frank and straightforward narrative of all that happened to me.

Presently I returned again to the study of the ill-written script before me, half-fearful of the strange warning inscribed upon the page; but slowly

and with considerable difficulty, I deciphered it as follows:

‘THIS BE THE CAUSES following why that
I, Godfrey Lovel, have made
labour to write this secret record.

First, immediately after my birth at Winchelsea, my father, Sir Richard Lovel, baron of the King's Exchequer, died of plague, and my mother in brief time married my lord of Lincoln. The good monks of Winchelsea learned me, but at fifteen I left their habit and religion, crossed unto France, and became a soldier of fortune with the army of the King of Navarre. Full many a strange adventure had I in those days of youth with the mercenary bande in Italy, untill, in the year of God's grace 1495, I was in Pesaro, where I entered the service of my lord Don Giovanni Sforza and his lovely lady the Donna Lucrezia, who was daughter of His Holiness the Pope. At first I was made captain of my lord duke's gentlemen-at-arms, but afterwards my lady Lucrezia, of her gracious bounty, found me worthy to be her grace's secretary. Furthermore, pleaseth it you to understand that in the palace of the Sforza Tyrant I saw that which was not a little to my discomfort; nevertheless I must be content recording it briefly.

‘But now, as touching my own part, I most humbly beseech you to bear with me, for of a verity I saw and knew what no man did; and you, my reader, who make bold sufficient after my warning and admonition, will find herein a chronicle of fact that will astound you. God be thanked there are not such thynges done in England as in Italy under the red bull of the Borgias.

‘As concerning the revelations, these be the things that I have heard and have knowledge in. At the beginning thereof, the which was in the ember week of 1496, the Pope's Holiness the lord Alexander P.P. VI sent his son the boy-cardinal to our Court at Pesaro. From the first tyme I saw him dysmounting from hys hors in the corteyard of the palace I dysliked hym. Although but eighteen years of age, his father had made him cardinal-deacon of Santa Maria Nuova, a vain and sinful elegant whose ambition knew no bounds. He had come on secret mission from the Vatican to his sister, my lady Lucrezia, and to her he spake in privy during my lord duke's absence. The lord Don Giovanni was a brutal and ill-living man, cruel to his golden-haired, beautiful wife, that I vouch; but even to my lady Lucrezia, whose life was so unhappy that she had shed tears unto me, her man of confidence and humble servitor, the object of the Cardinal Cesare's secret mission was appalling.

‘At the downe of the sun on the same day my lord, having returned from a visit to the Malatesta at Rimini, welcomed the cardinal warmly and entertained him in the great banquet-hall, wherein four hundred persons supped. The revels did not end with midnight, but my lord and his guest retired at that hour. Some tyme later I had occasion to pass along the great corridor where the chamber

of my ladie Lucrezia was, and herd the sound as of a woman crying within. It was my ladie; and, obtaining permission, I entered and found her plunged in grief and remorse. Most humbly desiring her grace to accept my poor mind towards her most noble self, I induced her to tell me the truth.

‘She tore her hair in desperation as she confessed unto me, with promise of secrecy, that her brother the cardinal had been sent by her father His Holyness in order to envenom her husband the duke, because the Terrible Pontiff wished to marry her more advantageously for the increase of the Borgia power. Never in my life have I seen a beautiful woman in such despair, and I, her grace's confidential servitor, chamberlain, and secretarie, did I in my moste humble wise seeke to assist her, whereupon did she tell me with tears that she feared to disobey the will of His Holiness. I suggested that her grace should separate from her lord, and that the marriage should be annulled by His Holyness; but in desperation she told me that her brother Cesare had already poisoned him secretly with a certaine deadly and irrevealable compound only known to her father, her brother, and herself.

‘My lord Don Giovanni Sforza, the Tyrant of Pesaro, whose reign was one of oppression, murder, bloodshed, and infamy, was doomed. In a few houres he must die. Notwithstanding that my ladie hated hys evil ways, she yet wished that he should live. But she feared the wrath of His Holiness if she went unto him and told him what the lorde-cardinal had done, the lorde-cardinal being then wyth him discussing the best means of suppressing the rebellious Orsini. At last, however, my lady, makinge me give my bonde to help her, did resolve to leave Pesaro for Rome. First, being desirous of carrying wyth her the costly jewels given her on her marriage, she unlocked her jewel-chest and caused me to fill my pouch and doublet with those the most precious. Whereupon this having been done, she took from a golden caskett preserved wythin the chest a small cross-hilted poignard with perforated blade, telling me to go unto her lord the duke and strike him with it in a part not mortal. The lorde-cardinal being present, and believing that it was an assassinacon, would make no effort to seure me; therefour, having struck the blow, I was to escape at once to Rome and there await her. Within the golden caskett were three delicate tubes of greeny-white glasse, sealed carefully, the which my lady told me in confidence contained the secret and all-powerful venom of the Borgias. They had been given her by her father as a marriage-gift, together with the poignard with thin, hollow blade containing the secret antidote.

‘CONCERNING THE CASKET: This casket aforementioned, with its three glass tubes, each the length of the first joint of a man's little finger, the which place in one's hands the power of secret death, and the one tube containing the antidote,

did she gye into my safe keepinge, as well as her wondrous jewels, the like no man had before seen.

I took the poignard, kissed my lady's hand in pledge of servitude devout, and flew to do her bidding, entering to where my lord duke sat drinkeynge with his treacherous guest, stryking hym in the arme wyth the knife bearing the antydot—thus saving hys life, although he believed it to be an attempt at assassination—and then escaping by the Gate of the Rocchetta under cover of night, arriving in Rome at sundown on the sixth daye following. Wherefore wyll it be seen that not only did I carry the priceless emeralds of my ladie Lucrezia and the secret venom of the Borjas—the presence of the which cannot be detected—but I also held in my possession the antidote.

In Rome I did hide away the treasures given into my safe keepinge in a place whereof no man knewe; while my ladie, having fled from Pesaro, entered the convent of San Sisto; while the lorde Alexander P.P. VI., finding that his poison sent by the worshipfull cardinal had been unavailing, issued a decree annulling the marriage. Now, His Holiness had lost by death many friends in Rome, including several members of the Sacred College, and by their decease had become goodly enriched and empowered; hence the failure of the banal substance to take effect in the case of Don Giovanni must have caused him much surprise.

Praise be to God, who, of His infinite goodnes and mercy inestimable, hath brought me out of darkness into light, and from deadly ignorance into the quick knowledge of truth, from the which through

the fiend's instigation and false persuasion I have gratefully swerved, I was enabled to save the life of my lord, although he be a tyrant and a man of ill-living. The lord Cardinal Cesare returned to Rome, and six months after the divorce of my ladie His Holiness brought her forth from the convent, and gave her as wife unto the Lord Don Quadrata and Salerno, and likewise gave them the palace of the Cardinal of Santa Maria in Portico, by the Vatican, in the which to live. And here again did I return unto my ladie as her confidential chamberlain; for now, knowinge how that she were but the innocent tool in the infamous hands of the lorde Alexander and his creature the Cardinal Cesare, I resolved to devote myself unto her protection. I told unto my ladie the hiding-place of her jewels; but she would not allow me to bring them to the palace, lest they should remind her of her past unhappiness. They were best to remain where I had secreted them. Again was my unfortunate lady's marriage without love, her happiness constantly disturbed by the terror in which she lived, being compelled by the Terrible Pontiff and her ambitious brother to act in treachery and dishonour, to entice men and women to their ruine, and to place death-trappes with the secret venom.

Following this sentence was a blank space wherein was rudely drawn a curious geometrical design, some of the shaky lines—intended most probably to be straight—bearing numbers. It was almost like a plan; but careful inspection showed me that it was not, and for a long time I tried to make out its connection with the old monk's remarkable record.

THE RECENT MAGNETIC STORM AND SUN-SPOTS.

By VIOLET TWEEDALE.



HE story that the stellar heavens can teach us is incomparably more wonderful, more beautiful, more marvellous than is any gorgeous dream, or the wildest and most vivid imagery that the mind of man can conceive.

The continuous development of astronomical knowledge leads its students into the world of infinity, and puts to the minds of men the most stupendous question ever propounded for their feeble elucidation. No divine revelation is accorded to solve the mystery within mystery, only patient observation; and the milestones of science give utterance to each grain of truth wrested from the illuminated missal of the skies. So each little phenomenon is noted. Little, infinitesimal, when thought of in conjunction with the titanic changes and convulsions ever taking place within the luminous fields of space, yet each little incident offering up its tiny quota to the mass of knowledge garnered in by the devotion of man to the elucidation of the unknown.

On Saturday the 31st of October 1903 there suddenly burst upon us the greatest magnetic storm which has visited this globe for twenty-one years. Since November 17, 1882, there has been no such mighty indication of solar activity, no such dislocation and disturbance of the electrical forces, which man has tamed and harnessed to his use.

To the man in the street there came no inkling that anything unusual in the magnetic conditions was taking place. In London the day was fairly bright, and it was not till the evening editions of several newspapers notified the fact that telegraphic communication between England and France was cut off, owing to a magnetic storm, that the ordinary person became aware that something unusual was surging around him.

A compass-needle does not always point in the same line, but shifts in direction, vibrating to and fro. Subject to no perceptible law, those oscillations at times enormously increase, until the needles seem to have gone mad under the stimulus of some terrific excitement. Powerful currents rack the

telegraph wires; the operators are severely shocked; magnificent auroral displays hang out their tremulous banners in the northern heavens. Such disturbances are noted to occur at the times of the greatest development of sun-spots, and are termed magnetic storms.

About six o'clock on Saturday morning the recording needles at Greenwich began to move. The delicately poised magnet, under normal conditions, vibrates gently each day through an arc of seven or eight minutes' amplitude. On Saturday, during the storm, this was increased twentyfold. From midday until nearly midnight the declination magnet was violently agitated, oscillating through an arc of over two degrees.

By nine o'clock on Sunday morning the magnets had subsided into their accustomed calm; the storm was over. The probability is that more storms are to come, the sun being in an exceedingly disturbed condition.

There has been an immense amount of speculation on the relations existing between sun-spots and weather; but up to the present the facts remain undecided. It is justly argued that weather is local, and varies considerably all over the earth on the same day. Theories there are in plenty; but none have crystallised into concrete fact. The relation between sun-spots and magnetism is, however, established upon a firmer basis. At one time it was believed that the earth-currents produced magnetic disturbances. But more recently disclosed facts contradict this theory; and, failing accurate knowledge, the opinion generally held is that a cause *exterior* to the earth, and most probably located in the sun, is responsible for both excessive earth-magnetism and sun-spots.

During the days preceding Saturday the 31st, a large solar spot made its appearance on the edge of the disc. On Saturday that spot was situated nearly in the centre of the orb. It was crossing the central meridian, so that it practically fixed its eye full upon this earth. Astronomers know that terrestrial magnetic disturbances are always to be expected when a large spot arrives immediately opposite our globe, and they can, therefore, predict magnetic storms with some degree of accuracy.

The sun, by making a quarter of a rotation on its axis during the week preceding the storm, had carried round this great spot till its activities were focussed full upon this earth. As if pouring its subterranean forces through a funnel, it turned a blast upon our globe, which, even at the distance of ninety-three million miles, realised something of the awful force and terrific energy directed for a few hours upon it.

The question as to what really constitutes a sun-spot has not yet been conclusively answered. The surface of the sun frequently exhibits certain markings which are not permanent characteristics of the solar globe, such as we understand the moon-craters to be. Sun-spots are movable, and are varying features exhibited by the photosphere—or,

in other words, the glowing clouds which surround and envelop the orb.

In this photosphere changes of the most vehement and titanic nature are incessantly in progress. During one of those mighty solar cataclysms it often happens that a rent is torn in the brilliant veil, and we on earth are enabled to catch a glimpse of the dark solar interior. The sun in its rotations carries with it this immense rent or gap, which gives the suggestion to the onlooker that the spot or cavity is travelling across the sun's face, in place of being borne along and round on its fiery bosom. The smaller spots, which frequently accompany and surround the great one, are rents of smaller extent, but similar in origin. They are not to be confounded with the permanent granular markings on the photosphere, the dark interior being rendered visible between the grains. Sun-spots are entirely different from those small pores which are scattered liberally over the solar surface, and are not to be observed save with instruments of large aperture.

The sun's photosphere, when seen under favourable conditions, is observed to be mottled with objects which have been compared to rice-grains or bright snowflakes. A true sun-spot is distinguished from these by its dark central core, which is surrounded by a lighter border, and suggests a hole or deep cavity. Surrounding this lighter edging may be seen the facule, or mountain-like excrescences which shoot outwards and upwards, assuming an extension of something like twenty thousand miles, and more than two hundred miles high, and which form an irregular network over the sun's entire surface.

These facule are supposed to be the direct result of the fierce storms which ever rage and tear at the solar envelope, and like the billows of an ever-turbulent ocean rise crest on crest in furious and never-subsiding agitation.

It sometimes happens that there breaks out a sun-spot of such vast magnitude as to be visible to the unaided eye. Such an example occurred in February 1892. The central spot of the group measured one hundred thousand miles long, and half as broad; the entire group one hundred and fifty thousand miles long, and seventy-five thousand miles broad.

Magnetic storms have been known to rage when there were no visible solar perturbations, and the assumption is that the activity was taking place beneath the photosphere, and was therefore hidden from observation. In calculating the date of a magnetic storm such erraticisms must be borne in mind, and a prophecy may be rendered null and void by the sudden closing up of the spot and its swift and total disappearance.

The change which a single day—nay, a single hour—may bring forth is very striking. An area as large as the United States may vanish in ten minutes; bridges may be thrown across the mighty cavity and vanish as rapidly as they have been formed. A spot may divide itself into two, and subdivide again, then reassume its single identity

in half-an-hour. Changeable and most varying in form, their life-duration is alike uncertain. A spot has been known to endure for a year and a half; the average length of life is from three to four weeks.

It has been said that no conclusive verdict has been arrived at upon the exact nature of sun-spots; but much speculation of an ingenious nature has been indulged in. The theory propounded by Professor Young, of Princeton University, is one which carries with it great probabilities of truth, appealing to the reason, and bearing considerable weight as coming from so eminent a student of the phenomena in question.

The professor holds that in any thin or weak place in the shell of the photosphere, the fiery gases imprisoned below burst forth, and the upward pressure against the shell is temporarily diminished in that locality. An irregular gaping cavity is therefore formed by the subsidence of the photosphere.

In the outer regions of the sun's envelope, the materials ejected by the violence of the eruption become cooled, and fall back again into the abyss. Striving to penetrate through this mass of cooled vapours, the glowing light from beneath is dimmed by absorption; hence the dark central part, or umbra, though really brilliantly luminous, sends forth less light than the surrounding photosphere, and appears dark by contrast with it.

Great instruction of a very varied nature may be derived from the study of sun-spots; but their most obvious use is to enable us to determine the rotation of the sun on its axis with some approach to

accuracy. The conclusion is that every globe poised in space rotates on its axis, and the sun forms no exception to this accepted law. The circumstances of its revolution can be well determined by means of the spots, though they are not so perfectly adapted for this purpose as one would wish. *Faute de mieux*, they are, however, carefully watched with this end in view.

It is not within the scope of this simple little paper to go into the intricacies of this astronomical feat, nor to demonstrate how the period of the sun's rotation, as determined by sun-spots, has shown the length of that period to be dependent upon the latitude of the spots employed in the determination. Suffice it to say that such has been shown to be the case, and is only another example of the patience and persevering devotion our astronomers bring to bear upon their decipherment of the heavens, and their mighty and intricate significance.

Perhaps to no one man can the honour of the discovery of sun-spots be ascribed; but a German Jesuit Father named Scheiner was the first to direct serious attention to their existence. What Scheiner did for the Fatherland, Galileo did for Italy, and solar spots became henceforth recognised facts.

It is true that 'Man is placed between two infinities. We live without reflecting in the midst of the sublime.' As Flammario the great French astronomer most truly says: 'It is sweet to live in the sphere of the mind; it is sweet to soar in the ethereal heights, and to devote the best moments of life to the study of the true, the infinite, and the eternal.'

CAST BREAD.

CHAPTER II.—PROFESSOR GEDDES ACTS THE GOOD SAMARITAN.



HAT Elizabeth had christened 'our clerical fiasco' had taken place early in December. By Christmas the Dreghornes might have forgotten the fact of Colin MacCalman's existence had he not sent a Christmas card—of exact similarity in design—to each member of the family; while the evening of the first Thursday in January found him, silent, introspective, but wholly appreciative, again seated in the drawing-room at Park Terrace.

His visit was repeated on the first Thursday in February, when nobody was at home, and on the first Thursday in March, when he called with the intention of saying 'Good-bye' before his departure for the island of the Hebrides where he passed his vacation, labouring hard on the little croft and among the scant stock to save the rheumatic limbs of his grandparents, and filling in his spare time with abstruse study.

During the summer months the student with the dark eyes and the literal mind quite slipped from the memories of his Glasgow acquaintances. He

recalled them to the knowledge of his existence by being announced one November evening just at the moment when a select dinner-party had reached the stage of repletion and coffee.

'This first-Thursdaying is becoming chronic with papa's Highland scholar,' remarked Elizabeth. 'I do wish he could be induced to take a pledge against it. The night of the party that failed chanced to be a first Thursday, so I suppose he thinks that is the proper night to call. And he always seems so dumb and uncomfortable that I'm certain it is only a stern sense of duty that brings him. For his sake and ours we really must make a point of going out on first Thursdays.'

In spite of this projected precaution, the invitation cards for an evening reception had been sent out before Gertrude and Ellen Mary, to their extreme consternation, discovered that its date fell upon the taboo day of the month.

'What are we to do? We can hardly write to Mr MacCalman asking him *not* to come, and father won't allow the servants to say "Not at home" to anybody. Besides, if he came when a party was on,

he couldn't help seeing that we *were* at home. And if he does come in that awful ginger-coloured suit and those boots! Oh, it's too awful for words!

It fell to Elizabeth to lighten her younger sisters' counsel of despair by the suggestion that they might save the situation by sending Mr MacCalman a formal invitation for the reception.

'It will at least prepare him for a crowd,' she argued. And Gerty and Nelly, who, having just left the schoolroom, were abnormally sensitive concerning matters of appearance, gladly obeyed her promptings.

Thus it came about that a dainty card, requesting the pleasure of Mr Colin MacCalman's company on the evening of Thursday the —th February found its way to the dingy street, somewhere off the Cowcaddens, where the student was tenant of a 'room'—with its 'concealed' bed—belonging to a respectable married couple.

The receipt of the invitation filled Colin with mingled delight and despondency. To have his presence specially requested by a printed ceremonial card instantly put to flight his ever-haunting fears that his visits to Park Terrace might have been unwelcome. But certain words printed in unobtrusive lettering in the corner of the card gradually assumed undue importance.

'Carriages at 12.30.'

So ran the enigmatic legend. Guests evidently were expected to have carriages come for them. Recalling the night when he had chanced upon the dinner-party, MacCalman remembered his surprise at the almost simultaneous announcement that the guests' carriages were waiting, and how a few moments later he found himself the sole remaining visitor.

'Must I have a carriage?' he wondered, the doubt close followed by the still more harrowing conviction that perhaps he ought always to have had one.

With the notion that he had committed a glaring social blunder, a chill perspiration broke over him. The idea spoiled his night's study and disturbed his slumbers, for he was eagerly desirous of attending the reception, and with the knowledge that after midnight the cab-fare would be doubled, the expense was one he scarcely felt justified in incurring.

It was on the way to College next morning that the resolve to consult his Greek professor occurred to him.

Professor Geddes, attracted by the tireless energy of the young Highlander, and interested by a certain strenuous originality of thought characterising his Greek verse, had evinced special interest in MacCalman's work, particularly advising his pupil to consult him upon any difficult points. MacCalman, interpreting this permission, as he did all else, literally, had brought him many hard nuts to crack. When, therefore, MacCalman lingered behind after the lecture, the professor was surprised to find his advice sought upon a social, not an etymological difficulty.

Though the corners of his mouth twitched under his grizzled moustache, Professor Geddes succeeded in maintaining an outward gravity in accordance with his interrogator's estimate of the gravity of the occasion.

'Carriages at 12.30—is it? Oh, that does not concern you at all. You know, people who drive object to keeping their horses standing in the cold, so the hour is mentioned that they may know exactly when to order them to come. Carriages are not for strong young fellows like you, MacCalman.'

After expressing his thanks the inquirer was leaving satisfied, when a thought struck his adviser.

'By-the-bye—don't think me inquisitive, MacCalman—but—have you a wedding garment?'

A wedding garment! MacCalman's dark eyes turned questioningly on the speaker. In his pupil's estimation the professor's one drawback had lain in the puzzling whimsicalities of speech wherein he frequently indulged.

'Wedding garment?' Colin queried uncomprehendingly.

'Yes. Swallow-tail coat, white tie. All the conventional nonsense. Evening-dress, you know.'

Colin's face lengthened. Illustrations of society-pictures had familiarised him with the costume. He now recollected that Mr Dregthorne and his friends had customarily worn it, though until now the notion of its being anything more than a matter of personal taste had not occurred to him.

'I'm thinking I'll better stop away,' he said despondently, turning to leave the room as though the question were for ever closed.

'Wait a moment. Don't be in such a hurry, man.'

MacCalman had barely reached the lecture-room door when the professor's voice recalled him.

'I wish you would do me a service, MacCalman, in relieving me of a dress-suit I've outgrown—elderly spread, you know. Not so slim about the waist now as I was—and it just lumps up my wardrobe. If you'll be a good chap and accept the things, they'll fit all right. We're about the same height.' MacCalman topped the professor by a good two inches; but there lives not the man who has a just estimate of his own stature.

MacCalman hesitated. Highland pride strong within him warred with his overweening desire to be present at what he esteemed a great occasion. The professor's tactful entreaty to be relieved of what he affected to regard as an incubus finally gave inclination the victory over pride.

'I know who the first arrival will be,' Gerty Dregthorne remarked as she preened herself before a long mirror. The eventful night had come, and the ladies were ready in the drawing-room.

'So do I,' retorted Ellen Mary. 'It doesn't take much cleverness to foretell that. It will be Mr Colin MacCalman, and punctually at nine o'clock he will ring the door-bell; and he will wait till everybody else has gone. And if anybody speaks to him he'll say, "It is that, whatever!"'

Elizabeth, kneeling on the hearth-rug coaxing a pair of obdurate white kid gloves to mould themselves on her mother's plump hands, looked up sharply at the sound of MacCalman's name.

'He never says "whatteffer?"

'He hasn't yet,' Nelly admitted. 'But I always keep expecting him to.'

Contrary to the girls' expectations, MacCalman was amongst the later arrivals. Professor Geddes's well-intentioned offering had wrought an amazing change in his appearance. It was a very handsome man, albeit a grave anxiety characterised his expression, who nervously scrutinised his own aspect in the eight-inch looking-glass.

To his relief, the image it reflected presented a plausible imitation of a society-man. The coat-sleeves, in place of being too short, merely showed a fashionable extent of cuff. It was when he glanced at his extremities that Colin's elation evaporated, blank despair rushing in to fill the void. For it was in length of leg that the difference between the professor's height and his own stood revealed. Between the broadcloth hem and the top of the stout country-made boots was an inch-wide gap inadequately filled by an expanse of gray-blue yarn stocking.

Misery possessing his soul, MacCalman sat brooding—wondering in a helpless, resigned fashion what the dire result of his not putting in an appearance at the reception, after having accepted the invitation, might be. In a fatalistic way, he inclined to take the worst view of the consequences, for, in his opinion, so flagrant a breach of good-breeding ranked as beyond forgiveness.

A tap at the door broke his reverie.

'Wee Maggie here says she'll no' gang tae her bed till she's seen ye dressed for your party, Mr MacCalman. I'm tellin' her she's just a bad wean. I'm black affronted at her.'

Unknown to Colin, the occasion was an important one, not only to his landlady, but also to her neighbours. The fact of her student-lodger having received an invitation to an evening-party in the West End had, in Mrs M'Phie's opinion, shed a reflected glory on her establishment. And the excitement had spread to those of her special friends amongst the inmates of the close who had been favoured by a private view of the invitation-card. The hour of the entertainment being known, already certain doors stood ajar, their owners all agog for a stolen peep at the unconscious object of their interest as he descended in his glory.

It was with a shock, therefore, that Mrs M'Phie gathered from her lodger's downcast bearing that something untoward had happened.

'Keep me! You're surely no' well!' she exclaimed, entering the room. 'An' you lookin' that braw. Will ye no' be able to gang to the party, d'ye think?'

With a groan, Colin indicated the unseemly exhibition of stocking, and Mrs M'Phie's quick wit grasped the situation. She had cherished a

motherly regard for her reserved lodger ever since the time when he found her stuck in the middle of spring-cleaning her kitchen walls, a pail of whitewash by her side, a fretful baby in her arms, and against her protests insisted upon finishing the job for her.

'Hoots, Mr MacCalman! that's naething tae look sae down in the mouth about. If you had asket me I would soon ha'e lengthened them a wee. An' it's no' too late now. It's a mercy blessin' I've a het iron at the fire.'

'It is too late. I should have been there by nine, and it's nine now,' Colin demurred. But a very little insistence serves to overrule one who wishes to obey. Ten minutes later Colin sat by the kitchen fire in evening-dress to the waist, his nether limbs reeled in their workaday garb of homespun, amusing the wean, the while Mrs M'Phie's skillful fingers unpicked the hems, ironed them out to their fullest extent, and lined up the length thus gained with a strip of her wedding black silk.

Mrs M'Phie's ministrations proved entirely successful. At ten o'clock, when, during a lull in the music, MacCalman was announced, Elizabeth flushed with surprise to find this dubious guest not only presentable but actually distinguished in appearance.

She herself was looking her best in a gown that Colin instantly accepted as a realisation of his unexpressed ideal of feminine attire. It was pink in tone and diaphanous in texture; fascinatingly fluffly round the pretty naked shoulders and the long train, but clinging closely to the slender figure. A distractingly becoming wreath of tiny roses decked Miss Dreghorne's dark hair, and her fan was a whirl of pink feathers.

To Colin's delight, she proved gracious beyond all expectation. And she considerably refrained from routing her diffident guest out of the obscure corner he had chosen to introduce him to strangers. Perhaps intuition had already taught her that MacCalman's one idea of enjoyment lay in watching her.

Mrs Dreghorne, her affluent form encased in the black brocaded satin at that date the wear favoured of matrons, her plump hands inactive in the tight white kid gloves whose fitting had given Elizabeth so much trouble, sat in the chair whose curves best adapted themselves to the undulations of her figure, smiling benignly on the company. She was content that the duties of hostess should devolve upon her capable eldest daughter. And as Elizabeth moved about seeing that no one had reason to feel neglected, and supervising the musical programme so that the available talent showed to best advantage, in Colin's eyes her every motion was the epitome of grace, her most stereotyped social civilities marvels of diplomatic tact.

As the evening wore on he discovered, with a shock, that the fair man with the debonair manner who kept in close attendance on his deputy-hostess was Sir James Cambus, a shipowner who had recently filled the office of Lord Provost. From

overhearing casual gossip, Colin gathered that Cambus was a widower, and while envying him his assured bearing and facile speech, Colin envied him yet more the consciousness of equality of position that emboldened him openly to pay court to Miss Dregthorne.

When supper was announced MacCalman gloried in the skill wherewith Elizabeth paired off the guests, sending her mother down on the arm of Dr Enoch Paul, and whispering to her father a reminder that he was to take down the widow of Principal Netherlee.

Colin had risen to his feet, his heart beating quickly. He would fain have claimed Elizabeth as his companion; but a paralysing sense of unworthiness restrained him. Besides, Sir James Cambus was standing by in evident anticipation of escorting her downstairs.

Colin scarcely credited his hearing when he heard her say, 'You know Miss Logie, Sir James—

Baillie Logie's daughter? Will you take her in to supper?'

'But I had hoped'—

Elizabeth, the ghost of a frown wrinkling her forehead, cast a meaning glance at the sofa whereon sat an elderly young lady wearing that elaborate affectation of indifference noticeable in the deportment of women who imagine themselves slighted; and Sir James, abandoning his attempt at protest, moved quickly in her direction.

The little discussion had taken place close to the palm that sheltered MacCalman, and with its conclusion a tumult of possibilities sped his pulses; but though the room was fast emptying, he made no motion.

'Well, Mr MacCalman!'—Elizabeth had turned and was regarding her obtuse guest with a quizzical smile—'am I to have no supper to-night? Everybody has gone now, and if you don't take pity on me I must go down alone!'

REPLENISHING THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

By W. V. ROBERTS.

IN the popular mind there is probably no institution more constant and unchanging than the House of Lords. The bishops of the Church may pass away, the judges on the bench may change from year to year, the members of the Commons' House may have their day and cease to be; but the House of Lords remains—the names of members passing on from sire to son no matter what other alterations time may bring. So at least many people think; and yet were Ministers to abandon the art and practice of replenishment, the House of Lords would soon become a very small body indeed. In numbers it would steadily diminish, and though some of its members might long remain, ultimate extinction would stare them in the face; for in all such matters Time is remorseless and relentless, and none can stay its hand.

At the present moment about five hundred and twenty peers sit in the House of Lords by reason of the hereditary principle. That excludes the Scotch and Irish representative peers and the bishops, whose numbers are indeed fixed, but who have no hereditary right to sit. Well, an aggregate of five hundred and twenty is not without strength; but on looking at it one sees that it is not without weakness also. During the century 1800–1900 no fewer than one hundred and twenty-four peerages became extinct, and during the same period as many as three hundred and eighty-six others were created. If, then, the five hundred and twenty be regarded with an eye to the extinctions and creations of a hundred years, it will be seen that had the House of Lords been left to itself, so to speak, its membership would by this time have become very small indeed. What would be the effect of that, supposing constitutional practice

as it affects the House of Lords to be unchanged? In a Ministry room can be found for twenty or thirty peers. An equal number are supposed to be ready to serve in case of an alternative Government being formed. But a large proportion have no taste or aptitude for political work; and it is clear that, but for the replenishment of the last century, statesmen called to-day to the premiership might find difficulty in securing enough peers to fill the posts which members of the Upper House now hold. The process of change is, indeed, going on. During the year 1902, for instance, seven new peerages were created: those of Allerton, Barrymore, Grenfell, Kinross, Knollys, Redesdale, and Shuttleworth; while four others—those of Connemara, Malcolm, Pamcefote, and Rookwood—became extinct. In 1903 the creations of peerages numbered four—those of Armstrong, Biddulph, Burnham, and Estcourt; and the extinctions two—those of Pirbright and Rowton, the latter title, by the way, belonging to one who, when plain Mr Montagu Corry, achieved fame as the Earl of Beaconsfield's private secretary. In a couple of years, therefore, the extinctions have been no fewer than six; so that, although new peerages have numbered eleven, the net gain to the House of Lords in two years is only five. If the rate of extinction of the last two years were maintained without any replenishment at all, the House of Lords would lose in a century no fewer than three hundred of its members.

Has any one ever passed to note how quickly some of the best-known names in the peerage—names that are for a time ever on the public tongue—pass away? The late Lord Derby, when near the end of his career, made a pathetic remark on one occasion that men live again in their children. Apply that to

the House of Lords, and especially to its most prominent members, peers who hold office in the Government. During last century twenty-one men were Prime-Ministers of this country, and of that number fourteen were peers. Of these fourteen, the titles of four have already become extinct, and regarding some of the others there is much to be said. First, there was Lord Grenville, who had been the colleague of Pitt, and who succeeded him in the premiership in 1806, when he formed the 'Ministry of all the Talents.' Grenville had been made a peer in 1790, and he lived till 1834, when the title became extinct with his death. After the short-lived Ministries of the Duke of Portland and Mr Perceval, Lord Liverpool became Premier in 1812, and continued to hold office for the long period of fifteen years. The end came with tragic suddenness in 1827, when he was stricken with paralysis that brought to a close his Ministry and his life. His title, however, continued till 1851, when, there being no further male issue, it passed away. Since then it has been partly revived in this way: the Earl of Liverpool was also Baron Hawkesbury, and in 1893, when Mr Cecil Foljambe was raised to the peerage, he did not fail to remember the fact that on the female side he was a descendant of this famous peer. In taking a title he therefore chose that of Lord Hawkesbury. In that he acted wisely and well, though few people, probably, connect the family of Foljambe and the barony of Hawkesbury with the family of Jenkinson and the earldom of Liverpool—Jenkinson, of course, having been the name of the Liverpools.

Then there is Lord Melbourne, who was Premier when Queen Victoria ascended the throne. With but a brief interval he was Prime-Minister from 1834 to 1841, and he lived till 1848, leaving no heir. The case of Lord Beaconsfield is more recent. He accepted a peerage during his premiership, which extended from 1874 to 1880. On April 19, 1881, about a year after the general election had ended his term of office, he died, and that peerage also became extinct. Few men, probably, have entered the House of Lords with more pleasure than 'Dizzy.' Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff records that after taking his seat in that House he was asked how he felt, and he answered that he felt as if he were dead and in the Elysian fields. Thus the peerages of Lord Grenville, Lord Liverpool, Lord Melbourne, and Lord Beaconsfield, associated with the premiership during nearly a third of the last century, have all passed out of existence.

But what of other men who were Premiers in the last century? One may recall the case of George Canning, who succeeded Lord Liverpool, and who died about six months later, while still holding the premiership, at the Duke of Devonshire's villa at Chiswick, in the very room in which Charles James Fox had died twenty-one years before. The King (George IV.) was so deeply grieved at such a tragic termination of so brilliant a career that he conferred a peerage upon Canning's widow, with remainder to

her children. The title was in due course borne by Canning's son Charles John, who succeeded to it in 1837, and who is best remembered as Governor-General of India. From that post of Governor-General he retired in 1862, and came home; but he came only to die a short time later. He passed away in 1862, leaving no issue, and the title thereupon lapsed. Nor should the case of Lord Palmerston be overlooked. Palmerston's peerage was an Irish one; and, having only an Irish peerage, he could not sit in the House of Lords. But he was free to be elected to the House of Commons, and he so much preferred being there that on more than one occasion he refused a peerage of the United Kingdom that would have removed him to the House of Lords. He was Premier from 1855 to 1858, and again from 1859 to 1865. In the latter year he faced a general election, and was again returned for Tiverton. But premonition of death seems to have come to him, for he appeared to feel that his 'time was up,' and he remarked to a friend that 'when a man's time is up there is no use in repining.' He died a few days afterwards at Brompton Hall, his wife's estate in Hertfordshire, at the age of eighty-one, while still holding the premiership; and with his death the Irish title of Palmerston passed away, for he left no heir to succeed him. So that, of twenty-one Prime-Ministers in a hundred years, six—Grenville, Canning, Liverpool, Melbourne, Beaconsfield, and Palmerston—have left no successor to perpetuate their name. They live by their own works.

Then there is also the interesting case of those who have passed from the Speakership of the House of Commons to membership of the House of Lords. It is a long-established custom which ordains that a Speaker on laying down office becomes a peer, the reason being that some mark of honour is conferred upon him for services rendered. Now, the Speaker is the highest commoner in the land, taking precedence of all privy councillors, baronets, knights, and members of various orders of distinction. Consequently, to give any of those titles would not be to raise him in any way in rank. Only a peerage seems left, and to the House of Lords Speakers accordingly go on retirement. Of the last five men who preceded Mr Gully in the Speakership, the titles of three have already passed into oblivion. These three are the titles borne by Lord Dunfermline, who sat in the House of Commons as Mr Abercromby; Viscount Eversley, remembered as Mr Charles Shaw Lefevre; and Viscount Ossington, who was Mr Evelyn Denison. The two titles that remain are those of Viscount Hampden (held by the son of Mr Speaker Brand) and Viscount Peel, happily still borne by one who was Mr Speaker Peel from 1884 to 1895.

Again, if one were to sit down and endeavour to recall some of the famous names that have in recent years been in the peerage but are now no more, he would have a relatively easy task.

In the law some notable names have disappeared. First may be mentioned Lord Lyndhurst, one of the most prominent of our Lord Chancellors, and who, by the way, according to Greville, had very serious qualms about taking the post at all, because of the loss of money which the giving up of his great professional position involved. The name of another recent Lord Chancellor, Lord Hatherley, has also passed out of the peerage; and so has that of Lord Penzance, who, though once a baron of the defunct Court of Exchequer, and later a baron of the Court of Probate, is best remembered, perhaps, for his ecclesiastical position of Dean of Arches. Lord Redesdale's title also became extinct; but in 1902 it was revived again by one of the Coronation peers—Mr Freeman Mitford.

Extinct, so far as the peerage is concerned, is the name of Lord Macaulay, though in literature it will continue as long as English letters exist. Gone also is the name of Viscount Sherbrooke, better known no doubt as 'Bobby Lowe,' the Chancellor of the Exchequer who proposed to tax the matches. The name of Lord Cardwell, who was one of the great pioneers of army reform, and who, indeed, introduced the short service system that has proved of such enormous benefit, has likewise gone. Lord Alcester, better known as Sir Beauchamp Seymour, who commanded at the bombardment of Alexandria a little over twenty years ago, died in 1895, leaving no heir. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who played so prominent a part in various phases of the Turkish Question; the Duke of Buckingham, who made his mark as a politician and administrator in India; the Duke of Cleveland; Lord Sydney, who repeatedly held state appointments in Queen Victoria's household; Lord Hammond, who for many years held important posts at the Foreign Office; and many others, have in recent years died, leaving no heir to take their titles.

In some cases a name in the peerage has come almost like a flash and then has disappeared. It was so in the case of Sir Erskine May, possibly the most distinguished clerk the House of Commons has had, and the author of a work on parliamentary practice that is likely to last for generations to come. On his retirement from office a peerage was very properly conferred by Mr Gladstone, and the title of Lord Farnborough was chosen; but Sir Erskine, or rather Lord Farnborough, died before he could take his seat in the House of Lords. Equally tragic was the case of Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy. The peerage was conferred, the title of Lord Leighton was announced, but the new peer died without having entered the House of Lords as a member. Thus both of these peerages became extinct before they had been brought completely into existence. Again, in 1887, Lord Lyons retired from the post of ambassador at Paris, and it was announced that an earldom would be conferred upon him; but he was stricken with paralysis and died before the

patent could be made out, and the title passed out of the peerage. It may be remembered, too, that Lord Rosebery, when Prime-Minister, created his private secretary—Viscount Drumlanrig, son of the Marquis of Queensberry—a peer with the title of Lord Kelhead. The marquis was understood to feel strongly upon the point; for, being only a Scotch peer, he had himself no seat in the House of Lords, and it seemed scarcely fitting that the son should be thus honoured while the father was left out. In the next year Lord Kelhead met with a fatal accident in the hunting-field, and that brought the title to a melancholy end after it had existed for only a few months. This, however, is only one instance out of many in which peerages created in the last century became extinct through there being no successor to the first holder of the title. Among others may be mentioned those of Lord Knightley of Fawsley, which lasted only from 1892 to 1895; Lord Pirbright, 1895 to 1903; Lord Connemara, once Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and afterwards governor of Madras, whose peerage continued only from 1887 to 1902; Lord Sandford, long and very widely known as Sir Francis Sandford, for his work at the Education Department, 1891 to 1893; Lord Pauncefoot, who died when British ambassador at Washington, 1899 to 1902; Lord Rookwood, who, as Sir Henry Selwin Ibbetson, was once one of the members for Essex, 1892 to 1902; and Lord Malcolm of Poltalloch, 1896 to 1902. The list might be extended indefinitely by the inclusion of Lord Hammond, Permanent Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs; Lord Blackford, Under Secretary for the Colonies; and many others.

Another important aspect of the question of extinction and replenishment is that concerned with the number of peerages that must of necessity soon become extinct. At the present moment there are rather more than fifty peers who have no heirs to succeed them. That, in round numbers, is a proportion of one in ten of the whole peerage. In other words, if the present members of the House of Lords were to die without the creation of any new peerage, the membership would be reduced by a tenth forthwith. But the reduction would not end there, for with the flight of time it would be found that there were no successors to other peerages, and the process of diminution would continue. The peers who have no heirs to-day include some of the most-talked-of men. Lord Milner, for instance, has no heir; neither has Lord Kelvin, who is so prominent in the scientific world. The same may be said of Lord Lister, foremost among medical men as the discoverer of the antiseptic treatment in surgery. Lord Llandaff, who, as Mr Henry Matthews, filled the office of Home Secretary, has no relative who can succeed to his title. Nor has Lord James of Hereford, who, as Sir Henry James, was once Attorney-General, and who might have become Lord Chancellor in 1886 had he not differed from Mr Gladstone on the

question of Home Rule. Lord Field, a retired judge, has no heir to succeed him; nor has Lord Shand, a retired Scotch judge of great eminence; nor Lord Brampton, who, as Sir Henry Hawkins, was held by some to be the first criminal lawyer of his day. In the case of these three distinguished lawyers, the titles were conferred in the regular way, and they are doomed to extinction only because there are no heirs. Often a lawyer receives only a life-peerage. The late Lord Russell of Kilowen, for example, received only a life-peerage; while among lawyers living, Lord Lindley (who has been Master of the Rolls), Lord Davey, Lord Robertson, and Lord Macnaghten hold only life-peerages as lords of appeal. Lord Hobhouse, who has had a very brilliant legal career, especially in India, where he was law member of the Government, and who is now a member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, has a full peerage but no heir to succeed to it. Prominent servants of the State like Lord Haliburton (son of the author of *Sam Slick*), who was Under Secretary at the War Office; Lord Lingen, for more than twenty years secretary to the Committee of Council on Education, and for fifteen years Permanent Secretary to the Treasury; and Lord Welby, who succeeded Lord Lingen as Permanent Secretary to the Treasury, have no heirs to titles conferred for conspicuous service to the State.

The position of our three most distinguished military peers is worth noting. Lord Kitchener remains a bachelor, and his brother is, therefore, heir to the title. Lord Wolseley has no son; but his viscountcy was conferred with special remainder to his daughter, and with remainder again to her male issue, so that in that way the title may be perpetuated. Lord Roberts, as everybody knows, lost his only son at Colenso at a very early stage of the South African war. In his case, also, the earldom was conferred with special remainder to his daughter. It was a heavy blow to Lord Roberts to lose his only son, and then to be called upon to take command in a war in which his son had lost his life. Few indeed will forget what sympathy was aroused for this great and gallant soldier upon the mournful occasion. But even here the arm of coincidence is sufficiently long to point to a very close parallel. In 1854 the Earl of Clare lost his only son and heir, Viscount Fitzgibbon, who fell in the famous charge of Balaklava when serving as lieutenant in the 8th Hussars, and the title soon afterwards became extinct. Again, during the Ashanti Expedition of 1873, Lord Elcho, the eldest surviving son of the Earl of Wemyss, died of fever and dysentery while attached to the staff of Sir Garnet (now Lord) Wolseley; but in that case there were other heirs to succeed, so that happily the title still remains. Other cases might be given, but the foregoing must suffice.

Reference has just been made to the fact that in the peerages of Lord Wolseley and Lord Roberts there are special remainders to their daughters and

the male issue of their daughters. That leads one to remark that at the present time there are no fewer than nine ladies who are peeresses in their own right, most of them without heirs-male. One may mention among them the Lady Hambleton, widow of the late Mr W. H. Smith, for some years leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons. On Mr Smith's death Queen Victoria conferred a peerage upon his widow, as Lady Hambleton, on whose death the title will devolve upon her son, the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, Conservative member for the Strand. On the other hand, Lady Macdonald, widow of a former Prime-Minister of Canada—'Old To-morrow,' as he was nicknamed—has no heir.

Some men have succeeded to the peerage although in their early days they appeared not to have the remotest chance of doing so. The late Marquis of Salisbury may be named as one of these. He was a younger son, and when, as Lord Robert Cecil, he entered Parliament, member for Stamford, it seemed very unlikely that he would ever be called to the House of Lords as Marquis of Salisbury. His elder brother, however, died, leaving no direct heir, and Lord Robert came into the line of succession as Lord Craurborne, and ultimately succeeded to the marquise. But a volume might be written on peerages that have descended, or rather have succeeded to, most unexpectedly. Is it not said that one of the Earls of Chesterfield succeeded by reason of being fifteenth cousin; while as to 'romantic claims' to titles that appear in the way of becoming extinct, are they not ever with us?

It may, however, be well to add a word about the men who have been the greatest peer-makers, though one need not go back into the far-off days for the purpose. A little about the peer-makers of the last century may be sufficient. In that period Mr Gladstone for some time held the record, and he was not deterred from adding to the peerage, even though many whom he created peers forthwith became his political opponents. But Lord Salisbury in the closing years of the century had a prolonged opportunity of making peers, and he did not hesitate to make full use of it. After the Liberals left office in 1895, Lord Salisbury created no fewer than thirty-seven peers of the United Kingdom before the century ended, and that very considerable effort not only brought him level with Mr Gladstone, but put him just ahead as peer-maker. During the latter half of the century peerages were made at a slightly faster rate than in the former half, the rate during the thirty years 1870 to 1900 having been very greatly accelerated. Like many other things, peer-making as an art very greatly developed during that period. Between the opening of the century and the passing of the first Reform Bill in 1832, about a hundred peerages were created. Then came something of a lull while the Whigs were in office. Finally, between Mr Gladstone's acceptance of the premiership in 1868 and the end of 1900, over a hundred and fifty peerages

were created—that is to say, in round numbers a hundred in the first thirty-two years of the century, and a hundred and fifty in the last thirty-two years of the century. More peers were created during the reign of Queen Victoria than during any other reign in our history. Here is a table showing upon whose nomination peers were made by Her Majesty :

	Peers Created.
Lord Melbourne.....	26
Sir Robert Peel.....	5
Earl Russell.....	21
Lord Palmerston.....	22
Earl of Derby.....	15
Earl of Beaconsfield.....	31
Mr Gladstone.....	74
Earl of Rosebery.....	6
Marquis of Salisbury.....	82
	282

In looking at these figures it must, of course, be remembered that Mr Gladstone and Lord Salisbury

held office longer than any other Prime-Minister of the Queen. Mr Gladstone was four times Prime-Minister, and both entrance upon office and retirement from it seemed always to necessitate the creation of peers. Two of the half-dozen peerages created by Lord Rosebery were said to have been promised by Mr Gladstone, and Lord Rosebery in conferring them was simply carrying out a sort of promise that they should be given. The Earl of Beaconsfield, with six years of office, was in the matter of the rate of creating them almost as great a peer-maker as Mr Gladstone, who had something like fourteen years of office. Lord Salisbury's record was in every way that related to the creation of peers greater than Mr Gladstone's; for, while he made eight more peers than Mr Gladstone, his whole period of office (in three terms) was not much in excess of Mr Gladstone's in four. As a commoner, however, Mr Gladstone certainly took the palm as peer-maker.

THE ISLAND OF CORVO, AZORES.



HE part of the Old World usually first sighted by ships crossing from Boston or New York to Europe is a tiny island of steep and stern aspect, surrounded by stormy seas. This is the island of Corvo, discovered in 1452, so called, it is said, because of its resemblance to the *corvo-marinho*, or cormorant. Formerly it was known as the island of Marco (mark), as ship-masters went there to prick their charts; but originally its name was Santo Antão, after the first donee, the Portuguese Antão Vaz.

The ancient tradition that here, on a high rock overlooking the sea, an equestrian statue pointing out the route to America was found by the first inhabitants wants verification. If it were true, interesting disputes would arise as to who really was the discoverer of the New World. Signor Antonio Lourenço da Silveira Macedo, the Azorean historian, says that investigations—though there are no positive indications—make it appear probable that some capricious formation of nature, some rock which at a distance presented the form of a man on horse-back, originated this tradition.

Corvo, in latitude forty degrees north and longitude thirty-four degrees west, is ten kilometres in length and five in width. It is visited by the mail-boat from Lisbon once in three months, and has occasional communication with the island of Flores, which is visible far away on the horizon. The Corvoites frequently visit the United States, where they acquire modern ideas and fashions. Though from almost any part of the island large vessels may constantly be seen crossing the ocean, they do not call there for coal or provisions nor for repairs, but make for the more distant islands of Fayal and São Miguel; but I have known of a

steamer in distress putting into Flores for sufficient wood for the fires until she could reach Fayal. From May till the end of August large open boats with lateen sails or whaling-boats often cross from Flores with one or two passengers, and sometimes a petty merchant with a pack of goods, for which he has but little sale, because, though the people of Corvo number nearly nine hundred, their clothing is generally made of linen woven on the island and excellent woollen stuffs manufactured there with wonderful skill. Under favourable conditions and with a fair wind, the trip is made in three or four hours, and the boats land at Porto Novo, Porto das Casas, or Porto da Arica; if at the latter, right in front of the bright little town, which is built partly on the level and partly on the slope of the hills which close it in to the north and west. Though small, the town boasts of some very good and well-furnished houses, lime-washed and with tiled roofs.

The streets of Corvo, however, are exceedingly narrow, some of them even too narrow for a bullock-cart; and, once in them, a stranger has some difficulty in finding his way out again, as they form a most perplexing labyrinth. There was a very good reason for this, as it seems these islands were formerly infested by Moorish pirates. The most formidable raids took place in 1632 and 1714. In the art of war the system of defence then adopted by the simple islanders is perhaps unique. On the occasion of one of the piratic raids, the population of the island had been terror-stricken by the landing of the wild marauders, to whom nothing was sacred, and who did not limit themselves to plunder of property, but also carried off the most beautiful girls and women. When the enemy had already landed and were forcing their way along the narrow, tortuous streets, a few Azoreans, more daring than

the rest, confronted by the terror of that unarmed population, were seized with a new idea. They hurried away to the pasture-lands, surrounded a herd of wild cattle, quickly chased them to the town, and succeeded in driving the now infuriated beasts into the passages crowded with the terrible corsairs. The doors had all been closed and barred; and from the windows, for want of more effective projectiles, a shower of enormous stones fell upon the heads of the assailants. Then the panting bulls, lashed and goaded, rushed along the narrow streets, and, seeing before them that clamorous rabble, dashed furiously into their midst. It was a fearful onslaught. Within a very few minutes men and animals were mingled together in a terrible death-struggle, and by this means about a hundred of the dreaded enemy were killed.

The Church of Our Lady of Miracles, the patron saint of the parish, is the only place of worship on the island. It has both a vicar and a curate; but only a few years ago a spiritual comforter arrived from Flores once in twelve months for the confessions and other Lenten services and ceremonies.

Corvo is an island of plenty, though provisions are not sold there, but only exchanged. For instance, those having more wheat than they need exchange it with some one for beans; or, if their potatoes are too plentiful for their family, they take some to a neighbour and get onions in return. They breed a large number of cattle and pigs, and fowls are plentiful. There is quite a variety of fruits: water-melons, sweet-melons, pears, figs, &c.; they have good spring water, and the milk is excellent. Even the poorest families in Corvo kill a pig at Christmas-time, most of the carcass being smoked for use during the year. Beef is also smoked; the flavour, though peculiar, is not at all unpleasant.

The Corvoites' mode of living is very simple. They rise at dawn and go to church to hear early mass, and thence to work in the fields. Between nine and ten o'clock they breakfast on fresh milk and Indian corn or rye bread—nothing more. At nightfall they return to their homes, where what they call *comida de panela* (pot-food) awaits them. This dish generally consists of cabbages, potatoes, beans, and turnips, or other produce of the soil, and serves them both as dinner and supper. Coffee and tea, already much used by the poor in the other islands of the group, are here almost unknown; if any one chances to have a little of either, it is reserved for cases of sickness. They have neither a doctor nor a chemist's shop on the island; indeed, there are no shops of any kind; but in most of the houses a bottle of 'pain-killer' is to be found, brought, of course, from the United States, their Land of Canaan.

The periodical visits of ships from Portugal are not looked upon in the light of blessings; they are associated principally with the fiscal exigencies, and so the people would much rather be without them. The Superintendent of the Exchequer and his clerk

live at Santa Cruz, Flores, the capital of the district, and frequently cross to the sister-isle on business bent.

Nearly all those who go to Corvo go there against their will; it is like being exiled, with the prospect of getting news from the outer world only once in three months; but it is a singular fact that after a short stay on the island they are sorry to leave it, and do so with reluctance, as life there is so free from care and worries, and there is an abundance of everything. The ease and freedom in dress, together with the sincere and kindly hospitality of the inhabitants, and the magnificent views enjoyed, all tend to make us forget that beyond this insignificant spot in an immense ocean there are great, rich, and populous cities. And then, resting on the summit of some high rock, we say to the ships passing away in the distance, 'God take you in safety, and leave us here in peace.' Or, climbing still higher to the edge of the beautiful crater, in the bosom of which lies a lovely lake dotted with tiny islands brilliant in that glorious sunshine, with the air around full of the fragrance of broom and heather, and millions of flowers on every side, we bless the Providence that placed us there to enjoy such hours of tranquil existence.

HOME-THOUGHTS.

THE fog slips over the moor,
And the wind drives up from the sea,
And the kerry flies on the low'ring skies,
And the pewits cry as they curve on high,
And the rain sweeps over the lea.

How oft have I seen you thus,
On a dark November day,
My native land, as I coursed the sand,
And sang to the sea, for it sang to me,
When the tide was sullen and gray!

How oft have I seen you thus!
For my spirit is one with your own—
As cheerless as those grim peaks
That leer in the tempest's moan.
And, oh, how I loved you thus!
And hated you, loving you more,
With the dismal bleat of the sheep in the sleet,
And the moor-hen's wail in the wintry gale,
And the distant torrent's roar.

And what though the sun may shine
On the fairest scenes afar,
Or the moonlight gleam on a poet's dream
By the palm, or the pine, if it is not mine
That I view by the evening star?

And what though the waves are blue,
And they break on the farthest earth?
My soul still yearns for the noisy burns,
The cold, bleak shore where the sea-caves roar,
And the fireside scene on a Hallow'en,
In the land o' my birth.

STEPHEN CHAMBERS.

NEW YORK.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

GUIDANCE IN NOVEL-READING.

THE prevailing taste of the day is only too much in harmony with Jowett's saying that 'there are few ways in which people can be better employed than in reading a good novel.' As its field is human life, 'the experience of the race under countless conditions of existence,' so it makes the widest possible appeal and is the most universally popular of all forms of literature. People in every position of life, from the scavenger or washerwoman to Royalty, indulge in some form of fiction-reading, if they read at all. R. L. Stevenson, in writing of the books which influenced him, says that 'the most influential books, and the truest in their influence, are works of fiction. They do not pin the reader to a dogma which he must afterwards discover to be inexact; they do not teach him a lesson which he must afterwards unlearn. They repeat, they rearrange, they clarify the lessons of life; they disengage us from ourselves, they constrain us to the acquaintance of others. . . . The course of our education is answered best by those poems and romances where we breathe a magnanimous atmosphere of thought and meet generous and pious characters.' The child at its mother's knee drinks in with wonder and delight the old fairy-tales. Then comes the boy's and girl's book-shelf and the period of danger; then, all too early it may be, Master or Miss Precocity tackles the fiction that comes in an indiscriminate way, most of which had better be left unread so far as they are concerned. A novelist once penned a paper on novel-reading for a popular periodical, in which he said he trembled lest his own young people should read some of the problem novels, or those which described the seamy side of life, which had been left about! This is how he concludes: 'I—who, having written novels all my life, know more than most readers how to admire a great novelist—should esteem it a good sign of any son or daughter of mine who would throw a whole cartload of modern fiction into the gutter, often its fittest place, in order to clasp a huge, wholesome

armful of Sir Walter Scott.' Nevertheless, the standard of purity and good taste is wonderfully high, as well as the literary execution.

We find from the reports of the American Commissioner of Education that a great deal of honest trouble is being taken to bridge over the period between school and business-life by means of reading-lists suitable for the public library. Reading-lists, supervised by the teacher, have been drawn up for school use. To a certain extent in this country there are school-libraries in connection with Board-schools. The *Schoolmaster* and *Journal of Education* both published useful lists for such libraries. But that omnipotent thing known as the Code has not yet attempted to lay down any rules for the training of children in the reading of imaginative literature. There is, therefore, some justification for what Professor Moulton says, that 'if novel-reading, as a whole, has been a curse rather than a blessing, the fault lies, not in our authors, but in our distracted educational system, which insists upon careful training in mathematics, or language, or physical science, subjects comparatively easy and remote from life, yet leaves literature, most difficult and vital of all studies, to take care of itself.'

An American educationist, Mr C. A. McMurray, in this connection says that the child who by the age of fourteen has not read *Robinson Crusoe*, *Havocathu*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *Heroes* by Kingsley, the *Wonder Book* and *Tanglewood Tales* by Hawthorne, *The Lays of Ancient Rome*, *Paul Revere's Ride*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *The Arabian Nights*, *Sleepy Hollow*, *Rip Van Winkle*, the *Tales of the White Hills*, *Courtship of Miles Standish*, Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*, *Marmion*, *The Lady of the Lake*, the story of Ulysses and the Trojan War, William Tell, and Alfred—that 'the boy or girl who has grown up to the age of fourteen without a chance to read and thoroughly enjoy these books has been robbed of a great fundamental right, a right which can never be made good by any subsequent privileges or grants. It is not a question of learning how to read—all children who go to school learn that—it is the vastly greater question

of appreciating and enjoying the best things which are worth reading.' In a St Louis library, when a reader asks for a bad novel it is handed to him; but inside the cover he finds pasted a list of better ones, so that when his own list is exhausted his taste will gradually be educated by drawing upon this fresh list. Booksellers, when they are genuine booksellers, as well as librarians, can do much in the way of recommendation of what is best. A writer in the *Pilot*, in considering the high percentage of novels read at the public library (80 per cent. or so) contrasted with more solid literature, urges a gradual reformation. 'Surely novels,' the writer says, 'the novels even of Hall Caine and Marie Corelli, are as educative as grammars and geographies. A tired shop-girl will hardly read George Meredith or work at French; but the novels of Hall Caine may be an improvement on the penny novelette; in making her dream of being a duchess or marrying a millionaire you have done something to educate her imagination,' and 'that is just the one form of education which nowadays is most needed. George Meredith may come later.'

Where most people are a law to themselves in this kind of reading, it is all the more important to educate the standard of taste; then the reader may safely be left to peruse what he likes and enjoys. A book has been edited by Ernest A. Baker, M.A., and published by Sonnenschein, which gives a clue to over four thousand good novels, more than the average reader will devour in a lifetime. It is entitled *Descriptive Guide to the Best Fiction, British and American, including Translations from Foreign Languages*. The Continental list is less useful than the British, and it was a mistake to have a separate list of Scottish and Irish writers. The writers may belong to these nationalities, but their works do not; they are contributions to the body of British literature. Otherwise the book is a very valuable and suggestive one. The compiler has started with the praiseworthy motive of supplying a fairly complete list of the best prose fiction in English, including not all that interests students, which may be found dealt with in such a work as Chambers's *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, but all that the ordinary reader is likely to care about. Of course, as no sane person would attempt to read all the fiction as it drops from the press, neither would he attempt to read systematically the four thousand or so of novels set down by Mr Baker. The list will, however, afford useful suggestions, and when the latest novel is insipid or worthless there are hints here as to what is best. The condensed paragraph after each novel gives an outline, with subject and plot, and a line or two of criticism, which is usually pointed and just. The editor believes that merely to select a few thousand novels from the legions that have issued from the press is in some degree to pass a criticism upon them. In any future edition, Mr Baker hints that doubtless a large proportion of recent authors will drop out and their places be occupied by others equally ephemeral.

One might be inclined to ask if sixpence could in any other way open the door to more entertainment than by the purchase of a good novel. For that sum novels of Scott, Blackmore, Stevenson, A. Conan Doyle, George Macdonald, and by a hundred other good writers, may be had. One bookseller's list, that of A. & F. Denny, of the Strand, London, gives the titles of nearly seven hundred sixpenny books, mostly novels. Only, discrimination is needed in the purchase of such paper-covered books.

The novel in three volumes is dead; it reaches back to the days of Richardson and Fielding; and Mr E. Marston, who ought to know, says there is as much rubbish now published in one-volume form as there formerly was in three. The story of the gradual growth in the popularity of Blackmore's *Lorna Doone* shows how difficult it is to forecast what public favour may be given to new-comers. Mr Heinemann has said that if he could predict what sort of fiction was to be most popular this year, next year, or at any given time, he would be a much richer man than he is. Reviews, small-talk in society journals, ordinary conversation, any or every way whereby a story gets talked about, may give it a start; only solid merit will keep it alive. Mr Baker in his cyclopedic volume leads us onward from *Gesta Romanorum* and *Requard the Fox* to Marie Corelli and Hall Caine's latest. Even John Bunyan and Addison (for the sake of Sir Roger de Coverley) have a place. De Poe lives mainly in the public mind because of *Robinson Crusoe*; we question if Fielding, Richardson, Goldsmith, Smollett, and Sterne find many readers amongst those whose literature is mainly modern fiction. In the first quarter of the nineteenth century the novel was put on its present footing once and for all by Sir Walter Scott; it is awkward, however, to find all his novels appearing under a Scottish heading. We come to Jane Austen (whose works are neatly reproduced in more than one modern edition), Harriet Martineau (who has almost dropped out), J. J. Morier (author of *Hajji Baba*), and Jane Porter. In the second quarter of the nineteenth century we have the names of Harrison Ainsworth, Charlotte Brontë, Lord Lytton, Dickens, Thackeray, Disraeli, G. P. R. James, and Marryat, who alone made a brilliant period. In the third quarter of the century we have George Borrow, Wilkie Collins, Mrs Craik, George Eliot, Thomas Hughes, Charles and Henry Kingsley, Mrs Lynn Linton, Charles Reade, and Trollope. The present-day list, from about 1875 onwards, is both brilliant and bewildering, and certainly too long for these columns; it includes Sir Walter Besant, R. D. Blackmore, George Macdonald, William Black, M. E. Braddon, Marie Corelli, Hall Caine, Robert Barr, H. Rider Haggard, John Oxenham, Sir A. Conan Doyle, James Payn, Thomas Hardy, George Meredith, Rudyard Kipling, Mrs Humphry Ward, I. Zangwill, R. L. Stevenson, William Le Queux, S. R. Crockett, and J. M. Barrie. In the American list we find the names of Mrs Stowe, Howells, Irving, Poe, Hawthorne, Holmes, F. M. Crawford, E. P.

Roe, Henry James, S. L. Clemens, Louisa Alcott, Mary Wilkins, and Mary Johnston. What Mr Baker has to say of Holmes may stand as a specimen of his notes: 'The *Aurocrat* only in a limited sense is a novel. The sayings, thoughts, and set discourses of a philosopher who holds forth on every chance topic to his fellow-lodgers in a lodging-house: full of alert wisdom, droll humour, and shrewd observation. The character-sketches and the little love-plot give the book a right to be classed as fiction.' The best of Josiah Gilbert Holland's stories are not in Mr Baker's list; these are *Arthur Bonnicastle*, *A Story of Sevenoaks*, and *Nicholas Minturn*. This last Dr Holland, the founder of *Scribner's Magazine*, thought the best thing he had written, and that it was doing good in America.

By reading the best in this list we shall, as a certain writer says, have grown to a wisdom which will enable us to ignore books 'concocted of hysteria, formal spite, and a fantasy that resembles madness rather than imagination.' The same writer says that 'to know the chief characters in George MacDonald's earlier books is a means of grace; but the meretricious, the erotic, the sensual, are bound to die as surely as the race is bound to mount still higher in the scale of life and civilisation,' and in the long-run the fiction which survives the test of years because it is true to all that is best and deepest in human nature will be found to contain some of the elements of a sound, trustworthy, and permanent theology.

At Backworth, Northumberland, after a series of University Extension lectures, a District Classical Novel-Reading Union was started to study fiction. The principle of the society was, that as literature is the science of life, and the great classical novels are among the best text-books of life: therefore, to study these is the best antidote to trashy and poisonous fiction. The purpose of the Union was to encourage systematic novel-reading at the rate of a novel a month. This novel was to be taken up by ordinary readers and students, the former reading and talking about the novels, the latter meeting to discuss and do work. *Martin Chuzzlewit* was the first book read; it was found that two months was needed to do justice to it. The points to be noted in the novel were suggested by Professor R. G. Moulton, who has related the experiment under the title of *Four Years of Novel-Reading: an Account of an Experiment in Popularising the Study of Fiction* (Isbister, 1896). The points raised formed subject for debate and essay. The other novels studied in this way were *Anne of Geierstein*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Westward Ho!* *Ninety-Three* (by Hugo), *Vanity Fair*, *Put Yourself in His Place*, *Silas Marner*, *Jane Eyre*, *Wives and Daughters*, *Romola*, *Persuasion* (by Jane Austen), *Alton Locke*, *Kenilworth*, *Wandering Jew*, *The Cloister and the Hearth* (by Charles Reade), *Esmond*, *The Egoist*, *David Copperfield*, *Elsie Venner*, *Woodstock*, *Shadow of the Sword*, *Lorna Doone*, *Our Mutual*

Friend, *Monte Cristo*. The result has been that these great works have been a constant source of pleasure to those who thus read them under the guidance of skilled literary advisers.

For those who wish historical tales, Mr Jonathan Nield has prepared his *Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales* (Elkin Mathews). Mr Nield points out that where the text-book fails, the historic romance may help the attainment of a truer historic sense. He also points out that much discrimination is needed in this field, and as an assistance he prints a 'Suggested Course of Reading.' Mr Nield has spent two years over a new edition of his *Guide*, which should now be more useful than ever. Professor Raleigh in his *English Novel* lays down the rules for sound criticism. An older book is that by David Masson on *British Novelists and their Styles*.

The expiry of copyright in the works of some of the most eminent of the Victorian novelists has aided largely in the sale and popularity of the novel. Many publishers now make quite a feature of reprints of the works of Scott (and how many reprints of Scott front the twentieth century!), Jane Austen, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, the Brontës, Lord Lytton, Mrs Gaskell, Trollope, and others. Editions of these authors in dainty and beautiful form, and wonderfully cheap, abound on the shelves of every good bookseller. They are pleasanter to read and handle than the dirty, well-thumbed volumes from the Circulating or Public Library, and the cheap rate at which they are published makes it easy and a positive pleasure to possess them. If one has not space for the whole, a selection may be a treasure and a delight. Such a work of reference as the new edition of Chambers's *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, already mentioned, especially the third volume, furnishes hints as to the relative importance of novels and novelists, with the names of their best works. Besides the extended notices of the great novelists in the body of that work, the additional complementary list of recent and contemporary British and American authors will be found useful. If we are in search of the names of works of living authors, and the library catalogue at hand does not have what we wish, then it is easy further to refer to the lists in notices of authors (if eminent enough) found in the pages of *Who's Who*, or to Low's *English Catalogue* and Whitaker's *Reference Catalogue of Current Literature*, which ought to be found on the shelves of every bookseller worthy of the name in the United Kingdom.

In spite of all that has been said and done, we are afraid that most people will go on reading what they like, or—what comes to the same thing—what chance throws in their way. But there are always a few strenuous, elect souls who will make a choice and inevitably only read the best; and we have cause to be thankful for a superabundance of what is best, and also for those who will read that only.

THE CLOSED BOOK.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONCERNS A WOMAN'S SERFDOM.



FTER long examination I came to the conclusion that the rudely executed sketch must have been placed there by another hand, as it seemed in somewhat different ink, a trifle more faded than the writing. As is so often the case in old manuscripts, blank spaces were used by subsequent possessors to note memoranda at a time when every inch of parchment or other writing surface was precious.

It apparently had no connection with the text; therefore, placing it aside for further examination, I turned over the page and continued to decipher this remarkable and forbidden document regarding the perfidy of the terrible House of Borgia.

As an antiquary I had become intensely interested in the strange record, for it apparently threw upon the notorious Lucrezia Borgia, the woman who had brought secret poisoning to a fine art, an entirely new light.

And as I proceeded, I found it continued as follows:

'IN MY MOST HUMBLE WISE I served my ladie Lucrezia, wrapping myself, I fear, in manifold errors, and being privy to the detestable crimes of the Cardinal Cesare. Both my ladie and myself knew that it was Cesare who, with his own hand, stabbed his elder brother Giovanni Duke of Gandia and threw him into the Tiber on the night of the feast given by his mother the Madonna Giovanna at San Pietro ad Vincula. We knew, too, of many dark and foul crimes beyond those in which my lady's father and brother compelled her to partake. After the assassination of the lord of Gandia, the Cardinal Cesare threw aside his scarlet hat and became captain-general of the Church, with the title of the Lord Duke Cesare de Valentinois. He shrank from neither sacrilege or murder, readily doffing the purple to assume the breastplate, and at head of his army crushed the feudal power of the barons in the Romagna.

'For a short space, alas! did he tarry, and brief was my lady's respite from the horrors thrust upon her. You, mi reader, WHO EATH NOE FERRE OF DEATH may still continue to scanm this recorde; but I yet do warn and beseeche of you to stay thine inquisitiveness, or the gaining of the secret, as it must be at thine own rysk and peril. Truly I affirm unto you that the thinges done in the palace of my lord Prince of Bisceglia at instigation and order of the fat-faced, double-chinned Borgia Pope were the foulest and blackest that ever man did conceive. To His Holiness's enemies the mere touch of my ladie's soft hand meant cer-

tain death, and feastes were given at the which those singled out were swept away like flies. None who dared to thwart the Borgia Pope or the lord Duke of Valentinois escaped swift and certain destruction. For them, death lurked at all times no matter how much care they took of their personal safetie. The fiendish ingenuity of Cesare Borgia showed itself in divers and sundry ways all to encompass the death of rivals that the House of Borgia might become paramount, and its power overwhelming.

'Pleas it your goodness to understande that I be so bold as to put it to writing that which I have seene that you who live after me shall know and learn this my secret contained herein.'

Here, again, was a second drawing, slightly more complicated than the former, and at the bottom was written, evidently in old Lovel's hand, the single and inexplicable word, in no language known to me, 'treuf.'

At one corner was a sketch of a circle with radiating lines which might be intended to represent the sun; but so crude was the drawing that it might be meant for anything. Therefore, after a few minutes' minute examination, I came to the conclusion that my first theory was wrong, and that both had been drawn by the same hand that had inscribed the curious record.

Continuing my task of deciphering, I suddenly became seized by violent neuralgic pains in the head and back, attended by excruciating cramp in the hands, similar to that I had once experienced through writing too much. Notwithstanding this, however, I further prosecuted my investigation of the secret record, which, as will be seen, proved a very remarkable one. After the inexplicable design, it continued:

'I SUPPOSE IT TO BE the will of God that I remained the humble servante of my ladie Lucrezia, obstinately determined to suffer all extremities rather than to leave her in the hands of those secret assassins. Many times did mi unhappie ladie seek my counsel, remorseful of the part she was forced to bear by His Holiness and the lord Duke of Valentinois. To mine own knowledge many who visited at the palace were envenomed in secret and went to their homes to die. Of these, one was my lord Don Ludovico Visconti, who had allied himself to the Doge and Senate of Venice, and upon the hilt of whose sword, which he unbuckled while he sat at meat, was there placed a drop of the Borgia poison. Another was the lord Alessandro Fumese, cardinal-deacon of San Cosina, who died suddenly after leaving the presence of His Holiness and my lady Lucrezia; a third victim was the Madonna Sancia, daughter of His Majesty Don Alonso II., to whom my lady Lucrezia was forced by her father to

sende a ringe of gold, and who died one hour after plaicing it upon her finger. Again, my lady Lucrezia was compelled to invite to a great banquet the Don Oliverotto da Fermo, Don Giovanni Fogliani, Don Vitellozo of Citta di Castello, Don Paolo Orsini of Sinigaglia, Don Lorenzo Manfredi of Faenza, the white-faced cardinal-chamberlain Riario, and Don Juan Vera, cardinal of Santa Balbina. His Holiness and the Duke Cesare were both presente, the feaste beinge gyven in order to effect a peace with the fiels of the Romagna. Myself I sat at the ende of the table next my lord Orsini; but a fowle treachery was practised, for every guest, without exception, was secretly poisoned, and at break of daye not one was alive, although no effect was felt by anyone before they left the palace. By such means as these did the Romagna fall beneath the power of the Borgias.

'Full many a woman hateful to the House of Borgia became envenomed by dainty comfits handed to her by my lady's lipping child the Duke Roderico, who was thus a poisoner at two years old, but of whose sweetmeats the ladies were unsuspecting. And be it known to you by this my record that my lady's husband, my lord Prince of Bisceglia, was but of the age of twenty and one years at this time, and helpless in the venomous hands of the Duke Cesare. Rome was filled with assassins. Myself, like every man who valued his safety, put on a mail-shirt when I left my bed, and set no foote in the streetes till I had buckled a sword or at least a poignard at my side. But the red bull was rampant, for the whole power of the Borgias was contained in the deadly potency of those small phials of glass and the impossibility of detection of the fatal *cantarella*.

'Think you, my reader, that any indifferent man, knowinge these things, and knowing also that the position of the lady Lucrezia was hateful unto her, could but suffer himself to remain as her faithful chamberlain, and seek to guard her from the fear-some perils that surrounded her. Furthermore, one night at nine of the clock, my lady came to me in terror, saying that she having quarrelled with her father, His Holiness had sent for her to his private apartment in the Vatican, where he spoke unto her and took her hand in forgiveness. As she withdrew she saw that he wore the venome ring the which is hollow, like that in my possession, and containeth the deadly *cantarella*! Then did my lady know that she had been victim of treachery, and was doomed. Already her beautiful face was pale, and upon her were the pains in the jaws and tongue, the which told us the truth. Not losing a moment of time, I obtained the poignard containinge the antidote, and with it struck deep into her white forearm, the which she held for me withoute flinching untill the blood flowed, and by this meanes was her life, attempted by His Holiness the lord Alexander P.P. VI., given back unto her.

'Twyce myself was I envenomed by the Duke

Cesare (accursed be his memory for ever), and twice was I able to counteract the poison with the antidote that mi lady Lucrezia had given me. The Borgia poison lurked in everything. A flower could be so impregnated that its perfume was rendered fatal; gloves were treated so that the wearer died wythin twelve hours; the hat, the boots, the staff, the mail-shirt, the woman's kirtle or the man's hose were all envenomed; nay, even unto the very chair upon the which a gieste sat. No poison was placed in the cup, it beinge always external and impossible to detect; beside which its action could be so regulated that I have known death to take place in an hour in some cases, while in others the fatal conclusion would not arrive for a week or even a month, according to the wishes of the Pope Alexander and his ambitious son. In very truth the possession of that secrete venom gave the Borgias power over both Church, state, and the riches of the world, all of which they conquered by the vilest treachery known unto man.

'My singular good reader, my duty presupposed, pleaseath it your good readership to understande that as in the case of my lorde Sforza of Pesaro, so in the case of my lorde Prince of Bisceglia, His Holiness finding himself foiled in the attempt to kill his daughter, soon wished to rid her of her husband, seeing that to marry her again unto one of the new lords of the Romagna would support the papal power in those parts. The crisis occurred on the morrow after my lord prince had returned from Naples, the VIIIth day of August in the year of grace 1500. My lord had been secretly envenomed twice, and escaped death by meanes of the antidote; but on the night aforementioned, at eleven of the clock, he went forth to Saint Peter's, but while ascending the steps, was grievously stabbed by a bande of masqued men in the pay of the Duke Cesare. Weak from loss of blood, he dragged himselfe unto the Pope's apartementes, where my lady Lucrezia, chancing to be there, swooned at sight of him. There were fifteen wounds upon him, but his life had been saved by his mail-shirt; yet for three weekes he lay ill in the Borgia tower, my lady Lucrezia never leaving him, and, fearful of poison, preparinge his food with her own hands. None the less, before my lorde had recovered, the Duke Cesare, accompanied by one Don Michelotto, visited him one night, and havinge driven my lady and the Madonna Sancia from the room, they remained alone with him. My lady flew down to the chamber of the Segnatura, that had been set apart for me during my lord's illness; and, hearinge what had transpired, I rushed up to my lord's apartment only to discover he had been foully strangled. The bravo Michelotto aimed a blow at me; but his blade being turned by my mail-shirt, he made his escape. When my brave lady came and found her lord dead, her sorrow knew no bounds, for she saw that he, like unto the others, had fallen at last a victim of the Borgia treachery. Both the lord Alexander P.P. VI. and his son

Cesare had the habit of saying "That which is not done at noon can be done at sunset."

'Reader who darest to seek within this book, curb thy curiosity and inquisitiveness, and stay thine hand, for herein is written strange things, secrets which concern you not, and have remained hidden mysteries from the world—things the knowledge of which must render you among the greatest on earth, yet must bring evil and destruction unto you. Having gained knowledge so far, I do entreat of you, brave as thou art, to seek no further to reopen this Closed Book. Again, harken to this warning of a dead man, and save thyself.'

Again those extraordinary, excruciating pains cramped my brow and limbs, while my throat once more became contracted, just as it had been on the previous night when I had commenced to make investigation.

But with my brain reeling and my senses confused I turned the time-stained page, and overleaf saw written there in capitals in the centre of one blank folio the ominous words:

'O AVARICIOUS READER

WHO HAST HEEDED NOT THE WARNING! TRULY THOU ART ENVENOMED AND MUST DIE. TO THEE NO POWER OF ANTIDOTE CAN AVAIL, NO HAND CAN SAVE. THE SHARPNESS OF DEATH IS UPON THEE.'

Then, for the first time, the terrible truth flashed upon me. The vellum leaves of that secret record were impregnated by some unknown and subtle poison, probably that secret compound of the House of Borgia that could be used to envenom any object and render it deadly to the touch; and I, disregarding the premonition, was poisoned.

I cast the heavy volume from me with a cry of horror and despair. The pain was excruciating. The sting of death was already upon me.

Too well I knew the terrible power of that secret poison unknown to modern toxicologists.

I rose to my feet with the rigour of death upon me.

I had reopened The Closed Book—an action that was fatal.

SPORT IN ANCIENT ROME.

By Professor RODOLFO LANCIANI.



HE old saying, *Nil sub sole novum* ('Nothing new under the sun'), cannot be repeated too often when we compare ancient with modern civilisation. Many inventions which form the pride of the present age are to

be found alluded to by classic writers, at least in their principles or rudimentary form. We are proud, for instance, of our postal arrangements, and of the facility with which we cross the sea; but the ancients had attained in this department a wonderful degree of efficiency without the help of steam.

There was at Ostia, the sea harbour of Rome, a post-office for transmarine imperial mails, the director of which was called *Procurator ad naves vagas*. The swift cutters detailed for the service could reach, under favourable circumstances, Alexandria and the Nile in eleven days, the Strait of Gibraltar in seven, the Strait of Messina in five, the coast of Barcelona in four, the ports of the Riviera in three, the coast of Africa in two.

This last fact is proved by the remarkable instance related by Plutarch in Chapter XVI. of the life of Cato, when, to impress the Senate with the necessity of destroying Carthage, he unfolded his mantle and showed the astonished assembly a batch of fresh figs which had been gathered on the African coast only some fifty hours before.

Telegraphic despatches were exchanged by means of signal-stations or semaphores by day, and by flashes of fire at night. The firemen, or *Vigiles*, a body of seven thousand men, instituted by Augustus in the year 6 B.C. as a night watch, to prevent fires

and burglaries, were provided with engines, called *syphones*, corresponding to our double-action forcing-pumps. It is true that they were worked by hand and not by steam; but it is only within memory of the living generation that steam fire-engines have been brought into play.

Lastly, as regards newspapers, called *Acta Diurna*: they were compiled and published by a staff of clerks called *actarii* or *actuarii*, assisted by judicial, military, financial, and general reporters, who took down in shorthand the proceedings in the courts, and made notes of births and deaths (registered at the temple of Venus and Libitina respectively), of parliamentary reports, of Court and shipping news, and of curious and thrilling occurrences, such as prodigies, meteorological phenomena, the erection of new buildings, fires, sports, races, arrivals and departures, and especially amatory tales and adventures, with the names of the parties *in extenso*. News of private affairs seems to have been communicated to the editor-in-chief by way of advertisement.

Scribes, called *operarii*, made it their business to copy the *Acta* by the hundreds, and sell them to the clubs or to private individuals, especially in the provinces, where they were eagerly sought after and extensively read.

The question has been asked whether the ancients were fond of sport in the true modern spirit of the word. I do not speak of athletics and gymnastics, like foot-racing, swimming, wrestling, fencing, boxing, weight-throwing, high and long jumping, because these exercises formed an essential part of the training of a Roman youth. There were

several 'greens,' or *campi*, set apart for these sports in Rome, bordering as a rule on the Tiber, because it was essential to wind up the morning practice with a plunge into the cooling stream.

What I mean by sport is more especially horse-training for racing and betting purposes, Alpine climbing, boat-racing, hunting big game, and other such noble pursuits, which are generally believed to be the outcome of modern civilisation. The ancients were fond of these exploits as much as we are, with the difference that the sporting craze was not half so general as it has grown to be in the present age.

First, as to mountain-climbing for the love of the thing. Owing to the loss of the Roman daily papers, which alone may have given an account of daring ascents made by private individuals, the information we possess concerns only crowned heads and generals famous in the annals of war. We must furthermore exclude from the list, thus restricted to eminent personages, the names of those who were compelled to get across mountain-ranges for reasons of warfare, from Barbarossa, Charlemagne, Hannibal, and Drusus the elder, to the old kings of Assyria, whose expeditions through the snow-capped chains of Armenia and Media are so graphically represented in the bas-reliefs of Nimrod and Nineveh.

Much could be said about the mountain journeys of Alexander the Great, were they not but mere incidents of his conquering career. Strabo says that while crossing one of the ranges of Bactriana he was so charmed with the beautiful scenery of those heights that he halted for some time on the top of the pass, and invited his generals to a banquet.

Instances are not wanting, however, of sovereigns who, out of sheer curiosity, or longing after new sensations, or to show their pluck, or to do something out of the ordinary routine, climbed difficult and perilous peaks.

Philip the Third, king of Macedonia, was the first known member of the Alpine brotherhood. His portrait ought to be given the place of honour in all our Alpine clubs. Livy, in Chapters XXI. and XXII. of the fortieth book, gives an account of his ascent of Mount Hæmus in the Rhodope range (the Hemimah Dagh in the eastern Balkans), which took place in the year 181 B.C.

Philip had heard that from the summit of the mountain one could behold at the same time the Adriatic and the Black Sea, and follow the course of the Danube as far as its springs. Accordingly he determined to try the experiment in company with his sons; but the wise men of the place described to him the hardships of the ascent in such dark colours that the young princes were left in camp, and the journey undertaken only by the king, with the usual retinue of porters and guides.

It took the royal party three days to reach the summit, and two to descend. Livy says they were

much affected by the cold and by the mist; in fact, I believe they were not repaid at all for their trouble. At all events, when questioned as to the extent of the view from the top, they confirmed the story about the Adriatic, the Black Sea, and the Alps being seen at one glance, which proves that either they had seen nothing on account of the mist, or that they did not speak the truth.

The Emperor Hadrian is the best known of Roman mountaineers. In contrast with his predecessor, Caligula, who fled from Messina at the first symptoms of an eruption from Mount Etna, he ascended that volcano in 126 A.D., to enjoy the world-renowned sight of the sunrise over the Ionian Sea. It is a wonderful sight indeed, accompanied by striking contrasts of light and shade, of refraction and reflection of the first rays of dawn over sea and over plain, from the Strait of Messina to the Bay of Palermo. Hadrian, called by Gregorovius the 'precursor of modern tourism,' was so enchanted with his climb that he built a 'refuge' or shelter-house at the height of eight thousand nine hundred and fifty feet, the remains of which are now named the 'Torre del Filosofo.'

In 132 A.D. the same emperor made the ascent of Mount Casius, the present Jebel Akra (five thousand four hundred and fifty feet), the Rigi of northern Syria, of which Pliny says that it afforded the view of the rising sun about the second crow of the cock, while the whole country below was plunged in the darkness of night. On reaching the top of the mountain Hadrian was preparing to offer a sacrifice, as it was customary with the Romans to do on these occasions, when a stroke of lightning killed at the same time the victim and the 'imperial chaplain.'

The same ascent was made by Julian, 'the Apostate,' more than once. Ammianus Marcellinus says that one day, after performing his devotions on the highest peak, the emperor granted free pardon to a certain Theophilus who had conspired against his life, which act of clemency from such a man shows that mountain-climbing makes men better, and elevates their souls to a purer and healthier atmosphere than that breathed by mankind below.

Let us now turn our attention to horse-breeding and horse-raising. The best stables and the best trainers were to be found in Spain, Sicily, Cappadocia, Epirus, and, above all, in Mauretania and Numidia.

A mosaic discovered in 1878 at Oued-Atmenia, in Algeria, gives us many details concerning the racing-stable of a certain Pompeianus, who was Procurator of Africa under Honorius. The colts and the racers are seen in their respective boxes, with their woollen covers on, and their names written above, such as Altus, Pullentianus, Delicatus, Polydoxus, &c. This great racing establishment was placed under the direction of a trainer-in-chief named Cresconius. A fac-simile of this interesting mosaic picture was sent to the Paris Exhibition of 1878.

Racing-stables were great centres of intrigue, and the bribing of jockeys seems to have been practised on a large scale. In fact, the passion of the Romans for races exceeded all bounds. Lists of the horses, with their names and colours, and those of their drivers or riders, were circulated some days before the race, and heavy bets made upon each colour, and upon the single horses and jockeys.

The training of colts was generally finished at the age of three years; and good racing horses were removed from the turf and pensioned at five. Among the hundreds of famous racers the names of which have come down to us there are hardly ten mares, which proves, as Friedlander says, '*equabus rarissime usos esse Romanos.*' Their power of endurance and resistance was simply marvellous. Tuscus, one of the favourite horses of Diocles the charioteer, ran and won not less than four hundred and twenty-nine races.

We must pay the same homage for strength and endurance to their drivers and riders. Diocles, whom I have just named—the prince of Roman charioteers towards the middle of the second century—claims in his epitaph to have outdistanced in his success all the racing men of the age, such as Scorpus, who boasted of two thousand and forty-eight victories, and Pompeius Musculus, who claimed three thousand five hundred and fifty-nine. Diocles himself, when pensioned at the age of forty-two, had won three thousand races with the *biga*, and one thousand four hundred and sixty-two with a larger number of horses.

An inscription discovered on 20th May 1878 in Rome, not far from the stables of the 'Greens,'* gives very curious details about the career of a young jockey named Crescens, who began racing in 115 A.D., when thirteen years of age, and died in 124. Crescens, a Mauretanian by birth, and belonging, therefore, to the best horsy race in the world, won his first laurels at the twenty-fourth and last run on 1st August 115, driving four horses—Circius, Acceptor, Delicatus, and Cotymus. During the ten years of his professional life he ran six hundred and sixty-eight times, and won forty-seven. The forty-seven victories are specified as follows: nineteen against three competitors, twenty-three against seven, five against eleven. He gained, besides, the second prize one hundred and thirty times, and the third one hundred and seventeen times.

During his brief life Crescens was able to put aside one million five hundred and fifty-eight thousand three hundred and ninety-six sesterii, or twelve thousand four hundred and sixty-seven pounds sterling, a real fortune in those

days; but we know that it was a very money-making business. Scorpus, whom I have named above, won fifteen purses of gold in an hour's time, and Juvenal speaks of a trainer whose income surpassed that of a hundred famous lawyers.

A charming paper has been published by M. E. Rodocanachi, under the title, *Comment et pourquoi l'on voyageait dans l'antiquité* ('How and why People travelled in Ancient Times'). It is a mistake, he says, to believe that the Romans did not undertake long journeys unless compelled to do so for reasons of state or for trading purposes. One of them claims in his epitaph to have crossed over to Egypt and back seventy-two times.

Owing to the state of peace and prosperity which Roman rule maintained all over the world for the lapse of four centuries, it was possible to travel from Arabia to Scotland, from the Caucasus to the Atlas, in perfect security, without the necessity of speaking foreign languages, and without having to deal with functionaries other than Roman.

There was a network of sixty thousand miles of excellent post-roads, some of which are still in use, with stations and hotels at short intervals; there were travelling-maps giving information as to distances, accommodations, &c.; and persons travelling for reasons of state had the right of selecting lodgings for themselves and their retinue of servants in private houses, wherever they chose to halt for the night. And they did not hesitate to avail themselves of this privilege.

Cicero met one of these officials travelling somewhere in Asia Minor with a carriage, two carts, a sedan-chair, riding-horses, many slaves, some wild asses, and a monkey in a perambulator. We hear also of a God-fearing and law-abiding citizen who had a pet gazelle in his house, and found it roasting on the spit when he came home from paying his respects to a travelling magistrate, whose servants had been billeted on him.

Private individuals were left to their own devices. I speak essentially of those whose condition in life made it possible for them to travel fast and comfortably, without having recourse to official help. Milon never journeyed without his private gods and his private chaplains; Caesar carried with him exquisitely designed mosaic pavements, which were laid down wherever he pitched his tent. Poppaea, the favourite of Nero, was followed in her peregrinations by five hundred asses, whose milk was used for her morning bath. The maids and valets of these personages usually wore a mask to save their complexions from the effects of the sun and of the biting north wind.

However, if they travelled comfortably they did not travel fast. It took generally ten days to reach Brindisi, a distance of four hundred miles, and three weeks to reach the banks of the Rhone at Lyons.

The travelling-carriages were a marvel of comfort. They were adapted to all possible requirements

* The imperial staff of charioteers was divided into four companies or squadrons (*factiones*), each distinguished by a different colour (green, white, red, and blue) to represent the four seasons of the year. Their barracks occupied the neighbourhood of the Palazzo della Cancelleria and the Palazzo Farnese.

for sleeping, eating, reading, writing, and gambling. There were books and reading-desks specially made for travelling; there were also revolving seats, like those of a Pullman drawing-room car, by means of which the occupants could turn towards the most interesting point of the landscape and face the cooling breeze from the hills. The travelling-coach of the Emperor Commodus was provided with a clock and a 'pedometer,' if I may use the word in connection with an arrangement by means of which a pebble was made to fall in a copper basin at every mile of advance on the road.

Hadrian, the prince of Roman tourists, showed a decided contempt for these luxuries. During the fourteen years he spent in visiting every single province of the empire, he always proceeded on foot and bareheaded, under the Caledonian snows as well as under the tropical sun, making his twenty miles a day in full military costume, swimming across the rivers, climbing over crags, and partaking of the ordinary mess of the Roman soldier: bread, lard, and cheese.

Hotels were decidedly inferior in quality; in fact, they were nothing but hostleries, with a tariff as high as the fare was indifferent, in spite of high-sounding advertisements. 'Here you are served *à la mode* of the capital' was the ordinary sign of these wayside inns. 'Here you find every imaginable commodity, cold and hot baths,

good refreshments, excellent wine, and amiable attendance.'

An hotelkeeper of Lyons, whose house was frequented mostly by commercial travellers and small tradesmen, had put up the following signboard: 'Here Mercury promises you good business, Apollo health, and Septimans [so the host was named] an excellent table. You will bless the moment you have put up at Septimans's. Stranger, be careful in choosing your lodgings!'

As a rule the names of public-houses and country inns were short and to the point: 'The Dragon and Eagle,' 'The Great Stork,' 'The hatted Bear,' 'The Sun and Moon,' &c.

You must remember that the Romans have been also the originators of 'watering-places' in the strictest sense of the word. Aix-la-Chapelle, Aix-les-Bains, Baden in Aargau, Plombières, Bath, &c. were as much frequented in old times as they are now, more as pleasure-resorts than for reasons of health. The bay of Naples was the Brighton of classic times *par excellence*; from the point of Misenum to the peninsula of Sorrento, every inch of that delightful coast was occupied mile after mile by villas, cottages, gardens, club-houses, casinos, temples, theatres, the remains of which still excite our wonder. These facts give some reason for stating at the outset that there is nothing new under the sun.

CAST BREAD.

CHAPTER III.—THE BAN-TIGHEARNA BHEIRADHA.



IME wore on. Yet another long vacation found Colin returning to the island-home, where he arrived in time to till the ground against the sowing of the crop, and remained late enough to reap it.

In May he cut peats on the moss topping the steep hill that rose above the thatched cottage. In summer he returned to the moor to turn the half-dried fuel, that the unexposed surfaces might share the benefit of the sun's rays. In autumn he harnessed the old mare to the peat-creel, and, bringing down load after load of the sun-dried fuel, would help his grandfather to build a goodly stack sufficient to keep the hearth warm until the following year brought a renewed supply.

The evenings found him fishing from the old boat in the little bay, that when he returned to college there might be left behind an abundance of dried fish and salted herring in store against the necessities of the winter. But wherever MacCalman was, or with whatsoever duty occupied, a book was never farther away than his pocket, and while his hands were busy his brain was not idle.

'An' the *ban-tighearna bheiradha*—is it of her you will be thinking?' his grandmother would sometimes inquire when she saw him spend the

long, still hours of the Sabbath lying on the sunny knave beside the shieling. But Colin's only answer was a slow smile and a 'maybe.'

It was a healthy, hearty life, and one that strengthened his muscles and braced his intellect in preparation for the protracted winter session in the big city, with its restricted opportunities of exercise and its interminable hours of study.

His grandparents showed signs of failing strength, yet Colin contemplated the coming winter with confidence. Sundry bursaries of considerable value that had fallen to his lot enabled him not only to feel easy respecting personal ways and means, but to arrange with the daughter of a neighbouring crofter to stay with the old folks, and to attend to their comfort during his absence.

Colin was happy. Many gracious influences—the knowledge that he had done well at the University, the vivifying exertion, the pure air—all wrought together for physical content, while the prospect of a return to Glasgow and Miss Dreghorne lent a roseate rapture to the future.

The summer, with its practical labour and unpractical dreaming, would have lingered in his memory as one of unruffled peace and hope save for an incident whose unexpected occurrence banished the glamour in which poor Colin was living, and

brought him back with a jar to the bald realities of life.

The day had been one of rare beauty: a day endowed with brilliant sunshine, balmy air, and soft, whispering winds. Colin had spent it alone on the moor turning the peats, far aloof from human being, with only the cry of sea-birds to break the silence.

At noon a small boy clad in a ragged tartan kilt, who had been chartered for the service by the solicitous grandmother, climbed the hill bearing Colin's dinner packed in a bowl tied in a red cotton pocket-handkerchief.

The provender consisted of a stew of wild rabbit covered with a crust of well-browned mashed potato; and Colin shared the savoury fare with the messenger, who ate his portion from a scrap of newspaper. Then, when the faded kilt and sun-tanned legs had vanished in company with the empty dish, Colin, before resuming work, indulged himself with half-an-hour's keen enjoyment of Harrison's *Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens*, which he had received by post from Professor Geddes. And throughout the hot afternoon hours, though his body mechanically turned the peats on the heather-clad Highland moor, Colin's wayward fancy personally conducted him and Elizabeth on an entralling tour among the relics of ancient Greece.

The sun was sinking in the far west when, his work having reached a triumphant conclusion, Colin set off homewards.

To his surprise, the first glimpse of the lonely little bay revealed a smart steam-yacht lying at anchorage. The presence of a dingy manned by two smart oarsmen waiting by the rocks that served as pier prompted the idea that visitors must be on shore, though with the exception of the seamen no one was in sight.

The odour of new-baked scones that mingled with the peat-reek sharpened an already sharp appetite. With no thought of anything more romantic than supper occupying his mind, Colin, hastening downhill, had reached the corner of the house when his quick ears caught the sound of familiar voices. With the blood rushing in a deafening flood to his head, he shrank back behind the remains of last year's peat-stack.

The unseen speaker, in tones that, but for the stark improbability of the notion, he could have sworn were Miss Dreghorne's, was enthusiastically admiring the great fuchsia-bushes growing against the white-walled cottage.

'The fuchsias are simply amazing. Do they really grow out-of-doors all the year round? And with no special care at all?—Sir James, isn't that wonderful? They certainly would not exist near Glasgow. How mild it must be here!'

Some talk followed about provender. Colin could hear his grandmother pledge herself to replenish the yacht's commissariat with fowls, eggs, and milk, and Sir James Cambus promise to send his steward ashore an hour later to fetch the supplies.

Torn by conflicting emotions, Colin kept close in

his shelter. He would fain have disclosed himself, have made Elizabeth welcome to his home; but the thought of the inevitable scrutiny that would be accorded him by the well-groomed Sir James restrained him. How could he appear in toil-sullied garments and with soil-stained hands before one whom he secretly—until now almost unconsciously—esteemed a dangerous rival?

Hidden from view, but with his ears straining to catch every word, he waited until the party, which included Mr Dreghorne and an elderly lady, had picked their steps over the rocky strip of beach and were well on their way back to the yacht.

When he entered the low-roofed kitchen the grandmother was already busy counting out her store of milk-white eggs, and packing them into a basket.

'An' it's yersel' that's the unlucky one, Colin, my man,' she said, raising her head in its sow-backed mutch to accost him, a flush on her cheek, something of pride in the sparkle of her dark eyes. 'An' it's yersel' that'll be wae to have missed the grand gentry. I'm thinkin' that even the *ban-tighearna bhrìathra* hersel' will be no finer nor yon miss that was sittin' there—ay, just on that chair. But ye'll be wearit an' hungry, an' there'll be no scones left for yer tea. They were that set on gettin' them that I couldna refuse. Ye'll have to put by wi' a bannock.'

A hasty meal snatched, Colin perforce forgot his secret worries in the labour of killing and preparing the fowls. When they were ready for the expected messenger Colin slipped out, and, stealing through the dusk down to the shore, seated himself in a cranny of the rocks where he could see the yacht, now gay with lights.

Evidently dinner was just over, for from the deck came the sound of voices. At nightfall the light wind had died away. The wavelets lap-lapped upon the beach. Had the yacht been nearer he might almost have followed the conversation. As it was, he could catch the melody of Elizabeth's speech, distinguishing it from the others.

The long day's work in the strong sea-air had tired even one so insured to fatigue as Colin; but he lingered on as though held by a spell till the purple-black sky was starred with gold. A little later his heart throbbed in unison with the music of Elizabeth's singing. The song she had chosen—'The Lass with the Delicate Air'—was a special favourite of his. It was the first song he had heard her sing, and he felt as though he knew every turn of the dainty, tripping melody.

The song ended, silence stole over the scene; and Colin, returning to the cottage, was surprised to find his grandfather still up, smoking by the fire.

Disinclined for gossip, he would have retired with a brief good-night; but the old man, excited with the unwonted sight of strangers, was not to be defrauded of his grandson's company before he had unfolded the budget of news he had garnered by foraging with the steward.

'Ay, but they'll be real gentry yon.' Contented satisfaction marked his tone, as though he

rejoiced in their reflected glory. 'He's a Sir, the one that belongs to the boat. The old leddy'll be his sister, an' I'm thinkin' if it's true what the men are tellin' me, it'll no' be that long afore the young one'll be his wife.'

Colin, turning restlessly on his chaff-bed, writhed under the intolerable conviction that the rumour was a true one. But a yet keener pang lay in the thought that the *ban-tighearna bhrìadha* had come to his home, and he had made no effort to speak with her. But for the accursed Highland pride that prompted his fear of intrusion, he could easily have dressed and rowed out to the yacht to pay his respects and welcome his friends to his own country. It was worse than unmanly, he told himself, it was cowardly to lurk on shore striving to catch a stray note of her voice when he might have passed the hours in her company.

Fate had guided her to his home. It would be a shame on him if he permitted her to leave in ignorance of his proximity. Comforting himself with the resolve that morning would see him hasten to make amends for his foolish diffidence, Colin at length fell asleep.

He awoke with a start to the consciousness that he had overslept, and that the sun was already up. Springing to his feet, he looked eagerly through the tiny window, to find that the yacht had vanished.

Yes, the *ban-tighearna bhrìadha* had come and gone, and the only tangible evidence of her visit lay in the film of ashes floating on the tranquil waters of the bay, in the diminished number of the fowls clucking hunger by the byre-door, and in the broad silver pieces that were already tucked snugly away in his grandmother's stocking.

When Colin promised himself that on his return to Glasgow he would make full confession of his *gaucherie* to Elizabeth, he did not guess that years were to elapse before their paths again touched.

By a fortunate chance, the Brown-Brodie Exhibition—one of the plums of the University, which, in addition to a considerable monetary benefit, carried the privilege of the winner completing his course of study at Oxford—had fallen to MacCalman. So when in autumn he returned to Glasgow, it was only for a night to pack up his belongings on his way south.

Supported by the knowledge that at length he had something worth telling, Colin paid an afternoon call at Park Terrace.

Poor Colin! he had a genius for arriving at the untoward moment. Mrs Dreghorne was upstairs enjoying the protracted afternoon siesta dignified by

the family as her 'rest.' Though why a lady who passed her time in pleasant indolence should require to bisect her days by a period devoted to post-meridian repose none paused to explain. Ellen Mary and the young officer who were the sole occupants of the drawing-room had reached that acute stage of mutual attraction when the entire population of the world rank as intruders.

Colin's courage, that had waxed high, shrank in that chilly atmosphere, and neither Ellen Mary nor Captain Farquhar made the slightest attempt to make him feel at ease.

'Oh yes; we are all well, thank you. Mamma is taking her rest. She always lies down in the afternoon, you know.'

Having delivered herself of this restricted information and handed Colin a cup of half-cold tea, Ellen Mary seemed to consider her duty towards this unwelcome guest fulfilled, and resumed her conversation with Captain Farquhar at the engrossing point where it had been interrupted.

'Yes, that is the very latest photograph. Do you really like it? Oh no, you really mustn't say that. I'm sure it flatters me awfully.'

Unhappily conscious that he was regarded as an interloper, Colin lingered, unwilling to leave without gaining any information as to Elizabeth's whereabouts, or disburdening his soul of his great news. To-morrow would put several hundred miles between Elizabeth and himself, and he felt as though he could hardly quit Scotland without knowing whether the yachtmen's gossip about her and Sir James Cambus was true.

As he rose to say good-bye a moment of desperate courage enabled him to ask the crucial question.

'And is it travelling that Miss Dreghorne will be?'

Ellen Mary, all graciousness now that Colin was actually on his feet to go, gave him full information.

'Oh yes! Didn't I tell you? How stupid of me! Papa and she and Gerty are at Harrogate. Papa had rheumatism—he got a chill when he was in the West Highlands yachting with Sir James Cambus, so he has gone to Harrogate to try the baths. Sir James is there too. He is dreadfully anxious about papa's health!'

The little laugh wherewith she punctuated her insinuation was still ringing in his ears when Colin reached the street.

It was true, then. The *ban-tighearna bhrìadha* was not for him, he decided; and, with his heart locked close upon its untold secret, he, turning, set his face resolutely south.



THE TWO GLENGARRYS.

THE DIARY OF MRS ROBERT ELLICE, GLENGARRY, THE LAST SURVIVING PRISONER
OF THE FRENCH-CANADIAN REBELLION OF 1838.

By NORMAN MACLEAN.

THERE are two Glengarrys, mother and daughter, separated by four thousand miles of sea. The mother occupies one of the most romantic and beautiful stretches of country in the Highlands of Inverness-shire; the daughter possesses a fertile land washed by the broad St Lawrence River. While the old Glengarry is mostly peopled by phantoms, the new is filled by a teeming population; for the old glen has given its life to the new. Shortly after the fateful '45, that old race, turbulent and strong, which had made the throne of three kingdoms rock, turned with wistful eyes to the West, where they heard there was a land that could give them bread. Their chief had no longer a use for them; the days of warring and reaving were over. He wanted money, and sheep alone could give money. So the cadet families bade farewell to the places they loved, sailed across the Atlantic, and settled in the Mohawk Valley in New York. They sought peace, but found war. These men, who had joined in the mad rush to Derby, took up arms for the once-hated House of Hanover when the war of American Independence broke out, and fought with all their might for the mother-land; and when the fortunes of war went against them they fought their way through the wilderness to the banks of the St Lawrence, and sacrificed their homes and possessions in the Mohawk Valley that, on Canadian soil, they might still call themselves subjects of a king. A large stretch of territory was assigned them, and they called their new home by the name of the glen of their dreams: Glengarry.

That was the beginning of the Canadian Glengarry. Still a large population was left in the old glen—a population which the thin, stony, rain-sodden soil could not support; and as these heard of the new land where their friends were prospering and their own language was spoken, the stream of emigration which emptied the old glen into the new set in. An extract from an old Canadian newspaper makes that stream visible to us: 'QUEBEC, 7th September 1786.—Arrived ship *McDonald*, from Greenock, with emigrants, nearly the whole of a parish in the north of Scotland, who emigrated with their priest—nineteen cabin passengers, with five hundred and twenty steerage passengers—to better their case.' These were on their way from the Scotch to the Canadian Glengarry; and without any doubt they 'bettered their case.' The last large band that thus set forth for the West—perhaps the

most important of all—sailed in 1802. It was composed of the Glengarry Fencibles, whom that redoubtable and patriotic priest Alexander Macdonell was instrumental in raising, and to whom he ministered as chaplain while they fought in Ireland for that same Government which their fathers once tried to destroy. When the regiment was disbanded in 1802, the chaplain went to London to arrange for emigrating them to the new Glengarry. Mr Addington, the Premier, objected that the Government considered the hold they had of the Canadas so slender that a person in his position could not be justified in putting his hand in the public purse to assist British subjects to that colony. Father Macdonell stood firm; he would not agree to Trinidad or any other place of settlement—the new Glengarry was calling to the children of the old! The priest pointed out to the Premier that by diverting the tide of emigration from the United States to the British colonies their population would be increased by enthusiastic British settlers, and the hold of the mother-country on the colonies strengthened. The priest was the better statesman, and he prevailed. In spite of opposition in high places, and from the Scotch lairds, an emigrant-ship sailed from Liverpool with eleven hundred souls, and after a several months' voyage landed them in Canada. That was the last band to swell the population of the new Glengarry; and they were a band of soldiers. 'If I were a young man,' said Tennyson once to Carlyle, 'I would lead a colony out somewhere or other.' 'Oh ay,' answered Carlyle, 'so would I too—to India or somewhere; but the scraggiest bit of heath in Scotland is dearer to me than all the forests of Brazil.' Father Macdonell was fortunate in realising the poet's wish—he led out his colony; but doubtless he and his thousand men, every one of them, felt as they sailed west that the scraggiest bit of heather growing on the mountain-sides of their own glen was dearer to them than aught they could ever get in that new land whither they were going. The love of the old land—the mist-caressed hills that rise from the sides of many a winding loch—never died in the hearts of these exiles. In a new Glengarry their hearts were in the old.

Right well did these men fulfil their priest's word that by their going the Empire would be strengthened; for when the States invaded Canada in 1812, and both the Canadas were seething with disaffection, the men of Glengarry rose as one man to fight for the old country. Their chaplain, now

the Catholic Bishop of Upper Canada, stirred to flame the ardour of their patriotism. It was a Macdonell who had crossed the sea as a boy that died beside his General—General Brock—on the hill of Queenstown. He was but a youth, yet a Colonel and Attorney-General for the colony; and he shares his General's glory and grave. It was the Glengarry men who, under Colonel George Macdonell of Greenfield (how familiar that name is to us), crossed the river on the ice and stormed the fort of Ogdensburg, thus bringing to nought a plan by which five thousand men were to be thrown into Canada. It was the same Colonel Macdonell who by a march of unprecedented swiftness saved Montreal. When Bishop Macdonell promised the 'Little Englander' Prime-Minister that his colony would strengthen the Empire, he probably little thought how good he would make his word. For more than any others these Glengarry men helped to save the greatest of our colonies for the British Crown.

Thirty-five years later, when the French Canadians broke out into rebellion, the sons of these Glengarry men proved worthy of their sires. The French Canadians, with the help of the States, were sworn to relieve the continent of the 'absurdities of monarchy.' In a few days two thousand Glengarry men enrolled themselves as willing to fight and die for these same 'absurdities of monarchy.' In the course of that rebellion a link was forged which unites the old Glengarry to the new with a romantic bond. In those days the late Mr Edward Ellice (who was afterwards for over forty years M.P. for St Andrews) and his young wife, with her sister Miss Balfour, went to Canada to see the family estate there, and were residing at Beauharnois when the rebellion broke out. Miss Balfour kept a diary of the daily incidents, and it gives a vivid glimpse of events which are well-nigh forgotten. Mrs Robert Ellice can claim, no doubt, the distinction of being the last surviving prisoner of the Canadian rebellion of 1838. As one reads the faded diary one feels how much it is possible for one human life to see! This, then, is part of Mrs Robert Ellice's (Miss Balfour as she then was) narrative of events:

'November 4.—When we went to bed last night we had a strange presentiment as if something was going to happen, of what nature we could not define. We were both undrest ready to go to bed when the watch-dogs began barking under our windows and all round the house. My sister went and awoke Mr Ellice, and asked him to send and see what it was; but he said it was all nonsense. However, soon after, finding the dogs continued to bark, he sent Prevot (the servant) to go and see what was happening; but he returned and reported all safe. And so we went to bed, but not to sleep, for I felt a strange sensation of listening and watching. At one o'clock Prevot came and awoke Mr Ellice, saying that Mr Brown was below, and that a person

had just arrived post-haste from Chateauguay saying that the rebels had risen there, and had taken possession of the town. This alarmed us; but, as reports were always going about, Mr Ellice did not give great credit to it. He said, however, that as soon as the *Henry Brougham* steam-boat arrived we should go to Montreal. Again we went to bed; but in about half-an-hour we heard two *woo-hoops* which sounded from the hills. Mr Ellice looked out and saw nothing but an old cow, and he tried to make us believe it was only the cow! But in a few minutes the woo-hooping, yelling, and firing were terrible. We jumped out of bed and ran between two doors to protect us from the shots, which were coming in at all the windows. Mr Ellice then drew us down to the cellar, shut the trap-door on us, and left us there. There we sat huddled in a corner, with the light of one tallow-candle, without shoes or stockings, or any warm clothing, in the damp, cold cellar, not knowing what was going on above. In a little while down came Georgine (our Swiss maid) in a dreadful state of misery, having been wounded in the eye on looking out to see what was going on. Then came the other maids, and the cook crying and making herself very silly. So there we sat silent and miserable. At last the trap-door opened, and slowly and stealthily we saw coming down the ladder a man in the Canadian dress, with a long musket in his hand. We asked what he wanted, and what he was come to do; but he spoke never a word till he got to the bottom. Oh, the intense agony of that moment! But when he reached the floor and turned to us what a joy it was to see Scott (the Scotch grieve)! He had come to hide guns from the rebels. At last Mr Ellice came and told us that the rebels were going to take him and Mr Brown and Mr Norval prisoners to Chateauguay first, but where afterwards they would not say. We went up with him, and almost immediately he was taken away with the others, and we were left alone with thirty or forty rebels in the house, most of them in the kitchen (where we had to sit), and five hundred outside the house. What ruffians they looked—all the image of Robespierre—with their muskets, pitchforks, swords, poles with iron and spikes at the end of them, hoes out of the garden—in short, anything they could get hold of in the shape of weapons; and their red caps, blue caps, and greatcoats with the capots and red sash! The horror and desolation we felt when they took away Mr Ellice and the other prisoners, and left us among these malefactors without a creature we could look to for advice or guidance! The rebels found the muskets in the cellar, and that infuriated them all the more. They came about us with loaded guns. "*Oh, nous ne voulons pas vous faire du mal; n'avez pas peur, nous ne voulons que les armes,*" they said assuringly. Mr Ellice's last words to us were, "Get to Montreal if you can; do everything

in your power to get away from this." The steamboat *Henry Brougham* came in at six o'clock as usual. She was instantly boarded by the rebels and captured, as also a great many passengers who were on board. They took the screws out of the paddle-boxes, and other parts of the machinery they put on the ends of long poles as weapons. About ten o'clock we thought of breakfast, and sent for Prevot and told him to get what he could. He fortunately found half a loaf and a little mug of cream. All else had been sacked and pillaged. Three hundred lbs. of maple-sugar already gone. We saw them breaking it in lumps and cracking it and throwing it in the air to whoever would catch it. We sent for one of the captains—so called, more like a butcher—and asked him if he would allow us to go to Montreal, as we could go in our own canoe. He said he would go and hold a consultation with the other "chiefs," and bring us the result in ten minutes. We saw them walk round the house and run their swords and pikes through the canoe, and then they returned and told us we might go to Montreal if we could! As a last resource we sent to Mr Quintal the priest, and asked him to come and see us. He sent word he would come after mass. Our guards, who had got down to the cellar and drank everything, were now mostly tipsy—jumping, firing, and roaring. The only friends we had were Scott and one of the ploughmen; and they, terrified out of their wits, came creeping about us and saying, "There will not be one of us left alive to-morrow morning," so destroying the little courage we had. We watched the church, thinking mass would never come to an end. How slowly the hands went round on our watches—every minute seemed an hour! At last the curé came, and after a long consultation we decided the best thing we could do was to go to his house, all of us. It was a dreadful day, pouring rain, and they allowed us to come up in our own wagon! Thankful we were to find ourselves here, away from these fierce-looking faces.

'November 5.—What a dreadfully anxious and tedious night we have had! Every noise we heard we fancied it was a rebel. We did not undress, but just threw ourselves on the bed. We spent the morning watching a steamboat which we vainly hoped was coming in with troops, as red-coats were seen on board; but it was only a small steamboat, and we suppose she had not enough men on board. Our disappointment was great as we watched her pass on. From the curé's house we can see all that is going on. All our good horses and carriages are being used for sending despatches about the country. It makes us melancholy to look at them. A large party of the rebels (or patriots, as they call themselves) have stationed themselves at the mill, and a constant communication is kept up between the village, the Seigneurie House, and

the kirk, which are both used as stations for their troops.

'Captain Whipple came as we were going to dinner, and Mr Mason—both prisoners. Mr Parker came to see us last night—one of the prisoners, an English officer in the artillery. He had been taken with the rest to Chateauguay, where they found they had too many, so they brought some of them back again. Mr Parker had seen Mr Ellie, and brought reassuring messages.

'We spoke to two or three of the rebels to-day, who all said it was not their fault. They were forced to it—drawn out of their beds and ordered either to follow or have their houses burnt. They gave their names to Mrs Ellie, and hoped to be remembered in better days. They are in tears when they talk of it, and I believe it is the case. Different rumours and reports come every minute. Some say that the Indians are coming; others, that the volunteers from Huntingdon are on the way; others, troops from Montreal. But one thing is sure which all say, that the rebels are very much disappointed at the Yankees not being here. They expected them for a certainty on Sunday. It is a dreadful day of wind, rain, and snow by turns.

'November 6 (*Tuesday*).—At two o'clock in the morning we were alarmed by hearing the door-bell ring violently and people walking about. When the door was opened we found that all the prisoners from the *Henry Brougham* were brought up here for safety. A report prevailed that the Glengarry men were coming, and that they were within five miles, and would be down immediately, and that the rebels would probably burn the village, the steamboat, and everything else ere they came. The poor curé has hard work lodging them all. Thirty additional visitors is no joke. It was a long time before we could settle them all—children and babies, mothers worse than their babies; men, captains and majors! There were hysterics, faintings, and much use of smelling-bottles and cold water. Among them is a Mrs Usher, with two infants—a great heiress in this country. She evidently thinks so herself, for she takes no more care of her infants than if they were the Great Mogul's, sits in a corner, sighs and smells her salt-bottle, and talks of her sore bones. Another person, a Miss Griffen, very pretty, sits in another corner and stares through her large dark eyes, smiles at what is going on, and talks to a man, her brother—if man he can be called—in ringlets! He walks about, clapping his hands, shaking his locks, and looking interesting. Mr Parker is a gentleman—that is enough, and makes up for almost every deficiency—handsome, full of good spirits, talkative; in short, an Englishman. The rest are mediocre. . . . We were obliged to send and ask permission to milk the cows and kill some sheep, as all these prisoners live at our expense.

'November 7 (Wednesday).—We begin every day wondering if before night there will be any change in our destiny, and still always disappointed. It was said that the Huntingdon volunteers were coming, and five hundred rebels instantly rushed up the country to attack them, and left the village nearly deserted, but placed more guards on us. . . . I wonder what the rebels want. When we ask them they do not know what to say. Some say they wish all Canada to be made a free state like the Yankees. I do not believe they know what they want, but are imposed on by a few leaders. If you ask them who are their masters, they say, "*Ah, je ne sais pas; nous n'avons point de maîtres; nous sommes tous maîtres, nous faisons ce que nous voulons.*" And still they have captains. Altogether, it is an extraordinary business, and sometimes I can hardly help laughing. It is so absurd to be imprisoned at one's own place, in the curé's house, with a lot of people one has never seen before; and the house where a few days ago we were walking sole masters and lords of everything, we are now obliged to ask leave to send to for milk and food which are our own. But when one looks at the other side of the picture—at the many anxious hours we spend thinking of others and watching for ourselves, listening for noises and hearing reports, with the terror of cannon or the Indians' war-cry over our heads, then our situation is truly lamentable. Our only comfort is that as prisoners of war we might be worse. As I expected, they have not brought Mr Ellice back [the rebels had promised that] nor the others from Chateauguay.'

While these events were occurring the authorities adopted energetic measures for quelling the rebellion. Sir John Colborne, the commander-in-chief, sent orders to Major Carmichael to assemble as many battalions in Glengarry as he could collect without delay, and proceed at once to Beauharnois to release the prisoners and punish the insurgents. These Glengarry men proved worthy sons of that Fencible Regiment which their chaplain led to Canada, and which had done so much to roll back the invasion from the United States in 1812. The chaplain still survived: he was now the Catholic Bishop of Upper Canada; and, though he was seventy-eight years of age, the ardour of his patriotism was not abated. In those days he published an address to the Glengarry men, calling them to arms. 'I am far from thinking it necessary in the present critical situation of your country,' wrote the noble bishop, 'to address you on the score of loyalty to your Sovereign. When a Prime-Minister of England in 1802 expressed to me his reluctance to permit Scottish Highlanders to emigrate to the Canadas, from his apprehension that the hold which the parent state had on the Canadas was too slender to be permanent, I took the liberty of assuring him that the most effective way to render that hold strong and permanent was to encourage the emigration of Scottish Highlanders into these colonies. Your brave and loyal conduct during the late war

with the United States verified my prediction. It is a most consoling reflection that I have been so fortunate as to possess the confidence of you all, Protestants as well as Catholics, because on all occasions when my humble exertions could forward your interests I never made any distinction between Protestants and Catholics; and I have no hesitation to declare that among my warmest, my most sincere, and most attached friends are persons of a different persuasion from my own. To the credit and honour of Scots Highlanders be it said, that the difference of religion was never known to weaken the bonds of friendship, and Catholics and Protestants have always stood shoulder to shoulder nobly supporting one another during the fiercest tug of battle. . . . That the God of Battles may be your protector, and grant success to the righteousness of your cause, is the ardent prayer and sincere wish of your obedient servant, ALEXANDER MACDONELL.'

Truly a catholic and generous bishop! That he knew no distinction of sect is shown by his once having received an address from an Orange Lodge, and by his having been called upon to arbitrate between the Presbyterian minister and his congregation when they had a quarrel, on which occasion the bishop spoke plain and forcible words to the minister's congregation on their duty! When such a man sent the fiery-cross through Glengarry, what wonder that the commanding-officer was besieged with people eager to enrol! In a few days a thousand Glengarry men were ready to march on Beauharnois to stamp out the fire of rebellion.

Let us now return to the diary of the young prisoner in Beauharnois. Two more days passed without any incident. The rebels were daily expecting Yankee reinforcements; the prisoners were hoping against hope that relief was near. On the 9th of November their hopes were raised by the sight of a steamboat:

'A steamboat was reported and seen in the distance, on which we all ran to the windows, straining our eyes watching it creeping gradually up. We were, alas! doomed to disappointment again. It passed, and we could hardly believe it, so sure did we feel that it was bringing us relief.'

But at last relief came. The faded diary tells the story well:

'November 10 (Saturday).—The morning we spent as usual watching and looking for succour from Montreal. We had not a morsel of food in the house. A man came to see us in secret, to tell us that the Glengarrys would be down this evening, and hoped, if circumstances changed, Mrs Ellice would remember him. We had heard that report so often, and had been expecting them every night, we did not put more faith in it than usual. Mr Parker sat on our stretcher a long time before tea, and we talked a long while of what we should do if the Glengarrys really did come. The curé came in looking as pale as death, evidently in a great fright and expecting something. We thought no more of it, bade Mr Parker good-night, and advised

him to drink a cup of strong green-tea to keep him awake. We were writing our journals when we exclaimed at the same minute, "Surely that was a shot at the mill?" We opened the door into the other room and asked our fellow-prisoners if they had heard it. They assured us it was nothing, and went on with their various occupations. So convinced, however, were we that it was something that we both shut up our books and put any little things we had lying about into our boxes. We had not done so five minutes when we heard shots, and *rat-tat, rat-tat* all round the house, the balls coming whizzing everywhere. We seized each other's hands and stood in the doorway, when all of a sudden we heard the doors breaking open, and such a rush from the other end of the house of men, women, and children—all our fellow-prisoners, headed by the two doctors, as pale as death. They were flying out of a little room beyond ours already filled with our servants, screaming, crying, and wailing. We were carried on by the multitude much against our wills; such a pushing and squeezing there was—children and women falling and being trampled on. I wonder we were not crushed to death. And those two cowardly doctors, instead of showing presence of mind and trying to comfort us, only cried out, "It's the rebels; we are all going to be murdered." It was a fearful moment, not knowing which party was going to be victorious. Oh! how relieved we were when in a little while Colonel Phillpots rushed into the room shouting, "Are Mrs Ellice and Miss Balfour here?"

Colonel Phillpots was one of the officers in command of the Glengarry relief-expedition. Two of the Glengarry men were slain in the brief conflict ere the rebels were driven from their positions. Mrs Ellice and Miss Balfour attended the funeral of the two Highlanders on the following day, and the Glengarry men were delighted to find that the ladies were able to address a few words of Gaelic to them.

On the second night after their own release, the one great anxiety which weighed on the ladies was removed. Suddenly the door opened, and Mr Ellice walked in clothed in a buffalo-skin, unshaven and unshorn. He had been kept a close prisoner by the rebels until the day on which the Glengarry men relieved Beaulharnois. On that day the rebels resolved to send their prisoners to Napierville, and two hundred men with them as escort. While on their way they heard the news that Napierville was captured by the troops. A panic thereupon seized the escort, and in a little while the prisoners found that their guards had vanished into the woods. Mr Ellice found his way to Montreal and reported himself to Sir John Colborne, then hurried to Beaulharnois to set the minds of the ladies at rest. On the 12th of November the little party embarked in a jollyboat belonging to the captured steamer *Henry Brougham*, and, rowed by four Glengarry men, made their way to Montreal, which they reached in safety, but not without further adventures.

Thus did the brave men of the Canadian Glengarry rescue those who were destined to live much of their after-lives in the old Glengarry beyond the sea. For, a few years later, Mr Ellice bought the old glen whence these men had gone, and the remnant that was left in it had no longer any need to turn with longing eyes to that land in the far West which bore a well-loved name. And if the memory of those stirring days in Canada, and of what the Glengarry men did for him there when they marched to the relief of Beaulharnois, had anything to do with Mr Ellice's purchasing the old Glengarry, then the old glen owes a debt to the new.

THE OUTLOOK.

I KNEW a man whose rich delight
Was but to keep his garden bright,
And trind the shrubs of green and gold,
And boast: 'Did ever eyes behold
Such bush and leaf of giant build
As those my hands and soul have tilled?'

And morn by morn he opened wide
The window with contented pride,
And viewed his work, as day on day
It spread its branches wide and gay,
Till soon, with hungry growth, it drew
The sunlight from his latticed view.

There lived a poor wise man of Greece,
Who breathed the air of happy peace,
Who moved within a garden small,
E'en smaller than his neighbour's hall;
Nor murmured at his narrow path,
Nor grudged the rich the fields he hath.

When asked how he so wise could rove
Within so small a garden grove,
He answered, 'Friend, 'tis large; come, view it.
Upward I find no limit to it!
For, earthward, though the plot be small,
Upward—'tis boundless, heaven, and all!'

'Tis as the first with men who move
Within a world's appointed groove,
Who never greet the golden dawn
Nor sorrow when the light grows wan;
For o'er the lattice of the soul
The shrubs of earth have gained control.

But wise the man, as he of Greece,
Who gives the curtailed soul release,
Outstrips the earth-locked ants that toil,
And finds that far beyond the soil
His little groove of life extends,
Upward, unlimited, ascends!

Small though the plot from wall to wall,
From earth to heaven 'tis more than all!
A view unbroken, when the soul
At outlook marks God's hand unroll
His splendours 'mid the hosts of heaven,
For upward there's no limit given!

JAS. BLACKHALL.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

MIXED MARRIAGES.

LET it at once be understood that the purport of this article is entirely unconcerned with difference of rank between contracting parties in the marriage ceremony; the matter on which I propose to write—namely, the joinder of East and West, of Europe and Asia, in such intimate and practically insoluble bonds—is, I consider, a question infinitely more grave and far-reaching in its effects than a mere gradation in social standing.

I refer principally to *so-called* (I use the word advisedly) unions between sons and daughters of Great Britain and of Hindustan, other nations scarce entering on the field of discussion; and again, to narrow the scope of treatment, to marriages between males of the latter with females of the former country. In the early days of the British rule in India, when English women were indeed few in the land, and intercourse with the mother-country both tedious and costly, connections of another description, almost invariably of a temporary nature, between Englishmen and daughters of the Orient were unhappily but too common to excite comment. Such a state of affairs has long since completely passed away, and I refer to it only in order to adduce its results as an additional and cogent argument against the slow yet perceptible advance of the practice which I know no words strong enough to deprecate.

Putting the matter in plain terms: a Eurasian race was created, almost limitless in numbers, and ever increasing by intermarriage, generally weak in physique, difficult to educate and provide for. It is unnecessary, as it would be invidious, to enter into the causes for such difficulty of provision, which are more to be attributed to the working of natural laws than to defective individuality. Still, the fact remains, the Eurasian problem is as far from satisfactory solution as at its genesis; and now, when the original cause has been removed, we are threatened with the production of a race even more effete and undesirable, both mentally and physically.

Disregarding, however, this latter aspect of the question, which is not likely to become one of prominent importance in the near future, the object of this article is to draw serious attention to and urge the prevention by any and every lawful means of the growing evil to which I have adverted; one which, though practically non-existent in India, is suffered, and through ignorance of its character and effects meets with scant if any discouragement, at home.

It dates its origin from the period, a very recent one, since which it has become the custom—I had almost said the fashion—for opulent native families to send their sons to England to study and obtain degrees in law and medicine, the candidates for the former honours of course predominating in countless proportion.

The youths thus selected are usually of good appearance, *always* by their own account of noble if not royal descent. For the time being well supplied with means, and possessed of pleasing surface-manners, the impression they make upon the female mind, ever prone to romance and as yet both unformed and uninformed, is but too likely to be a favourable one. *But*—and here lies the pity and the danger of it—England's daughters are utterly ignorant of the diametrical opposition which exists between the inmost nature of the men who pay court to them and their own.

Far be it from me to raise the ancient and deplorable arguments as to racial distinctions; yet no more can oil commingle with water than can the Eastern, with all his tradition of women's inferiority and impregnable sense of self-superiority, blend with the English maiden's conception of him whom she would fain constitute her second self, her most intimate of friends, as well as her husband, *the man she can trust as he would trust her*: conditions on the one side as impossible as on the other never even dreamt of. And should the ill-omened but irrevocable union take place—the delicately nurtured English girl have given herself over, body and soul, to a man of whom her knowledge is absolutely nil, whose secret thoughts and springs of action are as

effectually concealed from her as a cuneiform cryptogram—what manner of existence lies before her?

Leaving behind her home, with its refinements and innocent gaieties, her relatives and friends, what has she gained in place of all that has hitherto made life good and pleasant to live?

Her initiation will probably commence on the voyage, for then she will come in contact with few, if any, who are her equals in inexperience; but it will be when she reaches her future home (Heaven save the mark!) that the full extent of her irreparable disaster will burst upon her.

I will first take the most favourable possible view of her position. Her husband may be genuinely fond of his English wife, and have determined to make all things smooth for her, as far as in his power lies. We will even assume that he has, for her sake, embraced Christianity. Sufferance is the highest welcome to which he can hope to attain, for even the best of Englishmen can never feel to him, in their heart of hearts, as to each other; while for *her*, the warmest sentiment she can arouse among her sister women can never escape commixture with the sincerest pity, verging, it must be feared, upon contempt.

Nor, let her be ever so optimistically constituted, can she escape the knowledge that she is not looked upon as others are; that she lies under a social stigma which nothing can permanently remove. Add to this the ever-present jealousy which is so indigenous a component of Oriental nature, and which, in its utter ignorance and incapacity to grasp the pure converse and intimacy which exists between English men and English women, will either assert itself sooner or later or be the more dangerous from its concealment. This is, indeed, a certain factor to be reckoned with, unless she elects to keep herself apart from her kind. How long can she endure an existence which offers tolerance as its supreme goal? And this, as I have said, is depicting her lot in the most roseate of possible colours.

And what of her less fortunate sisters? Had it been within the bounds of my argument that the higher class of Oriental is exempt from the disabilities and incongruities of habit and disposition to which I have adverted, I should have alluded at an earlier period to the fact that the large—very large—majority of students who betake themselves to England for the

purpose of qualifying for a livelihood are by no means members of the aristocracy of the East, being drawn, with few exceptions, from the trading community, who alone are rich enough to afford such expenditure; many being of the 'Bunniah' caste, grain-dealers and money-lenders, a race an appreciation of whom, even among their fellow-countrymen, it needs but a few days' sojourn in the East to acquire.

What, then, are the prospects of happiness or even endurance for a girl allied to one of these? Even supposing the almost inconceivable circumstance that her husband is not already possessed of one or more legitimate consorts, in which case she would naturally become the junior inmate of the 'harem,' with no recognised position but that of its menial slave. If there were no predecessors, for her that harem would be constituted, and no English face would ever again be seen by her, no sound of her mother-tongue reach her ears, save perchance that of some kind missionary lady who might, on rare occasions, be permitted to have audience, only again to abandon her to lifelong (in ignorance) self-imposed misery.

I have in nowise overdrawn the picture; nay, for fear of possible misconception, I have omitted to fill in many of its details. The facts are known to every resident of India. Than the gallant band of missionaries who with their estimable helpmates devote their lives to dissemination of the gospel, there are none more intimately acquainted with the Oriental or more attached to him in his personality. Do they give their daughters, their sisters, in marriage to men of the alien race? In the course of more than forty years' sojourn in India I have heard of no such instance. Could more irrefragable or convincing proof be furnished of the unadvisability of such arrangement, of its worse than deplorability? I think I have said enough.

Whether or no the prevention of such unions in church or the registrar's office is possible by legal means is matter for consideration of the juriconsult; but I would draw the earnest and most serious attention of all parents and guardians to the facts and arguments which I have brought forward, and cannot in any words at my command too strongly urge absolute prohibition by them of such *mixed marriages*.

THE CLOSED BOOK.

CHAPTER IX.—DOCTOR PELEGRINI'S OPINION.



HAVE very little recollection of what occurred immediately afterwards, for I was far too confused and full of pain.

All I remember was that I rushed downstairs to old Nello, crying that I had been suddenly taken unwell; and he, seeing my pale, distorted features, was greatly alarmed. I

recollected at the moment that I had an appointment with the wife of a wine-grower, with whom I was in treaty for the purchase of an exquisite little fourteenth-century picture of St Francis of Assisi; and, telling my faithful man that if a lady called he was to ask her to wait, I dashed out, sprang into a cab, and drove along the sun-blanchied sea-road into Leghorn, where, in a high,

old palace in an unfashionable quarter, I discovered my friend Doctor Pellegrini, a short, stout, round-faced Italian, with iron-gray hair and a pair of dark eyes which had a hard and severe expression.

'Why, my dear signore,' he cried in Italian as I entered his big, half-darkened study, the marble floor carpetless, and furnished barely in Tuscan style, 'whatever ails you?'

'I've been poisoned, Signor Dottore!' I gasped.

'What are your symptoms? Tell me quickly,' he demanded, springing towards me and taking my wrist, evidently being convinced that there was no time to lose.

'I have a difficulty in breathing,' I managed to gasp. 'In my mouth there seems a strange, bitter taste as though I'd swallowed some quinine. My neck is stiff and seems to be bending back, and all my body's shaking.'

'Very much like strychnia,' the professor remarked thoughtfully. 'How did you take it? Was it an accident?'

'I'll tell you all later,' I responded. 'Do give me something to relieve these terrible pains. The poison, I can explain, is not strychnia, but the actual secret compound of the Borgias.'

'The Borgias! Rubbish!' he snapped. 'All imagination, most probably.'

'But I tell you it is. I have been envenomed by a poison, the secret of which is unknown, and the antidote was lost ages ago.'

The doctor smiled in disbelief, probably remarking within himself that the English were a queer race, with all their fads, fancies, tea-drinking, and smart tailoring.

'Well,' he said, 'I'll first give you a little chloroform, and then see what we can do. Don't upset yourself, my dear signore. We shall find an antidote somehow.'

And he gave me some chloroform, which produced insensibility. Then, on recovering consciousness, I found myself on a bed in a room almost totally dark, with blankets piled upon me until they had reduced me to a state of profuse perspiration.

My head felt as though bound tightly with a band of steel, but I had no further difficulty in breathing. My limbs were no longer cramped, and my neck was again movable.

I was better, and told Pellegrini, who was seated patiently by my side watching me.

'Of course,' he said, with that cool, cynical air of his which caused one to instinctively dislike him on first acquaintance.

'But I was very bad,' I declared. 'I've never experienced such excruciating pains before in all my life.'

'And I may tell you,' he said in the same calm tone, 'that you've never been nearer death than you were an hour ago. I certainly thought you wouldn't pull through. I telephoned to Cassuto at

the hospital, and he rushed round and helped me. I didn't believe you had really been poisoned. It certainly was not strychnia after all, although the symptoms were very like it. Tell me how it happened.'

I turned on my bed towards him and briefly related how I had purchased the curious volume, and how, on two separate occasions, I had been suddenly seized while examining the secret history written at the end.

'H'm,' he grunted dubiously; 'very remarkable, especially as the record mentions the unknown poison used by Lucrezia Borgia and her brother. A matter for investigation, certainly. You must allow me to submit one of the vellum pages to analysis; and perhaps we might clear up for ever the ingredients of the compound which has so long remained a mystery.'

'Most willingly,' I answered. 'We may make a discovery of the utmost interest to toxicologists. Hitherto they have declared that to produce a substance sufficiently venomous to penetrate the skin and cause death to those who touch it is impossible. Here, however, I think we have an illustration of it.'

'It really seems so,' he answered thoughtfully. 'I should strongly advise you, when handling the book again, to wear gloves as a precaution. Having once narrowly escaped death, as you have, you cannot be too careful.'

'I'll take your advice, Signor Dottore,' I responded. 'And I'll thank you for saving me, as you've done to-day.'

'You had a narrow escape—a very narrow one,' he remarked. 'I do not think that in all my experience I have seen a man succumb so near death, and then recover. When you first told me that your hands had become impregnated with the Borgia poison, I was, of course, sceptical. You English sometimes become so very imaginative when you live here in our climate. But I am compelled to admit that the symptoms are not those of any known poison; and if what you tell me is correct, then it really appears as though we are at last actually in possession of an object envenomed with the ancient compound about which so much has been written during the past three centuries. For my own part, I am deeply interested in the curious affair, and shall only be too happy to investigate it analytically, if you will allow me. My friend Marini, the professor of chemistry at Pavia, is at present here for the sea-bathing, and he will, I am sure, help me. As you know, he is one of the most expert analysts in Italy.'

And so it was agreed that a chemical investigation should be made, in order to discover, if possible, the secret of the Borgia poison which was so subtle and could be so regulated that no effect might be felt for half-an-hour or for a month, as the poisoner wished, but the end was always the same—death.

By secret use of that fatal compound, the Duke Cesar detto Borgia undoubtedly swept away his enemies, and more than one old chronicler allege that his father, the Pope Alexander VI. himself, did not hesitate to use it to rid himself of obnoxious cardinals who were wealthy, or other persons who aroused his enmity. He fully lived up to his official title of Ruler of the World, and it is more than likely that by the aid of his secret compound he broke the back of the turbulent, selfish baronage which had ravaged the papal states for centuries. Certainly his reign was full of diabolical atrocities and wanton, ingenious cruelty, documentary evidence of which is still preserved in the secret archives of the Vatican and of Venice. As to the alleged crimes of the beautiful Lucrezia, a long tress of whose yellow hair is still preserved in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, those who have read Italian history know well how she has been represented as placed outside the pale of humanity by her wantonness, her vices, and her crimes. Yet what was written in that curious record of Godfrey Lovel, soldier, courtier, and monk by turns, seemed to demonstrate that in her youth, with no initiative, no choice permitted to her, she was rather the too pliant instrument in the hands of Alexander and his son Cesar.

Anyhow, the fact remained that the writer of that secret record was absolutely in the confidence of Lucrezia Borgia, and also in possession of some of the venom, with which, in all probability, he envenomed the book in order that those who gained the secrets it contained should never live to profit by them.

Knowledge of the secret written there, he alleged, would place its possessor among the greatest upon earth. Was not that sufficient to arouse one's curiosity to proceed—to continue handling those envenomed pages, unconsciously seeking his own doom?

I ask you, my reader, who peruse and follow this remarkable history of what occurred to me, what would you have done? Would you not have returned to your home, and, with your hands protected by the thickest gloves you could procure, have continued to decipher the remarkable record to the very end?

I think you would have hurried home, just as I did, eager to obtain the knowledge forbidden, and determined to elucidate the mystery.

Surely the secret must be an important one, placed on record upon vellum, and yet so protected that the seeker after it must inevitably die ere the entire truth could be revealed.

The whole affair was most puzzling. As I sat in the swift, open cab that took me back along the sea-road to Antignano, the crimson sun was setting, and the gaily dressed Italian crowd was promenading under the ilexes and acacias beside the Mediterranean. Leghorn is a fashionable bathing-place during July and August, and from the hour when the sun sinks behind Gorgona until

far into the night no fairer prospect than the Viale Regina Margherita, as the beautiful promenade is called, with its open-air *cafes* and big bathing establishments, can be found in the south of Europe.

Through the little wood that lies between the fashionable village of Ardenza and the sea, where the oleanders were in the full blaze of their glory, my cab sped homeward; and having left the gaiety of the outskirts of Leghorn behind, I fell to reflecting upon the future, and wondering what, after all, was the hidden truth contained in *The Closed Book*—the knowledge that would place its possessor among the greatest on earth?

I thought of the strange circumstances in which I had purchased the old tome, of the inexplicable manner of Father Bernardo, of the old hunchback's evil face at the church window, and most of all of that singularly handsome young woman in black whom I had encountered in the prior's study—the woman with whom the fat priest had spoken in private.

Why should Father Bernardo have urged me to relinquish my bargain? Why should Graniani have come to me on the same errand, and have warned me? Surely they could not be aware that the pages were envenomed, and just as surely they could have no motive in preventing my falling a victim!

If they were acting from purely humane motives, they would surely have explained the truth to me.

Besides, when I reflected, it became apparent that the vellum leaves at the end whereon was inscribed old Godfrey's chronicle had not been opened for many years, as a number of them had become stuck together by damp at the edge, and I had been compelled to separate them with a knife.

At last I sprang out, paid the driver, passed through the echoing marble hall of the *villino*, and up the stairs towards my study.

Old Nello, who followed me, greeted me with the usual '*Ben tornato, signore*,' and then added, 'The lady called to see you, waited about a quarter of an hour in your study, and then left, promising to call to-morrow.'

'She said nothing about the little panel of St Francis?'

'Nothing, signore. But she seemed an inquisitive young lady—from Bologna, I should say from her accent.'

'Young lady?' I exclaimed. 'Why, the wine-grower's wife is sixty, if a day. Was this lady young?'

'About twenty-six, signore,' was his reply. 'Hers was a pretty face—like a picture—only she seemed to wear a very sad look. She was dressed all in black, as though in mourning.'

'What!' I cried, halting on the stairs, for the description of my visitor tallied with that of the woman I had seen in the priest's study in

Florence and afterwards in Leghorn. 'Had she black eyes and a rather protruding, pointed chin?'

'She had, signore.'

'And she was alone in my study a quarter of an hour?' I exclaimed.

'Yes. I looked through the keyhole, and, seeing her prying over your papers, I entered. Then she excused herself from remaining longer, and said she would call again.'

'But that's not the woman I expected, Nello!' And with a bound I rushed up the remaining stairs into the room.

A single glance around told me the truth.

The Closed Book had disappeared! It had been stolen by that woman, who had been following

me, and whose face lived in my memory every hour.

I rushed around the room like a madman, asking Nello if he had placed the volume anywhere; but he had not. He recollected seeing it open upon my writing-table when he had ushered the visitor in, and had not thought of it until I now recalled the truth to him.

My treasure had been stolen; and as I turned towards my table I saw lying upon the blotting-pad a sheet of my own note-paper, upon which was written in Italian, in an educated feminine hand, the axiom of Cæsar Borgia as chronicled in the missing book:

'That which is not done at noon can be done at sunset.'

THE COST OF COLLECTING THE REVENUE.

By W. M. J. WILLIAMS.



SOME inquiries regarding the cost of collection have been made since our recent publication of an article on 'Curious Facts about the Revenue;,' but as the investigation deals with the four departments of the State—namely, the Customs, the Inland Revenue, the Post-Office, and the Telegraphs, with all their ramifications—it will be readily understood that we can deal only very briefly with the various heads of such a wide subject, which touches questions of far greater moment than the mere collection of revenue or the administration of these departments, however important.

It is most convenient to deal with the figures of the year which ended with March 1902. In that year, we find, the collections cost: for the Customs, £878,300; the Inland Revenue, £2,051,713; the Post-Office (including the packet service), £10,104,045; and the Telegraphs, £4,034,930—total, £17,068,988. All these are officially designated revenue departments; but only a little reflection is necessary to distinguish between the revenue departments proper—the Customs and the Inland Revenue—and such departments as the Post-Office and Telegraphs. It would, however, be a mistake to overlook this official classification, as we very commonly do, for this classification is only too correct according to the use and issue of the work done in these departments nowadays. As regards the Customs and Inland Revenue departments, they are plainly for the collection of revenue only, for they levy taxes imposed by Parliament; but the cost of working the Post-Office and Telegraphs departments is the working expense of great commercial departments of the State, though it is not quite incidentally that they become revenue departments, and are so desig-

nated. Indeed, in the year ending March 1902 the Telegraphs did not yield a revenue to the State, for the receipts were only £3,450,000, and the cost of working them was £4,034,930, leaving a deficit of £584,930. Very much otherwise was it with the Post-Office, which received no less than £14,300,000, the cost of working being only £10,104,045, thus leaving a surplus revenue of £4,195,955; or, taking Posts and Telegraphs together, £3,611,025. It is only necessary to state these facts to justify the suggestion made above that these great commercial services are quietly but deliberately turned into revenue departments. Connected with this fact that the Post-Office and Telegraphs departments are now used to collect over £3,500,000 of revenue, in addition to discharging the duties for which they are ostensibly founded, are some questions of policy and administration, such as the pay of the lower branches of the service, the pay of mail-carriers, and that of young women in the telegraph service, all of which are in great need of attention from our public men; and there is also the perennial question of the improvement of the service rendered. For our present purpose, however, it is sufficient to point out that were it not for the profit on the Post-Office it would be necessary to raise the amount of that surplus annually by taxation. Again, if upon mature consideration—which Parliament of recent years has not devoted to this matter—it is thought undesirable to reduce the charges for postal service, then those who call for improved postal services, especially within the British Empire, have an opportunity and a vantage-ground from which to press their point.

The following figures show the volume of business in the Posts and Telegraphs departments for the year ending March 1901, the latest available. The Post-Office dealt with 2,323,600,000

letters, 419,000,000 post-cards, 732,400,000 book-packets and circulars, 167,800,000 newspapers, and 81,017,000 parcels. It dealt with money orders to the number of 13,263,567, of the value of £39,374,665; and with postal orders numbering 85,390,029, amounting to £29,881,726, upon which it made a commission of £359,296. The Post-Office Savings Bank up to December 1900 had 8,439,983 depositors, with £135,549,645 to their credit, or an average of £16, 1s. 3d. each. This average was only £15, 18s. 5d. in England and Wales, and £13, 15s. in Scotland, though it reached to no less a figure than £21, 2s. 1d. in Ireland; but too much importance should not be given to the latter average, though the figures are very interesting. The Telegraphs department, too, transacts business which tabulates in big figures. For the year ending March 1901 it despatched 73,184,864 inland messages of an ordinary kind, 6,961,761 press messages, 7,641,090 foreign, 1,280,876 free railway messages, and 31,106 at a reduced rate; and in addition there were 477,264 Government messages—a total of 89,576,961 messages. The telegraph charges to Cape Colony are at the reduced rate of three shillings and sixpence a word, and to North Rhodesia at three shillings and elevenpence; but it is arranged that when the new Government cables round the world shall be ready the reductions shall be on a sliding scale to two shillings and sixpence a word. The telephone is a new department of this service; and at March 1901, 312 post-offices were open for trunk telephone business, the circuits in use being about 84,500 miles of wire. Out of the sum of £2,300,000 authorised by Parliament for the purchase and development of the trunk system, the expenditure to the above date had reached £1,695,822, and doubtless it has now considerably increased. The Post-Office is employed, too, on behalf of the Inland Revenue department in the collection of revenue, as it receives money in licenses for brewers, dogs, male servants, carriages, armorial bearings, guns, and game; and during the year ending March 1901 it issued no fewer than 2,113,849 licenses, and received for them no less than £1,194,585, 12s. To transact this huge business there were open 999 post-offices in London, 15,876 in England and Wales (outside of London), 2306 in Scotland, and 3008 in Ireland—total, 22,189. It is well known that all these were not general offices, for only 13,304 were open for money-order and savings-bank purposes, and 9171 for telegraph business, which is also transacted at 2341 railway stations. The staff employed in this world-embracing service, from the Postmaster-General down to the messenger boy, numbered 173,184 persons, of whom 79,052 were filling unestablished situations, some of them employed only for an hour or two daily. Of the total no less than 20,161 were females. These huge details are sufficient to make it clear to the man in the

street that the purposes for which the Posts and Telegraphs are established are in themselves matters of the utmost moment, and that this organisation renders public services of very great value and complexity.

When the £2,930,013 which was shown above to be the cost of the Customs and Inland Revenue departments during the year ending March 1902 is approached, we enter really on the main branch of the subject. To estimate the cost of collection of the revenue it is necessary to make a preliminary explanation. Of the £143,255,000, the total estimated revenue for the year ending March 1902, some £21,055,000, which are the gross receipts from the Posts and Telegraphs, the Crown Lands, the Suez Canal shares, and sundry loans, and £2,000,000 from miscellaneous sources which are paid into the Treasury, should be deducted. On the other hand, there is a sum of £9,491,366 raised by our revenue departments and paid in the Local Taxation Account at the Bank, and applied to local purposes, which should be added. This leaves a sum of no less than £131,691,366 raised from imperial taxation by the services rendered by the Customs and Inland Revenue departments. Now, it was shown that the cost of these two revenue departments was £2,930,013, and it follows that the cost is about 2·225 per cent. of the total sum collected. This result is a very satisfactory one, and looks even better when it is compared with the tendency of our growing expenditure. In 1892, when these two departments collected £80,428,074, at a cost of £2,954,192, the charge was equal to 3·67; in 1897, when £91,391,271, at £2,979,351, it was 3·25; in 1900, when £105,538,054, at £3,044,605, it was 2·88; and in 1901, when £116,655,800, at £3,105,510, it was equal to about 2·66 per cent. So that the percentage of cost has fallen within the past ten years from 3·67 in 1892 to 2·225 in 1902. That is a satisfactory and even a gratifying result; but it is subject to the drawback shown by the figures that there is a tendency in the amount of cost to grow in proportion to the increasing sums raised by taxation. A supplementary estimate was recently placed before the House of Commons for an extra £11,000 on account of salaries and allowances at the port establishments. There can be no doubt that this was in consequence of the late corn and flour tax. Such taxes always swell the cost of collection.

We have thus placed before the reader the combined cost of both Customs and Inland Revenue departments, partly to afford the truest view of the subject, and partly because it is impossible to sever these services completely. In the year 1901, for instance, the Inland Revenue collected £2,778,893, or 10·32 per cent. of the Customs; and the Customs, on the other hand, collected the sum of £7,155,384 for the Inland Revenue, being 34·52 per cent. of the total duty

levied on home-made spirits. It is, however, a legitimate curiosity upon the part of the taxpayer when he seeks to know the cost not only of each department separately, but also of the various sub-departments of the service. For reasons already suggested, this is not an easy task, though some phases of the question will be dealt with in the following remarks.

Of the £2,930,013 which the Customs and Inland Revenue departments cost in the year ending March 1902, £878,300 is the portion due to the cost of the Customs. According to another return (which adds some other expenses, such as the cost of collecting the spirit-duty for the Inland Revenue), the cost of collection in 1901 was £928,510, and the amount collected £25,656,615; so that the cost was 3·6 per cent.; the Customs themselves returned the cost on gross receipts—that is, including the sum collected for the Inland Revenue—at £2, 16s. 7d. per cent. For the year 1902 the estimated cost is £878,300 on £30,800,000, or about 2·85 per cent. It will be instructive to compare these figures with those for the Inland Revenue for the same years. For 1901 the Inland Revenue cost £2,177,000 on £90,999,185, or about 2·4 per cent.; in 1902 the figures were estimated at about £2,052,000 on £91,400,000, or about 2·24 per cent. The principle is found here also that the cost of collection is in inverse proportion to the amount.

Looking at the estimates for 1902 and those now published for 1903 together, we discover some suggestive hints. Not only has the total for all the revenue departments, including the Posts and Telegraphs, risen from £17,068,988 to £17,791,250, an increase of £722,262; but omitting the Posts and Telegraphs, which are, happily, expanding services and pay their own expenses, we find that an increase is estimated for each of the other services; the Customs rising from £878,300 to £892,500, and the Inland Revenue from £2,051,713 to £2,146,770. We are not in a position to trace this rising tendency; but it is not surprising at a time when income is increasing, and especially when indirect taxes, such as the taxes on sugar and coal, are being imposed. A shilling income-tax is as cheaply collected as a sixpenny or eightpenny one. The estimated increase between the cost of Customs in 1903 and that of 1902 is £14,200. More than the whole of this increase can be traced to the recent fiscal legislation, which involves an addition chiefly to the outdoor departments of the Customs. The total amount to be collected is increasing. However, the charges for superintending establishments, for the law charges, &c., are reduced by £2016; but those for the port establishments, for vessels and boats, for instruments, such as hydrometers, polariscopes, &c., used in testing sugar and other materials, and for rewards for the capture of smugglers, &c., have to grow by £15,916. That last item is particularly interest-

ing, as showing smuggling in quantitative relation to the severity of Customs duties; but the necessity to provide for more men at the ports, and for more testing apparatus, &c., points also very conclusively to the inevitable concomitants of the costly system of indirect taxes. An item in this account which must be stated before we drop this branch of the subject is that, of the £878,300 for the Customs, the sum of £192,338 is for superannuations and other annuities, or nearly 22 per cent. of the total, so that the actual service only costs 78 per cent. of the sum charged. It would be very suggestive were it possible to trace the cost of administering the chief taxes collected by the Customs, such as the tea and coffee duties, the tobacco duty, and the several duties on foreign spirits and on wines; but the official accounts are presented in such a form that it is impossible to do so, and even such calculations as are presented must be regarded as approximate only, because of the inevitable interrelations of the various departments, especially the Customs and the Inland Revenue offices.

One of the weak places of the Customs from the point of view of cost is the port system which it involves. We have just seen that, of the £15,916 increase in the cost of the Customs for the current year, nearly the whole is due to what is termed the port establishments. When we remember how the Customs system involves the declaration of certain inlets as the only ports at which dutiable articles may be imported, we find how costly the system must necessarily be. The list of ports given in the estimates confirms this deduction. No less than fourteen classes of ports are given, ranging from London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Belfast, Bristol, and Cardiff to Wells and Weston-super-Mare in Somersetshire, and Tobermory. Of course, at the large ports duties are many and incessant; at other places scarcely worthy of the name of port, duties are only nominal and very intermittent, and yet in all some sort of Customs staff has to be kept. A few years ago a return showed a large number of these smaller ports costing much more than they collected, and this must be the case while a Custom-House is one of our institutions. Of £22,246,598 collected in customs in England and Wales in 1901, £11,487,951 were collected in London, £4,450,460 in Liverpool, £3,961,783 at other ports; and £2,107,624 were collected in Scottish ports, while £2,139,069 were received at the Irish; the rest of the total up to £26,928,780 having been received by the Inland Revenue on behalf of the Customs. This makes it clear that at many nominal ports very little could have been collected. Of the one hundred and eighty-five ports enumerated in the United Kingdom, not more than twenty-five probably justify their existence by the amount of customs collected.

The official returns of the cost of collecting the Inland Revenue are also in such a form as to

make it very difficult, almost impossible, to calculate the cost of the various sections of this great department. For 1901 one return enables us to say that the revenue collected by this department was £94,176,185, at a cost of £2,177,000, which shows it to amount to about 2·3 per cent. of the total. The taxes administered by this department, all the Excise, the estate duties, the stamps, the land-tax, the inhabited house duty, and the income-tax, are such as attract the chief attention of the taxpayer; but the cost of administration of these several taxes cannot be told. The department would afford much instruction regarding this collection were it officially shown how much the cost of collecting the Excise duties came to apart from that on account of the taxes. The Customs department is concerned in collecting imposts which are all of an indirect kind; but, as has just been hinted, the Inland Revenue department administers imposts both direct and indirect. The department has never been very ready to afford such information as would show the difference in the cost of collecting these two classes of taxes. By an analysis of the figures given in the annual report of the year 1901, the totals for which have just been given, it is possible to arrive at a figure which, though an estimate only, may be taken as approximating to the truth. Of the £94,176,185 collected, it is found that only £39,378,766 were derived from the Excise duties, thus leaving £54,797,419 collected by means of the direct taxes. The cost of collection was £2,177,000; and an examination of the details of the estimates leads to the conclusion that of this sum about £1,227,000 should be debited as the cost of collecting the Excise, and £950,000 as that of the direct taxes—a conclusion erring, probably, against the direct side. Consequently it is found that the cost in 1901 of collecting the direct taxes was about 1·73 per cent., whereas the Excise cost about 3·12 per cent., or not far from double the cost of collecting the direct taxes.

As with the Customs, the vote on account of superannuations in the Inland Revenue department is a solid item in the estimates. The proportions, however, to the total cost of collection are very different. In the year ending March 1902 the Customs cost was £578,300, of which £192,338 were for 'non-effective charges,' or about 22 per cent. of the whole. The cost of the Inland Revenue was £2,051,713, and of this £262,222 went for 'non-effective charges,' or

only 12·77 per cent. of the whole. Some further light is thrown on this aspect of affairs by reference to the number of persons superannuated in each service, which was 1350 in the Inland Revenue, and 1355, or almost an even number, in the Customs, though the former service collected £91,400,000 to the latter's £90,800,000. But by a further reference to the numbers employed, some reason, perhaps the chief reason, for the greater expense of the Customs is disclosed. The Customs employed 3960 persons, and superannuated 1355; the Inland Revenue employed 5808, and superannuated 1350; but, further, it is found that, whereas the Inland Revenue only required 374 men in the outdoor collection of the taxes, which amounted to £58,300,000 in 1902, it required no less than 3853 on the outdoor establishment of the Excise, which collected only £33,100,000. It is impossible to resist the conclusion that the larger part of the superannuation list is due to the Excise rather than the taxes side of the department; and, coupled with facts already adduced respecting the cost of the Customs, we find it clear that where the public imposts are collected indirectly, there the cost of collection, in men and in money, is far greater than when funds are got by direct taxation. This appears in several ways. Not only do the salaries to different grades of officers show this, but the various allowances in lieu of expenses and commission point in the same direction, such allowances being much heavier on the Excise than on the tax side of the department. As in the case of the Customs, there are also some signs in the estimates for 1902-3 that charges of a certain kind are going up consequent upon resort to new taxes on commodities. Rewards to officers for detection of evasions of the revenue laws last year cost £8000 instead of £7000; and it is not too much to say that such deductions are expected from Excise quarters, where the duties on glucose and on saccharine have now to be levied in connection with the new duty on sugar. It is not necessary to labour this point longer, for the same result is always found—namely, that it is more economical to collect direct than indirect taxes. Regarding the collection of the British revenue as a whole, it may be said to be done at a very moderate cost, but that were our rulers to see their way to levy our taxes more directly, which would also be more justly done, the collection might be made at a considerably lower figure.



CAST BREAD.

CHAPTER IV.—IT IS FOUND AFTER MANY DAYS.

THE years that elapsed after Colin MacCalman vanished from the Dreghornes' lives brought radical changes to the hitherto united family in Park Terrace.

Ellen Mary had married her soldier-sweetheart, Captain Farquhar, and had accompanied him to India; Gertrude had wed Renton Dawson, a rising young Edinburgh lawyer; and worthy Mr Dreghorne was dead. A carriage accident that occurred during one of their summer visits to the coast house at Innellan had ended fatally for him, and had endowed Elizabeth—who alone was with her father when the horses took fright—with a slight limp that threatened to be permanent.

A handsome tombstone marked Mr Dreghorne's resting-place in the Glasgow Necropolis; and Mrs Dreghorne and Elizabeth, their first poignancy of grief abated, were living together in the house in Park Terrace that now felt so empty and silent, when there befell a dark day for Scotland. The City of Glasgow Bank closed its doors; and in company with many others the Dreghornes shared the dire misfortune of being shareholders.

The widow, after a life of easeful affluence, awoke one black Monday morning in early October to find herself penniless, with the knowledge that all she possessed had, as in the twinkling of an eye, ceased to be hers.

Being of an apathetically optimistic turn of thought, Mrs Dreghorne would probably not have realised the full extent of her monetary loss but that Gerty's husband, himself chagrined at the loss of the fortune he had confidently anticipated coming to his wife, took especial pains to make the probable extent of the disaster clear to her.

'But we haven't so very many shares in the City of Glasgow Bank, Renton. And there is nothing wrong with our other investments—is there? So, surely everything will come right, even if we do lose that money. Now that Elizabeth and I are alone, we can send away the second-housemaid, and manage quite nicely on a smaller income.'

Most men, seeing that Mrs Dreghorne failed to grasp the situation, would mercifully have permitted the gradual development of circumstances to enlighten her. But Renton Dawson (he it was whose attentions to Joanna Erskine ceased abruptly when her father died intestate) did not spare his mother-in-law a single detail. He drew a picture of the exhaustive exactions awaiting the ill-starred shareholders that sent the poor lady into a flood of flaccid tears and futile lamentations, and projected Elizabeth into a passion of righteous wrath that impelled her, for the first time in their acquaint-

ance, to enlighten Mr Dawson as to her just estimate of his character.

'You must come to us, mamma,' Gerty said when she came next day to pay her visit of commiseration. 'Renton has decided it all. Yes, of course I know you have always lived here; but that is impossible now. And Renton says the sooner you leave this house the better. Renton says he told you the week before last that he had heard rumours against the Bank.' Gerty's natural irritation at her mother's obduracy showed in the aggrieved inflection of her voice. 'I do wish you had paid attention to him, and sold out before it was too late.'

'My dear, I thought your papa knew best, and that whatever investments he had chosen would be quite safe.'

'Well, it's too late now. I don't know what Elizabeth is to do. You know Renton and she never got on very well, and yesterday she quite lost her temper and said such dreadful things to him! He didn't tell me what they were, but he says he can never excuse her. So I don't know what she's going to do. We can't afford to let her have a house of her own, and nobody wants a governess who has no experience. Besides, she is lame. Elizabeth ought to have married, like Nelly and me.' Mrs Dawson spoke with the satisfaction of a woman who has ordered her life well.

'Elizabeth always did her own way.' The feeble acquiescence of an easy-going mother was in Mrs Dreghorne's accent. 'I suppose she did not fancy anybody who offered.'

'Well, she has only herself to blame for throwing away such good chances as she's had. And she has gone off terribly since father's death. She has aged ten years. Renton says so. He says she was daft to refuse Sir James Cambus. Do you know, I sometimes wonder if she hadn't a fancy for that raw Highland student that used to come here. I never saw her so cross as she was at Nelly for forgetting to tell us he had called before he went to Oxford, when we were at Harrogate.'

'Sir James Cambus would have made a good husband,' Mrs Dreghorne agreed. 'And it would have been a most suitable match. I'm sure he asked her often enough, but Elizabeth always does her own way. She has rejected lots of proposals.'

'Well, she won't have any more, that's clear.' Mrs Dreghorne's calm acceptance of facts was beginning to tell upon her young daughter's already irritated nerves. 'No sensible man thinks of marrying a beggar.' Mrs Dawson estimated all mankind by the low standard of her own husband. 'The difficulty is to know what to do when nobody wants Elizabeth.'

'Nobody wants Elizabeth.' The words, catching Elizabeth's alert ears as she entered the room,

sank deep into her heart. During the long, dreary unsettled days that followed they formed an accompaniment to her sad thoughts. Even when she packed her mother's belongings and saw her off one Saturday morning to Edinburgh, where Gerty was to meet her at the station, the stultifying words marked time to her movements, and droned her home to the big, lonely house, where, the sense of ownership gone, she already felt like a stranger.

The servants had not insisted upon remaining without wages. Outside the regions of fiction and melodrama such magnanimity is of the rarest. The Park Terrace servants had acted the part more frequently played by their class in scurrying like rats from a sinking ship. The capable cook, knowing that her services would soon be dispensed with, had accepted the increase of wages offered by a friend of the family who had long coveted Mrs Dreghorne her possession. The parlour-maid had lost no time in 'suiting herself.' Only the under-housemaid was left; and, as she was more willing than experienced, her ministrations left much to be desired.

It was Sabbath, and Elizabeth's last day in the old home. On the morrow the house must be vacated. Elizabeth had arranged to spend a few weeks with a married friend at Lanark. Beyond that she had no plans. When she thought of the future a thick veil of uncertainty seemed to drape the possibilities.

Occupied with the care of her mother and home affairs, she had as yet made no effort to obtain work; but the home-ties once completely severed, she proposed a search for some employment that would render her independent.

During the previous night, as she lay awake, half-consciously noting the sonorous boom of the University clock as it told the hours, Elizabeth's vagrant thoughts made painful retrospect of her past. She remembered Cambus with scant regret. He had been an ardent suitor, although when finally rejected he had not tarried long before selecting another mistress for his new house in West Kelvinside. His second choice had fallen upon a wealthy and complaisant widow, and they were now enjoying a protracted bridal-tour, which embraced the various Colonies and included a glance at China and Japan.

In her bitterness of heart Elizabeth wondered if she had acted foolishly in rejecting him; then, even in that bitterness of heart, she decided that she had not. Sir James had been an attractive man; but Elizabeth's soul demanded something more in a husband than an agreeable companion. She wanted a man with reserved power; one whose mind was broader, his range of thought wider, than her own.

Oddly enough, the only man who had impressed her as owning these qualities was the Highland student. Her cheeks flushed hot in the darkness at the memory. She had understanding enough to recognise that MacCalman's disguise of *gaucherie* cloaked a master.

Though no word had been spoken, she had guessed that he admired her. Now all was changed. She had sunk, he had climbed far above her. Her eager ears had caught many rumours that had reached Glasgow of the successes attending his brilliant career at Oxford. And Elizabeth knew that lately he had been unanimously chosen as pastor to a highly important Presbyterian church in London. On the day that was tardily breaking he was to preach at St George's—she had seen the announcement in the *Herald*. The gray dawn was stealing in through the chinks of the venetian blinds, as, with a sense of dreary fatality, Elizabeth realised how completely the tables had turned.

Now that her work in Park Terrace was complete, Elizabeth was conscious of a fatigue that was both bodily and mental. She had meant to spend the Sabbath resting; but as the hour for morning service approached, the restlessness of the accustomed church-goer possessed her.

Putting on her wraps, she went out. She had left home with the intention of attending their old church; but as she passed along the familiar way Elizabeth realised that, without danger of breaking down, she could not sit alone in the big pew where, as a family, they had sat so often. The idea of going to St George's to hear MacCalman officiate came to her as a relief.

Service had just begun when she reached St George's, and the church was packed. Some one, taking pity on the fragile-looking lady in mourning, procured her a chair, and Elizabeth accepted it gratefully.

From her post at the end of the aisle under the back-gallery Elizabeth, herself unseen, noted that the gawky lad had developed into a handsome man. As to his power of oratory there could be no manner of doubt. There was something electrical in his grip of the heart-strings of his hearers: a subtle magnetism in his vibrant voice, a compelling force in his bearing.

Sitting unnoticed, Elizabeth thought wonderingly of their first meeting, of his awkwardness, of her own self-possession. Now it was he who commanded the situation, she who felt the outsider.

The service ended, a nervous dread of encountering her old friend fell upon her; and, slipping out in the thick of the crowd, she hastened homewards, overhearing as she went many tributes to the brilliance of the lately risen theological star.

Standing before the mirror as she unpinned her veil and took off her crape hat, Elizabeth, trying to view herself through the eyes of her former friend, saw reflected in the glass a wan face with shadows under the eyes, lines around the mouth, a thread or two of silver in the wavy dark hair.

The afternoon passed slowly. Her solitary meal—half-tea, half-dinner—cleared away, Elizabeth sent the maid to church, and, sitting in the dusk, mused sadly.

Even in the twilight the drawing-room seemed gaunt and eerie. Mr Dreghorne's portrait still hung

over the mantelpiece. It was the one thing Elizabeth had craved to keep, and when she left the old home it was to accompany her on her quest of a new one. Till the last moment it occupied its accustomed place, for when it was taken down to be packed the lack of the silent benison of the kindly face seemed so to change the atmosphere of the room that Elizabeth hastily replaced it.

As she looked up at it the tears that had all day been imminent welled to her eyes.

'Oh, dear, dear father! Why did I not realise how good you were—how happy I was?' she marvelled, as many another short-sighted mortal has marvelled when the bright days have passed.

Though the day was mild, Elizabeth would fain have had the solace of a fire. But, in view of the approaching sale of the household plenishing, the grates had received a final polish, and she hesitated to tarnish their chilly lustre.

Turning from the cold hearth with its elaborate if somewhat old-fashioned garniture of steel and brass, she walked across the room and stood by the window looking westwards across the park, where lights were already twinkling. Evening mists obscured the middle distance. The hollows of the park were vague, indefinite; but behind the stately towers of the University the sun was setting in a crimson glow.

It was still too early for evening service, and, except for an occasional servant-maid clad in her Sunday bravery hurrying past to keep tryst with her sweetheart, or a pair of sauntering lovers, the Terrace was almost deserted.

As Elizabeth stood silent, the knowledge that never again would she look with the same eyes upon this familiar view was depressing; as she gazed out of the window, with a weight on her heart, an approaching figure caught her attention. She might not have noticed it but that as he approached the man slackened his pace, and stood looking at the house as though uncertain whether to proceed. Just as a pang, half-pain, half-pleasure, told Elizabeth that it was MacCalman, he mounted the steps and rang the bell.

For a moment Elizabeth, in her perturbation of thought, and oblivious of changed conditions, forgot that the only maid was at church. Then, as a second summons broke the silence, she hastened downstairs and opened the door.

No facile greeting passed between them. With the shock of her deep mourning, her altered appearance, speech deserted Colin.

'Miss Dreghorne?' he faltered.

'It is good of you to call,' Elizabeth answered. 'Come in.'

She led the way upwards, and they mounted the wide staircase, from which the heavy Axminster carpet had already been removed, and on whose naked stone their footsteps made an uncanny noise.

When they reached the drawing-room Elizabeth made a motion to light the gas; but MacCalman preferred to sit in the gloaming.

'Are you all well at home?' he asked, glancing round the empty room as though expecting the others to appear. With the surroundings something of his old awkwardness had returned.

Elizabeth gave the ghost of a laugh.

'Oh yes! We are all well at home, for I'm the only one at home now.' Despite her bravery she could not quite control the tremor in her voice.

'And to-morrow there will be no home any more.'

MacCalman gave himself again.

'I know. I heard only to-day. This afternoon I called on my old friend Professor Geddes, and he told me. What are your plans?'

'They are quite simple.' Elizabeth tried to speak more lightly than she felt. 'Mother has gone to Edinburgh to stay with Gerty—you know she was married? Yes, and Nelly too. Nelly is in India, and I leave here to-morrow to seek my fortune.'

The tell-tale quiver had returned to mock the brave words, and she abandoned the effort to appear unmoved.

'This is the last night in the old home—the home my father loved. And I am glad to be able to speak of him to one who knew what he was.'

Moving to a chair nearer, MacCalman began talking of Mr Dreghorne, telling of what his cheery good-fellowship had been to him, a friendless student in that big city; of how his hearty welcome had made him feel less an outcast.

Gradually his sympathy drew from Elizabeth her story. More from what she did not say than from what she did, Colin learned of the dread of going among strangers that warred so cruelly with her craving for independence.

The room was dark save for the ray of a street lamp, that cast a weird illumination on the roof, when Colin told her, in simple, picturesque language, his story: of how, while he was yet a child, his parents had both been drowned when cruising between the islands in a fishing-smack, and his care had devolved upon his grandparents, who, when he showed a desire for learning, had sacrificed themselves to send him to Glasgow University. Elizabeth heard that theirs was the first refined home-circle wherein he had been received on terms of equality, and how to him, an uncouth Highland lad who had never before spoken familiarly with a gracious, beautiful woman, she had seemed more than mortal.

Unburdening his mind, Colin told of his much-deplored self-effacement during her fleeting island-visit, and confessed that until he had heard her name coupled with that of Sir James Cambus he had never quite realised the hopelessness of his passion; though since then, hearing that a daughter of Mr Dreghorne's was married, he had schooled himself to think of her as espoused to another.

'It must have been Nelly's wedding you heard of. She was married first. Gerty was married only a few months before papa died,' Elizabeth murmured.

'This evening, when the Professor told me you were still unwed, my heart waxed hot within me'—MacCalman had an unconscious way of lapsing occasionally into Scriptural phraseology: it was the language of emotion with him—I felt as though mountains had been removed, and the rough places made plain.'

Joyful tears overflowed Elizabeth's eyes as he went on to speak of his grandparents, who could not be induced to quit the sea-girt home where they had passed their lives, and who regarded him, the only child of their only child, as their sole link with the outer world.

'They have known of my love for you ever since I used to unburden my heart by writing of you to them. But when you went to the island, though she did not know who you were, my grandmother said that surely even the *ban-tighearna bhrìadha* herself could not be more beautiful than you. She always spoke of you, whom she had never seen, as the *ban-tighearna bhrìadha*. It means "magnificent lady."

'Oh, no, no! I am only a beggar-maid.'

'Elizabeth, just think what a proud day it would

be for them if I took them a magnificent lady as my wife. May I?'

'Yes, yes!' Elizabeth said, and 'Yes' again when, her hands clasped close in his, she sat amazed under the manifestation of the wondrous way of Providence.

'It will make mother so happy to think you want her too. I don't think she would feel quite at home away from me. But, remember,' she added, with a flash of her old spirit as he pleaded for an immediate marriage, 'I'm not going to be defrauded of my rights. I must be courted!'

'Yes, you shall be courted,' Colin agreed with alacrity. 'If there is little time for courting before marriage, there will be plenty afterwards.' The tone of his voice, a light in his eyes, told Elizabeth that no further assurance was needed.

That night, as she unbowed her thick hair before the mirror, Elizabeth caught a glimpse of rose-flushed cheeks, of joy-diffused eyes, and, leaning forward, she whispered softly to her reflection:

'It wasn't true, Elizabeth. Somebody wants you, Elizabeth. Somebody does want you!'

THE END.

LITERARY RECREATION.



CENTURY before the poet Cowper wrote the lines,

Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed,

John Locke had written, 'Our short lives will not serve us for the attainment of all things; nor can our minds be always intent on something to be learned. The weakness of our constitutions, both of mind and body, requires that we should be often unburied; and he that will make a good use of any part of his life must allow a large portion of it to recreation;' and he goes on to tell us that 'recreation is not being idle (as every one may observe), but easing the wearied part by change of business.' Just, then, as an active body after a hard day's work in shop or factory will seek its necessary refreshment in some open-air pastime, so the active mind of men of letters finds its apt diversion in some sport of the brain.

The first to greet us on opening an edition of Lord Byron's works is a collection of light fragments included under the generic term 'Hours of Idleness.' Macaulay frequently relinquished his scholarly essay-writing to compose a nursery rhyme for the amusement of his little nieces; and Edgar Allan Poe would banish for a while his weird conceptions to indulge in the sport of a valentine or enigma. We have selected these three men in opening because, judged by their works, they were of entirely different natures; yet each was wont to indulge in what Sir James Mackintosh would style 'the frivolous work of polished idleness,' finding,

maybe, like the great Newton, their necessary recreation in the mere transfer of thought from one subject to another; for, as the old writer Phædrus tells us in one of his fables, the mind ought sometimes to be diverted, that it may return the better to thinking.*

The selected trio are by no means alone in their play. George Canning, Pope, Matthew Prior, and Dr Doddridge, to name but a few, would give rest to the weary brain by composing an epigram. That by the last-named on the motto of the arms of his family, *Dum vivimus vivamus*, was considered by Dr Johnson one of the finest in the English language:

'Live while you live,' the epicure would say,
'And seize the pleasures of the present day.'
'Live while you live,' the sacred Preacher cries,
'And give to God each moment as it flies.'
Lord, in my views let both united be;
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee.

Others would compound a riddle like that which Hallam the historian sent to a lady to solve, giving her a year in which to solve it; but, he dying before the year was out, it has been left unanswered. Here it is:

I sit on a rock whilst I'm raising the wind,
But, the storm once abated, I'm gentle and kind;
I've kings at my feet who await but my nod,
To kneel in the dust on the ground I have trod.
Tho' seen to the world, I'm known to but few,
The Gentile detests me, I'm pork to the Jew.

* *Lusus animo debent aliquando dari,
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat sibi.*

Phædrus, Fable XII. 1, 2.

I never have passed but one night in the dark,
And that was with Noah alone in the Ark.
My weight is three pounds, my length is a mile,
And when I'm discovered you'll say, with a smile,
That my first and my last are the best of our isle.

During the present century Southey in *The Doctor*, and D'Israeli in his *Curiosities of Literature*, have indulged in anagram-making, the torturing of a poor word or sentence a thousand ways, as Dryden calls it in his *Macflecknoe*. When George Thompson, the eloquent anti-slavery advocate, was asked to enter Parliament with a view to his more efficiently serving the cause of negro emancipation, he submitted the matter to the consideration of his friends, one of whom sent the following reply, composed of the letters of his name: 'O go, the negro's M.P.'

Countless charades have been penned, notably by Præd and Calverley, whose versification, irrespective of their purport, is very often beautiful.

'Punning grows upon everybody,' wrote Sydney Smith; and it certainly appears to have flourished among all sorts and conditions of men. The writings of Aristotle, Cicero, Isocrates, and Plato, the serious sermons of Bishop Andrewes, the tragedies of Shakespeare, the comic poems of Thomas Hood, are freely sprinkled with puns. Theodore Hood's amusing account of a quondam general strike among the working-men of Paris is a good example of such play upon words: 'The bakers, being ambitious to extend their *do-mains*, declared that a revolution was *needed*; and, though not exactly *bred* up to arms, soon reduced their *crusty* masters to terms. The tailors called a council of the *board* to see what *measures* should be taken, and, looking upon the bakers as the *flower* of chivalry, decided to follow *suit*; the consequence of which was that a *cereous* insurrection was *lighted up* among the candle-makers, which, however *wicked* it might appear in the eyes of some persons, developed traits of character not unworthy of ancient *Greece*.'

The palindrome and acrostic are other favourite varieties, the combination of which in a palindromic acrostic, such as the specimen given below on the name of Lord Glenelg, Secretary of State for War during the reign of William IV., calls for the exercise of considerable ingenuity:

G o g	Of a noted giant I am the name,
	And backwards or forwards I'm just the same.
L e v e L	Of a dull uniformity I'm the name,
	And backwards or forwards I'm just the same.
E y e	Of the light of a countenance I'm the name,
	And backwards or forwards I'm just the same.
N o o N	Of the sun's mid journey I am the name,
	And backwards or forwards I'm just the same.
E v e	Of the mother of mankind I am the name,
	And backwards or forwards I'm just the same.
L e L	Of a fair young Mary I was the name,
	And backwards or forwards I'm just the same.
G a g	Of what compels silence I am the name,
	And backwards or forwards I'm just the same.

These initials combine, you will find they frame
Of a son of Britain the noble name,
A peer and statesman of fairest fame,
And backwards or forwards 'tis still the same.

The oldest form of such play would appear to be the rebus, a pictorial representation of some word or sentence, for we find Cicero in the second century B.C. devising one for a public monument to himself.

Several other classes of literary conceit are detailed in Addison's contributions Nos. 58 and 59 to the *Spectator*, which may best be described as the labours of those who have been 'busy about nothing.' They smack of a man stretching out his arms to yawn rather than of stretching them out for relaxation; of idleness, which Montesquieu declared should be ranked among the punishments of hell rather than of recreation, that breathing of the mind which Fuller opined would otherwise be stifled with continual business.

A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.



AT five o'clock in the evening the *Snapping Turtle* cruiser, second-class, five thousand six hundred tons, ten thousand L.H.P., hauled off from the Tan-jong-paga wharf at Singapore and anchored in the stream. She had been coaling, and all day long the stream of basket-laden coolies had discharged their loads into her capacious bunkers until she literally would not hold another ounce. She was, by order of 'My Lords,' starting on a coal-endurance trial with a new brand of coal from Pulu-Limbang, which its owner, Donald MacPherson, averred to be the finest fuel ever put on board of a man-of-war.

'Ye'll observe,' he had remarked to the chief-engineer of the *Snapping Turtle*, 'when it comes aboard, a peculiar shine on it, and now ye'll never

have known the joy that comes of it until ye've used it. Talk of best Welsh—pooh!'

The chief-engineer, being a man of few illusions and much experience, had sniffed contemptuously, and now the stuff was aboard he was remarking to his senior engineer:

'Shiny! I should jolly well think it is shiny, and if it don't run pure pitch into the ash-pits I shall be agreeably surprised.'

The captain came off from the club at ten P.M. and ordered steam to be ready at six the next morning, and punctually to the moment the cruiser weighed and stood northwards through the Malacca Straits. It was the fine-weather season in the Indian Ocean, and as they were simply ordered to experiment on the coal, it was a case of 'there and back again,' and the captain could please himself

where he went; he was to return to Singapore when his bunkers were empty—that was all. The usual routine of a man-of-war at sea went on with its clockwork regularity; but on the second day out, just as the captain had lighted his after-luncheon cigar, and had composed himself in the depths of an arm-chair to read the *Pink Un*, a knock came at the cabin door, and the sentry thrust in his head.

'Staff-surgeon, sir, if you please, would like to speak to you.'

'Ask him to come in.'

The staff-surgeon, a tall, middle-aged man, made his appearance.

'Anything wrong, Holmes?' asked the captain. 'You don't usually favour me at this time of day. Sit down and have a cheroot.'

The staff-surgeon sat down opposite to his superior officer, but declined the proffered cheroot.

'I regret to say, sir, that I have very bad news. Hi-Fong, the Chinese ward-room second-steward, has an attack of smallpox.'

The captain took his cigar out of his mouth, whistled, and put it back again.

'That's bad,' he said after a pause, staring at the man opposite to him. 'What's to do now, doctor?'

'I have quite made up my mind as to my course of action, sir, and I have come to you for your approval.'

'Well, tell us what you propose.'

'It is a bad case—a very bad case—and the isolation must be complete. I had thought, with your permission, of rigging a shelter over the starboard quarter-boat and putting the patient in there. In this fine weather he can come to no harm. The officer of the watch can see to it that no one is allowed to get into the boat save myself and the sick-bay man who will attend upon him.'

'Capital plan. Anything else to propose?'

'Only this. As I knew that smallpox was hanging about in Singapore, I provided myself with enough lymph to vaccinate the whole ship's company. It should be done at once.'

'I quite agree, doctor; and you shall make a start on me. If I'm done it will show the whole ship's company the necessity of it, and we shan't have any trouble about the matter.'

'Then I will get Hi-Fong into the cutter at once, sir, and will start the vaccination to-morrow morning.'

'Very good.'

The news of the unpleasant visitation soon got noised about the ship, and after quarters that evening, when the men were dismissed, the bugle sounded the 'still.' Every blue-jacket, stoker, and marine became as a graven image.

'Carry on with that pipe, chief-boatswain's mate,' said the commander.

Long and shrill came the call from the silver whistle, and then a mighty voice which proclaimed 'D'you hear there? Smallpox 'aving broken out aboard, all 'ands will be vaccinated, beginning to-morrow morning. When the officers 'as been done the starboard watch o' fo'c'sle-men will lay aft to the

sick-bay, and then the other parts o' the ship accordingly as ordered.'

The bugle sounded the 'carry on,' and the men were piped to supper. The men swallowed their tea in a hurry, and then lighting their pipes, proceeded to discuss the situation. Alexander Hetherington was an engine-room artificer, a stocky, red-faced, obstinate man from one of the northern shipyards, who at the age of twenty-seven was making his first acquaintance with His Majesty's Service on board the *Snapping Turtle*. He had merely been a year at it, and did not like it a bit; and it is only fair to add that the service liked him even less. Steeped to the lips in the modern doctrines of trade unionism, he was perpetually inveighing against the discipline to which he was subjected, and wearied both his superiors and his messmates with his grumbling. He, then, it was who stood pipe in mouth and discoursed loudly on the iniquity of the recent order.

'To tell me,' he was saying, 'as 'ow that I am to be put to the degradation of an absurd operation like vaccination is to tell me that I am a slave and no free Englishman. What right, I ask, 'as any officer to command me to undergo it?'

'I don't know much about what right the skipper 'as to give an order, Snubby' (for thus was his long-winded name abbreviated on the lower deck, having a personal reference to the shortness of his nose), replied the armourer's mate. 'Per'aps you don't know what 'appened in my last ship to an ordinary seaman?'

'I do not,' retorted Snubby disdainfully.

'Well, it was like this 'ere. You knows that a boy is rated a man when 'e's eighteen years of age, and this boy 'e done something—I forget what—on 'is eighteenth birthday, and the first lieutenant 'e 'ad 'im across the breech of a gun and twelve o' the very best lammed into 'im afore 'e 'ardly knew where 'e was. Well, 'e goes down on the lower deck rubbing of 'isself, and meets 'is chum. "'Ullo," says the chum, who was a bit o' a sea-lawyer, same as you, Snubby.'—Snubby grunted—"'what's up along o' you?" "'I've 'ad a dozen with the cane." "'What!" says 'is chum, "and you eighteen? Why, I tell you that the first lieutenant can't do it. 'E can't even order it, I says." "'Oh, dry up!" says the boy; "don't you see, you silly blighter, that I've 'ad it?" That's the same as what you'll be, Snubby, afore you're much older. You'll 'ave 'ad it, and much good may it do you.'

So saying, the armourer's mate knocked the ashes out of his pipe and departed.

'I am a conscientious objector to this absurd practice,' said Snubby, 'and I shall refuse to submit.'

An unholy joy pervaded the lower deck. They knew the man to be an obstinate fool; but they also knew their captain, and gleefully awaited developments. The following day the master-at-arms reported to the commander that Hetherington, E.R.A., wished to see him with regard to the vaccination-order, and at a quarter to twelve the inter-

view took place. The lower deck was all agog with excitement; but the master-at-arms knew his business, and the interview was as private as circumstances permitted, although he could not prevent the quarterdeck sweepers from pretending great zeal in the sweeping of the deck in the immediate neighbourhood. The report was transmitted by 'Nobby' Clarke, A.B., to a highly appreciative audience during the dinner-hour:

'Me and Tiger [this was a meek ordinary seaman so christened] was a-sweeping o' the quarterdeck when Snubby came afore the commander. "What do you want to see me about?" says the commander. "About this 'ere vaccination turn-out, sir," answered Snubby as bold as you like. "Well, what about it?" "Only as I'm a conscientious objector and a something Primitive something."—Did you catch them words, Tiger?'

'No,' replied Tiger.

'Well, any'ow, 'e goes on and 'e says, using all o' them long words that 'e's so fond o': "I asseverate it to be the inali—something—privilege o' an Englishman to be a Primitive something and not to submit to no degrading operations," 'e says. "Oh, you do, do you?" answers the commander very quiet. "Them, sir, is the sentiments o' the Primitive somethings what 'aven't never submitted." "Indeed?" says the commander, even quieter than before; and then 'e turns to Jorndy [this is the generic name for the master-at-arms, and is supposed in some mystic way to be derived from gendarme!] and says, "Dismiss this man. I'll give 'im 'is answer to-morrow."

'E's always gassing about something, is that there Snubby, 'im and 'is Primitive somethings,' remarked a quartermaster, with much disdain. 'I don't 'old myself with none o' them there fancy religions, so to speak, and no more did the skipper o' my last ship. There was one o' them fat-headed Tiffes, just such another as Snubby, and 'e comes on the quarterdeck and wants to see the captain about 'is religion. "Well," says the old man, "what's all this? What do these three men want, master-at-arms?" There was a ordinary seaman and a ship-steward's assistant along o' 'im. "They says," answers Jorndy, "something about religion, but I don't rightly understand myself, sir, what they wants to be at." "There's Church o' England," says the old man, "there's Roman Catholic," 'e says, "and there's Wesleyan: which o' 'em do you belong to?" "If you please, sir," says the Tiffy, "me and these other two good men 'ere we belong to the Church o' the Lord." "The Church o' what?" says the old man. "Now, let me tell you I don't have no fancy religions aboard 'ere. There's three laid down in the Admiralty Instructions," says 'e, "and you can take your choice. And, damme!" 'e says, "what's good enough for me is good enough for the likes o' you, I'd 'ave you to know."

'And what did the Tiffy do?' asked a leading stoker.

'Dried up, same as what Snubby'll 'ave to do afore 'e's very much older.'

'We 'ad a rum turn-out up to Stonehouse barracks all along o' religion one time,' said the sergeant of marines. 'Parson come there and wants to drill the choir in church like; but the choir couldn't get the hang o' it nohow, and one day the parson was talking to the sergeant-major and tells 'im all about it. "I wants 'em," 'e says, "to assume the eastward position," 'e says. "What's that there?" asks the major. Well, the parson 'e turns to and 'e explains it all to the major; and the major 'e says, "You leave 'em to me. I'll give 'em preliminary drill, and you'll see 'em face round like as if they was in the barrack square."

'Ow did 'e do it?' put in the armourer's mate.

'Well, 'e falls in the choir in the schoolroom, one row on 'em the starboard side, and the other row on the port, and then 'e says, "Just you attend to me while I gives the detail for the eastward position. That there blackboard," 'e says, "is where the parson is supposed to be a-standing in church, and what you 'as to do is this: when you 'ears the parson say, "I believe," don't none o' you stir; them words is only a caution; but as soon as ever 'e goes on, round on your 'eels together." That there choir was a fair treat to see after that, the way they'd turn.'

'What!' ejaculated the captain, 'a conscientious objector? Shades of Nelson, Sharpe, are you quite sure that you're awake and that I'm sober?'

The commander grinned.

'It's that pudding-headed fool of an engineer artificer Hetherington, sir—the man they call Snubby on the lower deck—and he pitched a yarn as long as the maintop-bowline into me about conscientious objections and how he belonged to the Primitive something or other which never had and never would be vaccinated, and a lot more stuff of the same sort.'

'Let 's have the doctor here and see what he thinks about it.'

The doctor was sent for, and appeared. He looked very grave.

'That Chinaman's dead, sir,' he announced, 'and the sick-bay man and I have sewn him up in a hammock and then thrown our clothes overboard. He should be buried at once.'

This was done, and then the topic of Snubby became once more uppermost.

'He must be isolated at all costs, sir,' said the doctor, 'unless he is vaccinated.'

'All right; I'll settle him,' replied the captain. 'Have him up on the quarterdeck now; and I want you to attend, doctor.'

So once again Snubby stood in the presence of his superiors. He used all the longest words in his vocabulary, and had raised himself greatly in his own estimation before he had finished. The captain stood looking quietly at the self-assertive, obstinate, excited man before him, and allowed him to come to a standstill. Then he turned to the doctor.

'I understand that it is your opinion that the safety of the whole ship's company demands that every one on board should be vaccinated?'

The doctor bowed.

'That is decidedly my opinion, sir.'

'Have you formed any opinion on the case of this conscientious objector?'

'No, sir.'

'In that case I propose to submit for your professional opinion a plan of my own to see if it meets with your concurrence.'

The doctor bowed again. The captain then turned to the complacent Snubby, who thought that things were all going his way, and that in a very few minutes he would be sent forward unvaccinated, an object of admiration to all the lower deck.

'I won't call you an obstinate fool,' remarked the captain slowly, 'because if I did I should be paying you a compliment; but I am now about to explain exactly what I am going to do with you.—I suppose,' turning to the doctor, 'that if this man is segregated from the rest of the ship's company for a period of three weeks, and if he does not develop the disease, he may be considered as fairly safe?'

'I should prefer a month, sir,' answered the doctor gravely.

'He shall certainly have it. In that case he will have to finish his period of quarantine ashore, as our cruise only lasts another three weeks.—And now,' continued the captain, 'for you. Poor Hi-Fong is dead and buried; he was put in the starboard quarter-boat; you shall live in the port quarter-boat until we reach Singapore.—Master-at-arms, march this engine-room artificer aft. See him into the quarter-boat, and report to me when he is there.'

'Right turn, quick march,' came the order.

'But, sir'—said Snubby.

'Ah, yes,' said the captain, with the ghost of a smile hovering round his clean-shaven mouth, 'one moment, doctor, please. Under the circumstances I have but very little doubt you will agree with me in what I am going to say now, and that is, that owing to the space in which this engine-room artificer will be confined it would be decidedly unadvisable to give him full rations?'

'It would decidedly be most detrimental to his health,' replied the doctor.

'And the question of his grog also arises,' pursued the captain.

'Rum,' said the doctor in a grave voice, 'would under the circumstances be most unadvisable.'

'Right turn,' came the inexorable voice of the master-at-arms; 'quick march.'

'But, sir'—began Snubby again.

'Silence!' thundered the captain, his blue eyes flashing fire. The pride of the trade-union quailed visibly, and, followed by the master-at-arms, made his way to the quarter-boat, into which he humbly climbed. The yeoman of the signals had been an undetected listener and spectator of the whole performance from the break of the poop. Once Snubby

was safely disposed of in the cutter the yeoman fled like a lapwing to the lower deck, and the whole ship's company gave themselves over to a restrained and decorous mirth.

Once again did the 'still' ring out from the bugle after quarters, and the men absolutely held their breath with curiosity. The pipe shrilled through the quiet evening air. 'D'you 'ear there? Engine-room artificer Hetherington is a conscientious objector to vaccination; consequently 'e will not be vaccinated same as the rest o' the ship's company; but considering that an unvaccinated man is a great danger aboard, 'e is put in quarantine for a month. The first three weeks will be in the port quarter-boat till we return to Singapore, when 'e will be sent to the quarantine station. As 'e will not 'ave no opportunity for to take exercise, 'is rations will be reduced to "six-upon-four"; and as rum is bad for the disease, 'e will not be allowed no grog. Any one communicating with 'im in any way whatever will be considered as liable to quarantine, and will be placed in one o' the other boats under the same restrictions.'

The chief-boatswain's mate paused and studied the paper which he held in his hand, and from which he had made this long announcement. Then he gave another chirp on his silver call and proceeded: 'The captain will be very pleased to interview any other men aboard o' this 'ere ship what considers themselves to be conscientious objectors.'

There was dead silence, and then a man laughed; and then, discipline notwithstanding, such a shout of merriment arose as had never been heard on board a man-of-war before. The captain was a discreet man; he retired to his cabin. At six that evening, or exactly one hour afterwards, the contrite Snubby was vaccinated at his own request.

FLAGSTAFF HILL.

The wind, from where the sunset dies,
Comes rushing through the fading light,
And tears the weary trees, and flies
Over the hills to meet the night.

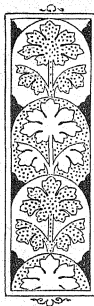
He makes the corded flagstaff groan
And rattle on this barren crest,
Whither we climbed an hour ago
To watch the colours in the west.

And now there is no more to see,
And, as with care we wander down,
He sways our steps and trides free
With Lill's hair and twirls her gown.

So that together we must cling,
And hardly, oft, escape a fall;
And pause to mind our balancing,
And gasp to breathe, if breathe at all.

But while we wrestle with his will,
And strive and turn in his embrace,
I reek not of him, watching still
Her flying hair, her glowing face.

E. K. L.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE AUSTRALIAN CINDERELLA.



WESTERN AUSTRALIA is at present the most interesting of the Australian states. While the eastern colonies were pushing ahead all through the fifties and sixties, and developing their resources with good judgment and feverish activity, the western colony appeared to be wrapped in slumber, except for her fine exploratory work and occasional spurts of energy in the matter of gold-finding. But very little steady work was actually done until Bayley and Ford, having discovered at Coolgardie the gold-reef which made Western Australia famous throughout the world, before they went to bed on a certain Sunday in September 1892 picked up and 'dolloid' with a tomahawk five hundred ounces from the cap of the reef. Then Rip Van Winkle woke up, rubbed his sleepy eyes, jumped out of bed, seized his pick and his axe and his farming implements, and set to work in dead earnest to develop the wonderful resources of his great country. And he has stuck to it ever since with such grim determination that he now leads the van of all the states in material progress. For sixty-three years this huge territory was practically unknown, and had no more influence in the world than the Solomon Islands; but in the subsequent ten short years she has surprised every one by the magnitude of her public works, by her dauntless courage in overcoming difficulties, and by the extreme rapidity of her development. One can scarcely credit that all this visible progress has been made in a single decade; but a glance at the official records shows that this is undoubtedly the case. In 1892 the population was only fifty-eight thousand; to-day it is two hundred and twenty-four thousand.

The total value of the gold produced during half a century ending 1892 was rather less than five hundred and twenty thousand pounds, while for the subsequent ten years the production was over thirty-seven million pounds sterling. It reads like an Oriental fable. Her output in 1892 was two hundred and twenty-six thousand two hundred and

eighty-four pounds; in 1902 it rose to seven million nine hundred and forty-seven thousand six hundred and sixty-three pounds. Her railways have expanded sevenfold; in 1892 they barely covered working expenses, now they not only pay costs of operation, but provide full interest on capital, and a small margin of profit in addition.

COOLGARDIE WATER SCHEME.

This great venture has been completed under difficulties which might well have daunted the stoutest heart; and although many persons are entitled to some credit for its creation, there is no doubt that to Sir John Forrest's indomitable energy, foresight, and determination the success of this magnificent project is mainly due. To pump water through pipes stretching three hundred and eighty miles into the far interior, on a constantly ascending grade, may surely be called, without exaggeration, a great conception; but to finance it required no ordinary courage, in view of the fact that at the outset the phenomenally rich Kalgoorlie had not been born, and there was then only a population of some one hundred and fifty thousand to face a contemplated expenditure of three million pounds. Yet the work has been successfully accomplished, in flat contradiction of all the sneers and dismal predictions of detractors; and the mines and townships all along the route are now supplied with water at the rate of six shillings and sixpence per thousand gallons, instead of having to pay two pounds for that quantity.

To one from the home country six shillings and sixpence for common water looks an appalling and unconscionable extortion, but on these happy gold-fields, where a lemon-squash costs a shilling, the miner parts with half-crowns more readily than they spend 'crummies' (threepence) in other parts of Australia. And a never-failing supply of water must greatly stimulate the development of the gold-fields, and at the same time conduce to the health and happiness of the inhabitants, who have to endure much in that arid belt of sand and flies and torrid heat, and dearthness indescribable.

THE EASTERN GOLDFIELDS.

These were, of course, the main attraction which drew so many visitors from all parts of Australia, some of whom had come distances over four thousand miles. There were two special trains from Perth, filled with invited guests, and the journey to and fro was run strictly to time. The water-opening ceremony at Coolgardie passed off successfully: procession of visitors in buggies, eight tall, quick-paced camels with their Afghan drivers in full dress, military officers in all their glory, volunteers in khaki, mounted police, crowds of civilians, brass band, flags, banners, mottoes, and decorations; shops closed, and the entire town *en fête*. Coolgardie at its foundation rose like a rocket, and a desert was suddenly transformed into a settled town; but as soon as the greater riches of Kalgoorlie were unveiled, about half the inhabitants deserted the older settlement in a wild stampede to the superior attractions of its rival. We found Kalgoorlie a wonderful place—everything on a big scale—broad avenues and streets lighted at short intervals with electric lamps, electric cars running incessantly, telephone bells ringing continually, the clubs and hotels overcrowded, and the streets full of colour and animation, and literally blazing with light. Who has not heard of the famous 'golden mile'? We were all anxious to see this 'world's wonder.' What a hive of ceaseless industry it is! The visitors to the mines were divided into groups, and each of the big mining companies provided buggies for its own particular set. Our party visited the 'Ivanhoe,' and were much impressed with the magnitude of the plant, and the various cunning processes for the economical extraction of the precious metal. All the rough-and-ready methods of the early days have been abandoned, and mines are now making large profits which could not possibly have paid wages under the old hap-hazard and extravagant systems. We went down to eight hundred feet and saw the compressor-drills working. The ventilation was good, and it was agreeably cool underground, but on the surface the heat was frightful.

Lunch was provided under cover, on a spacious veranda, but all the time the thermometer stood steady at 112° in the shade. It was almost too hot to eat anything but lumps of ice, washed down with iced lager, Belfast ginger-ale, and 'schweppes.' The worker gets high wages on the goldfields, but most people will agree that he fairly earns every shilling he receives. A few years ago some wise-aces shook their heads, and predicted that the rapid development of the fields would soon produce its inevitable result—the gold would be worked out, and the yield would fall just as suddenly as it had risen. But the official records, which are carefully checked, tell quite another tale.

The year 1896 was the first in which gold values reached one million pounds; the following year they rose to two million five hundred thousand pounds. In 1898 the output was four million pounds; then

followed in 1899 a huge leap to six million two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. In 1900 there was a slight check, for the product dropped to six million pounds; but in 1901 it rose again as high as seven million two hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds; and in 1902 the yield was an absolute record for Western Australia, being close upon eight million pounds.

Most of the old practical miners ridicule the idea of Kalgoorlie having any monopoly in gold-veins, and maintain that there are indications of as rich deposits elsewhere if the prospectors will only spread out and thoroughly examine them, instead of fossicking round in the neighbourhood of the big mines.

WAGES.

At present there are no inducements for station hands, tanners, saddlers, wheelwrights, compositors, coachmen, railwaymen, dressmakers, or milliners. The current wage for gold-miners is twelve shillings and sixpence a day; forest sawyers, twelve shillings; wharf-labourers, ten shillings; ploughmen, seven shillings; orchardmen, six shillings and sixpence; farm-labourers, six shillings; carters, seven shillings and sixpence and twelve shillings; painters, ten shillings and twelve shillings and sixpence; tailors, eleven shillings and fourteen shillings; carpenters, blacksmiths, plumbers, iron-moulders, eleven shillings and fifteen shillings; stone-masons, twelve shillings and sixpence and fifteen shillings. Male cooks receive fifty shillings and eighty shillings with board per week; female cooks, thirty shillings and fifty shillings; general servants, twenty shillings and thirty shillings; nursemaids, fifteen shillings and thirty shillings; landresses, twenty-five shillings and thirty shillings; barmen, forty shillings and forty-five shillings; barmaids, forty shillings and fifty shillings. Where two rates are quoted, the higher is the ruling rate on the goldfields. There is absolutely no demand for clerks, actuaries, or men of commercial experience, however wide. Gentlemen of culture, *servants* and *literate*, are also out of the running, for there is a constant glut of intellect running to waste in the streets and highways. In our youthful days we used to spout with modest pride, 'The mind's the measure of the man,' and we really believed it; but in Western Australia the measure of a man is his muscle or his skill as a craftsman. These hard-headed Australians have got neither soul nor sentiment. I verily believe they would pay more to secure the services of a skilled slaughterman than for a Senior Wrangler or a Royal Academician. They do not require men to think, suggest, or direct, but to do something that is visible to the eye, were it only to knock a man down. A champion of the ring would count for much more than a poet-laureate. Perhaps, after all, they are right. At this early stage of their history a miner, or a carpenter, or an iron-moulder is of more value than many poets. Women are eagerly sought after, not to type letters or trim hats, but to nurse baby, to cook beefsteaks, and to wash and iron clothes; and

they command high wages everywhere; while an irreproachably respectable barmaid on the gold-fields may get as much as four pounds a week, and in addition be lodged and boarded like a princess.

There is abundance of cultivable land in the cool and healthy southern districts to be had cheap, and the prices of local produce are nearly always good, viewed from a farmer's standpoint. Fruit-growing is increasing greatly, and the fine quality of Westralian fruit surprised me quite as much as anything else I observed.

PERTH.

I was agreeably surprised to find the capital so charming a little city, full of bustle and energy, with well-constructed and well-kept pavements, crowded with well-dressed people; handsome shops filled with customers; long, straight, clean streets busy with traffic; and electric tram-cars plying to and from the suburbs.

Some of the older streets are, perhaps, rather narrow and provincial, but St George's Terrace would be reckoned a noble thoroughfare anywhere in the wide world. I had a suspicion that, owing to the water-opening ceremony, there might be more people than usual in the city; but none of the residents would admit for a moment that the traffic was in any degree unusual, and what certainly lent colour to their opinion was the fact that the leading hotels were by no means overcrowded. Not only are the public buildings constructed in good style and with some regard to future requirements, but the private buildings, wholesale warehouses, merchants' offices, and leading retail shops are solid and artistic constructions worthy of a capital city; and the principal hotels are unusually fine, with lofty vestibules, wide staircases, beautiful fittings, rich furniture, electric lights, telephones, and telegraph-offices. But the greatest surprise of all is the large number of tasteful villas and handsome two-story residences in and around the city, indicating an amount of wealth and luxury for which we were hardly prepared. For we must not forget that Perth is for the most part quite a new city; ten years ago the population was under ten thousand, while to-day it numbers forty thousand inhabitants. We expected to see wooden buildings everywhere, with a liberal sprinkling of the hateful iron crib so common in these colonies; but these were rare exceptions, and the great majority of the residences of the well-to-do were of solid brick, tastefully built with stone facings and artistic woodwork, and having a comfortable air of prosperity about them.

If there is one thing about which the good people of Perth are jealous, it is the character of its climate. They do not simply insinuate that the Garden of Eden is not in it compared with Perth, but they say it openly and fearlessly. We laugh at the Sydney man when he asks for a perfectly frank expression of our opinion as to their beautiful

harbour; but the Perth citizen thinks nothing of his harbour, nor his beautiful parks, nor his fine city, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is his, save and except his glorious climate; and if you do not at once acknowledge that the climates of Nice, Algiers, and Madeira are not worthy to be compared with the celestial atmospheric conditions of Perth, then, my worthy friend, you must be prepared for a somewhat chilly reception. It is a curious idiosyncrasy. But speaking seriously, I do not think a word can be said against its climate; it is much less torrid than the climate of Rockhampton, and I like it better than that of Brisbane, but I have not travelled around the world sufficiently to be able to certify that it is absolutely the finest climate on this planet.

THE LEGEND OF THE SIX FAMILIES.

For years past I had heard it rumoured that a ring of six families ruled the commercial interests of Westralia with a rod of iron, and committed enormous atrocities quite after the style of the fearful Council of Ten, who were top-dogs in the ancient republic of Venice, and whose tyranny and misgovernment ultimately destroyed it.

I was determined to get to the bottom of this modern mystery of iniquity, or perish in the attempt. With cautious circumspection I interviewed many of the old identities whose actual experience dated nearly as far back as the foundation of the colony, and I was careful to write down the six names given by each of my informants, who were reckoned to have special knowledge on this interesting subject. The unexpected result of my investigation was that no two of the lists agreed; and when the roll of the celebrated families had expanded to five-and-twenty original and distinct species, I judged that it was time to cry a halt. And the funny part of it was, that most of my informants were anxious to prove to me that their family was undoubtedly one of the six, and that their neighbour over the way had not the ghost of a show to establish a claim for such honour. After thinking the matter over, I came to a somewhat similar conclusion as the illustrious Betsy Prig arrived at when she said that 'she didn't believe there never was no sich pusson as Mrs 'Arris.'

HOSPITALITIES.

Within the short space of ten days we had thirteen receptions, public functions, banquets, and lunches—not thirteen of each, but thirteen in all—accompanied by the usual variety of mirthful and distressing speeches, a few of them really bright, terse, and instructive. The Western Australian members of Parliament treated their visitors with consummate courtesy and brotherly kindness; indeed, in their anxiety to do honour to their guests, I fear lest they may have caused offence by overlooking their own men of mark. 'Our distinguished visitors' were so frequently referred to in the speeches that it called to my mind Mark Twain's

famous story of the interview between the Czar of Russia and the *Quaker City* excursionists: 'We are a handful of American citizens travelling unostentatiously for pleasure.' But it was all done with the kindest intentions, in absolute good faith, and without the faintest idea of poking 'borak' at 'our distinguished visitors' aforesaid. Then the hospitalities were not a mere empty rhetorical display of elegant compliments, for the tables were

spread with a profusion of everything that was rare and costly. In this connection I am reminded of a certain Lord Provost in Scotland, who was compelled to file his schedule some time after entertaining royalty, and I sincerely trust that no such peculiarly hard fate will befall our friends in the West as a consequence of their too generous entertainment of their astonished and grateful visitors from the East. But I have my fears.

THE CLOSED BOOK.

CHAPTER X.—ACROSS EUROPE.

THE Closed Book had been filched from me at the very moment when I was about to learn the secret it contained.

I put a few well-directed questions to Nello, and became confirmed in my suspicion that the woman who had stolen it was actually the same whose face had so attracted me that it had lived within my memory every moment since our first meeting.

Curious how the faces of some women haunt us, even when we have no desire for their affection! The fascination of a woman's eyes is one of the unaccountable mysteries of life, being far beyond human ken or human control, and yet one of the most potent factors in man's existence.

In the half-open drawer of my writing-table were certain private papers that I had taken from my despatch-box two days before, intending to send them to my solicitors in London, and these the unknown in black had apparently been examining. She had called with a fixed purpose, which she had accomplished—namely, to pry into my private affairs and to gain possession of my treasured *Arnoldus*, the Book of Secrets.

As I knew Tuscany and the Tuscans so well, this ingenious conspiracy was scarcely surprising. The little plots, often harmless enough, that I had detected about me during my residence by the Mediterranean had showed me what a cleverly diplomatic race they were, and with what patient secretiveness they work towards their own ends. It annoyed me, however, to think that I should thus fall a victim to that handsome woman's ingenuity. Veiled as she had been in Father Bernardo's study, I had judged her to be much older than I found she was when I had noticed her in the streets of Leghorn. Who could she be, and what could be her motive in stealing my property if she were not in league with the Prior himself?

My old servant Nello, standing there beside me, knew something more than he would tell. Of that I felt convinced. Possibly he had participated in the plot, admitting her, well knowing her errand. He had warned me; therefore he must know something. What was the object of it all I utterly failed to conceive.

'That woman is a thief!' I exclaimed angrily a few moments later. 'Who is she?'

'I—I do not know her, signor *padrone*,' stammered the old man.

'She gave no name?'

'None. She said that you expected her.'

'But she could not have taken away a big book like that without your noticing it?' I pointed out suspiciously.

'She had on a big black cloak, signore,' was the crafty old fellow's response.

I closed my writing-table and locked it, for in that moment I had decided to go straight to Florence and charge Bernardo Landini with being a party to the theft. Having sold the book to me, he wished to repossess himself of it, and on my refusal, had, it seemed, put in motion a kind of conspiracy against me.

The old hunchback was undoubtedly the director of it all.

I thrust a few things into a kit-bag, placed some money in my pocket, and put on an overcoat; and telling Nello that I should not return for a couple of days perhaps, gave orders that no one was to be admitted to the house except my most intimate friend Hutchinson, the British Consul.

At the big, bare railway station, wherein the feeble gas-jets had just been lit, I saw, lounging beside the ticket-collector, the detective attached to that post, whose duty it was to notice all arrivals and departures; and, knowing him, I called him aside and briefly described the lady who had visited me.

'Yes, signore, I saw her. She left for Pisa an hour ago; she purchased a first-class ticket for London.'

'For London!' I gasped. 'Had she any baggage?'

'A crocodile-leather dressing-case and a small flat box covered with brown leather.'

'By what route was she travelling?'

The detective walked to the booking-office, and in response to his inquiries I learnt that she had taken a direct ticket by way of Turin, Modane, Paris, and Calais. The train which caught at Pisa the express to the French frontier had left an hour ago; therefore I had no chance of overtaking her.

Still, something prompted me to take the next

train to Pisa, for Italian railways are never punctual, and there was just a chance that she might have missed her connection. So half-an-hour later I sat in the dimly-lit, rickety old compartment of that branch-line train, pondering over the events of the past day, and determined to run down the thief at all hazards.

At Pisa I quickly learnt that the Leghorn train had arrived in time to catch the express; therefore the woman in black was now well on her way towards the frontier.

I purchased a railway-guide, and entering the waiting-room, sat down to study it calmly. After half-an-hour I decided upon a plan. The homeward Indian mail from Brindisi to London would pass through Turin at 9.15 on the following morning, and, if I caught it, would land me at Calais three hours in advance of the express by which she was travelling. But from Pisa to Turin is a far cry—half-way across Italy; and I at once consulted the stationmaster as to the possibility of arriving in time.

There was none, he declared. The express for the north, which left in two hours' time, could not arrive in Turin before 9.20, ten minutes after the departure of the Indian mail. Therefore it was impossible.

I paced the long, deserted platform full of chagrin and utterly bewildered.

Of a sudden, however, a thought occurred to me. I knew the manager of the *Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits* at Turin station, a most courteous and hard-working Englishman named Nicholls. I would telegraph to him, urging him to detain the Indian mail for me ten minutes.

This I did, and just before midnight stepped into the Rome-Turin express on the first stage of my stern-chase across Europe.

Through the hot, stifling July night I stretched myself out along the cushions and slept but little during the slow, tedious journey through those eighty-odd roaring tunnels that separate Pisa from Genoa, for the line is compelled to run so close to the sea in places that the waves lap the very ballast. I was excited, wondering whether I should succeed in catching the mail and arresting the woman's progress.

In those past few days I had trodden a maze of mystery. My love for the antique had brought into my life one of the strangest episodes experienced by any man, yet in those breathless moments, as I tore across Europe, I thought only of regaining possession of my remarkable treasure, and of obtaining the forbidden knowledge contained therein.

Hour after hour dragged slowly by. At Genoa, long after the sun had risen, I got out for a cup of coffee in that ugly and rather dirty buffet which travellers in Italy know so well. Then re-entering, we started off up the deep valleys and across the broad wine-lands of Asti towards Turin.

As we approached the capital of Piedmont my anxiety increased. To delay the Indian mail for

ten minutes was surely a sufficient courtesy, and I knew that after that lapse of time my friend Nicholls dared not assume further responsibility. The overland mail once a week between Brindisi and Charing Cross is ever on time, a contract that must be kept whatever the cost; hence, as I frequently glanced at my watch, I grew anxious as to my success in catching it.

If I did I should arrive at Calais harbour in advance of the mysterious woman, and could on board the steamer single her out and demand the restoration of my property.

We halted at Novi, and the time lost in taking water seemed an eternity. At Alexandria we were ten minutes late—ten minutes! Think what that meant to me.

At Asti there was some difficulty about an old *contadina's* box; and when the train started at last for Turin we were nearly fourteen minutes behind time. I threw myself back with a sigh, feeling that all hope had vanished. We could never make up time on that short run; and the English mail, after waiting for me, would leave ten minutes or so before my arrival. Could any situation be more tantalising?

At last, however, we ran slowly into the great arched terminus of Turin; and as we did so I hung half my body from the carriage window, and was delighted to see the train of long, brown sleeping-cars still standing in the station.

My heart gave a bound. On the platform my friend Nicholls was awaiting me, and assisted me hurriedly to descend.

'Just in time, Mr Kennedy,' he said. 'Another minute and I should have been compelled to let her go. Anything serious in London?'

'Yes,' I answered. 'Very serious. I'll write to you all about it. But I don't know how to thank you sufficiently.'

'Oh, never mind about that,' he laughed. 'I've got your berth for you. Come along;' and, hurrying me over to the next platform, he put me into one of the cars, wished me *bon voyage*, waved his hand, and we moved out towards Calais—the fastest express across Europe.

Upon the result of that hard race my whole future and happiness depended. I was not, of course, aware of it at the time. I was merely consumed by curiosity regarding the strange vellum record, and was eager to obtain the knowledge that its writer had so successfully concealed—barring it with certain death to those who sought the truth.

Could I but have looked into the future, could I have realised what it all meant to me, I should never have dared to embark upon that chase; but rather should I have been pleased that this unknown woman of the sable habiliments had taken into her hands that which must sooner or later encompass her death.

But we are creatures of impulse, all of us, and surely I am no exception. I found the circumstances full of romance and interest; and, beyond, I

saw in the woman herself as great a mystery as that written upon those venomous pages.

The assertion that the forbidden secret would, if gained, place its possessor amongst the most powerful on earth appealed to me, a hard-working writer. Would it not, I ask, have appealed to you?

Then you surely will not blame me for my strenuous attempt to regain *The Closed Book*; you will agree with me that, apart from the intrinsic value of the manuscript on account of its rarity, the stake was sufficient to warrant my tearing it from the hand of the thief.

My keen anxiety through those long hours while we sped through the Alps and by way of Aix, Macon, and Dijon to Paris need not be told. The train by which the woman I was following had travelled was before us all the way; but her delay would, I discovered, be in Paris; for while she was compelled to cross the city by cab, and wait at the Gare du Nord five hours, we travelled around the Ceinture Railway, and left for Calais with only twenty minutes' wait at the French capital.

Most of my fellow-travellers were Anglo-Indians, officers and their wives home on leave, together with a few homeward-bound travellers from the Far East, every one eager to get aboard the Dover boat and to sight the white cliffs of Old England once again after perhaps many years of exile. If you have travelled by the overland mail, you know well the excitement that commences as one nears Calais; for once beneath the British flag of the Channel steamer, one is home again. Ah! that word home—how much it conveyed to me!—how much to you if you have travelled in far-off lands!

We swung through Boulogne around that terrible curve that generally throws over the plates and dishes of the *wagon restaurant*, and at last slackened down through Calais-Ville, and slowly proceeded to the harbour where the special boat awaited us, the train having done the long run from Brindisi four minutes under the scheduled time, even though

Nicholls had kept it behind for me nearly a quarter of an hour.

It was now eleven o'clock in the morning, and until four o'clock in the afternoon I remained in that most dismal of all hotels, the 'Terminus' at Calais, awaiting the arrival of the ordinary express from Paris. It came at last, crowded with summer tourists from Switzerland and elsewhere, business men, and that quaint, mixed set of travellers that continually pass to and fro across the Channel.

In order to discover the woman, however, I took up a position near the gangway that gave access to the steamer, and scrutinised each passenger with all the eagerness of a born-detective. One after the other they passed in array, each carrying the hand-luggage, while the big, rattling cranes were at work taking aboard baggage and mails.

The stream grew thinner until the last passenger had passed on board, and yet she did not come. My haste had been in vain. She had probably broken her journey in Paris. And yet somehow I felt that she had some motive in carrying *The Closed Book* to London without delay.

French porters with their arm-badges and peaked caps rushed to and fro. There was shouting in two languages, not counting the third—or bad language. They were preparing to cast off, and I was undecided whether to remain in Calais until two o'clock next morning for the arrival of the night train or to go aboard and make further search.

Just as the gangway was about to be withdrawn I made a sudden resolve, and rushed headlong on board.

The reason of this quick decision was because, among the bustling groups of passengers, I had distinguished a face that was familiar to me.

My heart leapt as I pushed forward across the crowded deck towards the spot.

Strange how impulse sometimes directs us towards our doom!

(To be continued.)

W I L D F O W L I N G.



ANY people class November as a dull and dreary month; but to the wildfowler it has many charms, as with its entry begins the wintry season so dear to all followers of wildfowl sport.

It is a most fascinating pursuit, and, perhaps next to deerstalking, is the nearest approach to that finest of all sport—big-game shooting—that can be had at home. Unlike ordinary fur-and-feather shooting, wildfowling requires the true hunting instinct, combined with much patience and endurance, and that as a rule at the coldest and stormiest time of year; and you feel you are pitting your craft against very wary bipeds.

The majority of true sportsmen are students of

nature, and this is especially the case with the wildfowler, first as a means to an end, and also for its own pleasure; the constant contact with outdoor life imbuing him with a love for nature that enables him to contemplate even an empty bag philosophically.

Take a November afternoon towards dusk, when you are crouching in some rough hollow by the side of a fresh-water pool near the bents by the shore, waiting for the duck to flight. The glow is fading out of the western sky, a pale crescent moon is just visible, and as the light goes the stars begin to peep out. It is a fine time to be alone with nature, listening to the noise of the sea 'heard by the land,' and other weird evening sounds. Pewits begin to flit by; occasionally the cry of the golden plover is heard, and

the harsh chirrup of the snipe as he flits past you and lands at the edge of the pool with his peculiar jerky motion, and can clearly be seen silhouetted against the water as he walks about with thin legs and long beak. Then the cry of a curlew is heard, and awakens the latent desire to kill. Imitating his call, and keeping a sharp lookout, you see him swoop past, and you just manage to knock him over as he swerves away at the movement of your gun. Picking him, or rather her, up, you call to mind the old adage, 'A curlew, be she white or be she black, carries tence on her back.' As you regain your lair a large heron flaps slowly by; then an owl startles you by almost landing on your head as he goes silently past hunting his prey. Gradually it has grown darker; the wind moans with an eerie sound through the bents and thistles, when, hark! the welcome whistle of wings falls upon the ear: the duck are on the move, passing inland to feed, and by keeping a sharp lookout you can dimly discern some dark forms as they rush past overhead out of shot. Presently you can hear the harsh quack of some that have landed in a neighbouring pool for a splash in the freshwater before going on to feed in the fields. Again the noise of wings, and you see something like a black bonnet thrown up against the sky. Instinctively you raise your gun and press the trigger; and then, blinded by the sudden flash, you listen intently, and are rewarded by hearing the welcome thud, and on standing up you are able to see a fine mallard fluttering among the bents near by. Placing him beside the curlew, you have hardly resumed your former position when the rush of wings is again heard, followed this time by a double splash on the pool in front of you. For a time nothing is visible as you strain your eyes to their utmost but a ripple on the surface of the water caused by the swimming birds. At last, dimly, some dark object is seen emerging out of the shadow cast on the pool by the surrounding bank, then another following. Just as they merge into one you fire. As the report dies away there is a great splashing and flapping in the water, and with a little trouble a fine brace of duck are added to the bag.

It is now quite dark and difficult to see; and, although an odd bird may drop in, the flighting is over for that evening, so there is nothing for it but to gather up your victims and trudge home, puffing your pipe and classing November as a jolly month.

Later on, when the frost sets in, even better sport may be obtained at fresh-water pools by the coast; and when they begin to get frozen over, the birds are more keen than ever to have a bath. Then it is best to choose one of the deeper pools which is only partly covered with ice, as the duck are almost sure to select it when they begin to move at dusk, and when it gets too dark to shoot them on the wing as they circle round before landing. Once landed on the open water, they can be seen across the ice; and if the first two are allowed to remain undisturbed others will soon join them, when a couple of barrels

discharged simultaneously will often be well rewarded.

Perhaps, however, the best time of all for a good bag to be made is when a thaw has set in after a long frost. The first night there is open water again on the pools, duck are sure to be about and eager to have a bath of fresh-water. It is often a good plan to let any birds you have killed lie on the water, their bodies acting as decoys in the dim light.

If a change is wanted from these evening shoots, daylight is an excellent time; but it requires a good deal more resolution to get up in the dark on a cold morning and issue forth, for you must be down by the edge of the shore before a streak of daylight appears in the eastern sky. But even then, unless flying against a strong head-wind, duck are apt to pass very high on their return journey to the sea. However, after the flighting is over and the light is better, with a little careful prowling and stalking, a stray duck, widgeon, or teal may be picked up at some of the odd pools, besides the chance of a curlew or plover.

If during a long, severe winter you are lucky enough to obtain permission from some good-hearted farmer through whose fields run any burns or ditches with water, these will well repay a visit at daylight, and any stray duck found there afford a sporting shot as they rise quacking, with long necks outstretched.

In really stormy, rough weather at the sea, by seeking out some rocky point, under cover of which there happens to be any smooth water, there will nearly always be sufficient bird-life to keep you on the alert. Shore birds seem to be restless, and perforce have to fly low, often affording good shots as they pass within reach of your cover. But as a general rule the best wildfowling time is evening and early morning. You must also study the tides and different feeding-grounds, and a host of minor details only to be learnt by long experience.

A good retriever of some kind is essential, and there is none better than a hardy Irish water-spaniel. He does not take up much room when you are hiding, and is strong enough for coast work in rough weather.

For ordinary shore-shooting, a .10 bore well choked is perhaps the best gun; but for duck-shooting at dusk, when birds are near and a quick spread is wanted, nothing beats a good covert-gun, say .28 inch and no choke. This, used with small shot, will be found most deadly. A gun with a long barrel seems to drop away at the muzzle in a faint light and shoots too close at a short range.

Wildfowling is not an expensive sport. Oftentimes the expenditure can be calculated in shillings in place of pounds; in fact, a pound will in many cases cover your expenses for the season, so it is a sport that can be enjoyed by a comparatively poor man, to whom a bag of a few hard-sought wildfowl will yield more pleasure than the slaughter of many head of game.

Not the smallest part of the enjoyment of the wildfowler is the time when he gets home after an extra cold night, and in dry clothes, with slipped feet, and supper over, muses by the fire over the 'might have beens.' Again he conjures up the shots hit and missed, and wonders had it not been wiser to have fired sooner or later, or had bigger shot in his cartridge. Visions of strings of duck flying out from a background of leaden sky and falling snow-flakes, to land with a splash on the dark, rippling waters, flit before him. When, hark! what is that?

The rush of wings, or 'ye curlews calling thro' a clud, ye whistling plover,' and you wake with a start. A lump of coal has fallen from the fire. With a shake you pull yourself together, and before going to bed clean your trusty gun and make all ready for the next expedition.

Or should it be your lot in after-days to find yourself 'in troublous cities pent,' some old print on wildfowling catches the eye, and you are transported once again 'to the heath, brother, where the wind blows free.'

THE LEOPARD-COUCH.

By A. SANSFIELD WARD.



Y name first became associated with that of Dr Maurice Bode upon the publication of a small treatise dealing with a certain phase of the complex religion of ancient Egypt.

In the preparation of *The Worship of Apis at Memphis* he was good enough to collaborate with me; and although this little work was designed solely for the use of students, it nevertheless had a fairly large sale, undoubtedly owing to its containing accounts of many unique investigations conducted by Bode in Egypt.

Since its appearance in 1895 we have regularly worked in concert; and it is my intention to here set forth the broad facts connected with a very remarkable experiment which took place at my own rooms during the autumn of last year, and to give some account of the circumstances that led up to it. Occult students who were in London at the time will already be familiar with the matter, which formed the subject of a paper read by Maurice Bode before one of the leading research societies. As the affair seemed to open up an entirely new field, it has been suggested to Bode that a more popular account thereof might serve to promote inquiry into a subject which has but latterly begun to arouse anything approaching general interest. It is, therefore, at his request that the following is penned.

Early in August I received a note from a well-known dealer in antiques to the effect that an ancient couch of Egyptian workmanship had come into his possession. As I have myself a small collection of Egyptian curios—though insignificant beside that of Maurice Bode—and as such antiquities are always of interest to me, I called at the shop to examine the specimen.

I must confess that I was anticipating comparatively modern workmanship, probably evincing indications of the Roman influence; it was, therefore, a welcome surprise to find that the couch alluded to was of much earlier design. It was constructed to grotesquely resemble a leopard, the feet and claws being of copper. The body of the couch

and a part of the legs were of acacia-wood, heavily gilded. The head and shoulders of the leopard were so contrived as to furnish a hollow, presumably for the reception of a large cushion, and along the framework of this singular piece of furniture ran a line of partially defaced hieroglyphics. The execution throughout was magnificent, and, though fantastic, betrayed considerable artistic taste. The wood had in many places decayed, and of the hieroglyphics I could make neither head nor tail. Nevertheless, I would have given much to possess the beautiful piece of work; but the figure mentioned by the dealer placed it beyond the reach of my somewhat slender purse.

'The price I'm asking leaves me very little profit, sir,' he assured me. 'It was one of the lots put up at Northbie's last Friday, and there were buyers from three big museums to bid against.'

'Who was the previous owner?' I inquired.

'Professor Bayton, who died at the beginning of the year. It was the last item he ever added to his collection.'

'How did they describe it at Northbie's?'

'Antique Egyptian couch—later Thelam.'

'No further particulars?'

'No, sir,' said the dealer, with a smile.

I determined to draw the attention of Bode to this very peculiar piece of furniture, and, mentioning my intention, I left the shop. It so happened, however, that the doctor was out of town at the time, and nearly a week elapsed before I saw him. At the earliest opportunity I called at his place, and proceeded to describe what I had seen, intending to ask him to accompany me upon a second visit. There was no need for me to make the request: I saw from the first that he was interested; and when I endeavoured to explain the unusual formation of the leopard's head he sprang up excitedly.

Seizing a sheet of paper and a pencil, he executed a rapid sketch. 'Like that?' he said eagerly.

'Exactly!' I replied, in astonishment.

'We'll go now,' was his next remark; and clapping his hat on his head, he clutched me by the arm and hurried from the house.

On the way I endeavoured to elicit from him some explanation of his sudden enthusiasm; but he declined to gratify my curiosity, promising to explain more fully later. Upon our arrival at the dealer's a disappointment awaited us. The couch had been sold two days before to a wealthy amateur collector, and was only that morning removed from the shop.

I have rarely seen Bode so keenly annoyed. 'I'd have willingly given twice the price,' he declared. 'The thing is of no earthly use to M'Quown; to me it is of vital importance.'

We were both acquainted with the purchaser, and I suggested that we should call upon him and examine the antique. My friend, however, opposed this. 'M'Quown has wanted a certain uræus from my collection for a long time,' he said. 'I shall endeavour to arrange an exchange.'

As I knew that Maurice Bode numbered this uræus to which he alluded—the earliest example extant—among the three most valuable items of his museum, I wondered more and more why he was so eager to gain possession of the leopard-couch. I was about to press him for an explanation, when he began abruptly:

'You are no doubt wondering what peculiar attraction this object has for me? Well, then, let me explain. I need not point out to you that I regard Egyptology from a different standpoint to that of previous and most contemporary inquirers, principally in that I look upon the period between the reign of Mena (once termed the first historic Pharaoh) and the Christian era merely as the latter end of Egyptian history. You are familiar with the results of my investigations upon the site of Heliopolis, and you know that I have definitely established the existence of dynasties earlier than the Theban. The secret of that synonym for mystery, the Sphinx of Gizeh, seemed almost within my grasp when an essential datum eluded me.'

'You refer, of course, to the nature of the creed professed by the leopard-worshippers?'

'Precisely! At that point my investigations failed utterly. We both know that a mystic cult, the emblem of whose doctrine was some extinct or mythical species of white leopard, actually existed up to the reign of Tehuti-mes III.; but subsequently, as you are aware, this ancient and mysterious priesthood, probably founded before the carving of the great sphinx, totally disappears. I take it that this leopard-couch which has fallen into the hands of M'Quown was used in their temple—probably about the time of Hatshepsut.'

Bode had no immediate opportunity to further pursue the matter, for on the following day he again left London in response to an urgent appeal from the Continent, where he was engaged in some matter connected with one of the principal museums. He was still absent at the end of August, and it was upon the last day of the month that I observed the following paragraph in a well-known scientific journal:

'The extensive collection of antiquities made by the late Mr Edward M'Quown, who died with lamentable suddenness on the 10th instant, will be sold by auction to-morrow by Messrs Northbie, at their house in Wellington Street. The sale will commence at 11 A.M., when a large attendance may be expected.'

I had known M'Quown slightly, and, as he was barely forty, was shocked to learn of his death. I saw, however, that I must act with promptitude, and without a moment's delay I sent off a wire to Bode:

'M'Quown dead. Auction to-morrow. Am I to secure the couch?'

The reply was brief but definite:

'At all costs.—BODE.'

Accordingly, at the hour of eleven on the following morning, I duly presented myself at the auction-rooms. I found the couch to be catalogued as Lot 13, and a mournful man who stood immediately beside me commented upon this circumstance.

'Between ourselves, I am inclined to think that the bidding for Lot 13 will be rather slow,' he confided. 'An unlucky number to an unlucky article.'

'I am afraid I don't quite follow,' said I.

'Well, does any one know where Professor Bayton got the thing? No, nobody does. Did he or did he not die three weeks after it came into his possession? He died. How long did M'Quown have the couch? *Four days!* Then he died. Now it's up as Lot 13; and if you're thinking of bidding, it's my personal opinion that you'll get it cheap.'

Whatever the reason, it was an undoubted fact that the bids for Lot 13 were few and cautious. It was ultimately knocked down to me at one-third of the price that poor M'Quown had paid for it. There were no other lots in which I was interested, so, having made arrangements for the conveying of the couch to my rooms, I wired Bode of my success, and spent the remainder of the day delving among Babylonian records in the British Museum. I returned home about half-past six, to find that the purchase had just arrived; and hastening through my dinner, I lit a cigarette and began a methodical examination of this latest acquisition.

I had hoped to find something that would serve to confirm Bode's theory; but beyond the fact that the work was of undoubted antiquity, I could establish nothing. The hieroglyphics might possibly contain a clue to the matter, but they were peculiarly complicated and difficult, and I felt too weary after my day's labours to attempt their immediate translation. Being seized with a desire to learn whether any degree of comfort could be enjoyed upon so strangely shaped a piece of furniture, I placed a large cushion in the hollow behind the leopard's head, and, lighting a fresh cigarette, stretched myself upon the couch.

The result was surprising. A more delicious sense of restfulness stole over me than I had ever before experienced. I had only to close my eyes to believe that I was suspended in space. The

aroma of the Turkish tobacco seemed to gain an added fragrance, and almost unconsciously I abandoned myself to the seductive languor that grew upon me. At what point I slept I am unable to state; but I recollect feeling the cigarette drop from my listless fingers. It must have been some little time after this that I began to wonder, or to dream that I wondered, why the odour was still in my nostrils. Without opening my eyes I made up my mind that the cigarette lay smouldering upon the floor just beneath the head of the couch. This reflection would seem to indicate that I was not really asleep; yet no other theory can cover the extraordinary facts of my subsequent experience.

Realising that this sweet, heavy perfume was dissimilar to anything I had ever known to arise from a cigarette, I reached down, still keeping my eyes drowsily closed, to find if it were really still burning. My hand failed to touch the floor!

As the mysterious nature of this circumstance came home to me, I sprang up into full wakefulness. Good heavens! what was this? I am not an exceptionally nervous man; but I can say with all truthfulness that my heart seemed to cease beating.

The familiar room was no longer there, nor did I recline upon a couch. I was upon a long, narrow balcony, having a low parapet, with pillars at frequent intervals supporting the roof. It was constructed entirely of marble and overhung a garden. Brilliant moonlight threw into bold relief arbours of strange design and vines trained over artistic trellis-work. Beds of many-hued flowers, tastefully blended and arranged in groups intersected by paths, extended to the bank of a river. In the distance, apparently rising out of the water, could be seen a huge white temple, significant and majestic even beneath the great vault of the gleaming heavens. The real origin of the heavy aroma now became evident. It was wafted from the flowers but six feet below me.

I will not attempt to give an analysis of my feelings, save to state that I seemed to be a bodiless entity, enjoying all my faculties but two—the sense of touch and of hearing. Try how I would, I could hear no sound, nor was I conscious of being in contact with anything palpable; in short, I was myself impalpable! I seemed to feel my heart throbbing, yet realised in some strange way that, being but an immaterial mind, I could have no heart.

At this moment I discerned a boat upon the water, and, becoming conscious of an ability to change my location by merely willing it, passed without perceptible effort from the marble balcony to the brink of the river.

A man and a woman were in the boat, which was rowed from the bow in the manner of a gondola by a gigantic Nubian. The woman was robed in white, and as she lay, with her head upon the man's shoulder, and the moonlight fell upon her upturned face, I saw her to be as beautiful as a nymph of classic lore. A strange resentment, such as Zeus might have experienced toward a mortal lover of

Io or Danaë, possessed me; and when a shaft gleamed through the air and the man in the boat sprang up, to fall dead into the river, an incredible satisfaction took the place of my former resentment.

An eight-oared galley shot out from the dense shadows of a huge bed of rushes, and then ensued a scene such as should have moved the heart of a stone; yet I observed it to its close without being conscious of any emotion whatever.

The white-clad form of the girl rose up in the boat, and in another instant would have plunged into the river beside the dead man; but the huge Nubian seized her in one muscular arm and restrained her. A moment afterwards the galley came alongside, and she apparently lost consciousness as her slim body was roughly hauled on board. I saw her lying upon the deck as still and white as though death had claimed her too. I have no recollection of being actually on board the galley, but I remember vividly the silent journey across the calm bosom of the river, and can recollect that there seemed to be something familiar in it all. I even noticed the infinitely cooler air out there upon the water, and the scene of the arrival at the great temple shall be with me to my dying day.

At the foot of a flight of marble steps the galley was moored, and I saw a number of men clad in long black robes descending slowly. Two of them carried a kind of bier, and as they reached the edge of the water the death-like form was lifted from the galley's deck and placed upon it. Solemnly raising their beautiful burden, they mounted again to the top, and, passing between two tall towers, advanced along an avenue lined upon either side by the figures of sphinxes. I witnessed all this quite clearly without knowing by what means I was enabled to follow; and when the bearers reached the propyleum of the temple and passed within I still accompanied them.

Across an area surrounded by high walls they proceeded, and through a doorway that was either gold or gold-plated, into a vast hall, dimly illuminated, and seeming to be a very forest of pillars. At this juncture I experienced an unaccountable difficulty in following, and, though I made a great effort, soon lost myself amid the innumerable pillars. Like some wandering spirit, I drifted about in that wondrous hall of shadows for what seemed like several hours. I had now apparently lost the power to control my own movements, and how I came to find myself where I ultimately did I do not know.

Since, after all, the whole was nothing but a vivid dream, I will not endeavour to explain. Suffice that I was in a small, rectangular apartment, fitfully lighted by a fire in a tall tripod. A man in a long robe of dull-red was standing by a niche in the wall, and before him, ranged on narrow shelves, were rows of phials, apparently of blue glass. In the centre of the place stood an object that I had good cause to remember. It was the leopard-couch! Upon it was stretched the motionless form of the beautiful girl I had seen on the river. Her dark

eyes were open now, and fixed in a changeless stare upon a brass vessel suspended above the fire. Her head rested, not upon a cushion, but upon a great crystal sphere which occupied the hollow in the couch.

The man took from the niche in the wall a long metal rod, and, dipping it in the pendent vessel, withdrew it again with what looked like a globule of liquid flame adhering to the end. Advancing to the couch, he thrust the rod into the open jaws of the leopard, and almost immediately the crystal globe beneath appeared to be illuminated by an internal light. I became conscious of a sensation as though an irresistible power were carrying me to destruction; the scene grew dim, and a great despair possessed me. Then I felt myself to be borne away into darkness as by a mighty wind, and a voice was in my ears. Two conflicting wills seemed to be striving for the mastery of my derelict spirit. I struggled madly against some subtle force that sought to overpower me, and avowed—to find Dr Maurice Bode supporting my head whilst he held a glass to my lips.

'Thank Heaven!' he exclaimed. 'You were beginning to frighten me.'

I felt strangely dazed, and stared at him so blankly that he smiled. 'I came away as soon after receiving your first message as possible,' he explained; 'and learning at Northbie's that the couch had been sent on to you, I called here immediately, to find you sound asleep upon the identical article. Without disturbing you, I took the liberty to examine it; and I am pleased to say that I have made two highly interesting discoveries. A couple of minutes ago you became so deadly pale that I grew alarmed. Were you dreaming?'

I rose to my feet as unsteadily as though leaving a bed of long illness. 'Before I answer your question, what have you discovered?' I asked, sinking into a comfortable arm-chair.

'In the first place, I have partially translated the hieroglyphics, and, in the second place, I have removed the top of the leopard's head.'

'How could you possibly translate the hieroglyphics in so short a time?' was my incredulous inquiry.

'Well, you have slept for over four hours, and I have, moreover, been engaged upon the inscriptions of this particular period for nearly a year now.'

'You don't mean to state that this couch dates back to the time of Hatshepsu?'

'There can be very little doubt of it. The inscription contains as romantic a love-story as the heart of modern novelist could desire.'

'Wait a moment, Bode!' I cried. 'Does it correspond to the following?' And I related the incidents of my extraordinary dream as I have already set them forth.

He remained silent for a moment at the end of my narrative, his eyes dreamily closed. Then, rising to his feet, he bent over the head of the couch. 'Yes,' he said slowly, 'there is a narrow

channel from the mouth of the leopard that presumably communicates with the hollow at the base.'

He paused, then added irrelevantly: 'The rock temple at Deir-el-Bahari.'

'Right, Bode!' I cried, in sudden excitement. 'It was the temple at Deir-el-Bahari! I understand now why the scene seemed vaguely familiar. But how do you account for the leopard-priesthood being established there?'

'A secret cult, consisting of priests ostensibly following other creeds. You have undoubtedly witnessed the punishment of Neothys, a beautiful priestess of the mystic goddess, who is never named in the inscriptions, but of whom the white leopard is emblematic. This Neothys had a lover, one Nerenid, a captain of the warriors, and their trysting-place was in the very shadows of Hatshepsu's temple at Deir-el-Bahari. He used to await her coming in a boat upon the river. But one night she was followed. Nerenid died by the hand of Thi, chief of the temple-guard, and Neothys was dealt with by the high-priest.'

'What was the meaning of the extraordinary experiment I witnessed in my dream?'

'The man in the red robe was undoubtedly Karpusa, whom I believe to have been the last high-priest of the cult. I have previously encountered this singular personality in the course of my investigations; and his knowledge of the "unknown" appears to have exceeded the credible. According to the inscription upon the couch, Karpusa wreaked vengeance upon Neothys by denying her immortality for all ages.'

'I fail to follow.'

Maurice Bode manipulated the head of the leopard in some way so that the top came off in his hand. Inserting a finger and thumb into the aperture, he drew forth a small ball of sparkling crystal. 'Examine that,' he said, handing it to me.

It was no larger than a full-sized walnut, but had all the brilliancy of a precious gem. I was gazing into its changeful depths when an idea occurred to me—an idea that caused me to return the thing with a shudder of revulsion.

'You do not, surely, suggest?'—I began.

'I suggest nothing,' said Bode; 'but by way of an experiment I propose acting thus.'

Raising the crystal above his head, he dashed it with all his force on to the marble hearth. I had just time to observe that it was shattered, when the electric light went out.

Dense fumes seemed to fill the room, and there was a buzzing in my ears. Then suddenly I caught my breath and listened; and it appeared to me that I had detected the sound of a low, clear voice—singing. Before I could determine whether it were imaginary or otherwise, the sound died away and the electric lamps became relighted.

There was a faint blue vapour in the air. Bode was standing on the other side of the room, and his tense attitude betrayed him.

'You heard it?' I inquired.

'I heard *something*,' he replied. 'The extinction of the electric light was highly instructive.' Seeing me about to speak again, 'I have no theory,' he said. 'The only one that can cover all the facts is too incredible to be entertained.'

'I wanted to ask you what you make of the sudden death of Professor Bayton and McQuown.'

'Again I have no theory. We should, however, remember that the incidents you mention, though

singular, do not justify us—with our present inadequate knowledge of the circumstances under which they occurred—in placing them outside the province of coincidence. But I may mention that when I endeavoured to arouse you this evening, I at first failed to do so. It was not until I treated you as a hypnotised subject, and employed the usual means of restoring consciousness after hypnosis, that you revived.'

THE PETRIFIED FOREST OF ARIZONA.



HAT will undoubtedly be the most curious national park in existence is located in the western part of the United States, in the state of Arizona. It is popularly known as the petrified forest of Arizona, and

presents so many remarkable geological features that the American Government is considering the question of reserving it from depredation by the enactment of suitable laws preserving it as Yellowstone and other national parks in the western portion of America are preserved.

In other parts of the world there may be found occasional petrifications of remarkable character; but here are the remains of a great forest, much more ancient than the petrified forests of the Yellowstone National Park, of certain parts of Wyoming, and of the Calistoga deposits of California. The latter are of Tertiary age; the Arizona forest belongs far back in Mesozoic time, probably to the Triassic formation. The difference in their antiquity is therefore many millions of years.

With the exception of a single cotton-wood trunk, the trees are of an extinct coniferous species. They lie prone upon the ground as they drifted in on a prehistoric sea. Water-logged and heavy, they sank to the bottom, and were then covered with sand and changed into chalcedony. The sand hardened and cemented into stone, and finally rose above the waters. This stone forest lay hidden from view for countless ages. By slow disintegration the embedding rock all washed away, and the petrified trees, being much harder and more durable, were left lying scattered in profusion on the surface of the earth, where they had so long lain buried.

The forest is situated in a valley measuring scarcely half a mile at its widest part, and the sloping sides of which are in places about fifty feet high. Along the slopes no vegetation is to be seen, wood being very scarce. The soil is composed mostly of clay and sand, and the petrifications, broken into millions of pieces, lie scattered over the slopes. Some of the large fossil trees are well preserved, though the action of heat and cold has broken most of them in sections from two to twenty feet long. The exposed parts vary from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in

length, and from two to four and a half feet in diameter, the centres often containing beautiful crystals. In this forest are ruins of several ancient Indian villages. These are small, in some cases merely a few houses; but what gives them a peculiar interest is that they were built of logs of beautiful fossil-wood. The prehistoric builders selected cylinders of a uniform size seemingly determined by the carrying strength of a man; and it is probable that never had more beautiful stones been used for the construction of habitations than the trunks of these trees, which flourished ages before man appeared on the earth.

This wood-agate also furnished material for stone hammers, arrow-heads, and knives, which are often found in ruins miles from the forest. There is no other petrified forest in the world in which the wood assumes so many varied and interesting forms and colours, and it is these that present the chief attraction to the general public. The state of mineralisation in which most of this wood exists almost places it among the gems and precious stones. Not only are chalcedony, opals, and agates found, but many trees approach the condition of jasper and onyx.

One of the most celebrated objects in this entire region is the natural bridge, consisting of a great petrified trunk lying across a cañon and forming a natural foot-bridge on which men may easily cross. This occurs on the north-east side of the forest, and the bed in which it lies is the coarse sandstone which holds all the petrified wood. The natural bridge therefore possesses the added interest of being in place, which can be said of very few of the other petrified logs of this region.

It is observed in the south-western exposure, and at other points, that all the petrified logs and blocks lying in the sandstone or only washed out of it are surrounded by a coating of the sandstone firmly cemented to the exterior. The absence of this coating from most of those in the principal forests is due to their long exposure to climatic influences, which ultimately disintegrate and detach the sand-rock adhering to them and strip them clean to the body of the trunks themselves. That this process requires ages of time is proved by the fact that the natural bridge is still coated over a large part of the surface with the remains of the cemented sand-

rock in which it was once completely embedded. This is true chiefly of the lower portion; farther up the trunk it has nearly all disappeared. The trunk is in an excellent state of preservation, and is complete to the base, where it is abruptly enlarged and shows the manner in which the roots were attached. This portion still lies partially buried in the sandstone, which is the same in character as that which adheres to the lower twenty feet. The cañon or gulch has a due north direction and is very precipitous, beginning only two hundred yards above the bridge and rapidly broadening in its descent. At the point where the bridge crosses it is about thirty feet wide; but the trunk lies diagonally across, and measures forty-four feet between the points at which it rests on the sides of the cañon. The angle is nearly forty-five degrees, and the tree lies with its roots to the south-east and its top to the north-west. The cañon is here about twenty feet deep, and from its bottom and slopes several small trees are growing, some of which rise considerably above the bridge. The trees are mostly cedar, but there is one cotton-wood. The root is

quite near the brink of the cañon, but rests on a solid ledge for a distance of four feet, so that there is no probability that in this dry region it will be endangered by further erosion.

The total length exposed is one hundred and eleven feet, so that more than sixty feet of the upper part lie out on the left bank of the cañon. At about the middle of the cañon, and above where the coating of sandstone still adheres, it measures ten feet in circumference, giving a diameter of over three feet. At the base it is now four feet in diameter; but the thickness of the incrustation is not known. At the extreme summit the diameter is reduced to eighteen inches. An examination of the relations of the natural bridge to the gulch which it spans shows clearly that the trunk was primarily entombed in the sandstone bed covering this entire region, and that with the progress of erosion, which ultimately carried away the entire plain to the north, as well as in other directions, leaving this small mesa, it was at last exposed and lay for a great period near the rim of the escarpment.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ELECTRICAL PROGRESS.

IN his presidential address to the Institution of Electrical Engineers, Mr R. Kaye Gray gave a very interesting résumé of electrical progress generally. He considered that existing legislation had hampered electrical enterprise, and made some suggestions for the removal of defects in the present laws. But in spite of such impediments substantial progress had been made in the utilisation of the electric current both for light and power. Not including traction-motors, there were in use up to March last lamps and motors equivalent to over fourteen million eight-candle-power lamps which drew their current from the public mains. The Metropolis accounted for five million, and about three hundred towns shared in the electrical supply. A new feature was the use of large turbo-generators of the Parson's type, and gas-engines of great power were also coming into use. One which would be exhibited at the coming St Louis Exhibition would be of three thousand horse-power, with two cylinders each of fifty-one inches diameter, which would run at eighty-five revolutions per minute. Referring to secondary batteries, he said that the Edison iron-nickel cell appeared to be on the verge of adoption upon a commercial scale. There seemed to be little doubt that the batteries fulfilled the expectations formed of them, and that their introduction would give an immense impetus to the electric automobile industry, and even to accumulator traction in general.

SLEEPING SICKNESS.

In our November issue we alluded to the discovery that the sleeping sickness of tropical climes had been traced to an organism transmitted by the bite of the tsetse fly, giving the credit of the discovery to Dr Castellani, as general report had asserted. Professor E. Ray Lankester, in a letter to the *Times*, makes an important correction. It seems that Dr Castellani reported that he had discovered a bacterium (*streptococcus*) which he definitely announced to be the cause of the disease. He also found in the blood and spinal fluids of infected persons a parasite (*trypanosoma*) which he regarded as an accidental concomitant of the disease, and as having no causal relationship to it. The importance of the *trypanosoma* was first apprehended by Colonel Bruce, who organised a thorough and successful search for it in all cases of sleeping sickness, and made direct experiments by inoculation. Dr Castellani had nothing to do with these later investigations, although credit is due to him for the discovery of the parasite in certain cases. It may be mentioned that Colonel Bruce was the discoverer of the blood-parasite in the nagana or tsetse-fly disease which has wrought such havoc among animals in South Africa.

THE VAPOUR BATH.

The hot air or Turkish bath, as it is commonly called, although a comparatively new thing in this country—the first was established in London only about forty years ago—was well known to the Greeks and Romans. Remains of such baths, often

of a sumptuous description and fitted with elaborate furnaces and conduits for the passage of hot air, have been found at Pompeii and elsewhere. The Turkish bath in this country is well patronised, and the best known of them have a right to call themselves old established. A vapour bath cleanses the pores of the skin in the same manner as violent exercise—that is, by profuse perspiration; and there is a feeling of lightness and exhilaration after such a bath which is in some measure evidence of its healthfulness. Various means have been suggested to secure the benefits of a Turkish bath in the ordinary dwelling-house by means of portable apparatus, and what is called the Century Folding Cabinet seems to fulfil the requirements in a very satisfactory manner. The appliance takes up less room than an ordinary screen, it is made of galvanised steel covered with rubber-cloth, and it is heated inside or from the outside with a special form of spirit-lamp. The bath can be charged with various medicaments, which are held to be beneficial in different forms of disease. As a matter of general interest we may mention that in a book dated 1653 we have found a curious old woodcut of an appliance on the same principle, which is described as a method of 'bathing by distillation.'

HIGH-SPEED TOOLS.

In October last a paper was read at the Manchester Technical School upon 'Important Tests with High-Speed Tools,' in which the results of experiments extending over a period of nine months, under a committee of experts, were described. The tools were tried in lathes and drills on soft and hard cast-iron and steel at various speeds, and some of the results, especially those associated with the 'A.W.' high-speed tool-steel (made by the well-known firm of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth, and Company) were quite remarkable. With this steel, armour-plate bolts four inches to six inches in diameter are cut at a speed of one hundred and thirty-five feet per minute, and the tool can be kept at this work for seven hours at a time without being touched or ground in any way. It is also stated that a twist-drill made of this same 'A.W.' steel, having a diameter of three-quarters of an inch, and running at the rate of five hundred and thirty-five revolutions per minute, will drill a hole through four inches of cast-iron in eighteen seconds, and that after drilling a number of such holes the drill showed no perceptible sign of wear. The introduction of high-speed tool-steel lathes and drills is likely to bring about a revolution in workshop practice of the most far-reaching and beneficial character.

THE FUTURE OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

If any man had reason to ask to be saved from his friends, the discoverer of wireless telegraphy is he. As a writer in *Cassier's Magazine* points out, it is now three years since we were promised in no qualified terms transatlantic wireless telegraphy,

and these promises have again and again been renewed. Although it has been proved that signals can be sent over enormous distances by means of electrical waves, the establishment of a regular telegraphic service across more than two thousand miles of ocean is a very different matter, and it is reasonable to suppose that the hopes which have been held out of the early fulfilment of the promise have been due to the push of the company promoter rather than to Mr Marconi. But we have no wish at all to detract from that gentleman's splendid achievement, which seems to be more valuable as time progresses. For communication between ships at sea which are passing at far too great a distance to be within sight of one another, the system has already proved to be of immense service. In case of war, the power which it affords to a commander of speaking to each ship in his fleet, although it may not be within ordinary signalling distance, is one pregnant with unseen possibilities. It is probably as a means of communication at sea and between ships and shore that the Marconi system will ultimately find its chief employment. At any rate, there is no present prospect of its superseding the ordinary electric telegraph or the ocean cable.

THE MISCHIEVOUS SPARROW.

The good people who introduced the rabbit into Australia and the British sparrow into the American continent have a great deal to answer for. The little bird has proved to be almost as destructive in the one country as bunny has in the other. The sparrow has not been so much of a scourge because of his own depredations as because he has driven away such numbers of insectivorous birds which formed a natural protection to vegetation. But the fate of the aggressive sparrow is now sealed. What man failed to do is being done by a natural process, and the extermination of the alien is being vigorously prosecuted. A species of mosquito is spreading a kind of fatal malaria among the large flocks of sparrows which are found both in the United States and Canada; and with the thinning of these flocks the insectivorous birds are returning. At the same time several species of hawks and owls are increasing, and are waging fierce war upon the sparrows. Among these the little screech-owl in America and the Acadian owl in Canada take a foremost place. Year after year British farmers have complained of the destruction wrought by sparrows, and they will be interested in knowing that across the Atlantic it is being weeded out by natural processes.

FLANNELETTE.

All newspaper readers who care to peruse the gruesome column headed 'Inquests' must have noticed how often of late years the coroners have spoken in no measured terms of the dangers of employing flannelette, because of its great inflammability, for the clothing of young children; and a

coroner when he speaks thus can prove his point by a most melancholy illustration. But flannelette is much cheaper than the woollen material which it imitates, and so the holocaust goes on without let or hindrance. But this need be the case no longer, for Dr W. H. Perkin, junior, of Owen's College, Manchester, has found out an effective means of making flannelette unflammable, a quality which it will retain after repeated washings. We have hung a piece of the untreated material by the side of that produced by the new process, which is known in the trade as 'Non Flam,' and while we had no difficulty in causing the one to flame up instantly on the application of a match, the new material refused even to smoulder. The difference in the price of the two fabrics is so small as to be inappreciable, and we have thus every hope that 'Non Flam' will lead to the preservation of infant life and the prevention of much innocent suffering.

THE DECIMAL SYSTEM.

The decimal or metric system of weights and measures first introduced in France a century ago, and since made compulsory in all business transactions, was found so convenient and simple that it was adopted by the greater part of Europe. But Great Britain unfortunately did not follow suit, but retained her old cumbersome methods, which have extraordinary variations in different parts of the country. For a long time past the metric system has been voluntarily adopted by our scientific men, and even popular works on scientific subjects are falling into line. But traders still stick to pounds, ounces, yards, and feet; and the result is that a confusion arises with regard to catalogues of goods circulating in foreign countries where the metric system is in vogue which is almost as detrimental to our interests as one-sided free trade is said to be. A Bill is to be introduced early next session in the House of Lords for the compulsory adoption of the metric weights and measures throughout the United Kingdom, and so many high authorities are in favour of it that it is hoped it will be passed by both Houses. The first reading will be moved by Lord Belhaven and seconded by Lord Kelvin.

RUBBER AT LAGOS.

There is such a constant demand for india-rubber, owing chiefly to its use in electrical insulation and for the manufacture of tires, that anything concerning it is of interest to many. At a recent meeting of the African Trade Section of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, the subject of rubber production in our little colony of Lagos, on the West Coast of Africa, came under discussion. A letter from an authority in the colony stated that the preparation of rubber there had been much neglected, and he thought that the time had come for the Government to interfere and to adopt measures for the improvement of the industry. The rubber is of good quality; but its method of preparation greatly reduces its value. The natives should be taught

better methods, as they have been in French colonies. In French Guinea a similar kind of rubber to that prepared in Lagos was at one time produced; but the natives were taught a better way, with the result that the price of the article was increased by one-half. The exportation of rubber, except in the improved form, was prohibited by the French Government. Small quantities of the improved rubber have been prepared at Lagos which brought three shillings and twopence per pound against the native 'Lagos lump,' which sold at one shilling and tenpence. The Chamber of Commerce has decided to offer prizes for rubber production, and the Governor of Lagos, Sir William Macgregor, has been advised of the fact.

A NEW TEA.

When tea was first brought to Britain and sold for sixty shillings per pound, just about the year of the Great Fire of London, no one dreamed that it would one day form the principal beverage of a large number of the people. There is nothing more refreshing than a cup of good tea; but unfortunately many persons are not able to indulge in it owing to the manner in which it assails their digestive organs. The mischief is attributed to the tannin which resides in the seductive leaf, and a method which will rob it of this harmful constituent, without depriving the tea of its exhilarating properties, is to be valued. The addition of the substance known as 'plasmon' is said, on the high authority of the *Lancet*, to reduce the tannin in tea by 50 per cent., as shown by their analysis; and they add that 'it is probable that even the tannin remaining in solution is physiologically inert and without action upon the digestive processes.' Plasmon gives tea a slightly opalescent appearance, which is no detriment to a beverage usually taken with the addition of milk. Plasmon is, indeed, itself derived from milk, and its admixture with the tea by no means takes away from 'the cup which cheers' its stimulating properties.

FINGER-PRINTS.

Sensation-lovers have always liked the detective type of story, and Sherlock Holmes and his adventures must have had millions of readers. But occasionally in the annals of the police court we come upon a story of detective sagacity which equals anything that the novelist has invented and has the additional advantage of being true. Such a case occurred only the other day. It was a jewel-burglary at some auction-rooms in the west end of London, where the valuables were gathered previous to a contemplated sale. The thieves got off with all the valuable booty. Then the police came upon the scene, and a detective, upon making a close examination of the premises, found the impression of a dirty finger upon a window-pane. The mark was photographed and compared with certain prints of a similar kind which are stored at the police headquarters. They are the natural signatures of various

convicted felons, and one of them agreed in every detail with the mark left by the burglar at the auction-rooms. The discovery led to certain arrests, and there is every reason to suppose that the crime will be brought home to the real culprits. It is a curious fact that no two fingers have ever been found to agree in their surface lines.

PLATINUM.

The metal platinum, which a few years ago was not very extensively used, and could be purchased for about sixteen shillings an ounce, is now nearly the price of pure gold. The reason for this change is the increased demand and the limited supply. Platinum is now largely employed by photographers for the production of permanent pictures; but the chief users are the electricians. Each little glass bulb that forms the familiar glow-lamp has two tiny wires attached to it, which form the necessary connections between the carbon filaments within and the 'leads' without; and platinum was used for this purpose because it was the only metal known that would expand by heat at the same rate as glass, while at the same time it adhered to the glass as if cemented to it and made an air-proof joint. A French company has now, it is said, discovered a method of using for these lamps a metallic connection other than platinum, and a means of cementing the wires in place, which is effectual and lasting.

TELEGRAPHING EXTRAORDINARY.

Startling as are the developments we are promised when wireless telegraphy shall have been perfected, they are as nothing compared with the achievements of cable telegraphy to-day. The laying of the Pacific cable, and consequent inauguration of the 'all-red' route, has put the Eastern Telegraph Company on its mettle; and we have recently had the agreeable sensation of cable 'racing' in connection with the Australian campaign of the Marylebone Cricket Club. The quickest times by the Pacific, or all-British, route have been seventeen and fifteen minutes respectively, which is not bad for thirteen thousand miles of cable and land-line. But the Eastern Company have beaten this by accomplishing the feat in twelve minutes, which, however, is not a record, as they transmitted the result of the first America cup-race last year from England to Adelaide in the incredible time of *two minutes*, and the result of the second race in four minutes. This was probably accomplished by means of relays or 'current refreshers' at the intermediate stations; because there are usually five or six retransmissions between England and Australia, and sometimes even more when the lines are interrupted and alternative routes have to be used. In the ordinary way, the Eastern Company would send its messages from Sydney or Adelaide to Perth or Port Darwin, thence to the Cocos Islands, and thence to Durban, Capetown, and St Helena, the final cable transmission being to Porthcurnow in Cornwall, where

all the Eastern cables converge. But it has two other strings to its bow: one by way of Mauritius and Aden, and the other by way of Port Darwin, the British India, and Straits Settlements; so that there is little fear of our ever being entirely cut off from our Australian colonies. The Pacific, or 'all-red,' route runs from Australia through the Australasian Islands to Vancouver, thence across the North American continent, and thence to Great Britain over one or other of the Anglo-American cables, its longest stretch of cable being about three thousand miles. Of course the working speed of a cable and the speed at which messages usually come through are quite different things, the governing factor being the number of messages waiting transmission. It may safely be assumed, therefore, that the extraordinary results attained on the occasions referred to were only rendered possible by a clearing of the lines just as the lines are cleared for the passage of a Royal train. But they are hardly the less remarkable on that account.

THE GLOAMING HOUR.

I LOVE to sit in the gloaming,
Just before the lamp is lit,
And thro' the open lattice
Watch the dusky night-bats flit;
Out amid the length'ning shadows,
The lilies ghost-like gleam,
And the world of summer roses
Lies wrapt in one sweet dream.

O, the gloaming hath a glamour,
A mystic spell for me!
It holds in its dead voices,
As a shell doth hold the sea!
And dear dead faces once again
Shine softly thro' the gloom,
And the dewy dusk is flooded
With faint old-world perfume.

The gloaming hour, the gloaming hour
Brings back again to me
The loved and lost that long ago
Crossed o'er the tideless sea;
And all my weariness and pain
Like shadows flee away,
As I sit alone with Memory
At the closing of the day.

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them in FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

'LUCK.'

By LOUIS BECKE.

CHAPTER I.



'HARD' man was Captain William Rodway, of Sydney, New South Wales, and he prided himself upon the fact. From the time he was twenty years of age he had devoted himself to making and saving money,

and now at sixty he was worth a quarter of a million.

He began life as cabin-boy on a north-country collier-tug; was starved, kicked, and all but worked to death; and when he came to command a ship of his own his north-country training stood him in good stead: starving, kicking, and working his crew to death came as naturally to him as breathing. He spared no one, nor did he spare himself.

From the very first everything went well with him. He saved enough money by pinching and grinding his crew—and himself—to enable him to buy the vessel to which he had been appointed. Then he bought others, established what was known as Rodway's Line, gave up going to sea himself, rented an office in a mean street, where he slept and cooked his meals, and worked harder than ever at making money, oblivious of the sneers of those who railed at his parsimony. He was content.

One Monday morning at nine o'clock he took his seat as usual in his office, and began to open his pile of letters, his square-set, hard face, with its cold gray eyes, looking harder than ever, for he had been annoyed by the old charwoman who cleaned his squalid place asking him for more wages.

He was half-way through his correspondence when a knock sounded.

'Come in,' he said gruffly.

The door opened, and a handsome, well-built young man of about thirty years of age entered.

'Good-morning, Captain Rodway.'

'Morning, Lester. What do you want? Why are you not at sea?' and he bent his keen eyes upon his visitor.

'I'm waiting for the water-boat; but otherwise I'm ready to sail.'

No. 323.—VOL. VII.

'Well, what is it, then?'

'I want to know if it is a fact that you will not employ married men as captains?'

'It is.'

'Will you make no exception in my favour?'

'No.'

'I have been five years in your employ as mate and master of the *Harvest Home*, and I am about to marry.'

'Do as you please; but the day you marry you leave my service.'

The young man's face flushed. 'Then you can give me my money, and I'll leave it to-day.'

'Very well. Sit down,' replied the old man, reaching for his wages-book.

'There are sixty pounds due to you,' he said. 'Go on board and wait for me. I'll be there at twelve o'clock with the new man, and we'll go through the stores and spare gear together. If everything is right I'll pay your sixty pounds; if not I'll deduct for whatever is short. Good-morning.'

At two o'clock in the afternoon Captain Tom Lester landed at Circular Quay with his effects, and sixty sovereigns in his pocket.

Leaving his baggage at an hotel, he took a cab, drove to a quiet little street in the suburb of Darling Point, and stopped at a quaint, old-fashioned cottage surrounded by a garden.

The door was opened by a tall, handsome girl of about twenty-two.

'Tom!'

'Lucy!' he replied, mimicking her surprised tone. Then he became grave, and leading her to a seat, sat beside her, and took her hand.

'Lucy, I have bad news. Rodway dismissed me this morning, and I have left the ship.'

The girl's eyes filled. 'Never mind, Tom. You will get another.'

'Ah! perhaps I might have to wait a long time. I have another plan. Where is Mrs Warren? I must tell her that our marriage must be put off.'

[All Rights Reserved.]

FEB. 6, 1904.

'Why should it, Tom? I don't want it to be put off. And neither does she.'

'But I have no home for you.'

'We can live here until we have one of our own. Mother will be only too happy.'

'Sure?'

'Absolutely, or I would not say it.'

'Will you marry me this day week?'

'Yes, dear—to-day if you wish. We have waited two years.'

'You're a brave little woman, Lucy,' and he kissed her. 'Now, here is my plan. I've saved one thousand pounds. I shall buy the *Dolphin* steam-tug—I can get her on easy terms of payment—fill her with coal and stores, and go to Kent's Group in Bass Strait, and try and refloat the *Braybrook Castle*. I saw the agents and the insurance people this morning, immediately after I left old Rodway. If I float her, it will mean a lot of money for me. If I fail, I shall at least make enough to pay me well by breaking her up. The insurance people know me, and said very nice things to me.'

'Will you take me, Tom?'

'Don't tempt me, Lucy. It will be a rough life, living on an almost barren rocky island, inhabited only by black snakes, albatrosses, gulls, and seals.'

'Tom, you must. Come, let us tell mother.'

Three days later they were married, and at six o'clock in the evening the newly made bride was standing beside her husband on the bridge of the *Dolphin*, which was steaming full speed towards Sydney Heads, loaded down almost to the water-ways with coals and stores for four months.

CHAPTER II.

TWO months had passed, and the sturdy *Dolphin* was lying snugly at anchor in a small, well-sheltered cove on one of the Kent's Group of islands. Less than a hundred yards away was one of the rudest attempts at a house ever seen—that is, externally—for it was built with wreckage from many ships, and was roofed with tarpaulins and coarse 'albatross' grass. Seated on a stool outside the building was Mrs Lester, engaged in feeding a number of noisy fowls with broken-up biscuit, but looking every now and then towards the *Braybrook Castle*, which lay on the rocks a mile away, with only her lower-masts standing. It was nearing the time when her husband and his men would be returning from their usual day's arduous toil. She rose, shook the biscuit-crumbs from her apron, and, walking down to the *Dolphin*, anchored just in front of the house, called:

'Manuel!'

A black, woolly head appeared above the companion-way, and Manuel, the cook of the wrecking-party, came on deck, jumped into the dingy alongside, and sculled ashore.

'Manuel, you know that all the men are having supper in the house to-night?' she said as the man—a good-natured Galveston negro—stepped on shore.

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Well, I've done all my share of the cooking: I've made two batches of bread and the biggest seapie you ever saw in your life, but I want two buckets of water from the spring.'

'All right, ma'am. I'll tote 'em up fo' yo' right away.'

'Please do. And I'll go with you. Captain Lester and the others won't be here for half-an-hour yet, and I want to show you some curious-looking stuff I saw on the beach this morning. It looks like dirty soap mixed with black shells, like fowls' beaks.'

The negro's face displayed a sudden interest. 'Mixed with shells, yo' say, ma'am? Did yo' touch it?'

'No; it looks too unpleasant.'

The negro picked up the buckets, and, followed by Mrs Lester, set out along a path which led to a rocky pool of some dimensions filled with rain-water.

'Leave the buckets till we come back, Manuel. We have not far to go.'

She led the way to the beach, and then, turning to the left, walked along the hard, white sand till they came to a bar of low rocks covered with sea-moss and lichen. Lying against the seaward face of the rock was a pile of driftwood, kelp, crayfish-shells, &c., and half-buried in débris was the object that had aroused her curiosity.

'There it is, Manuel,' she said, pointing to an irregularly shaped mass of a mottled gray, yellow, and brown substance, looking like soap mixed with cinders and ashes.

The negro whipped out his sheath-knife, plunged it into the mass, then withdrew it, pressed the flat of the blade to his nostrils, and then uttered a yell of delight, clapped his hands, took off his cap and tossed it in the air, and rolled his eyes in such an extraordinary manner that Mrs Lester thought he had become suddenly insane.

'Yo' am rich woman now, ma'am,' he said in his thick, fruity voice. 'Dat am ambergris. I know it well 'nuff. I was cook on a whaleship fo' five yens, and have handled little bits of ambergris two or three times, but no one in de world, I believe, ever see such a lump like dis.'

'Is it worth anything, then?'

'Worth anything, ma'am? It am worth twenty-two shillin' de ounce!'

He knelt down and began clearing away the weed till the whole mass was exposed, placed his arms around it, and partly lifted it.

'Dere is more'n a hundredweight,' he chuckled as he looked up at Mrs Lester, who was now also feeling excited. 'Look at dis now.'

He cut out a slice of the curious-looking oleaginous stuff, struck a match, and applied the light.

A pale-yellow flame was the result, and with it there came a strong but pleasant smell.

Mrs Lester had never heard of ambergris to her recollection; but Manuel now enlightened her as to its uses, the principal being as a developer of the strength of all other perfumes.

Such a treasure could not be left where it was, exposed to the risk of being carried away by the tide; so the negro at once went to work with his knife, cutting it into three pieces, each of which he carried to the house and put into an empty barrel. Then he returned and carefully searched for and picked up the minutest scraps that had broken off whilst he was cutting the 'find' through.

Just at sunset Lester and his gang of burly helpers returned tired and hungry, but highly elated, for they had succeeded in getting out an unusual amount of valuable cargo.

'We've had great luck to-day, Lucy,' cried Lester as he strode over the coarse grass in his high sea-boots; 'and, all going well, we shall make the first attempt to pull the ship off the day after to-morrow.'

'And I have had luck too,' said his wife, her fair, sweet face, now bronzed by the sun, glowing as she spoke. 'But come inside first, and then I'll tell you.'

The interior of the dwelling consisted of two rooms only—a small bedroom and a large living-room, which was also used as a kitchen. It was quite comfortably furnished with handsome chairs, lounges, chests of drawers, and other articles taken from the cabin of the stranded ship. The centre of the room was occupied by a large deal table made by one of the men, and a huge fire of drift-timber blazed merrily at one end. Manuel was laying the table, his black face beaming with suppressed excitement, and the rough, sea-booted wreckers entered one by one and sat down. Mrs Lester bade them smoke if they wanted to.

'Well, boys,' said their leader to the wrecking-party—of whom there were thirty—'we all deserve a drink before supper. Help yourselves to whatever you like,' and he pointed to a small side-table covered with bottles of spirits and glasses. Then Lucy, after they had all satisfied themselves, walked over to the cask containing her 'find,' and, standing beside it, asked if they would all come and look at the contents and see if they knew what it was. Lester, thinking she had succeeded in catching a young seal, looked on with an amused smile.

One by one the men came and looked inside the cask, felt the greasy mass with their horny fingers, and each shook his head until the tenth man, who, the moment he saw it, gave a shout:

'Why, I'm blest if it ain't ambow-grease!'

Lester started: 'Ambergris! Nonsense;' and then he too uttered a cry of astonishment as a second man—an old whaler—darted in front of him, and, pinching off a piece of the 'find,' smelled it.

'Hamble-grist it is, sir,' he cried, 'and the cask is nigh on choke-full of it.'

'Turn it out on the floor,' said Lester, who knew the enormous value of ambergris, 'and let us get a good look at it.—Light all the lamps, Lucy.'

The lamps were lit, and then Manuel repeated his experiment by burning a piece amid breathless excitement. No further doubt could exist; and then Manuel, taking a spring balance (weighing up to fifty pounds) from the wall, hung it to a rafter, whilst the men put the lot into three separate bags and suspended them to the hook in turn.

'Forty-five pounds,' cried the mate of the *Dolphin* as the first bag was hooked on. 'Come, on with the next one.'

'Thirty-nine pounds.'

'And thirty-four pounds make a hundred and eighteen,' said Lester, bending down and eagerly examining the dial.

'How much is it worth, skipper?' asked the tug's engineer.

'Not less than one pound an ounce.'

'No, sah,' cried Manuel, with an *ex cathedra* air; 'twenty-two shillin's, sah. Dat's what de captain of de *Fanny Long* Hobart Town whaleship got fo' a piece eleven pound weight in Sydney last June. And I hear de boys sayin' dat he would hab got one pound five shillin's, only dat dere was a power of squids' beaks in it, and dere's not many in dis lot, so it's gwine to bring more.'

He explained that the pieces of black shell which looked like broken mussel-shells were in reality the beaks of the squid, upon which the sperm-whale feeds. Then, for the benefit of those of the party, he and the other two ex-whalemen described the cause of the formation of this peculiar substance in the body of the sperm-whale.

Lester took pencil and paper and made a rapid calculation.

'Boys, we'll say that this greasy-looking stuff is worth only a pound an ounce—though I don't doubt that Manuel is right. Well, at one pound an ounce it comes to eighteen hundred and eighty-eight pounds.'

'Hurrah for Mrs Lester!' cried Lindley, the mate; 'she has brought us luck from the first, and now she has luck herself.'

The men cheered her again and again, for there was not one of them that had not a rough affection for their captain's violet-eyed wife. They had admired her for her pluck even in making the voyage to this desolate spot, and her constant cheerfulness, and her kindness and attention in nursing three of them who had been seriously ill, cemented their feelings of devotion to her. There was a happy supper-party in 'Wreck House,' as Lucy had named her strangely built abode, that night, and it was not until the small hours of the morning that the men went off to sleep on the tug, and left Lucy and her husband to themselves.

'I'm too excited to sleep now, Tom,' she said.

'Come, I must show you the place where I found it. It is not very cold. And oh, Tom! I'm beginning to love this lonely island, and the wild life, and the tame seals, and the fleet goats, and the fowls, and black Manuel, and—and—oh! every-

thing. And look, Tom dear, over there at the lighthouse at Deal Island. I really believe the light was never so bright as it is to-night. Oh, all the world is bright to me!

(To be continued.)

HOW ELECTRIC TRAMS WORK.



IN 1830 Faraday performed before the Royal Society a very simple experiment, intended to demonstrate and to illustrate what, if subsequent developments of it could have been clearly foreseen, would have been one of the most startling discoveries of modern times. The lecturer exhibited a short length of wooden tube around which he had coiled six or seven hundred feet of wire. This was fixed perpendicularly on the front of a board so that a small bar-magnet could be let down into the centre of the wire-coil and drawn up again. The free ends of the wire were carried along the table a short distance, and there twisted into a smaller coil, over which, by a silken thread, was suspended horizontally an ordinary compass-needle. All that the apparatus was intended to show was that when the bar-magnet was let down or drawn up inside the larger coil the needle suspended over the smaller one gave a jerk round. Faraday pointed out that it was not the mere presence of the magnet in the one coil that affected the needle suspended over the other, for when the magnet was at rest in the centre of the coil the needle hung motionless. It was the *moving* of the small bar up or down that made the needle move; and the lecturer's theory was that that motion created—"induced"—in the surrounding wire a current of electricity sufficiently strong to deflect the needle. It was the slightest possible current; but it was something over and above the original power of the magnet. It was a perceptible increase of electricity caused by movement. It was, in fact, the force of his own muscles exercised in raising and dropping the bar actually converted into electricity.

Now, in that simple apparatus we see the germ of the modern dynamo, which is merely a development of it. Instead of the lecturer's muscles moving a little bar-magnet up and down inside a coil of wire, we have a steam-engine or gas-engine or a water-wheel whirling at immense speed coils of wire round a core of soft iron. As the result of this tremendously rapid motion we have the generation of electricity exactly as Faraday showed he could produce a current by the movement of his bar-magnet. The strength of the current may be anything we please, according to the capacity of the dynamo and the power applied to it. The dynamo, it should be understood, does not originate power; it merely transforms the engine-power into electricity, and in this transformation there is some

loss. The engine, if directly applied, could do more work than the dynamo; but the advantage of having engine-power converted into electricity is that it can be conducted to any distance and set to any sort of work. It will turn a lathe miles away, or work a lift, or drive a corn-mill, or, if you can contrive to connect your conductors with a tram-car provided with certain mechanism attached to the axles of its wheels, it will set that mechanism in motion and make the wheels go round. That mechanism is known as a 'motor,' and when applied to the running of a tram-car is slung underneath the car. It corresponds to the dynamo at the other end of the conductor, and works in perfect sympathy with it; only, instead of converting engine-power into electricity, it does exactly the reverse: it reconverts electricity into engine-power, and drives the wheels of the car just as the engine itself would do if it were on board the vehicle and were geared on to its axles.

That discovery of the induction of an electric current by the movement of a magnet in proximity to copper wires—or, what of course amounts to the same thing, the movement of wires in the 'field' of a fixed magnet—Faraday made known to the Royal Society well within the lifetime of many now living. It is now being turned to practical use all over the world. To say nothing of the driving of all sorts of stationary machines—mills, circular saws, sewing-machines, drills, and cranes, and a hundred other things—in all quarters of the globe electric trams and railway trains are running up hill and down dale, on the level surface of the ground and deep down in the bowels of the earth.

The first electric tramway in the United Kingdom was opened in October 1883 between Portrush and Bushmills, in the north of Ireland, where a waterfall was made the source of motive-power. That was the earliest in the kingdom. The latest electric tramway at the moment of writing is that opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales in May 1903; and this may fairly be taken as a type of all the finest tramways now in existence. In various parts of the world such lines have grown beyond all counting, and in matters of detail they vary very greatly. Some run on lines carried overhead; others have burrowed underground. Some run on the level road with conducting wires above them; others have these conductors down below. On some electric lines the motive-power is concentrated in an engine in front, on others there is a motor before and behind, while on others again every

separate carriage is a 'motor-car' with its own mechanism. But whatever differences of detail there may be, they are all alike in their main features. They all have some independent source of power—steam, gas, oil, water; and the whole propelling mechanism of all the lines and the trains and tram-cars upon them is simply an arrangement for conveying that power to every vehicle, wherever it may chance to be, standing or moving, over the whole line or system of lines.

By way of illustrating this we cannot do better than to take the new system of electric tramways of which the line recently opened by the Prince of Wales was the first completed section. This was part of the great network of London lines, practically the whole of which will belong to the London County Council by the year 1910. Roughly speaking, this network may be said to comprise fifty miles of double line on the north side of the Thames and seventy miles on the south, making altogether a total of one hundred and twenty miles of tramways spread over one hundred and twenty-one square miles, with a population of somewhere about five millions. When it is stated that from two generating stations—one on the north and the other on the south—will be supplied motive-power and light for every tram-car on this vast system, and that it has all been made possible by the discovery that Faraday revealed to the world when he showed that little apparatus to the Royal Society in 1830, it will be seen how momentous a discovery it was. The installation of electric power over the first section of about eight and a half miles threw out of employment eight hundred horses; when the great generating station is complete it will have a nominal engine-power of forty thousand horses! But however great that power might be, it clearly would be of no use for locomotive purposes over one hundred and twenty-one square miles if there were no means of distributing it. It is just because electricity affords the means of this distribution that it has effected and is effecting such a revolution in our locomotion.

Electric trams, as we have seen, are just like ordinary vehicles, with this special feature, that they have underneath them a 'motor'—a driving-machine—which, if it can be set going, will drive round the axles of the wheels and set them running along the rails. But nothing will set this motor going but a current of electricity poured into it, and all the intricacy and difficulty in the construction of an electric tram-line consist in making arrangements for the supply of this necessary current. In a few cases all this difficulty of line-construction has been dispensed with by the simple device of carrying on each car a supply of electricity condensed into 'accumulators,' by means of which the vehicle is rendered quite independent, entirely self-contained, and self-impelling. There is immense advantage in this; but the accumulators are exceedingly heavy, they last a comparatively short time, and they are expensive to renew; while

the power they can develop is smaller than can be obtained from the conducting system. At present practically all tramways and railways find it necessary to establish communication between their vehicles and their generating dynamos.

There are two methods of doing this, and over their respective merits and demerits there has been a great deal of controversy. A conductor along the whole length of the tram-line is a necessity upon either system. But the question is whether the conductor shall be a stout wire carried overhead on posts more or less ornamental, or shall be in some rather more substantial form and laid along a conduit in the roadway underneath.

The overhead trolley system has many advantages. It is comparatively cheap to establish. It can be done without much disturbance of the roadway. If anything goes wrong it is easy to discover what is the matter and to put it right. But then the poles and wires are very unsightly, especially at crossings and junctions, and where there are telephone and telegraph wires above them it is necessary to have guard-wires as well as conductors. This network overhead is not only unsightly, but is often inconvenient and sometimes a little dangerous.

The conduit system buries all the conductors out of sight. There is no unsightliness, inconvenience, or fear of the 'line' wires breaking and falling into the roadway; but then it is extremely troublesome to lay down. It occasions a great disturbance of the roadway, which for both lines has to be excavated to a depth of two and a half feet, and it sometimes involves alteration and diversion of pipes and drains; occasionally it requires serious changes of road levels and the reconstruction of bridges. The conduit also needs to be well drained by sumps connected with the sewers at short distances all the way along. Of course all this makes it very expensive at the outset. A single line recently constructed in suburban London on the 'trolley' system—the overhead system, that is—was said to have cost six thousand five hundred and sixty-two pounds a mile. The section of the new conduit-line opened by the Prince of Wales is estimated to cost approximately thirteen thousand six hundred pounds per mile of single track. On the Greenwich and Peckham lines, not yet constructed, an estimate has been made for both systems. The trolley line comes out at seven thousand four hundred and ninety-six pounds per single mile, while the conduit, which has been decided on, will probably cost fourteen thousand and forty-one pounds per mile. In London at all events—and except a short length at Bournemouth there is no other town in the kingdom that has tried the conduit—the cost of it is just about double that of the rival system. It seems probable, therefore, that the overhead conductors will be generally adopted where population is not very dense. It has been estimated that for every mile of tramway in Huddersfield there are about five

thousand people; in Birmingham, twelve thousand three hundred; in Bristol, fifteen thousand six hundred; in Glasgow, twenty thousand; and in London, nearly thirty-two thousand. Clearly, what may be expedient for London may not be so for many other towns. As to durability and cost of maintenance, the latest opinion expressed by the Highways Committee of the London County Council is that, owing to the great weight and stability of the conductors and the method of fixing them, the difference will be in favour of the conduit.

The conductors are two T-shaped rails of soft metal, weighing twenty-two pounds to the yard, and are carried on insulators fifteen feet apart in the concrete trough underneath the line. They are not continuous, but are divided by insulators into sections of not more than half a mile in length, each section consisting of a positive and negative length.

The central source of life and movement for this great system now developing has not yet been completed. At the moment of writing, the lines are being worked by a current supplied by a private electric company; but the new generating station, which will probably be the largest in the kingdom when finished, is rapidly being conjured up on the bank of the Thames at Greenwich. It will have eight generators, each of five thousand horse-power, the necessary steam being produced by water-tube

boilers. These boilers and the furnaces beneath them will be the real source of the power that will by-and-by be running all the trams over the southern part of the county of London. The electric current as it will leave the generating station will be one of 'high tension,' which is pretty much the same as it would be to say that water is conveyed through a main under high-pressure. The conductors running out of the power-house will be cables laid underground and very highly charged. The current will be one of six thousand six hundred volts, as electricians say. This is a tremendous 'potentiality,' and has to be reduced before it can be used to drive the trams. The cables do not run directly to the conducting-rods of the tram-lines, but to various sub-stations at convenient points about the system, and at these sub-stations, by means of 'rotary transformers,' the tension will be reduced to about five hundred and fifty volts. It must not be supposed that from these sub-stations the reduced electric power starts off on a sort of roving commission all over the tram-system. From one or another of these stations current is directly applied to each insulated section of the conducting-rods down in the conduit, and from these sections the motors pick up the current as they go along by means of 'ploughs' trailed along at the tail-ends of the cars and reaching down through a slit to the metal rods below. That is how the electric trams work.

THE CLOSED BOOK.

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

CHAPTER XI.—THE OLD LADY FROM PARIS.

THE man with whom I shook hands heartily was about thirty-five, tall, spruce, clean-shaven, and merry-faced, wearing a black overcoat and peaked cap that gave him the appearance of a naval officer. Cross-Channel passengers know Henry Hammond well, for he is one of the most popular officials in His Majesty's Customs, always courteous, always lenient to the poor foreign immigrant, but always stern wherever the traveller seeks to conceal contraband goods or that thing forbidden, the pet dog; conscientious in his duty in examining the baggage of incoming passengers, and always a gentleman—different, indeed, from the prying *douaniers* of our neighbours.

With his assistant it was his duty, turn by turn, to cross from Dover by the midday service, and on the return of the steamer from Calais—the vessel on which we were now aboard—to examine all the light baggage and affix a kind of perforated stamp as certificate of examination.

As a constant traveller I had had many a pleasant chat with him during trips across. In the wildest winter tempest in Dover Straits he remained un-

ruffled, merely turning up the collar of his overcoat and remarking that the weather was not so bad as it might be. But nearly all of you have had your baggage examined on the boat on your return from the Continent; therefore, no doubt you know Mr Hammond, and have answered his question whether you have 'anything to declare.'

'Why, Mr Kennedy,' he cried as he took my hand, 'this is a surprise! I saw in the paper the other day an announcement that you were returning to live in England, but did not expect you across just yet. Look at them,' he added, casting his glance around. 'Big crowd this afternoon: Cook's and Gaze's weekly returns from Switzerland.'

'Yes,' I laughed. 'You'll be busy all the way over, I suppose.'

'No; I'll be done in three-quarters of an hour or so; then we'll have a chat. My assistant is already getting on with hand-baggage forward.'

By this time we had cast off, and were creeping slowly down the harbour.

'Well, Hammond,' I said confidentially, 'I'm in a dilemma,' and taking him aside into one of the unoccupied deck-cabins, I briefly explained the cir-

circumstances of The Closed Book, and described its outward appearance and binding.

'By Jove!' he exclaimed, deeply interested; 'it almost beats your own romances, Mr Kennedy. I've just been reading your last. Neither my wife nor I could put it down till we'd finished.'

'You see, the woman ought to be on board this boat; but I've not yet seen her. I'm just going in search of her. But if you should come across any one answering the description I've given, you might tell me at once.'

'Of course. You want to get this extraordinary book back again?'

'Certainly. It is a valuable piece of property, apart from the secret it contains and the mystery surrounding it; and as I uttered those words the slow roll of the vessel showed that we were already out in the somewhat choppy sea, and warned my friend that it was time to commence his duty.

So we parted, and I started a tour around the boat, commencing tactfully at the stern, and passing in review each of the passengers. The work was by no means easy, for women when they lounge in deck-chairs assume thick wrappings and thick veils to protect their faces when the Channel is rough and the wind strong. One always feels the breeze cold after hours in a stuffy sleeping-car, and therefore women are prone to suffer the horrors of the ladies' cabin rather than risk catching cold.

For nearly an hour I made frantic search hither and thither throughout the whole ship, in all three classes. I gazed at the piles of heavy baggage, wondering whether my treasure were concealed there, registered through to London perhaps, in which case it might go forward without my mysterious visitor. The only place forbidden to me was, of course, the ladies' cabin, presided over by a stern stewardess; and if the woman of whom I was in pursuit was on board, she had undoubtedly concealed herself there.

She certainly had not embarked by the gangway I had watched; but there was a second gangway to the fore-part of the ship by which baggage was carried, and she might have slipped across there unnoticed, as people sometimes do.

Already Shakespeare's Cliff was showing through the evening haze, as the vessel steadily laboured in the rough sea. The passengers were mostly lying in deck-chairs *hors de combat*, and no one ventured to promenade upon the unsteady deck. I had taken up a sheltered position near the door of the ladies' cabin, determined to remain there until every passenger should have left, although I was compelled to admit that my hope was a forlorn one, and that I should have to return again to Calais by the night boat and resume my vigil on the other side.

The woman must have broken her journey in Paris, and would undoubtedly come later; but on what day or by what service she would cross I was, of course, in ignorance. And as I sat shivering

upon a stool in the rough wind, with the salt spray dashing ever and anon into my face, I felt that the probabilities of regaining my treasure were very few.

I had been the victim of an ingenious conspiracy. More could not be said.

Of a sudden, however, Hammond—his coat-collar up, and walking unsteadily because of the heavy rolling of the boat—approached me saying:

'Well, I've just finished, Mr Kennedy. Every passenger to-day seems to have a double amount of hand-baggage; but we've been through it all. I've seen nothing of the young lady you describe; but I've seen something else—I've found your book.'

'Found it!' I cried excitedly. 'Who has it? Tell me.'

'Well, a few minutes ago, in the second-class, I was examining the contents of a dilapidated leather bag belonging to a little, wizened old woman, very shabbily dressed, when I found down at the bottom a flat brown-paper parcel wrapped carefully, tied with string, and sealed with big blotches of black wax. I'm always suspicious of sealed packets, for they may contain anything from cigars to anarchists' bombs; therefore I ordered her to break the seals and open it. At first she refused; but on my explaining the penalty incurred, she reluctantly obeyed, and there, to my great satisfaction, I saw your old manuscript. I looked inside, and although I know little about such things, I recognised it to be the stolen volume.'

'Did you make any remark?'

'None,' was Mr Hammond's reply. 'I wished to consult you first. I did not put the usual label on the bag, so that when she passes ashore it will be stopped and again opened. What do you intend doing?'

I was puzzled. It was satisfactory to know where The Closed Book actually was, but, on the other hand, it would be difficult to regain possession of it. As my friend Hammond pointed out, I could give notice to the harbour detective on arriving at Dover, and he would detain the woman. But I should be compelled to charge her with theft. This I could not do. I could, of course, declare the book to be stolen property; but matters were the more complicated because of the theft having been committed in Italy.

For some time we discussed the situation; then I accompanied him through the second-class, where, on a chair in the gangway leading past the engines, sat a queer, dried-up-looking little woman of about sixty-five, wearing a rusty black bonnet and cloak—a woman I had noticed during my tour of inspection, but whom I had never suspected of being in actual possession of my treasure.

The book had evidently been delivered to her in Paris, and she was taking it to London—to whom?

That question I put to myself decided me, and when I was out of hearing I told Hammond

that I intended to follow her before claiming it, and thus ascertain, if possible, the motive of the strange international plot which was apparently in progress.

The short, wizened old lady was English: her face thin and yellow, with a pair of dark eyes that had probably once been beautiful, and hair still dark though showing threads of gray. She wore black cloth gloves worn-out at the finger-tips, and was ponderous below the waist on account of thick skirts put on to protect herself from the cold sea-breeze.

Hammond declared that her speech was that of a well-born person, and that her frayed glove concealed a diamond ring—a circumstance which he viewed with considerable suspicion. Yet he entirely agreed with me that I should gain more by following her to her destination and watching carefully than by arresting her on landing. There was a deep, inexplicable mystery about the book and its contents; and in order to solve it I ought to be acquainted with those whom it interested.

‘I can’t understand the manner in which you were poisoned by touching the leaves,’ Hammond said reflectively. ‘That beats me altogether. Perhaps somebody else will have a taste of it before long.’

‘I shall watch,’ I replied determinedly.

‘In any case it is a most interesting circumstance,’ he declared. ‘But it’s a good job your Italian doctor was able to save you. Evidently you had a very narrow shave.’

‘Very,’ I said. ‘I shall never forget the agonies I suffered. But,’ I added, ‘I mean at all hazards to decipher all that the book contains. That something very extraordinary is written there I’m absolutely convinced.’

‘Well, it would really seem so,’ he agreed. ‘Only, don’t run any risks and touch the thing with your bare hands again.’

‘Not likely,’ I laughed. And then I fell to wondering what had become of that dark-eyed, beautiful woman who had been the actual thief.

Why was the treasure wrapped and sealed so carefully? Could it be that those who had so cleverly conspired to obtain it from me were aware of the venom with which certain parts of it were contaminated? It really seemed as though they were.

We passed and repassed the short-statured old lady, talking together and appearing to take no notice of her. Evidently she was not aware of my identity; therefore I stood much greater chance in my efforts to watch her.

The examination of her bag that Hammond had made had not disturbed her in the least; but presently he returned to her, and feigning to have

forgotten to affix the necessary Customs stamp, did so.

At last we slowed up beside the Admiralty Pier at Dover, and next instant all was bustle. Passengers hitherto prostrated by the voyage sprang up and pressed towards the gangway, each eager to get ashore and secure a place in the draughty and out-of-date compartments of the Joint-Railways.

With an old woman’s dislike of crowds, the person we were watching slowly gathered together her belongings, folded her shabby old travelling-rug neatly, pulled her veil beneath her chin, shook out her skirts, and then, carrying her precious bag, made her way to the gangway after the first rush had passed.

Hammond’s quick eye detected her to be an experienced traveller, who had crossed many times before. She sat quite unruffled and unconcerned amid all the excitement of landing.

On the pier she inquired for the train for Charing Cross, and entered a second-class compartment, where she purchased a cup of tea and a slab of that greasy bread-and-butter which seems to be all the Joint-Railways allow the jaded traveller on landing, while I took a place in the next compartment to hers, and then retired some distance away in order to consult further with Hammond.

To his astuteness and thoroughness as a searcher I owed the knowledge of where my treasure was concealed; therefore I thanked him most warmly, and just as the signal was given for departure, stepped into the carriage and waved him farewell.

The run to London was without incident, but on arriving at Charing Cross I kept keen observation upon her. She clung tenaciously to the bag containing the book, refusing to let a porter handle it, and entered a four-wheeled cab. I followed to the corner of Holborn and Southampton Row, where she alighted and walked quickly across Red Lion Square until she reached a big, dingy house in Harpur Street, a short, quiet turning off Theobald’s Road—a house that in the old days when Bloomsbury was a fashionable quarter had no doubt been the residence of some City merchant or man of standing. The old extinguisher used by the linkmen still hung beside the big hall-door, the steps leading up to it were worn hollow by the tread of generations, and under the flickering gaslight the place, with its unlighted windows, looked dark, forbidding, and deserted.

The old lady was apparently expected, for the instant she passed the lower windows the door was flung open by some unseen person, showing the big hall to be in total darkness; and she, having ascended the steps with surprising alacrity, slipped in, the door falling to quickly and quite noiselessly behind her.

THE PROVINCIAL HUMOUR OF AMERICA.

IF Americans delight in exercising their wit at the expense of foreigners, they are none the less ready to amuse themselves by satirising one another's peculiarities. Especially do they derive entertainment by poking fun at the alleged characteristics of rival cities. As the Englishman and the German stand for distinct types in the American press, so do the Bostonian and the Philadelphian.

The claim of Boston to be the literary and intellectual centre of the United States furnishes the scribes of all the rest of the country with opportunities of sarcasm. The Bostonian is represented as prone even from earliest days to the use of learned language on all occasions. Here is the Boston child:

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
Eating baked beans and brown bread.
There came a great spider
And sat down beside her;
'What a fine argiope!' she said.

It is a Boston clergyman who is reported to have declared that Lot's wife was transformed into a monolith of chloride of sodium. Not long ago, in a discussion whether 'expectorate' or 'spit' should be used in the health-notice in the New York street-cars, it was mentioned that Mr Theodore Roosevelt, when Police Commissioner, had preferred the simpler word. Thereupon a Chicago paper promptly expressed its regret, as this revelation would assuredly lose for him the Boston vote. 'What does "incarcerated" mean, Weary?' asks one tramp of another, in the *New York Journal*. 'Dat's gettin' "jugged" in Boston,' is the reply.

The following cuttings from the outside press further illustrate this conception of the scholarly atmosphere of Boston:

'Here,' cried an irate passenger, 'you've took us past Tremont Street!' 'Pardon me,' replied the Boston street-car conductor, 'you mean "taken," not "took." Now then, sir, move with more expedition, please.'

The prisoner, a faded, battered specimen of mankind, on whose haggard face, deeply lined with the marks of dissipation, there still lingered faint reminders of better days long past, stood dejectedly before the judge. 'Where are you from?' 'From Boston.' 'Indeed!' said the judge; 'indeed yours is a sad fall. And yet you don't seem to thoroughly realise how low you have sunk.' The man started as if struck. 'Your honour does me an injustice,' he said bitterly. 'The disgrace of arrest for drunkenness, the mortification of being thrown into a noisome dungeon, the publicity and humiliation of trial in a crowded and dingy court-room, I can bear; but to be sentenced by a police magistrate who splits his infinitives—that is indeed the last blow.'

Such literary sensitiveness is, of course, quite in keeping with the traditions of a city where, it is rumoured, even the beans take a course of Browning. But it is not in language and literature alone that the pre-eminence of Boston is unquestioned. 'I am agent, sir,' says the traveller, 'for the *Great American Universal Encyclopedia of History, Biography, Art, Science, and Literature*, complete in two hundred volumes'—'Don't need it,' replies the business man; 'I married a Boston girl.'

But Boston is sometimes able to retaliate upon her more aggressive juniors. A Bostonian, so it is related, was riding with a Chicago lady on the elevated railway in the latter city. 'It is an enormous city, is it not?' she remarked, with a proud sigh. 'Enormous?' repeated the Bostonian. 'The enormity of it is not to be estimated.' Another remark hits effectively at the ambitions of the *nouveau riche*: 'The European economist,' comments a Boston paper, 'who expects to teach Chicago to like horse-meat has a difficult task. Chicago wants the most expensive, or nothing.' More pungent still is the application of a story told of the daughter of a professor at Cornell University who was about to move westward. The night before they left, the little girl added these words to her usual prayer: 'Good-bye, God; we're going to Chicago.'

Philadelphia has somehow acquired the reputation—quite unwarranted, as far as a visitor may judge—of being the slowest city in America. Consequently the Philadelphian has to endure many gibes at the lack of up-to-dateness of his native place. For instance, when the twentieth century began, it was suggested in a Chicago paper that if we should forget at any time what the nineteenth century was like, and wish to renew our recollections, all we need do is to go to Philadelphia. One would like to know what Benjamin Franklin, certainly a man of vigour and enterprise, would have thought of such jests as the following at the city whose fame was so closely associated with his own: 'Yes, poor fellow, he was once very prosperous, but he failed in business.' 'How so?' 'Tried to establish a "quick lunch" restaurant in Philadelphia.' Again: 'I understand that it was pretty slow at Mrs De Styles's party?' 'Slow! Why, it was as slow as playing chess on a freight train going through Philadelphia on a Sunday.' A well-known magnate of Wall Street, New York, is reported to have been asked by a citizen of Philadelphia why he did not run over to that city often. 'Afraid to,' was the reply. 'Why?' asked the Philadelphian. 'You people are always poking fun at our city for being so quiet and peaceable.' 'That's just it,' replied the bustling New Yorker. 'I was there once. First thing I knew I heard a policeman say, "Hi, there! I'll run you in if you don't stop that noise." I looked around to see what

was the matter, and saw the policeman making for me, brandishing his club. "Don't you do that again," he said threateningly. "What?" I asked. "Don't you know," he said angrily, "that you were jangling your watch-chain, and waking all the people on the block out of their afternoon naps?"

That a Philadelphian, whether slow or not in general habit, can be quick enough upon occasion

appears from the following extract from the *Philadelphian Press*. The point of the rejoinder will readily appeal to any one who has lived in New York during the recent subway excavations: 'Well,' said the New Yorker tauntingly, 'you don't see any grass growing in our streets.' 'That's so,' replied the Philadelphian; 'clever scheme of yours.' 'What's that?' 'To keep tearing your streets up so that the grass can't grow.'

THE MOST DARING BURGLARY ON RECORD.

THE GREAT CORNHILL AFFAIR.

By W. B. ROBERTSON.



ONSTERNATION is the only word that can be applied to the state of mind that London was thrown into by the announcement that the premises of John Walker, 68 Cornhill, chronometer-maker and jeweller, had been entered between Saturday and Monday, 4th and 6th February 1865, the door of his iron safe wrenched open, and valuables amounting to six thousand pounds stolen—consternation because there had been a succession of somewhat similar robberies, and none of the perpetrators had been captured. There was the Johnson burglary at 54 Threadneedle Street—not far away, and also a jeweller's—where the swag was worth four thousand pounds; there was the burglary at a bullion-dealer's in Lombard Street, and a safe ransacked of five thousand pounds; on the night of the previous Christmas there was the Euston Road burglary, where a safe belonging to one John Webb, a solicitor, weighing eight hundredweight, and containing property and documents worth twenty thousand pounds, had been carried off bodily; there was the Strand burglary, another jeweller's, adjoining the Lowther Arcade, where goods to the value of one thousand pounds were taken; and there were warehouse robberies of tea and silk and brandy. Even Windsor Castle had been robbed less than a month before. Consternation? It was almost panic that seized the owners of portable property in the City when they heard of the Walker sensation. They lost faith in the police, and lost faith in their strong-rooms; they left their premises with foreboding fears at night, and entered them with nervous apprehension in the morning. It was the day of the burglar's triumph. 'For what do we pay police rates?' asked some. 'And what is the use of safes?' asked others, answering themselves with 'except to save the burglar trouble, by letting him know where valuables are.'

Daring, ruthless precision and workman-like skill are the strong features of the Walker job. Had it stood by itself it would have created a sensation. It creates a sensation to-day in the mind of the reader once he has grasped the arrangement of the

premises and the extraordinary precautions taken to ensure security.

First, then, as to the premises. Up the side of Mr Walker's shop runs a passage leading to a paved court—Sun Court. From this court is an entrance to the three upper floors of the building. These are reached by a common stair. At the time of the burglary the first floor was let as offices to Sir Charles Crosley, the second floor was also let, and the top floor was used as a photographic studio. The door leading to the staircase was open all day; but it was locked at night as securely as the locksmith's art then knew. Behind it was the back entrance to the jeweller's shop, with an iron-cased door. Nobody slept on the premises, the police thinking that Mr Walker's valuable stock was thus all the safer, as being free from liability to what is called a 'put-up job.' The place was supposed to be impenetrable unless assistance were rendered from within. Next door to the jeweller's was a tailor's shop. The tailor occupied the whole of the basement under his own shop and under Mr Walker's as a cutting-room, with access by a stair from the shop.

Mr Walker's premises comprised a front shop and a back shop, separated by a doorway. When these were shut up, two apertures in the shutters at the front on Cornhill commanded a view of the front shop, and similar apertures in the shutters up the court commanded a view of the back shop. The safe, in a corner of the back shop, was only partially visible from the apertures in the shutters; but full view of the safe was reflected by mirrors in the line of the peep-holes in the shutters, the door of the safe being painted white to make the reflection all the sharper. There was a workman's bench against the back window; and behind this bench, to break the draught, was a fixed screen, breast-high. At nights and on Sundays, when the premises were shut, three gas-jets were left burning in the front and three in the back shop.

Mr Walker's people were always the last to leave the premises. After putting away the most valuable stock, the foreman used to send the boy upstairs to try the doors of the different offices to see that all

the other tenants had left. He would then lock the outer door leading from the court to the staircase, lock and bar his own iron-cased door, and, after putting up and bolting and locking the shutters, leave by the front door. The place was described as being encaised in iron.

On Saturday evening, 4th February 1865, Mr J. T. Walker, who managed the Cornhill business for his father, left the premises at half-past five. About a quarter past six the foreman began to clear away, sending the boy upstairs as usual. These operations, locking up, and looking into the shutter apertures back and front took three-quarters of an hour, and then he left, taking all the keys with him, about half-past seven. But at ten minutes past six three men stole up the common stair in Sun Court, opened with a key the door of the offices on the second floor, entered, and locked themselves in, so that the boy might be able to report 'All gone.'

At half-past eight on Monday morning the foreman returned and entered the front shop from Cornhill. He found everything in order and all right. So he steps briskly to the back to take his coat off before proceeding to remove the shutters; but what is this that startles him while yet on the threshold of the back shop? A hole in the floor! He lifts his eyes from the hole to the safe. It looks all right. He goes up to it, and it opens to his touch. It is empty! He unbars and unlocks the side door, which is just as he left it thirty-seven hours ago. The outer door leading into Sun Court, however, he finds secured by only the latch, the lock having been taken off. He raises the alarm. The police are quickly on the scene; so is Mr Walker, who finds himself, notwithstanding all his precautions—his apertures in the shutters, his burning gas, his thief-proof safe with its door painted white, and his mirrors—robbed of gold watches, chronometers, diamond rings, pins, studs, bracelets, earrings, and cash-box with gold, &c., to the value of six thousand pounds.

Investigation of the premises soon revealed the course followed by the burglars. They had entered the building from Sun Court, as stated, and ascended the stairs to the second floor, helping themselves to the key of the office from the bracket of the gas-meter, where it was always put when the rooms were closed, and where it could always be seen by any one descending from the photographer's studio above. Evidently the burglars had a minute knowledge of the arrangements in the building.

The removal of the lock from the inside of the street door in Sun Court showed that the robbers had made their exit there. Upstairs the door of the second-floor offices was open, with the key in the lock on the inside. In Sir Charles Crosley's offices a candlestick was found that ought to have been in the offices above. Sir Charles's safe had also been opened, and a small sum of money taken. Through this floor a hole had been cut in a workman-like manner, and across it still lay a pair of tongs from which hung a rope-ladder used for access to

the tailor's shop, where there were indications of an attempt to cut through the wall into the jeweller's; but it was supposed that this was frustrated by iron sheeting that lined the wall. Even if this supposition be correct, it seemed to have no appreciable effect upon the cracksmen. They walked down the stairs into the basement, which extended beneath both shops, mounted one of the cutting-tables, and made a hole through the ceiling into Mr Walker's back shop just behind the screen that enclosed the workman's bench against the window, and therefore concealed by the screen from any one looking through the apertures in the shutters. This hole made, the operator had only to plant a chair on the cutting-table, mount it, and half of his body was in the shop above. Besides the rope-ladder, the only other property Mr Walker's visitors left was a gimlet, a finely tempered steel wedge, and a formidable life-preserver. The life-preserver showed to what lengths these clever ruffians were prepared to go had they been disturbed. They were not disturbed until, perhaps, next day, when they found that a reward of one thousand pounds was offered for their capture, and that London was vibrating with excitement over their achievement. This was decidedly discomfiting. They did not want fame; they wanted only to make a quiet living and put money away for a rainy day.

For days crowds thronged around the scene. The bankers and merchants and shopkeepers in the neighbourhood, who all had to leave most valuable property every night under conditions no safer than Mr Walker, joined in indignant chorus against the police. They requisitioned the alderman of the ward to convene a meeting of the inhabitants to take into consideration the insecure state of their property with a view to adopting measures for its protection. This meeting the alderman promptly convened. It was followed two days later by a meeting of the whole Court of Aldermen specially summoned by the Lord Mayor to inquire into the circumstances connected with the 'Cornhill Burglary,' as it was called, and this was followed soon after by a second meeting of aldermen. At these meetings and in the newspaper press the City police and detectives were held up to scorn, though it must be said the police, in the person of their chief, Colonel Fraser, made a very good defence. Whether the police did or did not merit the opprobrium thus cast upon them does not concern the course of this narrative. Suffice it that the public indignation put them upon their mettle, and the one thousand pounds offered as reward yielded a luxuriant crop of informers.

The first arrest was made on Wednesday, 15th February, just eleven days after the discovery of the burglary. It was at night when a shabbily dressed man slouched into a working watchmaker's in Wildermess Row, St Luke's, and almost on his heels a detective followed. Immediately after the detective came Mr Walker's son and a policeman. They were acting upon 'information received.' The shabbily dressed individual was searched. On his finger he

wore a massive diamond ring. He was also decorated with a gold chain. In his pocket was a gold watch worth fifty-five pounds, with Mr Walker's name and address on it, and eleven pounds fourteen shillings and eightpence in money. He also had a gold watch-case without a movement; the movement belonging to the case, however, was on the watchmaker's bench. It had had its number altered from 3040 to 3704, and 'John Walker, 68 Cornhill,' had been erased and 'W. Hilton, Wilmington Square, London,' substituted. Besides these articles, the shabbily dressed man had an addressed letter in his pocket. He was a weaver named Roberts, and lived in the Mile-End Road district. The police, of course, visited his room. They found silk there, and women at work, and fifty silver and gold watches. The police were so far on the right track that they arrested the Hurleys, man and wife, in Cambridge Heath Road. Hurley gave the rest of his comrades away.

Friday, 24th February, was a red-letter day for the police. Two inspectors, a sergeant, and a body of men—that was the force, and 142 Whitechapel Road was the house. The ground-floor was being fitted up as an eel-pie shop; the upper floors had just been newly and expensively furnished. Two men and two women were in the shop when the police entered, and one of the men passed something to one of the women, who immediately ran upstairs and locked herself in a bedroom. An inspector rushed off and seized her; but he had caught a Tartar. She struck him in the face and then took hold of him by the whiskers, and so overpowered him that he had to be rescued by his comrades. Meanwhile there was a fine scrimmage going on downstairs, in which the new fittings for the eel-pie shop played a part. It was brief but it was peppery, and the prisoners were duly secured. They were Thomas Brewerton and wife and W. H. Jeffery and wife. The booty recovered here comprised seventy-five gold chains and other articles of jewellery. From the woman Brewerton's fingers three gold rings were taken at the station, and a pair of gold earrings from her ears. All this property was Walker's.

The police were not done yet. Their next trip was to Ely Place, at the back of Bow Road. Here, with his wife, lived Thomas Caseley, a clever young man of twenty-seven, known as Counsellor Kelly at a Judge and Jury Club he frequented. The men in uniform surrounded the house, while their leaders burst the outside door that had been locked against them. There was no particular struggle here—the odds were too great; there might have been, though, for on Caseley's bed lay a life-preserver and a false moustache and whiskers ready to put on. A locked box in his room, on being broken open, was found to contain fifty-two gold watches, gold alberts, &c.—Walker's, of course. The police also found two hundred and forty pounds in gold and two receipts for money paid into the Westminster Bank: one for two hundred and fifty pounds and one for one hun-

dred and fifty pounds. There was also a quantity of silk. They arrested Caseley and his wife; and on the way to the station Caseley asked the inspector, 'What robberies are you going to "boff" to me?—that is, charge me with; adding, 'I had nothing to do with the Strand robbery, nor with Johnson's. I will tell you all about Walker's. I am all right for that. If you will square it for me I'll tell you all about it. Bill and Velvet [Jeffery and Brewerton] were two of them.' Yet Caseley pleaded not guilty at the Old Bailey when charged, with his wife, the two Jefferys, the two Brewertons, and Roberts, with having feloniously broken and entered the shop of John Walker, and stolen four hundred watches, one hundred and fifty chains, and sundry brooches, rings, and other articles, together of the value of six thousand pounds, with seventy pounds in money. The arrest of F. W. Wilkinson, nicknamed Carrotty Fred, whom a policeman recognised to be the man he had seen four times in Cornhill in the early morning of the Sunday preceding the robbery, completed the tale of those implicated in the Walker job.

On the day following these arrests—Saturday, 25th February—a strange thing happened. At seven in the morning an inspector of the Thames police in charge of a galley below Blackfriars Bridge noticed something glittering on a horizontal beam used as a brace for some of the piles of the then existing temporary bridge. Closer examination revealed the cause of the glitter to be two handsome gold watches. The arrests of the previous day, it was supposed, had alarmed some confederate, who had thrown his share of the plunder away in this manner. But why were the watches not smashed? They had been thrown in at high-water, when the beam on which they reposed was covered, and had sunk gently down upon it. They were discovered when the water was below the beam. The watches were Walker's, and it was natural to suppose that there were more in the river-bed; so on the following day, Sunday, a diver was set to work, and by Monday five gold watches had been recovered. The river was now guarded night and day to prevent an unauthorised hunt for watches. By 1st March eight gold watches had been yielded up by Father Thames, and by 3rd March eleven. Only one was found after that, making twelve in all. Of these seven were crystal-case watches and had not even their glasses broken; the other five, being hunting-case and ordinary open-face watches, had their glasses broken and were damaged by the water. No wonder: they had been thrown from a height exceeding sixty feet! Altogether sixty-five watches were recovered, and the total value of the Walker property retrieved was seventeen hundred pounds.

The police had now eleven men and women under arrest, and when they appeared at the Mansion House the dock was not large enough to hold them. They were not all implicated in the Walker job, but they were all members of the same gang—Scotty, *alias* Brown, *alias* Price, *alias* Elliott, whose

real name was John Miller, and who had suffered transportation for ten years for a burglary in Scotland, was called the Captain. He had an instinct for discovering places that could be successfully robbed. He 'spotted' the jobs and devised the line of attack. Though he had been arrested on 27th January in connection with the Wood Street silk robbery, and the Walker burglary did not take place till 4th February, yet it was Scotty's job. He had planned it, had worked upon it for weeks, and as usual his plans culminated in success. His enforced absence from the execution of his plans was a great disappointment; but he seemed to derive some relief from telling the court that it wasn't his fault that he was absent. Scotty's ablest lieutenant was Caseley. Though a sign-writer to trade, Caseley was a born mechanic. While Caseley was undergoing his sentence for the Walker robbery the then Lord Chief-Justice said to him, 'It is a pity you did not turn your talents to better account;' to which the convict replied, with great quickness and warmth, 'It is a pity the police did not let me.' He had already had four years for a previous crime, and his remark no doubt referred to the persecution convicts under supervision so often complain of suffering at the hands of the police.

It is not necessary to go into the details of the trial of those arraigned for the Walker burglary at the Central Criminal Court. It began on 12th April and was concluded the following day. Those indicted were David Roberts, forty-one, silk-weaver; W. H. Jeffery, twenty-seven, carpenter; Thomas Brewerton, twenty-seven, confectioner; Thomas Caseley, twenty-three, sign-writer; Martha Jeffery, twenty-eight, married; Ann Caseley, twenty-six, married; Louisa Brewerton, twenty-six, married. Montagu Williams defended Mrs Caseley. All the women, however, were discharged. They had no actual hand in the robbery, and were held, in so far as they were implicated, to have acted under the coercion of their husbands. Brewerton, Jeffery, and Caseley were found guilty of burglary, and Roberts of feloniously receiving. Jeffery was sentenced to twenty years, Caseley and Brewerton to fourteen years each, and Roberts to seven years. At the same time, in connection with the silk robbery and the Johnson robbery, evidence was heard immediately after the Walker case, when Scotty got twenty years, and Wilkinson (Carrotty Fred) and Hurley ten years each. Thus was effectively broken up Scotty's gang. Only three men, it will be observed, were sentenced for burglary in the Walker case; yet it subsequently became known that five men took an active part in that affair. The other two were probably Carrotty Fred and Hurley, who haunted Cornhill the Sunday before, watching the movements of the police.

Let it now be remembered that Mr Walker's shop was fully exposed to the view of the police or any one passing, and that it was the duty of the police to look into the apertures in his shutters every

eleven minutes. How on earth could a safe be opened under such conditions and the police not discover what was going on? The policeman on the beat, it appeared, was even suspicious that all was not right, and was more vigilant than usual at the very moment the robbers were at work. Just a year and nine days after he had opened Mr Walker's safe, Caseley had the pleasure of seeing that safe as he had left it, and he was asked to explain how he opened it, and this is the thrilling tale he told: 'I went to Walker's with four others on Saturday night. Two, with myself, went inside by the side door at 6.10. We went up to the second floor, where we remained till 8.20, when we were signalled that the foreman had gone. Then we went down to the next floor (Sir Charles Crosley's office), where we opened the safe, and then remained quiet for hours doing nothing. At 12.20 we began work, and soon got into the tailor's beneath, where we remained all Sunday morning. At five minutes to three on Sunday afternoon we got into Walker's—myself and another, with tools. We had to go out again directly, for we were signalled that the police were coming. Then was signalled all clear. I tested the safe with a little wedge to see whether it was any use trying it seriously. It "held" the wedge. If it could resist, the wedge would fly off. I had to kneel down so as not to be seen by the police, who were round every nine minutes. They did their duty that day; no blame attaches to them. Every time they came round I had a signal, and had to kneel down to avoid being seen, and so we had often to stop our work. At last we found the safe give, which we were rather surprised at, as we expected and were prepared for a more difficult safe to deal with. We then knew we could get the safe open, and not long after we had it open. It did not take above thirty-five minutes, and out of that time several minutes should be deducted for the time we lost when the police came round. At a quarter to four we were up in Sir Charles Crosley's office washing our hands. We had only to use two instruments, though we had others with us. We were away at twenty to five. While we were at work below, one was sitting upstairs in Sir Charles Crosley's arm-chair giving signals by a string, and was in correspondence with the two men outside. One of these men was to see whether Walker or any of his people came; the other gave notice when the police were coming by walking past the shop. The man with me was half-way through the hole in the floor handing me the tools. We knew the whole family of the Walkers, and had been looking after them seven weeks night and morning. I had several times before been in Sir Charles Crosley's office after he had locked up, and had opened his safe. Once I found twenty-eight pounds in it, but didn't take it, as I did not wish to rob him. We did so on the night of the burglary lest he should laugh at us; and for the same reason we took the tailor's clothes. We concocted the burglary because all through January the police did not look through the shutter-

holes; but this time the policeman did do his duty, otherwise we should have opened the safe in a quarter of an hour. We have experimented on these safes before. Two of us took two of them to experimentalise upon, and we succeeded upon one after seven hours, and then by "unlawful" means—that is, with tools which could not be used without detection, as they made a noise. They were bars which had to be knocked in. That was returning back to old means: quite "old style." The other safe was opened in six hours with the best sort of "lawful" burglars' tools, including an iron bar five feet long, jointed in several pieces so as to be carried in a small case. That was the only thing which could open one of the best of these safes. The safe could not be opened with a wedge, which was only used for testing. The wedge remained in this [Walker's] safe, and we then saw it could be opened when the wedge "held." Then a bar was put in to release the wedge, and then another wedge a little larger to release the bar, and then another, and a larger bar to release the wedge. These bars, however, would not open the safe. They were only used to get what we call the "alderman" in—that is, a "head bar" which would open any safe. The smaller bars are called "citizens." These names are used to avoid the real words; it would not do to be heard in the streets talking of crowbars. In Walker's case the wedges only went in two or three times, the bars eight

or nine times, and the "alderman" was not required at all.

It was when he heard this extraordinary story that the Lord Chief-Justice said to Caseley, 'It is a pity you did not turn your talents to better account.'

For seven weeks preceding 4th February these clever scoundrels had been watching Mr Walker and his family night and morning. For six of these weeks Scotty was at large, and had no doubt visited Sir Charles Crosley's offices with Caseley. The whole plan is marked by his genius—the deliberation, the concealing in the premises before they were locked up, the elaborate signalling system. Scotty was arrested on the Friday of the previous week; but for that, there is reason to think that the burglary would have been committed a week earlier. Why else was Carrotty Fred haunting Cornhill early on the previous Sunday, and so exposing himself to the scrutiny of the police? He lived on the other side of the water, miles from the others, and they had been unable to intimate to him that the job had been postponed.

Mr Walker's premises were never again burgled. He would have no more apertures in shutters—indeed, he would have no more shutters. If a little exposure is good, he argued, complete exposure is better; and thus he originated the system, now becoming general in the case of shops stocked with valuables, of leaving the windows naked.

ON FOODS AND FEEDING.

By J. CATER, M.D.

SINCE life and health depend upon diet and digestion, both the food we take and the use we make of it become matters of the utmost importance. It is incumbent upon every one to select the most serviceable material, and to make intelligent use of it when provided.

By the word food we understand such things as, when introduced into the body, supply material for the renewal of its structures and energy for the maintenance of its various vital processes. Feeding has, therefore, two main purposes—namely, the maintenance of body-heat and the repair of daily waste.

We take our food in three different forms: solid, liquid, and gaseous. The latter consists mainly of the gas oxygen, and is of equal importance with the other two. Oxygen exists in combination with other elements in both liquid and solid food, but not in sufficient quantity for our daily requirement; therefore a large amount has to be obtained from the air we breathe. When thus secured it is taken up by the blood as it passes through the lungs, and carried to every part of the body. By the aid of oxygen chemical changes take place

which are known as oxidation, and material is burnt up to yield heat for the temperature of the body. Hence the value of an adequate supply of fresh air can scarcely be exaggerated. To secure this supply efficient ventilation in our dwellings and regular out-of-door exercise become quite as important as the food we pass on to our stomachs; and if we fail to secure a sufficiency of this gas the value of all other food-stuff is considerably reduced, and the temperature of our body is liable to fall below the normal of health.

Our liquid food is represented by the water we drink, whether plain or with flavouring substances in solution. A considerable amount of water enters into the composition of solid foods; yet, over and above what may be taken in this way, several pints are required daily to restore the daily waste. Something like 87 per cent. of the substantial material of the human body consists of water. A large proportion of this is being continuously dispersed during the twenty-four hours of the day. The dissipation takes place partly by the breath (for with expired air there is always moisture), partly by sweat from the skin, and partly by the kidneys and other organs of excretion. To repair this constant loss, a new supply must be provided

to the extent, as we have remarked, of several pints a day. The fluids of our diet serve to soften the more solid substances, and so facilitate digestion; they help to maintain the proper proportion of the fluid-part of the blood, and thus hold nutriment in solution; and, lastly, they aid in carrying off waste products, which, if allowed to accumulate, would act as poisons in the system.

The solid forms of food are known as animal and vegetable substances; and as the same kind of nutritive elements enter into the composition of both, they are interchangeable. There is, however, an important difference not to be lost sight of: animal food has these nutritive elements in a condensed form, so that less animal than vegetable food is required to produce a given result.

Animal food may be obtained from the creature while it is yet alive, as is the case with milk, eggs, and other products; it is also obtained from the animal's flesh after death. It is a nitrogenous food; for, besides the elements carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, it contains a definite proportion of nitrogen. These elements combined in unvarying quantities form the constituents of albumen, which is the most important single article of our diet. It is present in all compound animal structures and in all animal food-substances. It is the most compact form of food that we have, and, while yielding a larger proportion of nutriment, furnishes a smaller quantity of waste than any other solid food. A meat diet, containing as it does a large proportion of albuminous substances, is both flesh-forming and heat-producing; and these are the two main purposes of our dietary. Animal fat is destitute of nitrogen; nevertheless, it serves a useful end in producing and maintaining the body-temperature. It is taken more freely in the colder climates, and more liberally in winter than in summer. A small portion of fatty substance exists in the interstices of lean meat; but the amount is not sufficient for our daily requirement; therefore we supplement this by partaking of the fattier portions of flesh food and by the use of such manufactured articles as butter.

Now, it has been observed that the same kind of constituents are found in vegetable as in animal food. Analysis gives us exactly the same elements; but in the one we have fat, while in the other we have sugar and starch. The sugar and starch of vegetable food are the equivalent of fat in animal substances, and both serve a similar purpose. If, therefore, we are asked whether either form of solid food is to be preferred, we should make something like the following reply: animal food is more easily digested, whether raw or cooked; vegetable material requires much preparation before it can be sufficiently dissolved and perfectly transformed into nutriment. Mutton is more quickly digested than bread, and an egg more readily than a potato. Moreover, a greater bulk of vegetable stuff must be consumed to produce a definite amount of nutriment; consequently there is a proportionate

increase in the refuse, which throws extra work upon the organs of excretion. On comparing the two kinds of solid food, we find that a vegetable diet involves extra volume and better cooking. It also requires a longer period and greater power of digestion; and when it is digested it excites the vital processes more slowly and in a lesser degree.

When referring to the fluid form of food no mention was made of milk. This article contains within itself all the elements of nutrition, and contains them, moreover, in the most digestible form. An adult person may live entirely upon fresh cow's milk; and many who are so dieted in our hospitals return to their homes in a better condition than when they left them. The amount of real nourishment in milk is far greater than is generally supposed. It has been demonstrated that 'ten grains of new cow's milk, when consumed in the body, produces sufficient heat to be equal to a lifting power of twelve hundred and sixty-six pounds one foot high.' These facts alone should bring home to our minds the great importance of influencing our legislators to secure for the public a regular supply of fresh cow's milk.

Recently a form of milk has been put upon the market which experience has proved to be a perfect food, and which is as easily and completely digested as any substance known. Happily it is not one of those mysterious preparations which so often fascinate the public; it is simply the result of milk evaporation. By a gentle heat all the water contained in the milk is driven off as vapour, and the residue is the fine white powder named 'plasmaon,' which for all practical purposes is the solid and nutritive constituents of the milk. Plasmaon can be used with any other article of diet, since it is tasteless in itself; or it can be prepared in a dozen different ways, simply flavoured and sweetened according to taste. It would be extremely difficult to drink a quart of milk several times a day; but by consuming a comparatively small bulk of plasmaon the nutrition of the several quarts would be secured without the large amount of water. The late Professor Virchow lived entirely upon this diet for some fourteen days, and he never felt hungry, and was always well.

Ordinarily we utilise both vegetable and animal material at our daily meals. This is not a necessity, but a matter of prudence; for a mixed diet is more pleasing to the palate, and therefore more likely to meet with acceptance on the part of the digestive apparatus. Taking always the same kind of material for a meal would become monotonous, and deprive us of that which we call appetite; but when there is sufficient variety the natural desire is sharpened, and food is taken with a much keener relish.

In order to utilise our food we place it in suitable portions within the alimentary canal. This is a long tube passing from the mouth to the extremity. Its course extends over some twenty-eight feet; and at about twelve inches from the mouth there is an enlargement called the stomach. Along the walls of this tube and its enlargement there are numerous

small glands which secrete fluids. During its passage through this tube the food undergoes considerable change, which renders it capable of being absorbed and becoming a part of ourselves. So long as the food remains in this tube, at any part of its course, so long is it outside the body. This assertion may appear strange, so let us try to realise the fact. A water-pipe has been laid from the main in the roadway right through a new house without a single tap or outlet of any sort, until after it has passed some distance beyond the back part of the building. Of what practical use would that water-supply be to the tenants of the house? The water is not in the house—it is merely carried through; but with taps provided in several parts of the house the full benefits of the water-supply would be available for the occupants. If our food merely passes through the alimentary canal, and is not digested and assimilated, for all practical purposes it remains outside the body, and fails in its purpose. How, then, is this important function of digestion and assimilation accomplished?

The first stage takes place in the mouth, and is twofold in character. It consists of grinding and tearing the food-stuff into small fragments, and then saturating the particles with the juices secreted in the mouth, called saliva. These juices have the power of converting insoluble starchy material into soluble sugars, and of rendering the whole bolus of food alkaline, which specially prepares it for the work of the stomach. On reaching the stomach the gastric juices are poured out upon the meal, and an acid reaction occurs exactly the opposite of that which took place in the mouth. The muscular fibres in the stomach-wall contract and relax, so as to cause an oscillatory movement, tossing the food about by an action similar to that of churning. At the third stage the churned food which has left the stomach comes into contact with bile and pancreatic juice, which, like the saliva, is alkaline. Great chemical changes occur at this point, and any starchy material which may have escaped unchanged from the mouth is now arrested and acted upon by the fluids here. Lastly, the transit of food-material along the intestine secures still further and greater changes. The intestinal juices render the nutritive matter capable of passing in liquid form through the walls of the tube by a kind of diffusion. Each one of these stages is of equal importance to ensure perfect digestion; and the functions at each must be properly performed. If the teeth are bad, instead of food being properly masticated, it is in all probability 'bolied.' If the delicate membrane which lines the stomach is thickened by excess of alcohol or is covered by thick mucus of inflammatory troubles, the gastric secretions are unable to accomplish their task. If the liver and pancreas are inactive, or the intestine is blocked by partially digested food, the other processes cannot be properly carried out. Then, small wonder if appetite is lost and all relish for food is gone.

Now, by what mechanism are these prepared food-materials taken up into our bodies? The process is

generally spoken of as one of assimilation. There are two routes by which the nutritive elements pass into the blood. One is by fine tubes called lacteals, which take up all fatty substances and carry them through the lymphatic vessels into the venous blood. These lacteals are distributed along a considerable portion of the bowel, forming small projections on the inner side of the tube. The other path is by fine hair-like tubes called capillaries. These are tiny vessels which connect together the smaller arteries with the smallest veins. They form meshes, as it were, about the walls of the stomach and intestine, and into them the now fluid nourishment diffuses; and they carry the nutriment into a large vein which passes through the liver, and thence onwards into the general blood-stream. Thus are all forms of food-material, after elaborate digestion, rendered into diffusible fluids and passed on into the blood.

The final step is the business of distribution; and this, of course, is carried out by means of the circulation. The blood is the general carrier of the body, and conveys nutrition to every part of the system. It parts with the nutritive elements by a similar process of diffusion, scattering everywhere supplies for repair of the waste. Nor is this quite all, for an exchange takes place, so that while the blood parts with the nutriment, it also takes up all waste products, and carries them along to be excreted from the body by the breath, the skin, and the kidneys. Undigested or partially digested food, not being diffusible, is left in the alimentary canal, to be excreted at its extremity.

In conclusion, then, we may say that digestion is a series of complicated and lengthy processes, and not one single act of the stomach, as is so often supposed; and, moreover, that when the food is completely digested other processes almost as complicated are set in motion before the benefits of a meal can reach our structures. Failure at any part of the mechanism, or interference with any of its functions, involves disturbance of health and finally disease.

THE KINGSHIP OF THE HILLS.

Born in the purple, the red grouse cry;
Born in the purple, the whelps reply;
Born in the purple, the clouds are kings
Sailing away on their snow-white wings.
The eagle high on the ruby peak
Has the scorn o' the rale in his curling beak;
And every burn that goes dancing down
Has a purple robe and a silver crown!

The lightnings flash like a jewel-band;
The thunder rolls like a king's command;
With a palace-roof of the windy stars,
Where God looks over His golden bars,
Here, in the pride of all high-born things,
The red-deer go with the gait of kings;
And only a step from their cottage-doors
The rough hill-shepherds are emperors!

W. H. OGILVIE.

Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

TALKS WITH GIRLS.

By KATHARINE BURRILL.

DIANA AND ATALANTA.

Give a man a horse he can ride,
Give a man a boat he can sail,
And his rank and wealth, his strength and health,
On sea nor shore shall fail.

HALF the people you meet will tell you the above verse applies to girls quite as much as to boys. If a man's 'health and strength' never fail him while going in for games and sports, equally a girl's will not fail her.

But they do—and that is just the difficulty. Physically a girl is not so well fitted for an immense amount of hard exercise as a man is—though of course you do meet weather-beaten-looking women who glory in being 'as hard as nails,' still, most young girls would be wise to take their exercise and play their games in moderation. If moderation is the watchword, a girl's cricket, hockey, and golf will do her all the good in the world; but if she plays till she is only fit to loll into an arm-chair and sit in a crumpled heap, then she would have been much better to have merely gone for a brisk walk. We all love Diana; but no one cares for broken-down Dianas, and unfortunately they are by no means rare. To *work* yourself into ill-health is bad, but sometimes unavoidable; to *play* yourself into various 'itises' is merely futile and tiresome. If you find any particular game thoroughly exhausts and tires you, give it up and play something milder. Why girls do not walk more always surprises me. It is so much more interesting to move about and see things than stick in one field or on one square of mown lawn. Any doctor will tell you that walking is the finest exercise in the world. Girls who are lucky enough to live in Edinburgh have the most beautiful walks at their very doors. Yet I am constantly surprised to meet people to whom the slopes of the Pentlands are an unexplored region, and who have never climbed Arthur's Seat. Why, some people do not even know Corstorphine Hill nor the Braid Burn. An Edinburgh girl once, quite

No. 324.—VOL. VII.

[All Rights Reserved.]

unabashed, said to me, 'You go up Nicolson Street; yes, but where *is* Nicolson Street?' Streets are most interesting to walk in, if you keep your eyes open; even the smokiest and dreariest of cities has its 'bits' of colour, its fine architecture, old and new. I cannot remember whether it was Frank Buckland or a clergyman friend of his who said he was kept up for the entire day by the sight of a Flying Buttress! All the world is full of flying buttresses to cheer us up; but you will not see them if you do not look out for them. One person goes for a walk and sees a hundred objects of interest; another goes the same walk, sees nothing, and says her boots hurt. Read what Hazlitt and R. L. Stevenson say about walking Tours. 'All I ask, the heaven above and the road below me.' We, alas! would not be able to see with the eyes of either of these walkers; but we can all cultivate the seeing eye, the hearing ear, and the thinking head.

During the last year we heard a great deal about walking; but it was walking-races or walking for a wager. What possible pleasure there can be in knowing you finish your mile in two minutes less than John Smith or Peter Jones is beyond me. Most of the men overdid themselves thoroughly; the Brighton Road must have been a distressing sight when the Stock Exchange did their great walk. Last summer I met the remnant of a walking-race: it was wet, it was very muddy—so were they; each man had a large ticket pinned on him as at a Cattle Show; only the Fat Stock generally look pleased and comfortable, while my walkers looked supremely miserable. I hope the prizes were substantial; the walkers would need cheering up after all the mud.

If girls knew what a real pleasure it is to meet a woman who carries herself well and steps well, neatly and sensibly shod (there is something, you know, between a flapping sandal and a Louis Quinze heel), with no tags of muddy lace nor ends of braid, they would take more trouble about their foot-gear and how they walk. Over and over again a beautiful

FEB. 13, 1904.

hat and a well-made gown are ruined by sloppy shoes or trodden-down heels. Few girls walk really well. Very often a fine upstanding young woman who does hold herself well spoils the effect by a manly stride and a swinging arm. A girl need not mince nor strut because she does not wear Seven League Boots. Swedish Exercises (I wish every one would go in for them) will teach the worst walker to walk really well and with the least fatigue to herself. The women of what we may call the Balmoral Boot and Pork-Pie Hat Period—you will see them in Leech's pictures or on the outside of a very old-fashioned Croquet-set box—are much condemned by the modern nymphs because they did not take sufficient exercise; I am constantly informed that they spent the entire day doing Berlin Wool work and gossiping. Well! I've heard the wielder of a golf-club take her own fair share in a gossip 'Klatch;' and whatever their faults, the women of fifty years ago walked well and held themselves well, and sat erect instead of lolling and lounging. Who are the best walkers to-day? Not our young friends in the flat caps without the 'rid Toories,' but the elderly, indeed we may say the old, ladies. I suppose if you once learned to be graceful in a crinoline (what will become of the Hockey-Players if Fashion ever brings it back again?) you would be graceful for all time. Madame La Baronne must, I think, have lived in the Wire Cage Period, and I am sure she never swung on horizontal bars, joined a Golf Club, nor played cricket, and yet it is 'a good joy' to see her cross the room—and a better joy to go for a walk with her. Her footstep is as light and soft as her voice is low and sweet. Is she young? Is she old? You neither think nor care—hers is the beauty of face and heart and mind that never grows old, that is for ever young and for ever charming. Madame La Baronne! I make you my deepest *révérence*. Would there were more great ladies like you.

I suppose the 'slin-pads' have taken the place of Diana's buskins; if the latter are more romantic, you could hardly play hockey in them, and, as every one knows, during the winter months hockey reigns supreme. Personally, there is too much of 'the rigour of the game' about it for me, and I would only play were I allowed to come on the field in the complicated but protective costume worn by Tweedledum and Tweedledee when they 'agreed to have a Battle.' As, according to the rules, I would not even be allowed to wear a hat-pin nor a hard hat, the Tweedledeean head-dress—a coal-scuttle—would be ruthlessly condemned. Some of the rules struck me as being very applicable to everyday life. 'Don't forget to "worry" your opponent;' if you worry and harry an enemy he will soon be worn out; this rule I intend to remember. 'Keep your eye on the Ball'—excellent! Make up your mind what your 'Ball' in life is, and then never take your eyes off it if you want to succeed. After all, we can all choose our 'Ball' and stick to it. It's the other people's fascinating balls that distract

our attention. We are so sure life would have been so different had our ball been a different colour, a little more golden, a little less gray. Nonsense! Give it a good hard smash with your hockey-stick. See! it has turned over, and the under side is deep, bright gold after all.

'Obey your Captain.' We all captain something or other (or will), and we all have some one else over us. Obey when in subjection, and insist on obedience when in authority; if you cannot obey yourself you will never get any one to obey you. Hockey may by some people be looked upon as a rather rough and Tom Boy game for girls; but, 'in good sooth, a young maid is all the better for learning some robust virtues than maidenliness and not to move the antimacassars.' These robust virtues are not acquired sitting with your toes on the fender. I wrote to a keen hockey-player who distinguishes herself when playing for her county, 'Please tell me what benefits you derive mentally and physically from playing hockey?' Her reply, 'Mentally and physically I am much the better for hockey, and could not get through the winter without it,' is a good testimonial in favour of this favourite winter game. Nearly all young girls play cricket, and a good many older girls. But it is rather an unfortunate fact that a great many of them are what we might call Farmyard runners. The scuttling hen, the galumphing calf, and the lumbering cow are all copied more or less accurately and ungracefully by many girls. The ideal runner is like Beatrice: she copies the lapwing, and 'runs close by the ground.'

Women have invaded the field of sport as well as the cricket-field; whether they were well advised in doing so is open to question. If they are going to shoot, they must learn to shoot really well, not be merely a nuisance and a danger to themselves and other people. We have all suffered directly or indirectly from Mr Winkle; the letting loose of a flock of Miss Winkles would add a new terror to life. Girls who wish to become first-rate shots (many people think shooting a quite unnecessary accomplishment) could not do better than have lessons at the school for shooting, an account of which, with excellent illustrations, appeared lately in either *The Ladies' Field* or *Country Life*. If girls have the requisite amount of patience, fishing is a pleasing and soothing pastime. Dear old Isaac Walton wrote:

Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented.

Those who do not agree with him, and think there are plenty of joys that are something more than lamentable toys, can read Leigh Hunt's essay on Angling; his views are very different from those of *The Compleat Angler*. Of course Leigh Hunt had very big ideas: wanted to ride a Hippogriff or Sinbad's Roc, and actually wished Shakespeare and Spenser to make new books for him, and Sir Walter to write forty more new Waverley Novels. If his

heaven upon earth 'could not do without cows' because of the landscape, I am sure he would exclude fishing from that Terrestrial Paradise where 'the weather will be extremely fine but not without such varieties as shall hinder it from being tiresome.'

Becky Sharp thought everything good that came from India; we think everything good that comes from Scotland, from 'Shortbread' to 'Wee Macgregor'—the best of all good things is golf. Poor Becky found the chili a distinct disappointment; people who take to golf will not be disappointed, they will learn to love the game more and more. When played on fine Links—'Are these the Links of Forth?' she cried—in good weather, or what is known in the North as a 'grann' day'—there is no game like it. It is an excellent game for girls (if they do not cultivate a golf-links stride which suggests stepping over bunkers), and has one immense advantage, that you can go on playing it till you are quite old. It is equally the game of the veteran or the small boy. People who do not play, or whose idea of a golf-course is the pleasing ploughed field laid out in stubble and bricks near a new suburb, naturally fail to see the delights of

Rinnin' about wi' a bag o' sticks
Efter a wee bit ha' ;

but your golfer, man or woman, is always an enthusiast. I do not believe that even the author of *The Unspeakable Scot* could have a word to say against the Royal and Ancient Game.

Girls who go in for all these various games have not much time left for what are known as the Domestic Virtues: poor despised things they are considered nowadays. Still, it is a great pity if a girl becomes entirely one-sided; the grasp of the hockey-stick or a tennis-racquet ought not to prevent your knowing how to thread a needle. You can play golf and cricket and occasionally open a book. You might even bake the cake to be eaten on the return from a good long walk. The 'snowy-souled' Atalanta, mighty huntress as she was, paid dearly and sadly for her 'armed and iron maidenhood.' It does not altogether do to sink everything in becoming an all-round good sportswoman.

Oh ! can ye sew cushions ?

And can ye sew sheets ?

And can ye sing balaloo when the bairnie greets ?

In my book on hockey that I studied so carefully

I noticed the players were advised to 'wear plain, strong gloves to save the hands.' That *saving* was, I suppose, from hard knocks and injury more than to save their appearance. But a pretty hand is a very pleasing thing, and a soft hand is a very comforting thing. Your 'hard-as-nails' girl, of course, looks with contempt on a white hand; but are red knuckly, chilblainy hands so *very* attractive? You do not want a flabby, useless, 'butterfingers' hand; but a beautiful hand is a very beautiful thing. Think of the hands Vandyke painted in his pictures. In all Genoa there is no more perfect thing than the portrait of the Marchesa Brignole Sale, with her exquisitely shaped hand painted against the background of her dark gown. You may forget the Campo Santo—horrible, chilly, ghostly place: imagine being lost in those long galleries!—you will forget the docks and harbour, which are not a bit finer than the Broomielaw; but no one who has once seen her will ever forget the Marchesa, with her little hand. Do you remember 'the stocky boy' in *Amos Barton*, how he admired his mother's pretty hand? People of the duller sort, who invariably tell you that 'the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton,' also always tell you 'the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.' Of course no one does rock a cradle nowadays, that being one of the nice, comfortable things that are pronounced bad for a child's head, spine, and 'Little Mary.' What a world it is that destroys all one's theories! Surely Oatmeal might have been left to us; but we are now told it is a kind of slow poison. Well! we all know what happened to the Caledonian when he forsook his mutton and claret for port; worse may befall him if he listens to The Southern, gives up his porridge, and takes to 'Loaf Bread.' However, if we still stick to our porridge we may perhaps still continue to rock cradles. If any girl either wants to rule the world, or send Wyngen, Blynken, and Nod to sleep in their wooden shoe with a gentle swing, let her try to have a nice hand to do it with—not an idle hand, nor a useless, nor a hard, but a gentle, tender hand that, however soft, can still do hard work and hard play, and is never weary in well-doing.

Beautiful hands are those that do

Work that is earnest, brave, and true,

Moment by moment the whole day through.

THE CLOSED BOOK.

CHAPTER XII.—THE SIGN OF THE BEAR-CUB.



HE exterior of the house was by no means inviting.

The old lady had entered there in secret, without a doubt; otherwise she would have driven up to the door instead of alighting at the corner of Southampton Row.

I passed by on the opposite side, and, as there was

a street-lamp quite near, was enabled to examine it fairly well, even though darkness had now set in.

All the blinds were down, and the inside shutters of the basement were closely barred. There was no light in any part, nor any sign of life within. In fact, the state of the windows and door-steps would lead to a conclusion that the old place was tenantless, for the exterior possessed a distinct air of

neglect. Other houses in the row were of stereotyped exactness, but all more or less smarter, with steps hearthstoned and lights showing in the windows here and there. The one into which the old woman had so quickly disappeared was, however, grim, silent, forbidding.

As I strolled to the corner of Theobald's Road I wondered what next I should do. I wanted to secure possession of the book, but without litigation, and if possible in secret. Yet it was a very difficult matter, as Hammond had pointed out.

Rain commenced to fall, and after my long journey from the Mediterranean I felt cold and dead-beat. Therefore, my eyes catching sight of a glaring public-house nearly opposite, I crossed and obtained some brandy and the loan of the *London Directory*.

After some little search I therein found the name of the occupier of the dingy old place, as follows: '106, Gardiner, Margaret.'

London's mysteries are many and inscrutable. Surely here was a strange and inexplicable one. Why, indeed, should a mere old book of no value save to a collector be stolen from me in the far-off South, and spirited away at express speed across the Continent to that dark, grimy, unlit place? There was some deep, direct motive in it all, of course; but what it was I could not conceive—except that the suspicion was strong upon me that, written within The Closed Book was some remarkable and highly profitable secret, as indeed the writer himself alleged.

Again I strolled up Harpur Street past the silent house, keenly examining its every detail.

I noticed, to my surprise, that during my brief absence the venetian blind of one of the first-floor windows had been drawn up half-way, and that on a table quite close to it stood a small stuffed animal—a tiny bear-cub I made it out to be. There was a feeble light within, as though the big room was lit only by a single candle.

At the end of the street I crossed and returned past the house, walking on the opposite side of the way and re-examining the windows.

Yes, it was evidently a candle burning there, and as I passed I saw a long shadow thrown directly across the window, then suddenly disappear.

Could it be that the animal had been placed there as signal to some one who would pass outside?

Somehow I became convinced that this was so. The blind had been raised just sufficiently to show the small bear-cub mounted on its hind-legs and holding a card-tray. I recollected having seen one very similar on the table of the Savage Club—a present from one of the members.

My natural cautiousness prompted me to wait and watch for the coming of the person for whom the silent signal was intended—if signal it were; therefore, I lit a cigarette and halted at the dark corner of East Street, the short turning at

the end of the thoroughfare wherein the silent house was situated.

As I was dressed only in a thin suit of blue serge, which one generally wears in summer in Italy when not in white ducks, the steadily falling rain soon soaked me through. My straw hat hung clammily on my head, and the water dripped down my neck, rendering me most uncomfortable. There was every prospect of a soaking night—different, indeed, from that clear, rainless sky that I had just left. Ah! how dismal London seemed to me at that hour, jaded, wet, and worn-out as I was! Still, with that dogged determination which some of my enemies have said is my chief characteristic, I remained there watching for the coming of the unknown, who must be privy to the plot.

Time after time as I stood back in the shelter of a doorway, compelled ever and anon to go forth into the rain and keep my vigil, I wondered whether the conclusion I had formed was actually the right one.

The feeble light flickered in the dark room, but showed not the interior because of the smoky lace-curtains, dingy and yellow. Yet there stood the stuffed bear-cub clearly silhouetted, the only object visible upon that dark, forbidding façade.

More than once I heard footsteps coming from Theobald's Road, and rushed from my hiding-place to encounter the passer-by. But each time I was disappointed. The postman came on his last delivery, but only stopped at the big offices of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, almost opposite the house I was watching, then swung round the corner to Lamb's Conduit Street.

A policeman passed with heavy tread, flashing his bull's-eye carelessly down the areas and glancing at me inquiringly; then in the roadway through the slush came a man and a woman, Italians, dragging a street-organ wearily homeward to Saffron Hill. I watched them and wondered from what part of Italy they came.

As they went by I heard the man, a strong, black-browed fellow of twenty-seven or so, exclaim, 'Accidenti!' and knew that he was a Tuscan. The woman (old, brown-faced, and wrinkled) only sighed and dragged harder.

They went forward, turned the corner into Theobald's Road, and a few moments later the strident strains of 'Soldiers of the Queen' rang out amid the bustle of the thoroughfare and the roar of traffic. They had evidently stopped before the public-house where I had borrowed the *Directory*, in the hope of earning a last copper or two before relinquishing their day's work.

Attracted by the music, I strolled back towards the spot where they had halted, and as I did so encountered two persons. One was a tall, gray-haired, rather sad-looking old gentleman, dressed somewhat shabbily, wearing an old ulster, but without umbrella; the other was an extremely pretty, fair-haired girl of perhaps twenty-two, pale-faced, and evidently agitated, for she clung to his arm and was whisper-

ing something to him as she walked. She was apparently imploring him to hear her; but he went on stolidly, heedless of her words. Her dress was plain, and, it seemed to me, betrayed the pinch of poverty. Like her companion, she had no umbrella, and her plain sailor-hat and black jacket were sodden with the rain.

Her face, however, struck me as one of the most perfect I had ever seen in all my life. That woman whom I had met in the Prior's study in Florence was certainly handsome; but hers was of an entirely different type of beauty, a face about which there certainly could be no two opinions, but a face full of tragic force and energy.

This woman, however, bore a sweet expression, rendered the more interesting by that earnest, imploring look as I passed her by unnoticed. Her companion was, it struck me, a broken-down gentleman, while she herself possessed an air of refinement in face and figure, in spite of her shabby attire, that caused me to set her down as no ordinary girl.

Her extreme beauty made me turn after them.

The old man, with his thin, hard face, yet gentle eyes, was still obdurate. She held back, but without a word he closed her arm to his and pulled her forward. He seemed to walk mechanically, while she appeared bent on arresting his farther progress.

Suddenly, as I strolled on behind them, they came in full view of the window and its mysterious signal.

'Ah!' I overheard the old fellow cry in a tone of satisfaction. 'See! As I hoped. At last—at last!'

'It means death—death!' the girl added in a tone more hoarse and despairing than ever I have before heard in a woman.

Who could she be who spoke of death with such certain assurance as that?

The mysterious signal up there meant death! Ah, how full London is of romance and tragedy exhibited on every side if one only walks with one's eyes open!

I had been close enough to overhear these words that confirmed my suspicion, and I must confess they held me dumfounded. I had expected to meet some slinking thief or some hulking receiver of stolen property, who would come to look for the bear-cub in the window. Certainly I had, on first encountering the pair, never for a moment believed that the signal was placed there for them.

The man raised his head again, as though to make certain that his eyes had not deceived him, and as he did so I caught a glance of the girl's white countenance in the wind-blown light of the street-lamp.

Never, to my last day, shall I forget the terrible expression of blank despair in those wonderful eyes. All light and life had died out of her fair face. She looked as though her young heart had, at the sight of that fateful sign, been frozen by some nameless terror.

I had seen plays in which a woman's despair was depicted, but never had I witnessed real despair until that moment. Hideous is the only word that describes it.

At the end of the short thoroughfare they turned and walked back past the house, feigning, however, not to notice the lighted window. The instant I had overheard these strange ejaculations I crossed the road and hurried on round the corner out of sight, in order that they should not detect me following them; but, watching their return, I turned again and went after them into Theobald's Road.

On through the rain they trudged in the direction of Oxford Street, wet to the skin, for the downpour still continued without cessation, and the pavements shone beneath the gaslights. Neither tram-cars nor cabs attracted them, for it seemed more than likely that their extreme poverty did not allow them the luxury of a conveyance.

The girl's hand was held to her breast as she walked, as though to stay the fierce beating of her heart, but her companion strode on steadily with fixed purpose and deep-knit brows.

I had been loath to relinquish my vigil before that silent house, fearing that the little old woman who had entered there might emerge again and carry my precious *Arnoldus* with her. Yet, on the other hand, this strange pair who had come there in secret and read the signal, deeply interested me, and my curiosity impelled me to follow them.

The loud, ear-piercing runs of a street-piano suddenly recalled to my mind the pair of Italians I had noticed ten minutes before; and as we passed them playing before another public-house near Southampton Row, I halted for a moment, stepped aside, and spoke to the beetle-browed young Tuscan in his own tongue.

'Listen. I want you to assist me,' I exclaimed quickly. 'There's no time to lose, and you'll get half-a-sovereign if you do as I direct. Go back alone to Harpur Street—that short turning you came up ten minutes ago—and watch a house with a stuffed bear in the upper window—No. 106. If any one comes out, follow her—especially a little old woman. Wait there till I rejoin you. Will you do it?'

'Certainly, signore,' was the young fellow's prompt reply. 'No. 106, you say? Very well, trust me. My mother, here, can hire somebody to help her home with the *organino*.'

'Very well. What's your name?'

'Farini Enrico,' he replied, placing the surname first in Italian style; 'born at Ponte Moriano, Provincia di Lucca. The signore knows Tuscany—does he?'

'Yes,' I answered. 'Wait for me near that house; but don't let any one see you are watching. I'll return as soon as possible. Lose no time.' And I hurried away after the old man in the long ulster and his white-faced companion.

They had gained upon me considerably; but I

soon overtook them, satisfied that in any case my watch upon the house would not be relinquished. I had lived sufficiently long in Tuscany to be able to read the Tuscan character, and I saw by the young man's manner that he was not the usual *contadino* who comes to London to grind an organ, but from his speech of quite a superior class. He wore his felt hat slightly askew, and beneath a rather forbidding exterior I detected that he possessed a keen sense of humour. His black, shining eyes laughed merrily when he mentioned his own village—a village I knew quite well, a few miles beyond the quiet, aristocratic old town of Lucca, and I saw that the very fact that I had spoken to him in his own tongue had at once secured him my servant. Italians are such children when you know them thoroughly!

I had little time for reflection, however, for the traffic of Oxford Street, although the night was wet, was considerable; and, while having some difficulty in keeping the pair in sight, I was also compelled to exercise a good deal of precaution in order to avoid recognition as the man who had encountered them in Harpur Street.

On they went at the same pace, heedless of the drenching rain, turning into Regent Street, then into Maddox Street, and across Grosvenor Square into Grosvenor Street, the centre of the West End. Suddenly, however, to my amazement, they ascended the steps of one of the best houses in the latter street; and the man, taking a latch-key from his pocket, opened the door with an air of proprietorship, and a moment later both

disappeared from view, the door closing behind them.

Such a house, a veritable mansion in one of the most expensive thoroughfares in London, was the very last place I would have suspected to be their abode.

I repassed, and saw that it had been recently repainted, and presented a smart and handsome exterior. Flowers bloomed in the window-boxes, and a striped awning was spread over the portico. I noted that the number was 62A, and the next house I recognised as Viscount Lanercost's. The manner in which the shabby-genteel pair had slipped into the house showed secrecy, and yet the confident way in which the old man opened the door betrayed that he was no stranger to the place.

Again I had recourse to the pages of that book of revelation, the *London Directory*—which I obtained in a bar at the end of Park Lane, frequented mostly by gentlemen's servants—and there I found that the occupier was the Earl of Glenelg, the wealthy Scotch peer and ex-Under-Secretary, whose name had long been familiar to me, as no doubt it was to my readers, through the columns of the newspapers.

Could it be possible that the man in the shabby ulster for whom that mysterious signal had been placed in the window was actually his lordship himself?

If so, who was his white-faced companion—the beautiful woman who was terrorised?

Every moment the mystery grew more profound, more inexplicable, more bewildering.

MATCH-MAKING.

By T. C. HERWORTH.

LESS than one hundred years ago the lucifer match was unknown. One can hardly imagine such a state of things; for the match is an article of such hourly need that it is impossible to realise a time when it was not obtainable. There were, of course, other methods of 'striking a light,' and have been ever since the world began; for the use of fire was one of the earliest things with which man became acquainted. We are told by the ancient poets that fire was originally stolen from heaven by one Prometheus; but, whatever the origin assigned to it, there is no doubt that it was at one time held in something like awe and reverence.

The primitive method of obtaining fire by means of the heat generated by rubbing two pieces of wood together seems to have been the common property of savage nations throughout the world, just as the flint-and-steel was used later in more civilised communities. There are many now alive who can remember the time when the tinder-box, with its associated flint-and-steel, was still in common house-

hold use; and these implements can be found in many an old curiosity shop. The box was of metal, and measured about four inches across; and the tinder was made of cambric by preference, and ladies would set aside their old handkerchiefs for this use. After igniting in a flame, the cambric was shut up in the box, so that, the air being excluded, the fabric would not burn to ash but was simply carbonised. This was the tinder, and a few sparks from the flint-and-steel would soon cause it to smoulder; the feeble fire was then encouraged by the breath, a splinter of wood tipped with sulphur was brought into requisition, and flame was produced. It was a roundabout way of getting fire, but it was the best that was known up to about the year 1834, if we except the burning-glass method, which depended upon the help of the sun.

An interesting modification of the tinder-box was the employment of a flint-lock pistol action, the pan being occupied by a piece of tinder instead of gunpowder. This appliance was much valued for outdoor use, and was familiar enough to stage-coach

travellers. It may not be generally known that a contrivance called the steel-mill, in which a soft iron disc was rapidly turned in contact with a file or other piece of hardened steel, was commonly employed by miners as a source of light before the introduction of the safety-lamp.

Although phosphorus was discovered by Brandt as long ago as the year 1669, it was not employed as a light-producer until about a century and a half later. It was at first a chemical rarity, costing about three guineas an ounce; but in 1830 a means was discovered of producing it at a cheap rate from bones, and its employment for match-making became possible. There were, however, many other means of getting fire before the advent of the phosphorus match. The electrophorus, consisting of a disc of resin in a metal tray, would give an electric spark when excited by friction; but it had a trick of refusing to work except in dry weather. And there was the fire-syringe, sometimes called the pneumatic syringe, by which a piece of tinder could be ignited by the heat induced by sudden compression of air by a piston. A neater light-producer was the lamp invented by Döbereiner, in which a stream of hydrogen was ignited by impinging upon finely divided platinum, which at once became white-hot. This employment of platinum has been lately revived in the introduction of a self-lighting gas-burner and of independent gas-lighters, which merely require to be held for a moment in a stream of issuing gas to ignite the same.

A chemical match came into use as early as the year 1807. It consisted of a splint of wood tipped with a mixture of potassic chlorate and sugar, which would burst into flame when dipped into a bottle holding asbestos saturated with sulphuric acid. Another kind of match which depended upon the same chemical agents was the 'promethean,' which took the form of a paper spill charged at the end with a little of the same mixture, together with a tiny bulb of glass containing the acid. This bulb had to be broken by a blow so as to inflame the chlorate and sugar compound.

The first really efficient Lucifer match must be put to the credit of Mr John Walker of Stockton-on-Tees, who in the year 1827 placed them on the market under the name of 'congreves,' in compliment to Sir William Congreve, the inventor of the war-rocket. These matches were sold for a shilling a box, which contained, besides a few dozen of the matches, a little piece of folded sand-paper, through which each splint of wood had to be drawn before it could be made to inflame. An original tin box, stamped with the Royal Arms and bearing the word 'Congreves,' is preserved as a curiosity in one of the London museums.

As in the case of all other industries, this one was initiated by hand-labour alone. The splints of wood were no doubt originally dipped in the igniting composition one by one; but subsequently they were tied up in bundles and dipped *en bloc*, the workman giving each bundle a twist with his

hands so that the end of each splint would be free to move to a certain extent, and absorb a little more of the compound than it would if kept quite still. The next advance was to fix the splints in a frame so that each was separated from its neighbour; and this frame, containing about fifteen hundred matches, would be brought down on a marble slab upon which the composition was spread. The tipped matches, still in their frame, would then be dried in air for a few hours, and afterwards placed in a heated chamber to complete their desiccation. Manual labour, as will presently be seen, is now almost wholly dispensed with in the manufacture of matches. The employment of yellow phosphorus for the charging of matches made the industry a very unhealthy one, and the workpeople, if not in the best of health, ran the risk of contracting a terrible disease known as necrosis of the jawbone, the vulgar name for which was 'phossy jaw.' With improvements in manufacture this evil has now been eliminated.

The first step towards this desirable consummation was the employment of amorphous phosphorus, which can be handled with impunity. The so-called safety-match, which strikes only on the box in which it is supplied, is headed with a chemical composition of which potassic chlorate forms the chief ingredient, while amorphous phosphorus is used in preparing the rubbing-surface on the box. It is not until the two compositions are brought together in the act of striking the match that flame is produced. Strange to say, however, one of these safety-matches can be ignited by the frictional heat produced by drawing the match rapidly across a sheet of smooth glass. The latest triumph of the industry is the production of a match which is free from yellow phosphorus, but which will strike upon any fairly rough surface.

Few persons besides those engaged in the actual work have the slightest idea of the marvellous ingenuity which has been displayed in devising machinery for the making of matches. The writer has recently had an opportunity of visiting the works of Messrs Bryant & May—the largest of their kind in the world—where no expense has been spared to furnish the factories with the most efficient apparatus obtainable.

There are two general methods of manufacture pursued here, one being semi-automatic and the other completely so. The first method is adopted in making the common match with the square wooden shank or splint. These splints, which at the outset are double the length of the finished match, come from Canada ready for use, for it is cheaper to import them in this way than it would be to bring the wood over and cut it here. These splints are first of all submitted to a small machine, of which there are several here, which binds them up temporarily in bundles, so that they can be further dealt with seven or eight thousand at one time. The splints are fed into the machine together with a long roll of webbing, and this webbing, as it

automatically coils itself up, encloses in its walls the splints with a space between each about equal to its own thickness. The result of this operation is a compact round cake of splints measuring about eighteen inches across. So many of these machines are employed here that every minute sees two or three of these round discs turned out ready for the next stage of the manufacture. Each disc is placed for a moment under pressure so that its two faces are made perfectly flat and parallel. No single splint must peep out the smallest fraction of an inch beyond its fellows. Next it is passed over a hot metal plate preparatory to receiving its first coating—one of paraffin-wax. The old-fashioned way was to tip the matches with sulphur, which was designed to act as an inflammatory intermediary between the igniting composition and the wood. The suppression of such an evil-smelling substance is one of the notable improvements in the manufacture. After the other side of the disc of matches has been similarly treated, it and its fellows are transferred to the next department, where they receive their coating of igniting composition. This is of the consistence of thick paint, and has the appearance of a pigment, for it is of a brilliant colour. It is ladled out on to metal slabs, and after being spread in a layer of equal thickness by a kind of huge palette-knife, the splints, still bound up in a disc by the webbing, are deftly placed upon the slab for a moment, each single splint thereby receiving its share of composition. After the glue which binds the particles of this composition together has had time to set, the other side of the disc is coated in the same manner. The matches are then partially dried, and might be regarded as very dangerous things to handle if the composition did not retain sufficient moisture to reduce the chance of accidental ignition to a minimum. It will be evident that in this part of the work scientific supervision is imperative both in the regulation of the heating chambers as well as in keeping a constant watch upon the hygroscopic state of the air. There are, indeed, certain atmospheric conditions under which it is deemed advisable to suspend work in some departments altogether.

The disc, now gaily coloured on each face, is next submitted to a machine which unwinds the webbing and releases the imprisoned splints, every one of which, be it observed, is tipped at each end with igniting composition. Dozens of girls sitting at benches are supplied with the splints, and their duty is to box them up. This is an operation worth watching. The matches are neither counted nor weighed; each girl, from constant practice, can grasp in her hand the exact number of splints required to fill *two* boxes. This she does without pause or hesitation, and she then puts them in a kind of notch in the front of the bench, a knife comes down and cuts the lot exactly in half, and before one can quite realise what has happened, these matches are boxed up and done with so far as manufacture is concerned.

But the most marvellous part of the factory is that considerable portion of it where the automatic machinery is at work. It would seem to be quite beyond the powers of human ingenuity to design a machine which receives a block of wood at one end, and delivers matches boxed up and ready for use at the other end. But this marvel has been actually accomplished. It would be futile to attempt to describe in detail this machine without elaborate diagrams, and so we must content ourselves with a very general description of it.

The wood which is fed into the machine consists of blocks of soft pine, free from knots or other blemishes. These blocks first come under the action of a series of dies which split them into the necessary splints, and the ends of these are at once forced into perforations in a metal plate. The metal plates are hinged together, and form a long, endless band which slowly travels along. As the procession of thousands of splints makes its way through the complex machine, the little rods are made to pass over, in the first place, a heated surface. Next, without stopping on their way, they take up their necessary complements of paraffin, and finally their projecting ends are brought into contact with a roller charged with igniting composition. After this their journey is continued in a heated atmosphere until they are dry, or all but dry, when they drop from the plates into boxes ready to receive them. This machine, so imperfectly described, will produce in a single day one thousand gross of boxes of matches, which will represent the means of 'striking a light' nearly nine million times.

Another large department of the factory is devoted to the making of what are generally known as 'wax vestas.' Cotton threads are passed through successive baths of stearine and gum, and finally through a metal plate which gives the 'wax' its round form and polish. The material is then cut into short lengths, which are disposed in frames and charged with igniting composition, the operations involved differing only in detail from those already described.

The machinery for making and the warehouses for storing match-boxes of every conceivable pattern cover many acres of ground. We saw here a machine which, fed with a long band of cardboard, delivers boxes in a finished condition at the rate of eight hundred per minute. Other wonderful appliances are here for printing labels in two colours by one operation, while others add to their varied duties that of giving one side of each box a coating of sand to form the rubbing-surface.

The work is clean throughout, and, now that the use of yellow phosphorus has been abandoned, match-making has ceased to be one of the trades dangerous to the health of those engaged in it. A large majority of the workers are girls from fourteen to twenty years of age; and that the employment is popular with them may be judged by the large number of applicants for work to be seen at the gates of the big factory.

As far back as the year 1856 it was estimated that the daily consumption of matches in Great Britain alone was about two hundred and forty million, which would give eight matches to every man, woman, and child in the kingdom. The number has, of course, greatly increased since, in

spite of the common use of by-pass gas-burners and the electric light. The dictum of a former Chancellor of the Exchequer who proposed to put a tax on them still holds good: he placed matches as 'among the most splendid boons which science has given to man.'

'LUCK'

CHAPTER III.



TWO days later, and after nearly fifteen weeks of arduous and unrelenting labour, there came, one calm night, a glorious spring-tide, and the *Dolphin*, under a full head of steam, and with her stout, broad frame quivering and throbbing and panting, tugged away at the giant bulk of the stranded ship; and the ship's own donkey-engine and winch wheezed and groaned as it slowly brought in inch by inch a heavy coir-hawser made fast to a rock half-a-cable length ahead of the tug. And then the *Braybrook Castle* began to move, and the wrecking-gang cheered and cheered until they were hoarse; and the second engineer of the tug, and two stokers stripped to their waists, with the perspiration streaming down their roasting bodies, answered with a yell—and then, lying well over on her starboard bilge, the great ship slid off stern first into deep water, and Tom Lester's heart leapt within him with joy and pride.

Lucy, as excited as any one else, was on the bridge with him, her face aglow, and her hand on the lever of the engine-room telegraph.

'Half-speed, Lucy.'

As the bell clanged loudly and the heart of the sturdy tug beat less frantically, the wrecking-gang on board the ship under Lindley slipped their end of the coir-hawser from the winch-barrel, and worked like madmen to get the ship on an even keel by cutting adrift the lashings of several hundred barrels of cement (part of the cargo) which were piled up on the starboard side of the main-deck, and letting them plunge overboard. As the ship righted herself inch by inch, and finally stood up on an even keel, Lester made an agreed-upon signal, blowing his whistle thrice for Lindley to stand by his anchors, which were all ready to let go.

His device of getting up the barrels of cement from the lower hold, and stowing them against the iron deck-stanchions (having previously cut away the bulwark plates) so as to give the vessel a big cant to starboard, had answered perfectly; for, high as the tide was that night, the *Dolphin*, though so powerful, could not have moved a ship of fifteen hundred tons with her keel still partly sustaining her weight on the rocks on which she had struck. By canting her as he had done, she had actually floated, and no more than floated, an hour before the tide was at its full.

Half-an-hour later the *Braybrook Castle* had been towed round to a little bay just abreast of 'Wreck House,' and the tug's engines stopped.

'All ready, Lindley?' shouted Lester.

'All ready, sir.'

'Then let go.'

A tap from Lindley's hammer, the great anchor plunged down, and the flaked-out cable roared as it flew through the hawse-pipe, drowning the loud 'Hurrah' of the men on board.

'What is it, Lindley,' cried Lester; 'ten fathoms?'

'Twelve, sir.'

'Give her another twenty-five. It's good holding-ground and there is plenty of room for her to swing, Lindley.'

'Yes, sir.'

'We have had a bit of good luck, eh?'

'Yes, sir. That is because Mrs Lester is on the tug. She brings us good luck.'

Lester laughed and turned to his wife. 'Do you hear that, Lucy?'

She was gazing intently over to the westward, but turned to him the moment he spoke.

'Tom, I can see a blue light over there. Ah, see, there is a rocket! What is it?'

Lester took his night-glasses and looked.

'There is a ship ashore somewhere between here and the Deal Island light,' he said, and then he rang, 'Go astern,' to the engine-room.

'Lindley,' he called as soon as the tug backed alongside the *Braybrook Castle*, 'there is a ship ashore about four miles away from us to the westward. My wife noticed her signals a few minutes ago.'

'More salvage, sir,' bawled Lindley. 'Mrs Lester is bringing us more luck. 'What's to be, sir?'

'I want ten or a dozen men, and I'll go and see what I can do. You are all right, aren't you?'

'Right as rain, sir.'

Fifteen instead of a dozen men slid down a line on to the deck of the tug, and Lucy, at a nod from her husband, turned on full speed ahead, and Lester whistled down a speaking-tube.

'Hallo!' was the response.

'Give it to her, Patterson, for all she's worth. There is a ship ashore about four miles away. She is burning blue lights and sending up rockets.'

Five minutes later the *Dolphin* was tearing through the water at her top speed—eleven knots—and Patterson came up on the bridge.

'Wha saw the seeguals first?' he inquired.

'I did, Mr Patterson,' said Lucy.

'Ay, I thoct as much, Mistress Lester. Even that lazy, sheefless Irish fireman loon ae mine, Rafferty, said ye'd bring us mair guid luck.' Then he dived below again to the engines so dear to his Scotsman's heart.

The night was dark, but calm and windless, and the panting tug tore her way through a sea as smooth as glass towards where the ghastly glare of the last blue light had been seen. Twenty minutes later Lester caught sight of the distressed ship. She was lying on her beam-ends, and almost at the same moment came a loud hail.

'Steamer ahoy!'

'Clang!' went the telegraph, and the *Dolphin's* engines stopped, and then went astern, just in time to save her from crashing into a boat crowded with men; a second boat was close astern of the first. They came alongside, and the occupants swarmed over the tug's low bulwarks, and an old gray-bearded man made his way up to Lester.

'My cowardly crew have forced me to abandon my ship. We were caught in a squall yesterday, and thrown on our beam-ends.' Then he fell down in a fit.

'Vear those boats astern,' cried Lester to his own men. 'I'm going to hook on to that ship.'

Bailey, one of his best men, gave a yell.

'More luck, boys. Mrs Lester!'

As the poor captain was carried off the bridge into the little cabin the *Dolphin* went ahead, and in a quarter of an hour Bailey and his men had cut away the masts and the tug had the ship in tow.

At daylight next morning Lester brought her in to the little bay where the *Braybrook Castle* lay, and Bailey anchored her safely.

When Lester boarded her he found she was the *Harvest Maid*, sister ship to the *Harvest Queen*, *Harvester*, and his own last command, the *Harvest Home*, all ships of one thousand five hundred tons, and belonging to Captain James Rodway.

'Why didn't you cut away your masts?' he said to the unfortunate captain later on.

'Ah! you don't know my owner,' the old man replied; 'and besides that, I could have righted the ship if my crew had stuck to me. But after being eighteen hours on our beam-ends they took fright and lowered the boats. I'm a ruined man.'

'Not at all. You have done your duty, and I'll give you command of another ship to-day—the *Braybrook Castle*. You have nothing further to do with the *Harvest Queen*. She was an abandoned ship. She's mine now. Salvage, you know.'

The old man nodded his head. 'Yes, I know that. And you'll make a pot out of her.'

'What is she worth?'

'Ship and cargo are worth thirty thousand pounds. We loaded a general cargo in London.'

'That will be a bit of a knock for Rodway.'

'Do you know him?' asked Captain Blake in surprise.

'Rather. I was master of the *Harvest Home*. Now come ashore. My wife is getting us something to eat.'

CHAPTER IV.

AT the end of another four weeks the *Braybrook Castle*, with three-fourths of the cargo she had brought from London, sailed for Sydney under the command of Captain Blake of the *Harvest Queen*; and the *Harvest Queen*, under jury-masts and with her valuable cargo undamaged, was ready to sail, escorted by the *Dolphin*, on the following day, with Lindley as master.

The last night at 'Wreck House' was even a merrier and happier one than that on which the wrecking-party celebrated Lucy's 'find.' But yet Lucy herself felt a little sad at saying farewell to this wild spot, where, amid the roar of the ever-beating surf and the clamour of the gulls and terns, she had spent the four happiest months of her life. The rough food, the fresh sea-air, and the active life had, Lester declared, only served to increase her beauty, and she herself had never felt so strong and in such robust health before. Almost every day in fine weather she had taken a walk to some part of the interior of the island or along the many white beaches, filling a large basket with sea-birds' eggs, or collecting the many beautiful species of cowries and other sea-shells with which the beaches were strewn. Years before, another wrecking-party had left some goats on the island, and these had thriven and increased amazingly. Her husband's men had shot a great number for food, and captured three or four which supplied them with milk, and these latter, with their playful kids, and a number of fowls which had been brought from Sydney in the *Dolphin*, together with a pair of pet baby-seals, made up what she called her 'farmyard.' On one part of the island there was a dense thicket of low trees, the resort not only of hundreds of wild goats but of countless thousands of terns and other sea-birds, who had made it their breeding-ground. It was situated at the head of a tiny landlocked bay, the beach of which was covered with the weather-worn spars and timbers of some great ship which had gone ashore there perhaps thirty or forty years before. The whole of the foreshores of the island, however, were alike in that respect, for it had proved fatal to many a good ship, even from the time when that gallant navigator, Matthew Flinders, had first discovered the group.

On the morning of the last day of the stay of the wrecking-party on the island Lucy set out for this place, remembering that on her last visit she had left a basket of cowries there. Bidding her beware of black snakes, for the place was noted for these

deadly reptiles, Lester went off on board the *Harvest Queen*.

An hour afterwards, as Lester was engaged with Lindley in the ship's cabin, a man on deck called down the skylight to him :

'Here is Mrs Lester coming back, sir. She's running, and is calling for you.'

With a dreadful fear that she had been bitten by a snake, Lester rushed on deck, jumped into a boat, and was ashore in a few minutes. Lucy, too exhausted to come down to the boat and meet him, had sat down in front of the now nearly empty house.

'I'm all right, Tom,' she panted as he ran up to her, 'but I've had a terrible fright;' and she could not repress a shudder. 'I have just seen three skeletons in the thicket scrub, and round about them are strewn all sorts of things, and there are two or three small casks, one of which is filled with money, for the end has burst, and the money has partly run out on the sand.'

Lester sprang to his feet, and called out to the two men who had pulled him ashore to come to him.

'Mrs Lester's luck again,' he cried.

'Mrs Lester's luck again,' bawled one of the men to the rest of the wrecking-party on board the *Harvest Queen*, and in an instant the cry was taken up, and then came a loud cheer, as, disregarding discipline, all hands tumbled into a boat alongside, frantically eager to learn what had occurred.

Lester waited for them, and then Lucy gave a more detailed account of how she made her discovery.

'I found my basket where I had left it, and had just sat down to take off my shoes, which were filled with sand, when a goat with two of the sweetest little kids you ever saw in your life came suddenly out from behind a rock. The kids were not more than a day or two old, and I determined to catch at least one of them to take home. The moment the mother saw me she ran off with her babies, and I followed. They dived into the thicket, and led me *such* a dance, for they ran much faster than I thought they could.

'I had never been so far into the scrub before, and felt a little bit frightened, it was so dark and quiet; but I was too excited to give up. So on I sped until the nanny and kids ran into what seemed a tunnel in the thick scrub. It is really a road made by the goats, and is only about three feet high, the branches and creepers making a regular archway overhead. I stooped down and followed, and in a few minutes came to a little space which was open to the sky, for the sunlight was so bright that, coming out of the dark tunnel-place, I was quite dazzled for a few moments, and had to put my hands over my eyes.

'When I looked about I saw that the ground was strewn with all sorts of things—rotten boards and boxes, and ships' blocks, and empty bottles, and demijohns with all the cane covering gone. Then I saw the three casks, and noticed one had burst

open, or rotted away, and that it was filled with what looked like very large and dirty pennies. I went up to it and took some up, and saw they were crown pieces! Of course I was at once wildly excited, and thought no more of the dear little kiddies, when I heard one of them cry out—quite near—and saw it lying down exhausted about ten yards away. I was running over to get it when I saw those three dreadful skeletons. They are lying quite close to each other, near some brass cannons and a lot of rusty ironwork. I was so terrified that I forgot all about the little kid; and—and, well, that is all; and here am I with my skirt in rags, and my face scratched, and my hair loose, and "all of a bobbery," as Manuel says.'

'Boys,' said Lester, 'I'm pretty sure I know how those poor fellows' bones come to be there. An East Indianman—the *Mountainjoy*—was lost somewhere on Kent's Group about sixty years ago; and I have read that she had a lot of specie on board. Now, as soon as Mrs Lester has rested a bit we'll start.'

'I'll carry you, ma'am,' said Bailey, a herculean creature of six feet six inches; and, stepping into 'Wreck House,' he brought out a chair, seated Lucy on it, and, amidst applause and laughter, lifted it up on his mighty shoulders as if she were no more weight than the chair itself.

She guided them to the spot, and within an hour not only the three small casks—all of which were filled with English silver money—but the contents of two others which were found lying partly buried in the sandy soil, were brought to the house. And then began the exciting task of counting the coins, which took some time; and when Lester announced the result a rousing cheer broke from the men.

'Six thousand two hundred and seven pounds four shillings, boys; all with the blessed picture of good old George the Third on them.—Lucy, my dear, let us drink your health.'

Lucy drew him aside for a minute or two ere she complied with his request, and with sparkling eyes she talked earnestly to him.

'Of course I will, dear,' he said.

'Now, boys,' he cried as Lucy brought out two bottles of brandy and some cups and glasses, 'let us drink my wife's health. She has brought us good luck. And she and I are dividing a thousand pounds between you, with an extra fifty for Manuel.'

The rough wreckers again raised cheer after cheer as they drank to 'Mrs Lester's luck.' They were all being paid high wages, and were worth them; for they had toiled manfully, and the most pleasant relations had always existed between them and Lester.

Immediately after breakfast on the following morning the anchors of the *Harvest Queen* were weighed to the raising chanty of 'Hurrah, my boys, we're Homeward Bound!' and then the *Dolphin*,

with Lester on the bridge and Lucy beside him at the telegraph, went ahead, and tautened out the tow-line, and Lindley made all sail on his stumpy jury-masts.

Seventeen days later the gallant little tug pulled the *Harvest Queen* into Sydney harbour. 'Mrs Lester's Luck' had been with them the whole voyage; for from the time they had left Kent's Group till they passed between Sydney Heads nothing but fine weather and favourable winds had been experienced.

As the *Dolphin*, with the hulking *Harvest Queen* behind her, came up the smooth waters of the harbour to an anchorage off Garden Island, big Bailey, who was standing beside Lester and Lucy on the bridge, uttered a yell of delight.

'Mrs Lester's Luck again, by all that's holy!

There is the *Braybrook Castle* over there at anchor in Neutral Bay.'

It was indeed the *Braybrook Castle*, which had arrived only one day previously; and when Lester went on shore a few hours later he found that he was a richer man by over seventeen thousand pounds than when he had left Sydney less than six months before.

And 'Mrs Lester's Luck' brought happiness to many other people besides herself and her husband in the city of the Southern Sea; and when, a year later, in England, she stood on a stage under the bows of a gallant ship of two thousand tons built to Lester's orders, and broke a bottle of Australian wine against her steel plates, she named her *The Lucy's Luck*.

THE END.

THE FRENCH OFFICER.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS HIM.

THE typical French officer is as little like insular conceptions as well can be. Is he not pictured as a light-hearted, inconsequent, dashing being, an inevitable something of the D'Artagnan about him, a something perhaps of Lovelace and Charles O'Malley, professional duties sitting lightly upon his shoulders and domestic cares being unknown? Truer to life were a directly opposite portrait: that of a hard-worked, anxious father of a family, one to whom the most rigid economy is necessary, upon whom is laid the perpetual obligation of self-sacrifice, alike in small things and great. I should say that no class of French society more pre-eminently shines in the virtues of forethought and disinterestedness than the military ranks. The first-mentioned quality—namely, thrift—if not inherent, is implanted by his position. Indebtedness is impossible to a French officer. From pecuniary embarrassments and involvements with money-lenders he is guarded by a code almost Draconian in its severity. Even before the reorganisation of the army in 1872 an officer could not contract debts. A first infringement of this law entails a reprimand. Should the debts remain unpaid, the offender is suspended by the Minister of War for three years. At the end of that period he is summoned before a commission of inquiry of five members, one of whom holds the same rank as himself. This commission, after the strictest investigation, has power to decide whether or no reinstatement is permissible. It will, of course, sometimes happen that the verdict means disgrace and a ruined career. But the uncompromising, unassailable solvency of the French army is without doubt a tremendous element of its moral strength.

The D'Artagnan phase of military life is usually short-lived. After a few years more or less gaily

and perhaps boisterously spent in Algeria, Tonquin, or Senegal, an officer returns to France and takes a wife. No class is more wedded to domestic life or more tenacious of the dignity implied in the designation *père de famille* than members of the French army. In no class are these privileges often more dearly purchased. Take the case, for instance, of a captain without any private means whatever, and whose bride brings him a small dowry, the two incomes put together perhaps bringing in something under two hundred and fifty pounds a year. Seeing the dearth of living in France, the necessity of keeping up appearances, and the liability to frequent removal from place to place, it is no wonder that the piano goes from year to year untuned, the dentist's services are not called into requisition as often as might be, and madame's toilette is changed on returning from a round of calls. A maid-of-all-work accompanies her mistress to market every morning, bringing back a basketful of marketings, tradesmen's calls for orders and tradesmen's books being unknown.

I well remember a month spent at Clermont-Ferrand. I had gone thither to be near a friend, the accomplished young wife of an artillery captain. They had one baby, and often I accompanied my friend and her little maid-servant to market, the *bonne* carrying fruit and vegetables, madame pushing the perambulator and a leg of mutton or joint of beef tied to the back! False pride is fortunately a plant of rare growth on French soil, and things are made the best of.

No career for idlers and loafers is that of the army in France. During my stay the heat was tropical in Auvergne; but, all the same, regiments were drafted off for artillery practice on the plain below the Puy-de-Dôme in the hottest part of the day. Only those men who have been hardened by

an African sun can stand such an ordeal with impunity. The French soldier laughs, sings, and makes merry; but a hard lot is his! One day my hostess and myself were driven with other ladies to witness the firing, resting under the shadow of a rock. When it was all over, my friend's husband galloped up, hot, tired, and dusty, but gay, neat, and composed. He conducted us to the temporary quarters erected for himself and his brother-officers; and, whilst we sipped sirop-and-water, he restored his spent forces by two large glasses of vermouth, taken neat. This powerful restorative had the desired effect. He declared himself none the worse for his many hours' exposure to the blazing sun. A sojourn in Senegal had rendered him sunproof, he added.

If a rising young officer works as hard as any operative, the same may be said of those in high command. The more exalted a soldier's position the more arduous and unremitting become his duties. I know superior officers of high rank who never dream of taking a holiday. One kind of change, often a very undesirable one, is entailed upon them by their profession. French officers are hardly more of a fixture in times of peace than of war. Agreeably settled in some pleasant town and mild climate one year, a captain or commandant may be shifted to a frigid zone the next, the transport of wife and children and goods and chattels being the least inconvenience. One brilliant officer I knew well thus fell a victim to patriotic duty as completely as any hero killed on the battlefield. Removed from a station of south-west France to the arctic region of Upper Savoy, there amid perpetual snows to supervise military works, he contracted sciatica. He might, of course, have

begged for an exchange on the plea of impaired health; but no. *Il faut vaincre ou mourir* (conquer or die) is the motto of such men. Winter after winter he kept his post, struggling against disease; finally, obliged to retire upon half-pay, he lived out a painful year or two, dying in the prime of life. Such instances are numerous, true heroism therein shining more conspicuously than in the chronicles of so-called glorious campaigns.

The genial side of the French officer is another characteristic. No matter his circumstances, he contrives to be hospitable. With what grace and cordiality will he do the honours of a station however remote! How charmingly will drawbacks be got over! I well remember an incident illustrating the latter remark. Many years ago I was travelling with four friends in Algeria. When we arrived at Teniet-el-Haad, a captain to whom we had a letter of introduction carried us off to a hastily improvised dinner, his young wife gracefully doing the honours, and several fellow-officers and their ladies being invited to meet us. We were seated at table, and the Kabyle servant had just entered with the soup, when, by an unlucky jerk, he tipped it over, every one jumping up to avoid the steaming-hot cascade. '*Il faut passer de notre potage alors*' ('We must do without our soup then') was all our host said, smiling as he spoke; and with equal coolness and good-nature Hamet took his discomfiture.

But if I once begin to particularise military hospitality in France I shall never leave off. Light-hearted, easy-going under trying circumstances, wedded to duty even when the path of duty leads not to glory but to broken-down health and a frustrated career, the French officer is a type that does honour to France and its noble army.

HUMOURS OF THE BATTLEFIELD.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF WAR.

By CAPTAIN LEWIS GOLDING.



IFE, we are told, is serious, and should be taken seriously. Every sensible person knows that life from birth to death is a very grave matter; but were we always to go through life without ever seeing the comic or humorous side of things it would no longer be a blessing, but a curse, and this world in very truth a 'vale of tears.' Often the most pathetic and serious incidents have something humorous in their details which help us to bear the pain that they cause. What, for instance, in all this life is more serious and less productive of mirth than men's lustful desire to slay and mutilate each other, to lay waste and destroy smiling lands, to render innocent women and children homeless and defenceless? Yet, happily, war has its lighter side, as I shall endeavour to show by describing a few episodes which occurred during

the late South African campaign, and which caused no little amusement to those who witnessed or heard of them. But, before proceeding, the writer begs permission to say that although innumerable amusing episodes occur to him, he intends to confine himself to a description of those which, to the best of his belief, have hitherto escaped cold type, and have the virtue of being quite authentic. Now, to commence.

On the day of the reverse of Sir George White's army at Modder Spruit (variously known as Lombard's Kop fight, battle of Ladysmith, and 'Black Monday') an amusing little incident happened. One of the men—he was no more than a youth—of that distinguished corps, the King's Royal Rifles, found as he retired with the remainder of his comrades that he had left his water-bottle on the grass beside the boulder behind which, when

firing, he had taken cover. Headless of the fool-hardiness of the act, he deliberately turned round and retraced his steps, quite regardless of the hail of Manser bullets and shells fired at him. He covered some distance without being hurt, and was endeavouring to locate his particular rock when a shrapnel-shell burst just above his head with a noise like the splintering of ten thousand panes of glass. Over rolled poor Tommy with a bullet in his thigh and another in his ankle. A few minutes later he descried a bearded Boer riding up to him, and, being quite ignorant of the humanity of the average Dutchman, gave up all hope, expecting to be given the *coup de grâce*. But, to his surprise and relief, the burgher dismounted, gave him a stiff 'tot' of brandy, bound up his lacerated limbs with his own—that is, the Boer's—bandages, and, putting him on his pony, took him to one of the commando's ambulances. Here the young rifleman was tenderly cared for until he was fit for removal, when he was sent into our lines in Ladysmith. When questioned as to his reasons for returning towards the enemy's position when every one else was retiring, he replied, 'Like the silly Juggins that I was, I forgot my blasted water-bottle, and returned to get it, as I saw no catch in 'aving to pay a bob for a new one.' Oh, Tommy Atkins! your ways are indeed inscrutable; for in times of peace you would not have hesitated the fractional part of a second to pawn that wonderful water-bottle of yours for the price of a drink.

Early in the siege of Ladysmith the Boer gunners working Long Tom on 'Bulwan' managed to locate Sir George White's headquarters, which they lost no time in shelling. To utilise an artilleryman's phrase, the direction of the first projectile was good, but the elevation faulty. The second, a beautiful shot, but still a trifle short, fell into some offices situated a short twenty yards below the General's house, blowing it to fragments, but fortunately without injuring anybody. And now, seeing what was the objective of the Boer gunners, the whole of the staff, with the sole exception of Sir George (who said he would not 'run to earth' for all the Boers in Natal), wisely deserted the premises and took cover in an adjacent 'bombproof,' which had been built for just such an emergency. The third of the series came hurtling through the air, crashing plumb into the back premises of the house, and exploded with a deafening roar. Expecting to find the body of Sir George blown out of all semblance of human form, the staff-officers hastened to the stricken house; but judge of their surprise and joy to see their popular chief emerge from out of the acrid smoke and shattered brick calm and collected as ever, and, better still, quite uninjured. Close at his heels followed a cat—the pet of the staff—her hair erect, tail as bushy as a squirrel's, and spitting like a fury. Flying past the group of officers, poor pussy made for a neighbouring tree, up which she lost no time in swarming. For some considerable time nothing would induce her to descend, but

eventually, having partially recovered from her scare, she was enticed from her elevated position by a large saucer of milk. On examination it was found that one of her hind-legs had been lacerated by a splinter of shell; otherwise she was more terrified than hurt, and in no way incapacitated from indulging in her favourite sport of bird-catching.

If the writer is not mistaken, it was the *Ladysmith Lyre*, a clever little siege-publication, which was responsible for the following rather good story. Readers, however, are strongly recommended not to depend too much on its authenticity, for the very sufficient reason that Sir George White is not a humourist, and never has posed as one; and the title of the paper in which the tale was printed is liable to make one—well—sceptical. However, the story is given for what it is worth.

Early in the siege, it stated, General Joubert coolly sent in a message under the white flag to Sir George White asking him in the name of humanity to be so kind as to let him have, first, some Keating's insect-powder for the purpose of destroying the plague of vermin which was rendering his brave burghers' lives a curse to them; second, a small quantity (or as much as he could spare) of physics of various kinds with which to deal with a plurality of diseases which were playing havoc with his men and fast making it impossible for him to maintain a decent, respectable siege; third, a few hundred tons of forage, to keep his innumerable horses from starving! Sir George White, so it was reported, replied that he had much pleasure in forwarding the insecticide and medicine, but much regretted his inability to supply the forage, as he only had sufficient in stock for the use of the garrison for the *next two years*.

Even on that memorable day the 6th January 1900, when the Boers made their final desperate effort to take Ladysmith by storm, and brave men were lying in ghastly heaps everywhere on the ground they gave their lives' blood to capture or defend, humorous incidents occurred.

During a lull in the hostilities the colonel of a certain Natal corps caught sight of the padre of the regiment—a quiet little Wesleyan minister—busily loading and firing his rifle from under cover of a rock. Thinking this most unorthodox and hardly the business of a parson, the colonel approached him, and, laughing, said, 'Hallo, my friend! not quite the work, surely, for one of your cloth, is it, slaying your fellow-men?' 'I'm not slaying my fellow-men, colonel,' replied the minister; 'at least, I'm only firing at those horses over there. If their owners are so regardless of their lives as to get between me and the animals it's surely not my fault.' Then he went on firing at—the Boers' horses.

Attached to General Sir John Dartnell's column, operating in July 1901 in the Eastern Transvaal, was a civilian whose sole duty it was to collect and provide with transport all Boer families found

living on their farms. This official—whose correct name I dare not publish, but will call Robinson—had not a very ingratiating manner, especially when dealing with Dutch *vroues* (married women), and often in the execution of his duty was unnecessarily harsh and severe. Our column was 'clearing' the Vryheid district at the time, and had halted one afternoon under the shadow of Hlobane Hill, the scene of Sir Redvers Buller's gallantry in saving the lives of two men in the Zulu war of 1879. Away in the distance were to be seen a couple of farmhouses with signs of life about them. A patrol of twenty-five men of the Johannesburg Mounted Rifles, under a subaltern, was sent to ascertain if the homesteads were occupied, and, if so, to warn the residents that they would be obliged to accompany the column next morning into Volksrust, there to be sent into the concentration camp. The civilian official went with the patrol. On their arrival at the first farmhouse, small vedettes were placed in advantageous positions to provide against possible surprises, whilst the remainder of the men dismounted and passed the time in catching fowls, which they promptly suspended to the eaves on their saddles. The officer and Robinson entered the dwelling to transact their business. They found that there were some half-a-dozen elderly *vroues* and two young girls living in the house. When the house had been thoroughly searched for firearms, Robinson curtly told the womenfolk that they would have to be prepared to load up their belongings on to wagons early next morning. 'May we take all our furniture as well?' inquired a greasy old woman, with a ferocious scowl. 'Good heavens, no!' replied Robinson. 'What next, I wonder? All I can let you take is a small portmanteau, sack, or bag each, with your clothing and your bedding. I'm hanged if I am going to find a dozen wagons for you!' '*Allemactig!* [God Almighty!] I'll take just what I like!' fairly screamed one of the Boer maidens on hearing this. Terrified as to the possible results of the girl's indiscreet utterance, the elder women joined in begging Robinson to take no notice of Sunna's remark, claiming that she was but a mere child and did not understand the facts of the case. But Robinson was not to be so easily pacified; his dignity was hurt, and he replied, 'Oho, you little spit-fire! for your confounded impertinence you shall take nothing at all. Do you quite understand? Perhaps that will teach you manners and a correct bearing towards us *verdomde khakis*, as you impudently call us. And bear in mind in future that I am not going to be cheeked by any Boer women when in the execution of my duty. Recollect, all of you, one bag apiece only; and you, you little imp! nothing at all.' Next morning early, under the white flag, he sallied out from the camp with two wagons. He reached the farmhouse without misadventure; and, having told the women to hasten in loading up their belongings, as he had no time to waste, he sat himself down for a smoke on the easiest chair he could find. He had not had

twenty whiffs, however, when two stalwart armed Boers stalked into the room. Not at all liking the look of things, poor Robinson sprang to his feet and politely asked the strangers what their presence meant. 'Oh,' replied they, 'nothing in particular. We have just come to see that the ladies take everything they may require during their visit to Volksrust, and to arrange that you do the necessary loading up.' Robinson saw that the laugh was very much against him, and, like a sensible individual, did as he was directed. The wagons an hour later came into camp loaded sky-high with every imaginable article, Robinson riding alongside with a very crestfallen appearance. Of course, it is apparent that overnight the women had sent to their friends on commando, informing them of Robinson's behaviour and dictum, and asking them to rectify things. And they did.

It will be remembered that, after nearly eighteen months of splendid work, Major Gough, by ill-luck, at last met with disaster, three companies of his corps of Mounted Infantry being captured, in September 1901, at the Blood River Pass by an overwhelming number of Boers headed by Louis Botha. As there is no necessity to go into details, it is sufficient to say that after a stubborn resistance Major Gough's men, being hopelessly outnumbered, surrendered. Being very hard put to it to obtain clothing of any description, the Boers stripped their prisoners, officers and men, with but one or two exceptions, of all their garments, leaving them—well—in such a state that there was not a pocket among them. Their helmets they were allowed to retain, as that head-dress is utterly despised by the burghers. The unfortunate prisoners were then given a 'safe conduct' signed by Louis Botha, put on the road to Vryheid, the nearest British post, and laughingly told that the more haste they made the sooner they would be supplied with a new outfit at the public expense. The writer will never forget the day that these poor fellows came straggling into Vryheid (where he was stationed at the time), hungry, footsore, weary, almost naked, barefooted, and, above all, wild with indignation. But the unkindest cut of all was administered by a crowd of local Boer *vroues*, who, collecting from far and near, greeted the 'khakis' with shouts of derisive laughter as they dejectedly walked past. The contents of the local clothiers' premises were immediately 'commandeered' by the military authorities, and shortly afterwards the men of the G.M.I. were swaggering about the street of the town appraised in suits of Boer 'reach-me-downs' of antique cut, and with broad-brimmed felt hats of all shades covering their soldierly heads. But notwithstanding the sloppishness of his new clothes, there was no mistaking Tommy Atkins, for his martial bearing, his inimitable swagger, his professional air, his *tout ensemble* in fact, are ever impossible to disguise. I recollect asking one man if he liked his suit of mufti. His reply was very characteristic: 'Rather, sir. You see, it's such a bloomin'

long time now since I had a suit of "civies" on that it seems like old times again.' Then, pushing his hat to a rakish angle on the side of his head, he added, 'Hope I don't look like a blasted Boer, all the same, sir!' Shortly afterwards an order was issued that as there were a few ordinary khaki suits available, any men who preferred them to mufli could effect an exchange. There was not a single application!

Without doubt there were no finer soldiers, whether home-born or colonial, in the field than the Canadians, notwithstanding the fact that they were popularly represented as being quite undisciplined and insubordinate. Many stories, several of a very doubtful nature, and portraying the Canadian as a veritable savage, are told about Strathcona's Horse and other Canadian corps. I have no hesitation in saying that these tales are purely fictional, or at least are exaggerated out of all semblance of truth, and so should be accepted with caution. The following tale, if gruesome, has the merit of being strictly true:

During a skirmish with the enemy (time and locality being unimportant) one of the Canadians became detached from his unit, and did not rejoin until his corps had been in camp for some time. On his arrival one of his comrades said, 'Well, Charlie, so you have turned up again. Where have you been?' 'Just after some Boers, pal,' replied the new-comer casually. 'Did you put any of their lights out, anyhow?' 'I reckon I did.' 'So you say, lad; but I don't believe you now.' 'Makes no difference, chum; but, anyway, I've secured two of the varmints' scalps. See here,' calmly said Charlie, producing two horrible, hairy-looking articles from the rear of his leather belt.

An amusing story is told of General T., who is well known throughout the service for his rather extensive vocabulary of unparliamentary words and phrases, their employment, and his love of clever repartee. During the later stages of the war a general order was promulgated to the effect that all officers, whether on duty or on leave, were on their arrival at Johannesburg to report in person at headquarters. General T. at the time happened to be in command of the district, and was in the habit of strictly enforcing the order. At a certain club-bar one afternoon his attention was drawn to a subaltern of the Queensland Bushmen, who showed unmistakable signs of having just come in 'off column.' Walking over and tapping him on the shoulder, he said (the language is more or less toned down for the benefit of sensitive readers), 'Who the — are you, young fellow, my lad?' 'I'm Lieutenant H. of the Bushmen, General, just up for a holiday.' 'Oh! are you? Then, why the dickens didn't you report at headquarters, eh?' 'So I did.' 'Ha! I'm — if I bally well believe you. Come now, whom did you see?' 'Well, pardon my plain speaking, General, I reported to a cross-eyed, porky old bloke who couldn't give a man a civil answer.' 'Correct, my lad; that's my brigade-

major to a T. Whom else?' 'Then I was referred to another department, where I saw a smooth-faced la-di-da, don't-cher-know, cuss-you young fellow, who spoke to me as though I were a pig!' 'Good again! That's my adjutant—silly ass, isn't he? I like you, my lad; you're a man after my own heart. Come and have a w.-and-a.'

THE PLEA.

How shall I woo thee, knowing that betwixt
Thy heart and mine so great a gulf is fixed?
Autumn and Spring: can love stretch hands across,
And take and give again, and feel no loss?

Years are for thee, whose harvest-sheaves are mine,
Long garnered into memories divine;
Years yet to open unto thee like flowers
Cradled in sunshine and baptised in showers.

How shall I woo thee? Thou art like a star
Poised in a cloudless sphere alone, afar;
And yet in dreams, in twilight dreams, am I
Part of thy beauty, native to thy sky.

Wherefore I, dreaming now, apostrophise
The fawn-like wonders unshined in thine eyes;
For there, in lightning moments do I seem
Not quite the vapid dreamer of a dream.

Not thine, say they, the bliss of throbbing words;
Thou takest purer music from God's birds.
Too finely frank, too close to truth thy heart
To barter in so profitless a mart.

True to its course, thy calm, obedient soul
Sways to one wise, omnipotent control;
There is but darkness where there is not truth:
This is the crown and splendour of thy youth.

Autumn and Spring, the golden leaf and green,
My heart and thine, and all that gulf between;
Star of my soul! what solitary plea,
What one white truth may I lift up to thee?

A thousand throng about me. Take but this:
Must Summer die if Spring and Autumn kiss?
Nay, dearest! Summer, hand-in-hand with each,
Shall both a deeper, lovelier wisdom teach.

EDGAR DEWEY.

* * * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.



THE TOREADOR'S TALISMAN.

By CHARLES EDWARDES.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

THE idea of taking a man's property from him by force has always seemed to me more objectionable than the idea of killing that same man in honest stand-up fight. Maybe it's a twist in the Buckingham nature to hold just that view of things. Maybe, again, it's a virtue that has never yet been properly appreciated by the world of stay-at-home tailors and tinkers. And, faith! if so, it's one I share with good men, including His Grace the Duke of Wellington himself, who could not tolerate the low tricks of pocket-picking which at times got the upper hand even of his army and the stern halter-discipline with which he tried to teach them better.

But there are exceptions to every rule, praised be Heaven! and when Providence, or maybe your own strong right arm, which is just the same as Providence visiting by the back-door, as it were—when either of them drops a gift plump into your lap, even when your fingers are red with blood and the cry 'At 'em!' is still heard to the right hand and the left, why then it is surely your duty to your little children to say 'Thanks!' and slip it among your bills and challenges.

'Tis my Lord Duke again who reminds me of this same useful lesson. As I said, no man liked better to have a good fixed salary and to stick to it. Yet when they voted him five thousand pounds for his share of Indian loot and what not (Serirapatam and half-a-dozen other cities), he accepted it, without grumbling indeed. And he paid his debts with it, too—which is another lesson to the ruck of us; no idle treats and picnics and things with it, but just handed it over to them that had the first claim on it.

He was a ten-man-in-one for you, if you like, or if you don't like either.

This plain snip of a sermon brings me to my story of the poor toreador's talisman and the events

of a certain week in A.D. 1811, which might have enabled me to give my boy Daniel a university education and my little girl Molly a new frock every week for her lifetime, but which, in cold simple fact, didn't do any such thing at all, at all. And that's the luck of it, though it's not I, Bill Buckingham, that's complaining. 'Twould be no use if I were, moreover; and that maybe is why I'm holding my tongue about it so entirely.

I had been across the frontier from Portugal into Spain, Salamanca way, on special service, and was returning all flea-bitten from toe to scalp, when I found myself, one September evening, mighty near to the city of Guarda on its hill. I had worked it from Sabugal, with just my man Dermot Lake to keep me company, and we were both glad of an excuse to call a halt. That same excuse was the music from a granite cottage among the gorse-blossom a few paces to the left of the road: a guitar touched by the fingers of a genius!

'Tis no Portuguese, your honour, handling the gut like that!' said Dermot when we had both held our steeds, spell-bound, for a moment or two. They were leg-weary, poor beasts! and quite ready to pretend to an interest of that kind in the fine arts.

'No Spaniard neither!' said I. 'He'd be mad else. 'Tis just one of the heavenly choir dropped from the minstrel gallery in the sky. And I'm going to have a look at him.'

That was soon managed.

The cottage had the usual trim whitish inside, but with patches of green damp on it due to the moisture of the past winter (for Guarda stands terribly high towards the clouds, when they're about); and there were just strings of onions and frying-pans and things on the walls, and nothing tempting for a wicked soldier to seize at sight. They had learnt that wisdom in both countries by then; and, rich or pauper-poor, they'd swear by a variety of local saints that they hadn't the where-

withal of a meal for themselves this time-to-morrow. The Lord help 'em, no wonder either! What kind of fibs our good folks at home would be after telling if the French overrun Yorkshire, Lancashire, and my dear old Tipperary herself, and asked about the contents of the cupboards as they did in Spain and Portugal, indeed and I've not imagination enough for guessing. But they'd be better fibs than any ignorant Portuguese could think of, I warrant.

I just stepped inside, and Dermot after me, without any ceremony, leaving the horses blowing at the door. Ceremony was just wasted on these Southern gentry: they beat you at the game before you could make a beginning, and so I for one had settled to do without it. 'Twas no bad notion. I'm not thinking an archangel would trouble to knock at the door of a poor Irish peasant when he and the pig found themselves together at the threshold, impatient to enter. Faith, no! he'd treat the poor people at home as if he were just one of themselves, like the pig. And that's what hard-working folks enjoy, whether it's stealthily concerned they've been all day picking stones from the fields or tiring themselves out just sitting in the sun and wagering where they'll feel their next flea-bite.

There was an old man at the fire stooped over a pot, a handsome middle-aged man with the guitar in the heart of the room, and as pretty a boy by him in clouts as ever I saw. These were what the cottage had to show us when I gave them my '*Buenas!*' And then they all three did me reverence.

I answered to that compliment when I took the pains to stand my full height and square my shoulders. 'Tis not a few more inches round the stomach than need be that make the difference when the soldier-spirit in a man beams forth daringly in his eyes. And, moreover, I'd loosened my cloak, so that the red jacket and gold lace on me peeped at them like the dazzle of sunshine through the trees of a leafy lane. There was also the ivory-and-gold handle of that pretty little pistol I'd won at Busaco after pinking its late owner through the body; and my Sheffield blade showed its handle, ever ready for business, like Tipperary Buckingham himself.

Nor had Dermot Lake an indifferent cargo of abilities about him to support my own, so that in this year of grace 1811 we were likely in such a cottage to be welcomed respectfully.

'Don't let us disturb your solo,' I said affably, seating myself. 'That was the attraction, *antigo*—that and the pleasure of getting ten minutes' relief from those cursed saddles of Salamanca.' Having said this, I observed that the old man with the pot was a marvellously wrinkled person. I doubt if an artificer of wrinkles could have done more with his countenance than nature had done uninvited. He had mean little eyes and a palsy: God alone knows what other accomplishments.

When I spoke he cringed humbly; but I marked

those little pig's eyes of his settle towards my waist-belt.

'Your illustrious lordship is English?' asked the Spaniard, with an eager smile that I liked.

I bade Dermot hold his tongue: the rascal had said out loud, 'Just look at his hair, sir!'

'English or Irish?' I replied, 'it is all one as touching your own illustrious lordship's interests. No offence meant.'

Then his hands, both of them, sprang out in greeting, and at the same time he cried to the boy, 'Salute, little one, the other honourable *caballero!*' And there we were, Dermot and I, each paired off at pump-handle work.

'It has very little fingers, that one, sir,' said my man afterwards. 'And did you ever see such a pair of bright eyes on a face?'

But the Spaniard was anxious to communicate some intelligence to me. He beckoned me aside.

'Mind him, sir!' murmured that forward idiot of mine.

'Get some coffee and tie up your tongue,' said I; and he set to work to obey me, shifting the Portuguese unceremoniously. The old fellow uttered an obsequious word or two, and then, taking a bowl of lettuce-leaves, left the room and began to call his fowls together outside.

'Señor,' said my Spaniard earnestly, 'do you know that there is a squadron of French dragons in Guarda?'

Beğad! I did not. I thought the allies were the stronger party in that town just then, and that Marmont had decided to carry his tail 'twixt his legs for a spell.

'Yes,' proceeded the man; 'and it is the colonel of the company that I am seeking. I am seeking him with this! Do you understand me, *caballero*?'

Faith! I did. He was a transfigured devil for one red instant, as he snapped forth the stiletto from his guitar's handle, and, clenching his teeth, held the blade as if for active service. Like so many in those days, he had chalked up a score which only bloody vengeance could pay.

'I shall tell you, señor,' he went on in a whisper, having boxed his dagger. He looked at his boy as if he didn't want him to be listening. The lad was close to Dermot, watching him at the pot. 'Have you heard of Rusendo the torreador?'

'Rusendo the Invincible?' I inquired.

'Yes, I am that, I suppose,' he said, with a shrug. 'At least I have never been pricked by a bull. I am rich. The world smiles at me, though it brings so much misery to others—and to me too, at last. He—Colonel Tarquin Vasche, as the cursed villain is called—he has killed my wife, my Dolores. It was fifteen days ago. He quartered himself at my *quinta* by Bejar, and—well, you, who are a soldier, understand. It will be his turn presently.'

'I am not that kind of soldier, my friend,' said I. 'But I understand.'

He looked at me with lowering, fixed brows, then again took my hand.

'Are you a Catholic?' he asked.

'The Tipperary Buckinghams have never been anything else,' I replied. 'Let me introduce myself, Señor Rusendo, as Captain William Lees Buckingham.'

'It is enough,' said he quickly, with one more fierce squeeze of my fingers. 'Señor Capitano, I dreamed last night that I was carried off to heaven by an eagle. That is a bad dream, and I wish to be prepared. You sleep here?'

I decided that I might do worse—if the larder permitted.

'Good,' said he. He touched the curious little bob into which his hair at the back had been packed. 'There is that here,' he said, 'which would in case of need help you to protect my little daughter if misfortune should come upon me. It was given to me by the Sultan of Morocco once an engagement at Tangiers. "If you are ever taken as a slave," said he—"which Allah forbid!—this little bull will be good ransom even for you, Don Juan." In the meantime, it may prove a talisman. My daughter is all I have now to live for, and'—

He stopped and glanced towards the boy, who was half-sitting on Dermot's knee, leaning against it with the grace of an old Greek statue.

'Daughter?' said I.

'Yes,' he whispered, much moved. 'My Juanita! She is safer thus. May she continue so! I could not leave her, though it is cowardly in me to let her face the risks which'—

He did not finish. I had heard something, and was on my feet with a call to Dermot. Down dropped the coffee-pot, and the little Spanish boy who was a girl cried 'Oh!' as some of the hot stuff splashed him.

'By the powers, sir, we're surrounded!' cried my man after a glance through the window. 'There's a score of Frenchies, and they've got the horses.'

I turned to the Spaniard, and asked him quickly what he would do. For myself, my pistol was out and my sword ready; and Dermot was just as prepared.

Dermot fired through the window.

'I've settled *him*, anyway,' he said contentedly. 'Twas the oldascal here, sir. He's done Judas Iscariot on us. Ay, you may well claw up the dirt of your own garden, you mean crater!'

The clatter outside continued. I slipped to the door and shot its heavy wooden bolt. That should mean five minutes for us, methought.

'Save her!' said Rusendo to me now in a hoarse whisper. The little maid was clinging to his arm.

But there could hardly have been a more hopeless kind of request. Hiding-place there seemed none in this box of a room, with its two shallow cupboards that could not have hidden a cat. True, there was a black, old chimney; but it was too obvious a resource, and the poor child's 'No! no!' of objection when Dermot pointed to it was as natural as could be.

Only one chance showed itself to me. Over our

heads was a shelf for bacon slung close to the rafters.

'Cover that window. Be smart!' I cried to my man.

It was done, and then, standing on a chair, I explained my idea to the Spaniard. There was a hubbub now at the door and a summons to surrender. Rusendo took his daughter in his arms and lifted her up to me.

'Wait, father dear,' said the poor child when I was about to do my part. From the chair, she put her arms round his neck and hid her face on his cheek, with little sobs. It was a touching sight, though I had seen too many such since Rolic's day to lose my head over it.

She yielded to persuasion, and in another second or two I had the pretty little saint nicely sandwiched, her body actually squeezed against the grimy woodwork of the rafters.

'Now then, *amigo*,' I said to Rusendo, 'if you act prudently there ought to be no danger for either of you. Keep that dagger out of sight, man!'

He had drawn it and put on an expression to match.

'Door won't stand much, sir,' said my man.

Faith! then, it was time to deliver my plan of campaign; and Dermot stretched his ears to miss no word I spoke. He had amazing great ears. In the Puritan times of old there's many a humorous judge that would have felt *bound* to sentence them to be nailed to the pillory once he set eyes on them, with their broad flapping uppers that seemed meant for just that sort of discipline. But indeed 'twas no season to remember such mirthful trifles just then.

'We've no chance at all, sir,' said he when I had finished.

I thought differently. One peep through the window had satisfied me as to that. The Frenchmen were treating us to too many preliminaries. We might have been a walled city instead of a Portuguese hovel. Their officer was disposing his men this way and that, now making them lift their guns to their shoulders, and now changing his mind and setting them to stand with fixed bayonets as if to receive cavalry. And behind them were our two horses with pricked ears, and when I whistled the *Cid* he gave me a little signal which told me he was fresh again and on the alert.

'With luck,' I said, 'we might both pull it off. That old shrine a mile down the road will do for the rendezvous if we get parted. I'll wait for you there till midnight, and you do the same for me. The survivor will hurry on to camp after midnight alone. And don't forget your lesson, Dermot Lake, if you are the only one of us that gets safe to the General.'

We were both ready, with swords out.

'Señor!' cried the Spaniard, joining his hands in entreaty.

I'll do him the honour to believe it was only his daughter he felt fright about. But 'twas no matter

for that. I had my duty to the king to fulfil, and, faith ! that was more to me and the country than his private vindictiveness ; though it's a harsh thing to call it by such a name when one remembers it was his own wife he was so eager to avenge.

'Señor,' cried I, 'God guard you !'

And then I nodded to Dermot, who softly moved back the bolt of the door. The instant it was free I kicked out the door itself and charged, bull-fashion, at the partridge legs in front to the right. And Dermot did his share too. There was a rattle

of blasphemies, and twice Dermot's pistol cracked out. As for me, I gave two men the edge of my sword and one the point, and then I was alongside and on my Cid. And I tarried for no more. One stab of a bayonet got home through the muscles of my left calf and spurred my horse ; but I shot the owner of that bayonet in the neck, and then went off with a loose rein down the hill, as old Tipperary had taught me how to do. A dozen bullets sang past me ; but neither the Cid nor I was the worse for them.

R A D I U M.



WITHIN the last decade several new elementary bodies have been discovered, bringing up the number of the elements to seventy-eight. Although each discovery has been a matter of intense interest to the chemist and the physicist, the ordinary individual, if he sees such an announcement in a corner of his daily newspaper, will pass it by with indifference as a matter that does not in the least concern him. When, therefore, it was reported a few years back that a new element had been found to which the name radium had been given, it did not raise a fraction of the interest which would have been attached to a new play or possibly even a new song.

It is told of a schoolboy in a chemical class that when the element nitrogen was under consideration he expressed the opinion that it was 'a duffing gas,' for it did not smell and would not explode. And this exactly represents the attitude of the ordinary person—the man in the street, as he is so often called—towards a scientific discovery. Unless it represents something quite out of the common way, or at any rate out of *his* common way, it fails to arouse interest or even attention. He would, perhaps, for a brief moment be attracted by the notification that argon, a new gas, had been found in the atmosphere, or that helium had been found in a certain mineral. The same fate awaited radium, and this new addition to the list of the elements would, like the two others, thenceforward have been banished to the text-books and the laboratories had it not been subsequently found to exhibit the most marvellous properties. And there is another thing which has claimed popular attention for radium : it is intrinsically the most valuable body ever known ; so valuable, indeed, that it is quite impossible to say what it is worth. The most precious of stones and the finest pearls would be, weight for weight, as dross in comparison with it. There is a fascination to many minds about a thing which is so rare that even a millionaire could not command an ounce of it.

Radium is found in very minute quantities in a certain mineral known as pitch-blende. In this same mineral, which hitherto seems only to have

been found in any quantity in Bohemia, the metal uranium was discovered by Klaproth in 1789 ; and it was named thus in compliment to Herschel, who had then discovered the planet Uranus. The chief use of uranium has hitherto been found in glass-staining, and it is noteworthy that yellow uranium-glass has the property of fluorescing under the stimulus of ultra-violet light, a current of electricity, or under the influence of the X-rays. Becquerel made many experiments with the salts of uranium, which, he found, were luminous for a time after exposure to sunlight. He also found that these salts, if wrapped in black paper and put upon a photographic dry plate for a time in a darkened room, left an impression upon that plate which became evident upon development. He at first attributed this to a kind of storing-up of the sunlight ; but on trying uranium compounds which had not been exposed to light he produced the same effect. He next prepared some of these salts anew so as to eliminate all chance of error, and still the unseen radiations from them affected the photographic plate. Hence these radiations have been known as the Becquerel rays. It was also discovered that pitch-blende in like manner left a record upon the plate. To Becquerel is therefore due the discovery that uranium is capable of giving off minute corpuscles which can be detected in the manner described ; in other words, it is radioactive.

Professor and Madame Curie, after investigating a number of substances, determined to make a careful examination of pitch-blende, and they therefore procured a quantity of refuse from the uranium-mines in Bohemia, a reddish-brown powder which represents what remains of pitch-blende after the uranium has been extracted from it : a worthless product until recently, but one which will now be very differently regarded. From this refuse of the uranium-mines the French professor and his talented wife, after a series of analytical operations which would have dismayed most workers, discovered three new elements which they named respectively actinium, polonium, and radium. Of the first two very little is known at present ; the interest centres in radium.

Far easier would it be for any one to discover a needle in a haystack than it would be to separate from a ton of pitch-blende the small quantity of radium present in it—namely, about two grains; and it must be at once understood that radium itself is here only in the form of a combination with other elements. Radium bromide or radium chloride are the salts which reward the chemist for his patient treatment of the ore. At the present time there is not an entire ounce of the two combined in the whole world. Such a quantity would represent a big fortune. It is evident that under the circumstances any stated value must be merely nominal.

Radium, however, makes up for its extreme rarity by its marvellous properties, in which it differs from any other element known. Professor Crookes has devised a little instrument in which a piece of radium salt too small to be seen except by the help of a microscope is associated with a fluorescent screen; and when this is examined in a dark room the bombardment of the screen by the radiations is rendered visible as tiny flashes of light. It is also established by the evidence of the thermometer that the radium is hotter than its surroundings, and is constantly giving off heat. And this power of apparently creating heat without any loss of its own substance goes on as gaily as ever when the radium is cooled down to the low temperature of liquid air; whilst at the greater cold of liquid hydrogen its activity has been found by Professor Dewar to actually increase. As Professor Boys asserted in his presidential address to the Mathematical and Physical Section of the British Association, 'This discovery, which could barely be distinguished from that of perpetual motion, which it was an axiom of science to call impossible, had left every chemist and physicist in a state of bewilderment.'

The perplexity on the part of those who are best qualified to judge of the importance of the discovery may be better comprehended when it is pointed out that the phenomena attributed to radium seems to be contrary to certain principles which have hitherto been regarded as inviolable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. For example, the smallest particle of any elementary body that the mind can conceive is the atom; and an atom, although it can combine with atoms of other kinds to form a molecule, has hitherto been regarded as a thing which is so far stable that the atom of one element cannot be changed into the atom of another one. We know well enough that the old alchemists thought differently, and spent their lives in the endeavour to find out the secret of turning the common metals into the rarer kinds. The modern system of chemistry is, indeed, founded upon the individuality of the atom; and Dalton's atomic theory is the very grammar of the science. But the radium atom shows signs of degradation, and gives evidence that it is undergoing a kind of disintegration; and in the gases evolved from a solution in water

of a salt of this new element, helium has been detected.

Another well-known and universally accepted dogma is known as the conservation of energy, which teaches that energy may be neither created nor destroyed. But here we have this radium atom throwing out energy in the form of heat without intermission and apparently without any outside help. It is as if we had an oil-lamp burning on and on after its initial charge of oil had been exhausted and without replenishment. One well-known experimenter, who has taken a leading part in the recent radium discussion, believes that before many months have passed over our heads some one will have constructed a machine which, instead of being worked by a storage battery or other source of energy, will be worked by radium. However this may be, it is certain that chemists and physicists find in this element problems very difficult to solve; and if this be the case with trained intellects, what a far more puzzling matter must radium present to those matter-of-fact persons who make up the bulk of their fellow-creatures! 'Seeing is believing' will exclaim many, 'and if we can have light and heat without paying for electricity, gas, or coal, we shall believe in the virtues of radium.'

Most persons will find it difficult, if not impossible, to imagine a little mass of matter, far too small for the microscope to detect, throwing out from itself a constant hail of infinitesimal particles without any apparent loss to itself. It is as if a rich man were to throw away his wealth broadcast without getting the poorer for his extravagance. Let us see if we cannot find something analogous to this behaviour of the radium atom amid the surroundings of our common life; something, of course, which we can see and handle. Perhaps the substance most fitted to our purpose is a grain of musk. If that small particle of matter, which weighs not much more than the five-hundredth part of an ounce, be put in a chest full of clothes, it will give its pungent odour to all of them, will make its presence evident to our sense of smell every time that chest is opened, and it will continue so to do for years without any reduction in its weight which can be detected by the most delicate balance. Something must be constantly emitted from that grain of musk in order to produce this effect. We may call them detached particles, or corpuscles, or anything else which the imagination may suggest; we cannot see them, and the only evidence we have of their presence is through our sense of smell. In the case of the radium rays we cannot smell them or see them, but we have evidence of their presence in the luminosity of certain bodies when brought within their reach. And, marvellous to relate, these radiations from the radium atom are of three distinct varieties, each having different properties and moving at a different velocity; but they all have the power of darkening a photographic plate, and of rendering air through which they pass a conductor of electricity. The wonder of radium itself seems to be

almost eclipsed by the brilliant researches which have made known its constitution and distinctive qualities.

Physicists and chemists are busy with the endeavour to find a theory which can be used as a working hypothesis for dealing with radium. One suggests that the new element is a compound of helium formed in prehistoric ages, and that its activity is due to slow spontaneous decomposition; another that there is direct transmutation of one element into another. It will most likely be a long time before science has said its last word about the problem presented to it by radium.

After every notable discovery the utilitarian and practical man comes forward with the question: 'Of what use is it?' The same question was no doubt at one time asked about the X-rays; and although it could not immediately be answered, it can be answered now. The X-rays have placed in the hands of surgeons a new and most valuable power. By their aid the living bones can be examined, and any deformity, fracture, or abnormal appearance noted. Even on the battlefield the course of a bullet through the human frame can be traced with unerring certainty, so that the foreign body can be removed with expedition. With improvements in X-ray production it is not too much to hope that the diagnosis of obscure diseases of the internal organs may be greatly aided. The X-rays have been the means of saving many lives and much suffering.

Still earlier might the question, 'Of what use is it?' have been asked of Faraday when he demonstrated the fact that when a magnet was brought near a coil of wire a current of electricity was generated in that wire. Of what good was that experiment? To that tiny germ we owe the electric light, electric traction on our tram-lines and railways, the electric motor in our workshops, and a means of transmitting energy, say, from a waterfall like Niagara over hundreds of miles of country. For Faraday's magnet and wire gave us the dynamo-machine. The tiny seed thus sown has increased to a huge growth with many branches; it gives employment to hundreds of thousands of workers and brings incalculable benefits to millions.

The discovery of radium is perhaps not likely to bring about such fundamental changes in our social life as has the dynamo-machine, and it is early yet to speculate upon what the future may bring forth regarding it; but we can say without hesitation that it has already proved in the hands of our hospital surgeons a therapeutic agent of great value. Cases of rodent ulcer, a cancerous disease which generally attacks the face of its victims, and, as the name implies, gnaws away the tissues, have been cured by the simple contact with the sore of a tube containing a few specks of the radium salt for a period of, say, fifteen minutes, repeated at intervals of a few days eight or ten times. And some of these have been cases which have resisted all other remedial agents, and in which excision was the last terrible

alternative. It is sad and regrettable that reports of these successful cases, very possibly promulgated by the delighted patients themselves, should have been published in newspapers which indulge in sensational headlines. 'The new cure for cancer' may have attracted the attention of a few hundred more readers, while it raised false hopes in the breasts of many sufferers. For there are different sorts of cancer; and because the new treatment has been beneficial in cases of rodent ulcer, which may be described as a cancerous ulceration of the skin, it by no means follows that it must be effectual in those cases which more properly come under the vulgar term cancer (*carcinoma*).

It would seem, from certain physiological experiments which have been carried out at the Pasteur Institute in Paris, that radium may be death-dealing as well as health-giving. But this need excite no surprise when we remember that arsenic, strychnine, and many other drugs are valuable medicines as well as poisons. Five centigrammes of radium chloride were for three days suspended over a cage containing eight white-mice, and then removed. The little animals continued for a time to thrive, but they gradually became blind, lost the fur from their backs, and ultimately died. In like manner rabbits and guinea-pigs were killed, embryo chickens exposed during incubation to the rays were deprived of life, and even plants succumbed to the deadly influence of radium.

Some remarkable experiments showed, too, that in the case of certain larvae development was altogether arrested by exposure to these rays, whilst other larvae of the same age not interfered with followed the ordinary course of nature and grew into aged moths. It was as if, of twin-brothers, one remained a baby while the other became a grandfather. Other still more curious experiments with living creatures have been detailed, some of which are so startling that one hardly cares to describe them without full corroboration.

Among the many speculations to which the radium researches have given birth is one respecting solar heat. Many theories have been devised to account for the unceasing energy of the sun's heat, without which life on this earth must come to an end; but the conclusions based upon them must now be reconsidered. Helium, we must remember, was so named because it was detected by spectroscopic observation in the sun before it was recognised as a constituent of one of the earth's minerals; and if helium is there, it is a natural presumption that radium must be there too. It has been suggested that at the sun's high temperature radium may be far more energetic than it is here, and that a comparatively small quantity—a few grammes per cubic metre of the sun's volume—might supply the whole of the heat given out by our luminary. There may be other as yet unknown elements in the sun of similar radio-active properties which may also contribute their share of energy to the general result. It would seem to be a bold thing to speculate in

this way on experiments conducted with a minute quantity of radium; but it must be remembered that the results of these experiments are as significant as if we had dealt with tons of that element

instead of with grains. The story of Faraday's magnet should teach us that the importance of a suggestive experiment cannot be measured by the scale upon which it is conducted.

THE CLOSED BOOK.

CHAPTER XIII.—WHAT THE WATCHER SAW.



HOUGH utterly fagged out, I hailed a passing cab and drove back to the corner of Harpur Street, where, in the shadow, about half-way along the short thoroughfare, I discovered the young Italian keeping a watchful eye upon the house with the sign of the bear.

'No one has emerged, signore,' he said to me in Italian. 'I was here a few minutes after you spoke to me.'

The blind was still up and the signal still exhibited, the inmates evidently being unaware of the secret visit of the strange pair.

What connection could Father Bernardo and the old hunchback Graniani, away in Italy, have with that mysterious household?

'Has any one passed up the street during my absence?' I asked the merry-eyed Enrico.

'Several people, signore. One man, well dressed, like a gentleman, stood for a moment looking up at the window yonder as though he expected to see some one there. But he was apparently disappointed, and passed on.'

'What kind of man?' I inquired eagerly. 'Describe him.'

'A signore, with small, fair moustache, about forty. He carried an umbrella, so I could not see his face very well. He was tall, and walked erectly, almost like an officer. A four-wheeled cab waited for him up at the corner.'

'He didn't actually pass the house?'

'No, signore. He merely walked down here sufficiently far to obtain a view of the window; then, having satisfied himself, turned back again.'

In reply to my question, Enrico told me that he lived with his mother in Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, the thoroughfare running parallel with Saffron Hill. They had been five years in London: five sad, despairing years. Ah, the English! they were not *cattiva*. Oh no! It was their amazing climate that made them what they were. He pitied London people. How happy they would all be if they only lived under the blue sky of rural Tuscany! And so he went on, just as every poor Italian does who is doomed to the struggle and semi-starvation of life in our gray Metropolis.

I read the young fellow's character like a book. He had served his military term at Bologna, and had been waiter in the officers' mess. Then he and his mother emigrated to London from Genoa, attracted by the proverbial richness of the *Inglese* and the report that waiters in restaurants were well

paid. On arriving, however, he had soon discovered that the supply of Italian waiters was much in excess of the demand; therefore he had been compelled to invest the ten pounds he had in a second-hand organ, and he and his mother picked up a living as best they could in the unsympathetic streets of London.

He seemed a good fellow, quite frank, and possessing that easy-going, careless manner of the true Tuscan, which never deserts him even when in circumstances of direst poverty. Your true son of the Tuscan mountains looks at the bright side of everything; a child in love, a demon in hatred, over-cautious with strangers, but easy and tractable in everything. I chatted to him for some twenty minutes, at the end of which time I resolved that he should assist me further.

I told him how I had only arrived from Italy a few hours ago, and he grew at once excited. My train had actually passed across the rippling Serchio within a few miles of Ponte Moriana, his own village! I told him of my long residence in Tuscany, a fact which attracted him towards me; for your poor Italian of the kerb seldom becomes acquainted with an Englishman who understands his ways and his language. And when I explained that I wished him to assist me in a very important and secret undertaking, he at once announced his readiness to do so.

'Very well,' I said, giving him the half-sovereign I had promised. 'Go across to the public-house in Theobald's Road and get some supper quickly, for I want you to remain on watch here all night. I must rest and sleep for a few hours; but we must ascertain who goes and comes here. Above all, we must follow any one carrying a parcel. A valuable book was stolen from me in Italy, and it has been taken there.'

'I quite understand,' was his response; and a few moments later he left me alone while he went to obtain something to eat.

During his absence I took out a card and wrote upon it the name of the hotel to which I had decided to go because it was in the vicinity, and he could call me if necessary—the Hotel Russell.

When he returned a quarter of an hour later I gave him instructions, telling him that if he wished to call me urgently during the night he might run round to the hotel, where I would leave instructions with the night-porter, who would bring up to my room the card I placed in his hand.

Then, jaded, wet, and hungry, I took a cab to the hotel, and sent down to Charing Cross for my bag, which I had left in the cloak-room there. In half-an-hour I had a welcome change of clothes and sat down to a hearty supper.

Truly much had happened in those past three days; for within that period I seemed to have lived a veritable lifetime of doubt and mystery. The prophecy which *The Closed Book* contained was certainly true. I had handled it at my peril.

In Italy the circumstances surrounding the possession of the volume containing the secrets were strange enough; but here, in England, the mystery of it all was increased tenfold. It appeared very much as if there were some widespread conspiracy against me, but with what motive I utterly failed to comprehend. I had purchased the book at the price asked for it, just as I had purchased other manuscripts of similar type, unaware of its great antiquarian value, but attracted solely by the additional script at the end. Yet possession of it had brought upon me nothing but evil.

In a flash, as it were, I had returned from the charm of Tuscany into my own circle—the complex little world of literary London. That night I sat over a cigar prior to turning in, thinking and wondering. Yes, since that moment when I had bought the poisoned manuscript the world had used me very roughly. That there was a plot against me I felt certain.

Midnight came, and from my balcony on the third floor I stood watching the falling rain and the hansom coming up from the theatres and crossing the square on their way northward. My presence in London again seemed like a dream, sick as I was of the sun-glare of the Mediterranean. My natural intuition told me that I should never return to Italy. My old friend Hutchinson would see that my collection of pictures, china, old furniture, and antiques was packed and sent to me. He had rendered me many kindnesses in the past, and would do so again, I felt sure, for he was one of my most intimate friends.

I was sound asleep when, of a sudden, I heard a loud rapping at the door.

'A man wants to see you, sir. He's sent up your card,' exclaimed a voice in response to my sleepy growl.

I rubbed my eyes, and recollected that the voice was the night-porter's.

'Very well,' I replied. 'I'll be down at once,' and, rising, I slipped on my things hastily, glancing at my watch and finding it to be five o'clock—four o'clock in English time, as I had not altered my watch since leaving Italy.

In the gray of dawn at the door below I met Enrico, who, speaking excitedly in Italian, said:

'Something has happened, signore. I do not know what it is; but half-an-hour ago a little old lady came out of the house hurriedly, and called a doctor named Barton, who has a surgery in Theobald's Road, next the fire-engine station. She

seemed greatly excited, and the doctor hurried back with her. He's there now, I expect.'

In an instant the truth became apparent. Some one had attempted to open *The Closed Book* as I had done, and had become envenomed.

I explained but little to Enrico; but together we hurried back through the dim, silent thoroughfares to Harpur Street.

I felt a certain amount of satisfaction that the thieves should suffer as I had suffered. Like myself, they had opened the book at their own risk and peril.

The house, like its neighbours, was in total darkness, save a flickering candle-flame showing through the dingy faunlight, denoting that Doctor Barton was still within.

I asked the young Italian how he knew the doctor's name, and he replied that it was engraved on the brass plate on the door. By this I saw that he was no fool. Indeed, your Italian of the mountains is always successful in clever espionage, secret as the grave, and unrivalled in ingenuity.

Within myself I reconstructed the whole story. An unknown inmate of the house had been poisoned, and the doctor—a friend most probably—had been hurriedly summoned. Was he aware of the antidote, as Pellegrini in Leghorn had been? Poisoning is not the usual recreation of the law-abiding Londoner, and few general practitioners, even Harley Street specialists, would care to undergo an examination upon Tanner's *Memoranda on Poisons*, nearly out of date as it may be.

My chief object was to regain possession of my property. I had discovered at least two persons interested in it—namely, the old gentleman and the sweet-faced young woman who had entered that smart house in Grosvenor Street. There only remained for me to fix the identity of the unknown person within that dingy old house in Harpur Street.

The doctor emerged at last when it was nearly five o'clock, and it was quite daylight. He was shown out by my fellow-passenger from Calais, who thanked him profusely for his efforts, evidently successful.

For an hour or two I saw nothing could be done; therefore we both relinquished our vigil, Enrico returning to his home behind Saffron Hill to snatch an hour's sleep and some breakfast, and I going back to the hotel.

On thinking over all the curious events, I resolved that it was necessary to confide in one or other of my friends in London. At present none of them knew that I was back in town; but when they did I felt sure that a flood of invitations would pour upon me.

As I have already said, it was now my intention to settle down in England, and I was eager to begin house-hunting, so as to have a fitting place ready to receive my collections when they arrived from Italy. Some months must elapse before I could be settled in a country house, as I intended; therefore, on reflection, I resolved to seek the

hospitality of one of my best friends of the old London days, Captain Walter Wyman, the well-known traveller and writer. He was about my own age, and, like myself, had earned success and popularity by dint of perseverance and intrepid exploration. Inheriting an ample income from his father, the late Sir Henry Wyman, Knight, the great Wigan ironmaster, he had, after a bitter disappointment in love, devoted himself to the pursuit of geographical knowledge, and as a result of his travels in Asia and Africa the world had been considerably enriched by his information. Fever, however, had seriously impaired his health, and he was now back in his comfortable chambers at Dover Street, where he had only a few weeks ago invited me to stay if I came to town.

Yes; I decided to accept his hospitality in preference to the comfortless hotel-life, which, after long experience in various places on the Continent, I abominate. Of all men in whom I might confide, Walter Wyman would be the best. He lived for adventure, and, as the world is well aware, had had a considerable amount of it during his travels.

At ten o'clock that morning his white-headed old valet, Thompson, admitted me.

'Why, my dear Allan!' my friend cried, jumping from his chair, where he was enjoying his after-breakfast cigarette, 'this is a surprise! You're back, then?'

'Yes,' I replied. 'I came back suddenly last night, and am going to accept your invitation to stay.'

'Of course. You know we shouldn't be friends any longer if you went elsewhere. How long are you over for?'

'For good. I'm going to look out for a cottage

or something in the country. I'm sick of Italy at last.'

Wyman smiled, offered me a cigarette, and ordered Thompson to bring brandy and soda. Careless, easy-going cosmopolitan that he was, it never struck him that strong drink so early in the morning was unusual.

He was dark, with a rather reddish complexion, tall, well groomed, dressed in a suit of dark blue, and well set up altogether. Although several touches of fever had played havoc with him, he nevertheless looked the pink of condition—a fine specimen of English manhood.

When I had lit my cigarette I spoke to him confidentially, and he listened to my story with the utmost attention. In that cosy room, the walls of which were hung with savage arms and trophies of the chase, and the floor covered with the skins of animals that had fallen to his gun, I told him the whole of the strange circumstances, relating briefly the incomplete story as written in *The Closed Book* and the remarkable conspiracy that was apparently in progress.

When I had described the mysterious visit of the tall old gentleman and the young woman to Harpur Street, and had related how I had followed them to the Earl of Glenelg's house in Grosvenor Street, he jumped up, exclaiming:

'Why, from your description, my dear fellow, it must have been the Earl himself, and the girl was evidently his daughter, Lady Judith Gordon! They've been abroad these two years, and to half London their whereabouts has been a mystery. I had no idea they had returned. By Jove! what you tell me is really most puzzling. It seems to me that you ought to get back that book at any cost.'

UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE LEOPOLDS.

By ALEXANDER MACDONALD, F.R.S.G.S.



HERE is no more fascinating coast in the whole world than that which forms the sea-board of the mystic Leopold country in north-western Australia. It is fringed with innumerable islands and indented with magnificent bays and inlets, which, for rugged beauty, might well compare with the majestic fiords of Norway; whilst the placid waters of a summer sea ripple ceaselessly over coral beds and pulsate through uncharted channels, unchecked by wharves or piers and unsullied by the flotsam of commerce. Here is, indeed, a region far from the haunts of white men, where Nature rules in all her solitary grandeur; yet it is a region which soon must attract the wandering Briton to its shores, for it abounds in mineral treasure to an exceptional degree, and is merely the border of an immense mountainous tract which is still but a blank space on our maps, but which private explorers and adventurous miners

have termed the Golden Land of the Leopolds. Gold and diamonds are known to exist throughout this dark corner of our great Empire; and its coral deeps have proved to be rich in pearls of the most rare description. What further inducement could man desire?

Yet there is the inevitable deterrent feature of such El Dorados to be reckoned with, and in this case it takes the form of hostile aborigines, who guard their domain jealously against all white intruders, and import a large element of risk into the fortune-seeker's life in these latitudes. To those who would venture into the heart of the shadowy Leopold ranges, I would therefore give the advice to exercise much caution, to be used in conjunction with good long-range rifles; and, incidentally, a prayer-book might come in as a fitting solace in case of emergency. I speak as one who has crossed this hostile territory; and while I can truthfully bear out the statement

as to its vast resources, the scarce-healed wound of an aboriginal's spear in my body remains as an impressive souvenir which must always damp my enthusiasm when writing of the interior Leopold country.

However, there is comparatively little danger to be feared when journeying by sea along the outskirts of the forbidden land, and there is probably more to be gained by such an expedition, for the treasures of the shallows as well as of the shores may be tapped, and an unrestricted highway for navigation is open for the transmission of results to more civilised parts. The pearling centre of Broome is nearly three hundred miles south of this unmarked coast, and the settlement of Derby, at the foot of King Sound, is almost equally distant from it. Occasionally a lugger may take a northerly cruise, but seldom are the winding inlets explored or exploited; a wholesome dread of coming to grief on some hidden rock or boulder prevents the usually unskilled steersmen of these craft from doing more pioneering work than is absolutely necessary. So it is that between latitudes fourteen degrees and sixteen degrees only a general knowledge of the northern sea-board has been obtained. Any surveys that have been made are useful only to the theoretical geographer, and the consequence is that the vast north-western division of Australia is probably the least-known area on the face of the earth.

Nearly four years ago I arrived in Broome from the central deserts, only to find that no ship was likely to touch that port for some time, owing to the prevalence of bubonic plague at Fremantle. There is not much to tempt the traveller to make a long sojourn in this blistering little cosmopolitan township, and I was by no means elated with my prospects. Indeed, after about a week of unadulterated misery, I proposed to my companions that we should start and walk towards civilisation, which was a foolish enough suggestion, born only of extreme discontent with our environment.

'It's a trifle over seven hundred miles from here to Perth,' said Phil the geologist, with a questioning smile.

Then Mac added his testimony. 'It's nearer a thousand,' he granted dismally, 'an' ye must mind we're no' camels.'

We were standing on the beach of Roebuck Bay, idly watching the movements of several luggers which were coming up the channel on a full tide, and as we gazed at the trim little schooners a common thought seemed to arise in our minds, causing us to sigh regretfully. 'If we only had a lugger, boys,' I said, 'we should soon get out of this young Hades.'

Just then an oddly shaped vessel, with higher freeboard than the rest, swept in from the sea with all sail set, and came surging up into the creek at an alarming rate.

'That's Gentleman James's boat!' exclaimed Phil, in amazement. 'I wonder what has brought him in here?'

Gentleman James was a well-known individual all over the Westralian coast, and we had met him several times before; but I knew that he rarely put into Broome unless compelled by stress of weather or some equally urgent reason. 'He may have called for stores,' I answered musingly. On came the strange craft, steering a true course between the numerous sandbanks and avoiding the shallows dexterously.

'It's Gentleman James!' was the shout that arose from the decks of the more leisurely pearlers, and with helm hard down they veered off to a respectful distance. Truly the latest arrival seemed to cause consternation among the fleet; each ship dodged and doubled to give him a wide berth, and their frantic manoeuvres were amusing to witness.

'He is a reckless devil,' spoke Mac admiringly; 'but he's bound to come to a sudden end if he doesna adopt mair canny tactics.' Then he made a trumpet of his hands and sent a stent 'gan shout across the waters: 'Gentleman James, ahoy!'

Immediately a bare head popped above the gunwale, followed by the beshirted shoulders of a squarely built man of middle age, as the steersman rose to glare at the signaller.

'Gentleman James, ahoy!' again bellowed Mac.

A light of recognition broke over the face of the daring sailor. 'Ahoy, ahoy, ye sand-groping gorilla!' he roared back, at the same time putting his helm across to port and bringing the prow of his clipper round into the wind. A few moments later the *Adventurer*, as the odd lugger was named, was safely anchored some fifty yards from the beach, and her sturdy owner was pulling towards us in his dingy.

'Couldn't you have struck the coast at a better place than this?' he shouted to me over his shoulder.

'We steered direct from Johanna Springs,' I replied; 'but if I had thought we were to be stranded here I would have kept the camels and made a bee-line for Brisbane or Sydney.'

The dingy had now grated on the shingle, and its occupant, leaping out, greeted us warily. 'It's like a glimpse of the old country to see you,' he said. 'The sun-dried skunks on this coast aren't fit company for a white man.'

'Ye're like an Egyptian mummy yersel,' Jamie, reproved Mac severely.

'Ah, well! I shouldn't wonder,' laughed the wiry pioneer. 'But we can't kick against circumstances, can we?'

'Might I ask where you are bound for this time?' I put in mildly by way of digression.

'Heaven knows!' came the prompt response. 'I was thinking of prospecting along the Leopold country'— He broke off abruptly, then gazed at us inquiringly. 'Will you come?' he demanded.

With one voice we answered 'We will'; and so a compact was made which afterwards was the means of our taking a much longer cruise in the *Adventurer* than we had ever intended. Gentleman James had

put into port, as I had guessed, for stores, and these were soon obtained and placed on board. Then we visited Gummows' Hotel, where we had been staying, and made our final arrangements for the journey.

It was late in the afternoon when we embarked, and the various schooner and lugger captains about advised us strongly not to venture seaward before the following morning. But we were anxious to feel the fresh breezes of the Indian Ocean playing on our cheeks; we had had enough of the mosquito-infested swamps and tainted atmosphere of Broome; and, further, I knew that Gentleman James was the most expert navigator in these waters.

The stars were beginning to appear when we weighed anchor and sent the broad lug-sails squirling up aloft like giant bat-wings; and as the gallant little ship gathered speed and pointed her narrow bows out into the vast waste of rippling wavelets, the Southern Cross shone brilliantly over the horizon and gave us a true bearing. All that night the *Adventurer* buffeted with cross seas and thrashed ahead bravely. The waves rolled over the forward hatch in a constant stream, and wallowed in the scuppers in effervescing pools of foam, and the flying spray drenched us in saline showers.

Towards morning the wind settled in to blow steadily from the west, and the buoyant craft heeled over until her lee-mast was buried in boiling surf, and her tough timbers trembled as she shouldered off the dark-green rollers and dashed headlong into the vortices of succeeding swells. It was a wild storm for a pearling-lugger to encounter, and I could easily guess how disasters might occur with less skillfully handled vessels; but Gentleman James kept an iron grip on the tiller, and with the knowledge of a seasoned mariner, avoided many overwhelming seas which reared their heads angrily on our port-quarter, then broke and foamed away by the stern. Daylight came at last; and with the first red streaks of dawn the boisterous winds faded away, and the ocean speedily assumed its wonted placid aspect. Before breakfast was over we were gliding along almost on even keel, with only the gentlest of zephyrs filling the great sails. The storm had completely spent itself, and we were furrowing the bosom of a smiling tropical sea. Away to starboard the rocky cliffs of Dampier Land were plainly visible, and our course was shifted so as to lead closer inshore. Hour after hour we coasted the grim-looking hills which bordered the southern limit of an almost unknown territory; then, as the shades of night were beginning to creep over the fathomless wastes, the *Adventurer's* bowsprit was again pointed seaward, and before the sun had risen on another day we had crossed the entrance to King Sound and were scudding north-north-east, where, behind a host of silvery isles, the frowning ranges of the distant Leopolds loomed up into misty clouds of rapidly dissipating ether.

'We're sailing in uncharted seas now, boys,'

said Gentleman James, with much satisfaction. 'We're on the edge of the greatest *terra incognita* in the world.'

At noon our position worked out to be but a few minutes under the fifteenth parallel; and after some deliberation we headed eastward through a maze of stranded coral islets, and shaped a careful course along the mainland, steering into narrow straits and cunningly hidden harbours, and now and again making an anchorage that we might examine the many promising quartz-reefs which outcropped in great 'blows' immediately on the water's edge.

Days passed in this fashion without much real progress being made; but our discoveries of certain rare formations occupied our attention so keenly that we were no longer impatient with our surroundings. No more beautiful scenery could be imagined than that which may be viewed in these latitudes. The towering forest-clad heights, the imposing defiles, the peaceful inland seas, and the majestic splendour of the grim, mouldering cliffs—all were grandly picturesque, and served to impress us strongly, hardened wanderers though we were. A torrid sun blazed down on gently heaving waters, and reflected gloriously along the wildering hill-slopes; yet the fierce heat was tempered by the most delightful of cool breezes from beyond the glistening archipelago, and the blue wavelets lapped the pearl-strewn beach in rhythmic harmony.

It was after we had been cruising for nearly two weeks amid these pleasant scenes that our most important find was made, and then we had an opportunity of judging what might have been a very detrimental feature of the lonely land in a more practical manner than we desired. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon of a very hot day when we reached the head of a long, narrow inlet which stretched between two rugged mountain-spurs. The entrance to this channel had been made only with great difficulty, for a series of jagged coral boulders interrupted the passage, and we had to take to the dingy, and from a position of safety carefully manœuvre the lugger between the obstacles. It seemed as if Nature had purposely barred the way to one of her richest treasure-houses. However, we had arrived at the limit of the waterway without mishap, and were surveying the rich eucalyptus-clad country before us with much delight. Never had I seen so luxurious a vegetation in Australia. Rare mosses and gorgeous flowers extended all over the higher altitudes of the hills, while between the trees ferns of the most lovely description flourished abundantly. And not only this; down through the almost imperceptible valley a sparkling stream of clearest water gurgled and splashed over marble-like terraces of quartz, until it united with the arm of the sea in which the *Adventurer* lay securely anchored. For a long time we gazed around in silence, then our eyes sought the white shelving channel of the creek, and there lingered.

'What do you make of it, Phil?' I asked at length, breaking the solemn stillness.

'Auriferous quartz,' he replied laconically.

'Hundreds of tons of it,' supplemented Gentleman James.

'We'll get oot an' investigate,' murmured Mac; and out we went.

A rough scrutiny of the exposed matrix proved to us conclusively that the entire bed of the stream was composed of a true gold-bearing formation; but whether it would be payable to work without machinery was another matter. Phil lost no time in preparing a sample for analysis. Taking his prospector's hammer, he tapped from the edges of the channel several fair-sized pieces of quartz, and these he commenced to beat into powder, using a broad, flat stone as a crushing-press. While he was thus engaged Mac proceeded to test the alluvial deposits of the broad delta by means of his ever-ready gold-pan, and soon both my companions were 'washing' their prospects assiduously.

The lighter sands in Mac's dish were quickly carried off by the overflow ingeniously contrived by that astute individual; and in a few minutes only a small quantity of dark, heavy granules was left in the grooved rim of the basin. As yet no gold had been observed; but on more water being added, and the pan canted obliquely several times, the bulk of the residue slid slowly aside, leaving in its wake a long comet-like streak of glittering metal.

'Got it!' exclaimed the manipulator, triumphantly handing the gold-pan to me for further examination.

'It's a mighty good prospect,' said Gentleman James complacently, 'and I guess we'll camp here for a bit.'

The presence of gold in the reef was now assured; and, judging by the rich nature of the drift, the mother-lode must necessarily be of considerably more value. As to this, Phil's analysis of the ore proved our contention to be not far out. Numerous little nuggets and slugs came to light when his sample was treated by the wet process, and an attractive trail of 'flour' gold was also in evidence.

'There's a fair sprinkling of these confounded iron pyrites in the stuff,' he said after we had given expression to our delight in rather a noisy fashion; 'but that would be nothing if we had a simple amalgamating vat.'

'We'll get that arranged later, boys,' interrupted Gentleman James, gazing around apprehensively, as a faint crackling broke upon our ears; 'meanwhile, the surface wash should be about as much as we can handle.'

Again a vague crackling echo was heard; this time it sounded nearer, and much more distinct than before. For the moment our gold-mine was forgotten, and we scanned the forest anxiously, not knowing what to expect.

'Might have been a herd of kangaroos,' suggested Phil lightly, returning to his work.

'Mair likely niggers,' growled Mac. 'The black devils aye come along when they're no' wanted.'

'I think we'd better get aboard, boys,' said Gentleman James meaningly. 'I've been on this coast before, and the natives are not so tractable as they are farther south.'

Rather reluctantly we started off for the beach, where the dingy lay half out of the water; but we had not gone a dozen yards when, with a series of demoniacal yells, about a score of stalwart aborigines burst out from among the trees and rushed to intercept us, brandishing spears and *kyllies* in a manner that could not be misunderstood. In our eagerness over our discovery we had neglected to keep a strict lookout, with the result that the crafty natives had almost got between us and the dingy before our suspicions had been aroused.

'Never mind the boat, boys. Swim for the lugger!' roared Gentleman James; and a moment later we plunged into the blue water as one man, and struck out wildly towards the *Adventure*, which lay about fifty yards from shore. A shower of spears whizzed over our heads as we bobbed to the surface, causing us to dive promptly; and when we reappeared a fresh fusillade greeted us, but fortunately fell wide and did no harm. I now got a hasty glimpse of the attacking force, and noticed that they were grouped around the dingy, gesticulating energetically, apparently arguing the point as to how many of their number it could carry.

'For Heaven's sake, screw on your best speed, boys!' adjured Gentleman James, blowing like a grampus, yet burrowing into the foam right manfully.

Our clothing did not impede us much, being of rather scanty description, for which we were then truly thankful, and we made wonderful progress; but just as we grasped the gunwale of the lugger the sound of oars intimated that our enemies were close in our rear.

'Up anchor, boys!' yelled Gentleman James, 'while I get the ship's armoury on deck.' He disappeared below, and Mac and I strained every nerve at the creaking windlass; but we were floating in nearly ten fathoms of water, and I could plainly see that it was hopeless for us to attempt an escape by flight.

'Get my hunting Winchester from the cabin, Mac; I said when, after much exertion, only the slack of the cable had been taken in. 'We'll have to fight after all.'

He wriggled his bulky form through the after-hatchway at once, colliding in his haste with Gentleman James, who was coming up with an armful of miscellaneous rifles and cutlasses, the very sight of which ought to have been enough to frighten off the blacks. Our preparations did not take long to make; and before the dingy was twenty yards from the beach we had its numerous occupants covered by sufficient artillery to make a fair-sized hole in a modern cruiser. Those of the

tribe who could not visit us by sea now scrambled along the sands on both sides of the gully, and made the best of their time by launching sundry spears in our direction.

'I'll give the beggars one chance for life,' muttered Gentleman James, standing up in the stern-sheets. 'They may understand the lingo of their brethren in the north.'

He forthwith proceeded to harangue the approaching natives in energetic monosyllabic words, such as no white man but himself could speak. The effect was magical. The rowers dropped their oars and gazed at him in bewilderment, and for a brief space not a sound broke the impressive stillness. Then a roar burst from the lips of the savage boatmen—a strange, half-articulate roar that was taken up by the dusky aborigines on the beach and echoed and re-echoed over the waters.

I listened in amazement, entirely nonplussed by their odd behaviour; but as my ears became familiar with the repeated cries I could trace the constantly recurring words, 'Gentleman James! Gentleman James!'

'By the Great Howlin' Billy!' roared Mac, 'they've recognised our Jamie.'

It was true. Gentleman James's early pioneering journeys had made him known to many of the wandering tribes of the north, and his kindness to black men generally had borne fruit at last.

'We're all right, boys,' he said, stepping down from his perch. 'They remember my visit to this coast ten years back; and as I have always acted on the principle of treating a black man square, I don't think we need now be the least afraid.'

It was as he said. The blacks have long memories, and in this case we benefited exceedingly by that circumstance. We were permitted to continue our mining operations unmolested; indeed, we gained much assistance from many willing members of the band, so that our stay in their vicinity lengthened out for days and weeks. Then, when the alluvial deposits had been worked out and provisions were getting scarce, Mac, Phil, and I set out in the *Adventure* bound for Singapore, where we intended to purchase some necessary mining-plant; and Gentleman James remained behind with the natives, whom he trusted implicitly, and there we found him on our return, many months later, worshipped as a king by the most hostile savages of the Australian continent, and by his influence doing a great good to the cause of civilisation.

NEW ANECDOTES OF CELEBRATED PEOPLE.

By ORION.



ONLY once had the pleasure and privilege of meeting Sir George Grove, one of the best story-tellers of his day, at the house of Bailie Symons in Glasgow. I sat next him at dinner, and listened with de-

lighted attention as he told some of his famous anecdotes. Bailie Symons was convener of the committee in charge of the musical arrangements at the first Glasgow Exhibition, and Sir George was his guest on the occasion of its opening. After dinner we drove to the Exhibition for the rehearsal of Dr Hedderwick's ode and the other parts of the musical programme.

Several of the stories I then heard, and of course many more, I find in Mr C. L. Graves's very charming *Life of Sir George Grove*, recently published by Messrs Macmillan. For a number of years Sir George was editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, and for a still longer period was one of the literary advisers of the firm. Here are some of his hitherto unpublished anecdotes about celebrated people.

POLICEMEN AND THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Queen Victoria formally opened the Crystal Palace on Saturday, 10th June 1854. Scarcely had the illustrious party taken their places, and the cheers with which their arrival was welcomed sub-

sided, when the music of the National Anthem was rolling in rich volumes of sound over the length and breadth of the Palace. Never, perhaps, was this noble anthem heard with more overpowering effect. Many shed tears; many more found it difficult to restrain them; but one result was even more remarkable. There is a rule that under no circumstances shall a policeman uncover while on duty. The strains of the National Anthem, however, were too powerful. One communicated the contagious influence to another, until a large proportion owned the power of present Royalty by taking off their hats. While in this state an awful glance from Captain La Balmondiere reminded them of their breach of discipline, and the headpieces were at once resumed; but it shows the effect of the music, and was nearly as great a compliment to Mr Costa and Miss Novello, who sang the solo parts, as the recognition which the former subsequently received from the Queen.

CONCERT AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

On 30th June 1887 Grove writes: 'At Windsor it was splendid! The Queen had us put into the Waterloo Room, which is magnificent for music. My young heroes [the students of the Royal Academy of Music, of which Sir George was president] rose to the occasion, and I really do not think that the overture to *Ruy Blas* had been often played better.

Many of the audience talked loud, but the Queen was very attentive and very intelligent. Charles Morley and I were taken to her afterwards by the Prince of Wales; and I understood her to say that she was very much pleased, and that she was astonished to find them playing so well. She also asked questions about the performers; but her voice was so low that I missed many of her words. [Was Grove growing deaf?] It was a splendid night. Two kings at least, and lots of beautiful women of the highest rank. The most interesting thing to me was to see an Infanta of Spain for the first time in the flesh! Another very interesting event was the transformation that occurred when the Queen said that we were not to play in the Tapestry Room, but to go into the Waterloo Gallery. Just as in an Arabian tale, when you stamp your foot everything is carried away, &c., so here, on the instant (as it seemed to me), thirty or forty men appeared, carried off all the desks, seats, music, &c., and the change was made within five minutes.'

YEOMAN GROVE AND WILLIAM IV.

The family of Grove had an uninterrupted descent from the Conquest as proprietors of Penn in Buckinghamshire. The last possessor, Mr Edmund Grove, died in June 1823, at the advanced age of ninety-four. He was known to most of the surrounding nobility and gentry by the name Yeoman Grove, the designation formerly of those who farmed their own small properties. Yeoman Grove was likewise known to King William, who permitted him an unusual freedom. Whenever they met in the street at Windsor, as they frequently did on market-days, he would grasp the royal hand with fervour, and, in a way peculiarly his own, inquire, 'How does your Majesty do? How is the Queen? How are all the children?' On these occasions the King indulged in a hearty and good-humoured laugh.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON APOLOGISES.

'Henry Weigall the sculptor,' Grove wrote in 1897, 'was one of the few people who could boast of having had an apology made to him by the Duke of Wellington.' He had a friend named Mrs Jones of Pantglas, a rich Welsh lady, who was a good deal in London. She was also a friend of the Duke of Wellington, and nothing would satisfy her but that his Grace should have his bust executed by Weigall. 'The Duke had a very low opinion of sculptors; however, Mrs Jones's influence was sufficient to prevail on the Duke to visit Weigall's house with her one day. They were shown into the studio, and the Duke seems to have had some difficulty in taking off a *paletot* which he wore. Weigall, who was the very pink of politeness, stepped up to him, and placing his hands on the Duke's shoulder, said, "Allow me to assist your Grace;" upon which the Duke was very wroth, and turning sharply round, he said, "Take your hands off me, sir!" which Weigall immediately did, and went out of the room;

nor could he be brought back unless the Duke would consent to make him an apology. As the Duke could not be prevailed upon to do this, Mrs Jones and he left the house with their purpose unfulfilled. However, a few days later they reappeared, and then the Duke did grumble out something like an apology, with which Weigall was fortunately satisfied, and the bust was made, and very successful it was. It is the only bust I remember to have seen which shows the extraordinarily deep furrows in which the Duke's eyes were set.'

THE DUKE SHYING EGGS.

Grove contrived to establish parallelisms between Beethoven and the Iron Duke; 'for I find in his pocket-book,' says Mr Graves, 'a note of an anecdote which his informant had from the Duke's cook. It is headed "Beethoven," and runs: "Duke of Wellington endeavouring to show the servants that he only required one egg at breakfast, and, when he failed to do so, calling up the kitchen-maid and shying them at her."'

BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

One day Bishop Wilberforce 'had been doing some business at Penge, and came up to my room with his chaplain; and after a little while he said, "I have got to buy some toys for one of my grandchildren, so you must take me out and show me where the toy-stall is." . . . There was the usual difficulty in chasing; so I took up a little black doll which squeaked when it was pinched, and said, "There, my lord, that ought to be interesting to a Wilberforce." "Oh no," he answered; "take it away. I have heard about nothing else all my life."'

TENNYSON.

The beginning of Sir George Grove's friendship with Tennyson was due to the desire of the directors of the Crystal Palace, probably at Grove's suggestion, to obtain from the Laureate an inaugural ode. Grove went down to the Isle of Wight with this object, and thus wrote of his interview: 'Tennyson was very kind and good to me. He received me with the greatest cordiality, but he could not see his way to writing the poem; and the net result of my visit was the beginning of a truly delightful friendship, and his explanation of the difference between a "cowslip" and an "oxlip," which I asked him, apropos of his line—

As cowslip unto oxlip is,
So seems she to the boy.

This he answered by picking one of each in the copse behind the house, and showing me how the one stood erect and the other drooped its head.'

A TENNYSON PRESENTIMENT STORY.

Tennyson told Grove that he heard the following story from the man himself, and had every reason to believe it: 'There was a certain Mr Phillips,

a rich attorney and member of the corporation of Shaftesbury. Every year the corporation had a haunch of venison given them by the Duke of Westminster or some large landowner in the neighbourhood, and it was their rule to discuss it at an inn some three or four miles distant from the town. Phillips was a great gourmand and very full of fun, and these occasions were thought a great deal of. At one of the dinners, just as the venison was brought in, Phillips got up and said, "I must go." There was a universal protest at this; but he was firm, and said something was drawing him home—he could not tell what. The horse was accordingly put into the trap, and off he went. When he got to his house in Shaftesbury, he found his wife sitting in the parlour with her jaw dislocated, and in a flood of tears, and with the bell-rope in her hand. She had gaped and pulled out her jaw. She then pulled the bell, but the bell-rope had come down in her hand, and she had no alternative but to fling herself into a chair and think of her husband, which brought him home!

TENNYSON ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

Early in July 1869 Tennyson wrote to Grove asking him to be a fourth in a three weeks' trip to Mirren, the others being the Rev. S. Eardley and Frederick Locker-Lampson. On the 12th of August Tennyson wrote him from the Black Horse Copse, Blackdown:

'MY DEAR GROVE,—I am in a house eight hundred feet above the sea—no roads and no post—or I would have thanked you earlier for your proposed glass of Locker & Co. to be drunk in my honour on the 8th [Tennyson's birthday]—a day which I always feel inclined to pass like a Trappist, without speaking, or to keep it sitting in sackcloth and ashes. . . .—Ever yours, A. TENNYSON.'

TENNYSON AND THE BUGLE.

Grove sent Tennyson a part of the *Dictionary of Music* containing a reference to the Laureate under the heading 'Bugle,' and this elicited the following answer: 'Very good of you to send me your great work, and to mention me in it, though I cannot see how I can "immortalize" the Bugle, which will go on blowing till the last trumpet blares it down without any help of mine.'

GLADSTONE AND DISRAELI.

Dean Stanley is the authority for the following: 'Lunching at some public entertainment to Ministers, he sat next Mr Gladstone. It was shortly after Gladstone had gone out and Disraeli came in. After the luncheon was over, Disraeli came round to where they were standing, and said, "Why have you left Parliament? We must have you back; we must have you back," in the most playful way. On which Gladstone said, "There are some things which are possible and some

which are impossible, and what you have asked belongs to the impossible." On which, turning to Stanley, Disraeli said, "You see, it is the wrath of Achilles."

GROVE'S FIRST MEETING WITH STANLEY.

'A great event in my life! I saw the Dean of Westminster for the first time. He was then Canon of Canterbury, and it was there I saw him in 1853 or 1854. . . . It was in his house at Canterbury, and he was finishing *Sinai and Palestine*; and I recollect as well as yesterday the way he came forward to me, with his hands out as if he were welcoming an old friend, and how he showed me what he was engaged on (the Appendix to *Sinai and Palestine*). He showed me that in Hebrew there were distinct words for all the different kinds of natural objects—for mountains and hills and rocks and plains and rivers and torrents—and that ~~what~~ in Hebrew these terms were never interchanged, in the English Bible they were used indiscriminately, and that a great deal of light might be thrown on the narrative if these were set right in our Bibles, and other things of the same sort rectified. He set me alight in a moment, and I fairly blazed up. I rubbed up my Hebrew, of which I had learnt the alphabet at Elwell's school. I got up German enough to plough through Ewald and Ritter, and plunged with delight into a sea of Biblical research. Now, the Dean would have you believe that it was I who had invented the appendix to his book, in which the Hebrew topographical terms are described and catalogued. But that is only his way of putting it. It was *he* who invented it, and I just carried out what he devised, and did the mechanical part of the work for him.' But so highly did the Dean value Grove's assistance that he wrote to Jovett: 'I ought never to write a book without a Grove or Albert Way to correct references and proofs.' It was to Stanley also that Grove owed his connection with the *Dictionary of the Bible*.

DEAN STANLEY'S STORY.

In 1878 Grove accompanied Dean Stanley to America. His pocket-book during the voyage contains this entry: 'A Scotch friend of A. P. S. being at Valparaiso, and walking on the seashore, meets a Spaniard, who walks up to him and says in good English:

"On her white breast a sparkling cross she bore,
Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore."

The Scotchman said, "I am delighted to meet you. How do you come to speak English so perfectly?" The Spaniard replied, "On her white breast"——(all over again). This was literally all the English the man knew; and, as Stanley's friend could speak no Spanish, the thing stopped there.'

WHAT STANLEY'S DEATH MEANT TO GROVE.

'That Monday [of the funeral] was a wonderful day. There was every one in the Abbey, all

the great and eminent men of all parties and schools in England. It was all very orderly and impressive, and just as he would have had it. And then by degrees I began to feel what I had lost, and to realise how I had lived on him, and how I had unconsciously referred to him on all kinds of points, and how many difficulties vanished when I thought, "Oh, I shall see Stanley next week, and I will ask him." It is quite curious that since his death hardly a day has passed but something has turned up in the papers or the Bible or a book to make me say before I recollected he was gone, "Oh, I will ask Stanley about this." . . . The feeling of regret that I was not more to him, that in so many directions there were walls between us, has distressed me so much that I can hardly bear it. I accuse myself terribly; there are so many things on which I might have come down to him and shared his *perfect simplicity* and unselfishness. You have no idea what he was—in one thing, the curiously simple way in which he trusted one. You told him a thing, and he never seemed to question it for a moment; that you, his trusted friend, had told him was quite enough. . . . No doubt he had littlenesses somewhere; but I never saw them. And now he has gone quite out of our reach—that's the most wonderful thing of all. When his breath actually stopped, and one knew that he was gone, my first thought was one of intense curiosity and longing—Where is he? What is he doing or saying or feeling? Can he feel or speak? And then the dreadful blank of the answer, "You can know *nothing*."

MADAME BONAPARTE OF BALTIMORE.

Neither Grove (who was deeply interested in all that concerned Napoleon) nor Stanley, Mr Graves tells us, saw old Madame Bonaparte-Patterson, then living in Baltimore. The Dean called upon her, but she declined to see him, and sent down a message: 'All my feelings are dead, except hatred of mankind.' Another characteristic saying of hers is recorded in Grove's pocket-book: 'God has given me three passions: love, ambition, and avarice. My love is slighted, my ambition is thwarted, and I exist upon my avarice.'

MR SPURGEON AND SMOKING.

Mr Spurgeon came down to see the directors of the Crystal Palace with reference to his preaching a sermon on the General Fast, October 1857. Grove writes: 'After his interview with the Board was over, I took him to my room in the passage close to the board-room to get his hat and coat. As soon as we had got inside my room he said, "You haven't a place here where I can smoke?" "Oh yes, I have;" and I opened the door of the little room behind my office. He then lit up, and I was emboldened to say, "Then you do not mind

an occasional cigar, Mr Spurgeon?" "Oh yes, I do, young man," he replied. "It is the regular cigar that I like."

SPURGEON'S PREACHING AND SERVICE.

The sermon Sir George Grove heard Spurgeon preach at Exeter Hall was interesting, but not very flattering to his scholarship. His text was: 'They shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand.' He said, 'You will observe here how definite the promise is. It does not say they *will* never perish, but it is the definite form of the future: they *shall* never perish.' 'It gave me rather a shock, for I was well aware that there is no definite future in Greek; and, whether the English is "shall" or "will," it is the plain future in the Greek. But one thing struck me very much: the singing of the hymns. He gave them out two lines at a time, and often accompanied his reading with an observation such as "*Nay*, with all the devotion you are capable of." Then the congregation sang very low and solemnly. "*Nay*, with all the vigour of your lungs." And then they made as much noise as possible. It gave great vitality to the hymns.'

Such are some of 'G.'s—as Sir George Grove was lovingly called by his friends—reminiscences of the celebrated people among whom he lived, and with many of whom he was on the most intimate, friendly, and affectionate of terms. For others—and there are many more—my readers must go to Mr C. L. Graves's account of one of the most charming and best-known men in the literary and artistic circles of recent years.

NORTHWARD HO!

THERE be sun and sand in this arid land,
Bright birds that may not sing;
Fair, scentless flowers, and heat-purched hours,
And the pall the night doth bring.
But waft me the smell of the heather-bell,
Give me the mavis' note,
The Highland sky as the clouds send by,
The lift of the fisher's boat.
Grant me but these: a North Sea breeze,
And the lash of the far-dung spume,
The spindrift foam that sprays my home
And stains the golden broom.
That my chattered soul may regain the goal
It ingrate east aside,
When a fool farel forth from the frozen North
To seek a warmer bride.
Come, oh, ye breeze that stirs the seas!
And kiss me on the mouth;
Let me breathe the soul of the hardy Pole,
For I faint in the sultry South.

II. ROSE-MACKENZIE.

PIETERMARITZBURG.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

OPIUM-DENS IN LONDON.



AFTER long experience in the police department of the public service, I was appointed, in September 1894, chief-inspector to the London County Council, and in that capacity I had my first practical acquaintance with the London opium-den; and, truly, I found it extremely disagreeable.

One of my first official visits was to the Asiatic Sailors' Home in the East India Dock Road, where the foreign sailors mostly congregate. Although that institution—which, by the way, is of world-wide reputation—was not registered as a lodging-house, the superintendent kindly furnished me with full particulars as to the management and working of the huge concern, and allowed me to inspect the place thoroughly. At the time of my visit there were between three and four hundred foreign sailors in the Home, and in the whole course of my wide and varied experience as an inspector I have never seen such a motley assemblage; indeed, such a mixture of different nationalities could not be found in any other building in England. Russians, Greeks, Turks, Hindus, Lascars, Japanese, and Chinese were hobnobbing together, as though there were no racial or other difference between them, but that all were members of one happy family; and what struck me as being still more remarkable was that they seemed perfectly docile and amenable to the ordinary rules of the institution. I may be wrong in my estimate of their character, but the impression made upon me was distinctly unfavourable. Oriental cunning and cruelty seemed to be hall-marked on every countenance, and they gave me the impression that not one of them was reliable or could be safely entrusted with power or authority of any kind. Until my visit to the Asiatic Sailors' Home, I had always considered some of the Jewish inhabitants of Whitechapel to be the worst type of humanity I had ever seen. Since then the Jewish denizens of Thrawl Street has taken a 'back seat,' and I give the palm of rascality to those denizens of the East India Docks.

Wondering how it came to pass that such diverse

elements could be assimilated and brought under the control of an institution which has only one law for all, I questioned the superintendent, and he assured me that, notwithstanding the different manners and customs represented in that mixed company, they got along fairly well. 'But the Chinese certainly give us more trouble than all the others put together,' he added, with a significant twinkle in his eyes.

'How is that?' I asked.

'Well, we have to keep the attendants constantly looking them up, in order to prevent opium-smoking and the various filthy habits they indulge in. It is not unusual to see Chinamen dragging and carrying their fellows here in the evenings; and we have to be very careful indeed how we handle them on such occasions, otherwise a riot would ensue.'

Where the opium-dens were, and what went on inside them, was long a puzzle to me, and for months after my visit to the Sailors' Home I tried every conceivable plan to gain access to one which I at last discovered in Limehouse Causeway.

I found later that these shanties were managed by cunning and artful Chinamen, who, to throw undesirable inquisitors off the scent and to serve as a 'blind,' kept a small shop for the sale of chandlery or other goods, the real business (opium-smoking) being carried on at the back of the premises and in the rooms upstairs. The inner entrance to the den was closely guarded by several fierce and ugly Chinamen, carrying long-bladed knives encased in a waist-belt, who protested that they could neither speak nor understand a word of English! By their ferocious looks and gestures and their excited jabberings, it was quite evident that I was looked upon as a dangerous and unwelcome visitor; and although on my first visit I would have liked to force my way through the armed and scowling guard, I had no desire to feel my ribs tickled with their murderous-looking knives.

All things, however, come to him who waits, and by a mere accident I obtained admittance to one of these dens some months later. In passing through Limehouse I saw a woman leaning

FEB. 27, 1904.

against the door of a shop which I had all along suspected was screening an opium-stew, and I got into conversation with her. She was an Irishwoman, and was lodging with a Chinaman, the proprietor of the establishment. After much parleying, and by means of a substantial bribe, I induced her to 'talk over' John Chinaman; and in the end I was not only allowed to inspect the building and its contents, but received a card inscribed with some Chinese characters, which enabled me to gain admittance to all the opium-dens in East London.

I was not slow in availing myself of the opportunities thus accorded, and next day paid a formal visit to the largest of the six known to me in the East End.

This favourite resort of the opium-slaves consisted of a three-story building, with the inevitable small shop in front. On entering I found a bland, smiling Chinaman behind the counter, dressed in his national habiliments. As usual, he could not understand English; so I produced my card adorned with the talismanic hieroglyphics, at which he looked intently for a moment, and then a wonderful improvement in his linguistic capabilities became apparent. His homage to me was simply ridiculous, and in fairly good pidgin-English he welcomed me with outstretched arms.

First of all I had a look at the stock-in-trade, which consisted of a few soap-boxes, not one containing a bar of soap, and the majority quite empty; but, to make up for this deficiency in ordinary stock, there was a tin box which, on examination, I found to contain some five or six pounds of tea. A similar receptacle contained about the same quantity of sugar; and a few loaves of bread and some boxes of matches (all prominently exhibited in the front window) completed the inventory.

After my survey of the 'shop' we made our way into the interior, where the real business was carried on. The first parlour was evidently the laboratory or workshop devoted to the manufacture from the raw material of that delectable compound which even then was being consumed upstairs. Mysterious-looking pots, pans, strainers, wooden vessels, and testing instruments were in evidence on all sides, and there was the unmistakable odour of opium in its various stages of manufacture. The room was a smoky, dirty, unpleasant-looking place, of about ten feet square; and there the opium-supply for all the dens in London was prepared. The finished article lay weltering in a huge basin, and looked very like a mass of treacle. The first thought that occurred to me when looking round this loathsome apartment was that any victim of the habit at all particular about cleanliness who once saw this vile stuff prepared would never indulge in opium-smoking again.

Going upstairs, I found two rooms set apart for opium-smoking, and, above these, two others used as bedrooms. The only furniture in the smoking-rooms were bare wooden benches, fitted to the floor-

ing, ranged all round the walls something like the bunks in a casual ward. Upon these bunks or benches four or five Chinamen were indolently reclining on their sides, puffing away at the opium-pipe; and two or three were lying on their backs in a dazed and helpless condition, jabbering in an incoherent manner and apparently quite oblivious to their surroundings.

The proprietor pressed me to have a smoke to test the virtue of the drug, but I declined with thanks. The smell of the place almost made me sick, and I made my way out of the fetid atmosphere as speedily as I could.

Other five dens which I visited on the same day were all located within a radius of a mile, and bore a strong resemblance to the one I have described; but three of them had gaming-tables and other conveniences generally found on premises where gambling is carried on. Some of the games played by the Chinese can only be understood by John Chinaman himself. Indeed, I am quite convinced that the Celestial is an inveterate gambler; and as it would probably take a lifetime to learn a game (*fan-tan*) I saw played in one of these places, I will leave the subject of Chinese gambling severely alone, and simply say, without fear of contradiction, that 'John' is the greatest gambler on the face of the earth.

In the largest opium-den I visited there was smoking accommodation for about twenty men; and in rear of the smoking compartment was a large shed with an earthen floor covered with coconut matting. This shed served as a place of repose for those who had smoked 'the pipe of peace' and had been overcome by it. Here they would retire, fling themselves down on the matting, and 'enjoy' the beatific visions conjured up by the deadly drug.

The opium smoked by the Chinese is mainly made from a watery extract called *chandu*. A pellet of this extract, about the size of a pea, is held over the flame of a small spirit-lamp by a wire or other suitable support until it burns. It is then placed in the small metal bowl of the opium-pipe and smoked until it produces the inevitable effect.

In concluding this account of my visit to opium-dens, I will state briefly the results of the use of the drug as I have marked its operations.

The smoking of opium is the form in which the Chinese chiefly indulge; and, whilst the practice is equally alluring, it is almost as disastrous as the habitual opium chewing or eating which has been so well described by De Quincey, and is the form favoured by the Turk and the Persian, with whom, indeed, it is a prevailing vice. A withered body, yellow countenance, crooked spine, radical disturbance of the digestive organs, and gradual destruction of all bodily and mental powers are the penalties for a habitual indulgence in the habit, which, once acquired, holds its victim with astounding tenacity. Its first effect is said to produce a very pleasurable

sensation of exhalation, increased muscular power, and an insensibility to mental or bodily fatigue ensues and continues for a time, according to the general condition of the smoker. Then lassitude and a feeling of the most agonising depression takes the place of the former artificial vitality; and when the influence of the drug has entirely ceased to

operate, a state of torpor and stupefaction is the unfailling result, making the habitual opium-smoker or opium-eater look more like a galvanised corpse than a live human being.

It is to be hoped that the local authorities will endeavour to stamp out this abominable opium-traffic in the East End of London, without delay.

THE CLOSED BOOK.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE COUNSEL OF FRIENDS.



E discussed the best mode of regaining possession of the book, but our conclusions were not very clear.

My friend Walter set about giving old Thompson orders to prepare my room, for he was one of the few bachelors who could afford to keep a spare guest-chamber in his flat. It was a hobby of his that his chambers should remain in just the same order during his absence as when he was at home. He had been travelling sometimes for two years at a stretch, and yet when I had called there I found old Thompson just as prim as usual, merely replying to callers, 'Captain Wyman is not at home, sir.' Thompson was a wonderful servant, and had been old Sir Henry's right-hand man until his death. Indeed, he had been in the service of the Wymans for a trifle over fifty years, and appeared to treat Walter more as a son than as master.

My friend fully agreed with me that I had done right in engaging Enrico as watcher. He would be useful, and could act as spy in places where we could not afford to be seen. That there was some remarkable conspiracy in progress Wyman was, like myself, convinced; but what it was he failed to comprehend.

We carefully discussed the curious affair, and after an hour formed a plan of campaign which we promptly proceeded to carry out.

While I remained there resting, he took a cab and called on the doctor named Barton.

When Wyman returned he explained that he consulted the doctor, and on my friend's feigning the symptoms of poisoning which I had explained, the unsuspecting medico had at once remarked that only a few hours before he had been called to a similar case. He suggested to Wyman that perhaps both had eaten something unsound purchased at a shop in the neighbourhood.

Then, after receiving a dose, and being compelled to swallow it in order to keep up the fiction, my friend had commenced to chat with the doctor, and learnt that the patient he had been called to was a clean-shaven, middle-aged man who had apparently about nine months ago come to live in Harpur Street. The name he gave was Selby, no profession—at least as far as the doctor knew. He had been struck by his rather mysterious bearing. The little old lady was probably a relation, but of

that he was not quite sure. The name I had found in the *Directory* was that of the present tenant. The patient had apparently made no remark to the doctor about The Closed Book. Barton had found him suffering acutely, and betraying all the symptoms of poisoning; but beyond that he knew nothing.

Yet Wyman's visit had cleared up one or two points, and had given us the name of the man into whose possession The Closed Book had passed.

Presently we went forth again in company, and at the corner of Theobald's Road found the young Italian still vigilant, although palpably worn out and very hungry. Nothing had happened, we learnt. No one had come out of the house; but the little old lady had come to the door and taken in the milk and bread from the baker. She apparently acted as housekeeper.

We dismissed Enrico for four hours, and I took his place, while Walter Wyman went down to the Naval and Military Club, where, he declared, he was certain to meet a friend of his who was intimate with Lord Glenelg, and from whom he might obtain some information.

'What connection they have with this affair is a profound mystery,' he remarked; 'just as much of a mystery as the fact that they are in London when believed to be abroad. My friend Colonel Brock told me only the night before last that they were with friends up at Mussoree, in the north of India.'

'Well, it seems they're back again now,' I remarked.

'So it appears,' was his reply; and he stepped into a hansom and drove down to the club to gather information, leaving me to lounge in the vicinity of that rather dark and cheerless London street.

The weather was damp and muggy, and the continuous traffic in Theobald's Road jarred upon my nerves. Even in the broad daylight the exterior of the house in Harpur Street was dingy, with an air of distinct mystery. The shutters of the area window remained closed; but the stuffed bear-cub had now been removed from the upper window, having served its purpose.

Soon after noon Wyman met me again. He had been active every moment, had seen his friend, and

had, moreover, called at Grosvenor Street under some pretext, only to discover that the Earl and his daughter, having returned unexpectedly from abroad two days ago, had left again that very morning.

Was it that inexplicable signal that had caused the pair to flee from London again?

The reason why they had been both dressed shabbily was now obvious. They were in London in secret, and feared recognition.

Every hour that passed rendered the mystery the more profound. Still, Walter Wynnan's interest was now thoroughly aroused, and he declared his intention of sifting the matter to the bottom.

The question now arose as to the means by which we should get back the book stolen from me. In the bar of the public-house where I had taken refreshment on the previous night we further discussed the matter. To attempt to regain it by interviewing the man Selby would, we felt assured, be in vain, for of such value was it and so widespread the conspiracy that he would probably either deny that it was in his possession or openly defy us. On the other hand, it would be a dangerous matter to commit a burglary there, and more dangerous still to enter forcibly and demand my property. Even Doctor Barton had confessed that there was something puzzling and forbidding about the blustering man's manner and antecedents.

Therefore, we found ourselves at a complete deadlock.

I wished heartily that I had ordered the old woman to be stopped on landing at Dover pier.

Could the police assist us? Wynnan thought not; at least not in their official capacity. We should frighten this Mr Selby, and if so, would probably lose the precious volume altogether.

We both saw that it was a matter in which there must be no bungling. My friend Wynnan was as shrewd a man as any in London, and this fighting with conspirators was work just to his liking. He was one of those men who, in whatever tight corner he found himself, either at home or abroad, always managed to wriggle out of it.

In the first place, we had no knowledge of the character of the man with whom we had to deal; while, in the second, we were utterly in the dark as to the motive of the conspiracy against me from the moment when the rare Arnolds had passed into my hands.

That we should act promptly and with firm determination was imperative; but what line to take we knew not.

I could not forget those words that had escaped the lips of Lady Judith Gordon when she had lifted her eyes and saw the fatal sign. Sight of it had utterly crushed her, for light and life had gone out of her sweet, pale face in a single moment. It was the sign of death, she had said. What could she mean?

The more we discussed it the more determined I became to act fearlessly and go straight to the point

by going to the police-station and demanding the little old woman's arrest. Such a course would bring matters to a head, and yet I still hesitated to show our enemies my hand. At present they were unaware of my presence in London, and surely their ignorance of this would be to our advantage, inasmuch as the looker-on sees most of the game.

I felt that I wanted an expert opinion, and suddenly recollected that in the old days, when living in London, I had been on friendly terms with a detective-sergeant of the Criminal Investigation Department named Noyes, who had been attached to the Hunter Street Police-Station. I had several acquaintances in the Metropolitan Police, as most literary men have; but to Noyes I had been indebted more than once for showing me certain phases of Unknown London. Therefore I knew that if I sought his advice he would willingly give it.

Leaving Wyman to watch, I thereupon took a cab to Hunter Street, and inquired of the inspector on duty for my friend, who, I was informed, had been promoted to the rank of inspector, and was posted at the chief station of the T Division at Hammersmith.

I returned in the cab to Wyman, and then lost no time in going out to Hammersmith.

I found my friend, a loosely built, heavy-jawed man of middle age, sitting in his upstairs office; and when I entered he rose to welcome me warmly. Then, on my telling him that I had come to seek his advice, he settled himself at his plain writing-table to listen.

The story I related interested him just as much as it had Wyman; but now and then he pencilled a note upon the sheet of paper he had instinctively placed before him. I related the whole facts from first to last, concealing nothing. The secret poisoning appealed to him, clever detective that he was, for every man attached to Scotland Yard will tell you that a good many more people die in London of poison annually than ever doctors or coroners' juries suspect.

'Now, what I want is to get my property back again without these people knowing,' I explained at last.

'I quite see,' he said. 'If they knew you had followed them up so quickly it might put an end to their game without you ever knowing what their motive has been. Yes; you want that book back at all costs, but in a secret way. You can easily lay information before the magistrate; and I could, on that, go and search for the stolen property. But that's hardly your game, Mr Kennedy. We must use methods a trifle more—well, artistic, shall we call it?' and his big face broadened into a grin.

'Well now, what do you suggest?' I asked.

But, instead of responding, he asked me for a detailed description of the rare and interesting volume. Then, when I had given it to him,

he raised his eyes from the paper whereon he had made some memoranda, and, with a mysterious smile, asked:

'Would you be willing to leave the affair entirely in my hands, Mr Kennedy? I have an idea that I might, with the assistance of a friend, be able to get hold of the book without this person Selby knowing that it has gone back into your possession. If I attempt it, however, you must not be seen anywhere in the vicinity. Any observation kept upon the old lady or upon this fellow Selby must be done by your friend Captain Wyman. Would you be inclined to act under my directions and lie low until I communicate with you?'

'Certainly,' I answered, although not yet understanding his point.

'If there is a conspiracy, you'll very quickly be spotted if you remain hanging about Harpur Street,' he said. 'I think, if you're prepared to pay a sovereign or two, that I can get hold of the book for you. Only it will have to be done secretly; and, in order that you should not be suspected of regaining possession of it, you must go away into the country and wait until you hear from me. We don't want them to suspect anything, otherwise we may not be able to solve the mystery of it all.'

'I'll leave the whole affair in your hands, Noyes, of course,' I responded. 'When shall I go into the country?'

'To-day. Go where you like, to some place within easy reach of town, and stay there till you hear from me. Don't go back to Harpur Street, because it's too dangerous. You must be recognised sooner or later. I'll find Captain Wyman and explain matters to him. Why not run down to somewhere on the Great Northern—to Peterborough, for instance? It's on the main line, and the first stop of the express trains to the north—an hour and a half from King's Cross. You see, I could get down quickly if I wanted to see you, or you could run up if necessary. There's a good old-fashioned hotel—the "Angel." I stopped there once when I was after a German bank-note forger, and was very comfortable.'

'Very well. I'll go there. That will be my address till I hear from you. Tell it to Captain Wyman, as he may want to write to me.'

After some discussion, in which he steadily refused to further enlighten me upon his scheme for getting hold of The Closed Book, we returned together by the underground railway to Charing Cross, where we parted, he to seek my friend Wyman, and I to hide myself in the small provincial town of Peterborough, where I arrived that afternoon about half-past four.

As Noyes had declared, the 'Angel' was replete with old-fashioned comfort, a relic of the bygone posting-days and a centre of agricultural commerce on market-days. Except the cathedral, there is very little of interest in the town of Peterborough; for of late years it has been modernised out of all recognition. In itself it is ugly, although situated in the centre of the rich green pasturage of the Nen Valley—a busy place, where the hand of the vandal has been at work everywhere save perhaps in Narrow Street, the small, old-fashioned thoroughfare wherein the 'Angel' is situated.

I spent the evening examining the interior of the cathedral, afterwards taking a stroll as far as the village of Longthorpe, and after dinner retired early, for I had not yet recovered from my swift journey across Europe.

The following day passed, and still the next, yet I could only idle there chafing and anxious regarding the success of Noyes's undertaking. Letters from Wyman showed that, aided by Enrico, he was still keeping observation upon the house, although he had seen nothing further of my friend the detective after his announcement of my departure.

I began to wonder if Noyes had broken faith with me. Yet we had been the best of friends in the old days when I had lived and worked in London; and I thought I knew him well enough to be confident that he would assist me in every way within his power.

Therefore I wandered the streets of Peterborough or lounged in the bar of my hotel, in hourly expectation of some message from him.

His silence was ominous, and my uneasiness increased until, on the third day, I determined to remain inactive no longer.

(To be continued.)

REMINISCENCES OF A SCOTCH MANSE.



Children often ask me to tell them of the days when I was a small child in a Scotch manse, many years ago. They seem to find a special delight in these old stories, when curious rumbling coaches carried one to all

but the very important centres.

My father was a tall, fine-looking man, with a very austere manner and very Calvinistic views. He considered the fact of his being 'our father' must ensure perfect obedience, submission, and love

on our part; and I fear our changed views on these points are almost enough to make him turn in his grave. Our mother, however, was a heaven-given one, so tender and quick of sympathy, and deliciously blind to the trespasses of her eight wild boys and girls.

The old manse was near the church—only a terraced garden between, and just beyond the grand German Ocean. So in stormy weather the foam from the sea clung to our top windows, or in the sweet summer the sun's reflection dazzled. A quaint

harbour lay just below the huge cliffs beneath the garden, where ships came in to carry away potatoes, grain, and similar produce. This harbour was ever to us a craved-for delight, but strictly forbidden, alas! by our mother; and this made it utterly impossible; for ten thrashings were bearable compared to vexing her dear heart. Even boating, for her sake, was renounced. The Isle of May lay just across from us, and a little farther along the Bass Rock: blessed places, which solved for us the difficult problem of where little boys and girls came from, for all girls near us came from the May and all boys from the Bass.

We attended church twice every Sunday, and even when but three years old sat through sixty minutes' sermon with wonderful submission.

Our father belonged to the old school of ministers who committed all their sermons to memory. Once the two sermons were built, he would walk some two miles along the braes getting it all by heart—fasting all the while. His people, who revered him, called his favourite brae 'holy ground.' Our fear of disturbing all this burden of sermon kept us in a state all Sundays of fear and trembling and of mouse-like silence.

Such sinking of heart on Saturday nights as we witnessed the locking away of all toys and fairy-books, knowing that the morrow held for us no nice magazines or any secular books or sweet walks on the summer braes! Without the never-failing sunshine of our mother we might have mutinied; but she clasped our hearts with so strong a band of love that we would willingly have endured twice as much for her sake.

An object of great merriment to us in church was the 'beadle'—Thomas Ross, a little, bent, white-haired man of dwarfish height and marvellous array. His buff trousers, blue cut-away coat with brass buttons, waistcoat of gray wool embroidered with pink roses in silk, large blue tie, and a collar—well, he could just peep over it; perhaps it kept him from being too mundane, for he was obliged to look at the minister. Beside my father's magnificent frame he looked delightful. One wintry Sunday Thomas as usual had carried up the big Bible, descended, and waited our father, ready to follow him up the stairs and close the big door of the pulpit. My father, sitting by the vestry fire in his big plaid over his gown, and deep in his sermon, walked into church plaid and all. It caught on a twirly ornament of the stair-rail and fell off. Thomas duly picked it up and returned it to the vestry. As the plaid fell off, however, it showed some big holes in the gown, and this was noticed by a number of the people. On the eve of the following Sunday, Thomas arrived at the manse so full of importance as to be unbearable, carrying a box in which reposed a magnificent new silk gown. While this was being taken to my father we decoyed Thomas to the long upstairs hall, and, fetching the old gown from its cupboard, we dressed him in it. He was much pleased as we

made him parade up and down, until sounds from the study made us fall back into order and Thomas into decorum. On Saturday afternoon it was his duty to dust the church, and these were great times for me. I would mount the pulpit, preach him a sermon, sing psalms, and have all my dolls baptised. Thomas rewarded these attentions by never-failing bouquets of 'none so pretty' and thyme in my pew each Sunday.

Just about this time a new pulpit was given to the church, and the old one was *pro tem.* put in the garden. My brother Rex had been extra wicked and sent to bed for the day, and my mother had some social function on. Happening to look out at one of the windows of the drawing-room, she caught sight of Rex in his night-gown delivering an eloquent address from the pulpit, while we others sat in silent and admiring rows on the garden path, our hands clasped round our ankles and chins on knees. Later, when we had all been sent to bed, and our mother was below engaged with guests, our riot of fun became fast and furious. Twice a maid was sent to quiet us, then a final threat of the 'taws.' Still the fun and laughter, until our mother appeared, strap in hand; whereupon we all were suddenly seized with a fervent desire to say our prayers, and down we dropped on our knees. My mother regarded us for a moment in silence, then said, 'Ah, you are all in the Holy of Holies,' and gently closing the door, she returned to her visitors.

On Sunday morning the gardener, Sandy, was specially ordered to shut up all the cocks of our many poultry-houses, and his instructions were to march up each cock and shut him in the washing-house. In time the cocks became very learned about the performance, and when the first bell began they would approach their various gates and wait, then calmly march to their lock-up. One great yellow Brahma was a special stunner in crowing, and he was always the first to be 'shoo'd' up to the washing-house. He became very tame in course of Sundays, and we all declared we had taught him to say various words by special thumps on his back. And how he enjoyed being mesmerised! One Sunday, alas! he had been forgotten, and our father was deep in his carefully committed sermon of sixty minutes when the yellow Brahma let forth his roar. There was a pause, a glance at my brothers that withered them, and Sandy slipped out to march the disturber to his cell; but the train of thought was lost, and a hymn had to be given out while the minister collected his lost threads.

In the opposite wing of the church from where our two pews were sat three gaunt, tall, unkempt men, all dressed in frock-coats of black cloth. We named them 'The World,' 'The Flesh,' and 'The Devil.' Their name was M——, and they were a constant torture to our father, either by their singing, restlessness, or inattention.

The feeling was strong against wind-instruments everywhere in our shire; but one parish near us

decided to get one of those patent harmoniums which require no organist. The psalm or hymn is inserted, and the instrument does the rest. The minister had given out the first four verses of the Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm, and the harmonium started all right, but did not stop at the fourth verse, but went on and on until the whole psalm was done. The exhausted leader of his flock then commanded its removal into the churchyard, where it played on until the small hours of the next day, and every man, woman, and child had gone to behold this strange and disobedient 'mad chest o' whistles.'

There was always church service on Thursday evening, and in the winter it was our special delight to cut faces on a number of big field-turnips, scoop out the inside, insert a lighted candle, then dangle them from the nursery windows to frighten the church-goers. Perhaps our terror of being found out added to the pleasure; anyhow, even at this late date a thrill of pleasure passes over me at the very recollection! Then, roasting apples at the nursery fire—a pin for each of us stuck in the wooden mantelshelf, and the apple dangling from a thread, a saucer below each to secure the delicious syrup. Never have roasted apples tasted half as nice since. Then the evenings with our mother while she read to us and we roasted chestnuts!

At family prayers, morning and eve, we read two verses round each, and the servants were always brought in and made to read too. Our new cook, 'Sanna,' a woman of great size and lung-power, was reading as usual until she came to the verse, 'And Moses did exceedingly fear and quake;' she said 'and quack!' There was a general explosion; we were ordered to our rooms, while our mother was seized with a sudden and very severe fit of coughing which required the burial of her face in her handkerchief. Another day our mother asked Sanna how old she was. She replied, 'I'm dirty, and my husband's dirty-two' ('I'm thirty, and my husband is thirty-two').

There was a regular needlewoman kept to mend our many socks and stockings, and even to make the small boys' trousers; but one day there was revolt. Jack had fitted on a new pair to please our mother; but when she left the room he threw the trousers at Mrs Bruce, saying, 'Wear them yourself, Bruce.' Result: he was promoted to the big boys' tailor.

A very bright spot in our small lives was made by a dear old farmer, Richard Grace. His house was not far from the manse. He was a lonely man—unmarried; and on his broad but tender breast we sobbed out many of our childish griefs. Once our brother Mark did not wait until the completion of his toilet, so anxious was he to tell Mr Grace something. His nurse, after a futile search in the house, found him seated on the good man's knee, his small body clothed only in his little flannel shirt, surmounted by his wide-brimmed garden-hat.

We had, like many other families, an aunt Jane, a very prim and wealthy old lady. She had married late in life, and had an old maid's idea of what children should be like. I believe she was very fond of us in her own way; but there were few practical proofs. Her splendid garden boasted fat gooseberries, juicy apples and pears; and, oh, the strawberries! But we were not allowed the full run of this Eden, and how we mourned! She was a widow, and was seized by periodical weeping attacks *re* her lost partner. Then it was our brother Mark shone out. He would draw his fingers through his hair, bringing it over his brows, turn up his folded collar until it reached well up his cheeks, turn down the corners of his mouth, and say, 'Oh dear! oh dear!' squeezing out a tear meanwhile; then, springing up, catch the old auntie in his arms, and say, 'Cheer up, old lady; I'd rather marry you myself than see you as put about.'

Our postman, Titus, was a great character, and was ever weighed down by the fact that he was 'On Her Majesty's Service.' He would never look at any one on the street when he carried the letters; but I've known him to relax somewhat in our garden. One snowy Christmas our sister Max had espied Titus from a top window, opened the front door, and rushed out, forgetful of the icy state of the garden path. She could not stop herself once started; and Titus, seeing this, opened his arms and she rushed into them, and they waltzed on down the path until a kindly hedge stopped them. Afterwards, when Max married and went abroad, he would tremble with delight when he saw the Indian stamp on the letter, and purchased a huge whistle, which he blew quite a quarter of a mile from the manse, so that our mother might know the wished-for letter was near. He was also obliging enough to sweep the manse chimneys periodically. He had a glass eye, which gave him much anxiety; so on those eventful mornings he would produce from his pocket a pill-box with a little pad of wadding at the bottom, and with the aid of a Lairpin fork out the glass eye, and softly placing it in his box, put it under nurse's care. A few years ago I visited again the dear old town. Titus was still postman, and one day I met him. He signed to me to follow him, with supreme dignity and gravity, up a little alley. Patting his hand in his breast-pocket, he handed me his photograph. I have it still. His masonic dress makes him look so nice, and his glass eye is in full evidence.

In the old churchyard we used to pleasantly shudder, but doubt if we should have liked it by night. It was so arranged that only a part of it could be seen at a time, and the 'dead-house' gave a reality to many of the weird stories we were told and read of, telling of 'body-lifting,' &c.; and the quaint epitaphs on the tombs were wonderful—one quite wished to have known the composers.

It was a cruel coast on which we lived, and during the winter months there were frequent shipwrecks.

I can remember one in particular. It was a Sunday night about nine o'clock, when the cries and shrieks of the drowning people could be clearly heard above the storm. Our father and the boys went to help; my mother stayed to pray. I seem still to feel the chill of the window glass as I pressed my face against it in a top room overlooking the sea, shuddering as the cries were carried to me on the wind. Next day rows of bodies lay stretched out

in the room below the town hall, and in the church-yard rows of graves tell of that awful night.

Many years have passed since these old days of which I write. Our sweet mother has entered into her kingdom. Those of us who still live are scattered far. A new generation of children run about the manse garden; and I wonder if they will some day look back as pleasantly as I do on the grand though somewhat troublous days of youth.

THE TOREADOR'S TALISMAN.

PART II.



I DIDN'T draw up until a chestnut wood, studded with granite boulders as big as elephants, offered me some charming cover; and here I spent a pestilent cool evening for the time of the year. I reckoned on finding my man at our meeting-place: we had blundered through so many scrapes that I dare say I was a trifle presumptuous by this time in the demands I made of Dame Fortune. Not, however, as it turned out.

And so in the dead of night I groped back up the hill to the hermitage. But there was no sign of the fellow, and I confess I was annoyed. It seemed to me he deserved his fate if he had been killed in failing to do what I had done with such ease.

I gave him several minutes' grace, and then, stiff though my spiked leg was, decided to explore a little higher still. The horse I tethered at the back of the shrine, where Dermot would be sure to see it (and draw conclusions) if he arrived in my absence. A lame man indeed, I stumbled on and cursed the granite stones that troubled me in the dark.

But all was quiet save for the wind that moaned from the cold Estrellas to the west. A spark or two of light where Guarda's sentinels footed it under the old castle ruin were the only tokens that I was not alone here, these three thousand feet or so above the sea's level.

I crawled on till I was close to the hut of the unfortunate rascal of a Portuguese who had played us so evil a trick. The croak of a carrion crow here made me stop sharply and peer to the left, where two or three enormous chestnut-trees with hollow trunks made black blots on the hillside. I had noticed them twice that day; the second time, even in my scamper, I thought of them that at a man's worst there would be splendid cover for his back in one of them to help him to die. From the nearest of these trees something now swayed obscurely, and, looking at it, I saw another bird rise from it and spread its wings.

It was a hanged man, of course. Portugal and Spain had such decorations in plenty between 1808 and 1813.

My concern in this particular hanged man was to

ascertain if it might be Dermot. But instead of Dermot it was Ruscendo the Spaniard, and I had scarcely learnt this when another shape loomed out from a lower bough farther on. And this was the poor little Spanish girl, Ruscendo's daughter!

Bad times they were to lead to such doings—bad enough to please the devil himself in his fondest humour!

I tried the other trees after this to see if my man might be a third tit-bit strung up for the Guarda birds to sup on. But there was no Dermot; and then I cut down the bodies and stroked the cold cheeks of that poor maid whose fate might yet have been worse than it was. A parting in the clouds shed a sulky light on the child's face and briskly flitted from it as if ashamed of the contrast of its own ugliness with her serene angel-expression. I covered her with chestnut leaves and twigs to keep the crows off until the morning, when it was to be hoped the Church would see to decent burial for both of them.

And Ruscendo also I began to cover up, babe-in-the-wood fashion. But in the act of cutting more twigs I remembered his words about that black ball of hair of his. To be sure, the coiffing itself was only a toreador's fancy, to give him an individuality to catch the eye; but he had implied something more than that.

I stooped to his head, and, fumbling at the blob, produced a little metal ellyg of a bull weighing about two ounces. This was all, and it was as of no more account than a silver snuff-box that I pocketed it and afterwards finished my task. In the meantime I had examined the cottage itself and found no trace of Dermot. And now that all was done that could be, I was for the shrine again and a brisk night-journey over the mountain into the Zezere valley.

But having returned to my Cid, here I found Dermot Lake as calm and usual as if he were just back from a mere five-mile ride for a rooster. He was handling my horse's legs, and his own horse stood by and approved his occupation.

'I'm glad to see you, my lad,' I said.

'Indeed, sir, and it's myself that was in spirits just now when I discovered your honour's charger. Belike it's no time now for explanations,' said he.

'No time at all. We must to horse and away,' said I. 'Hurt anywhere?'

He answered hesitatingly.

'No, sir—only my feelings. It's as an old woman I'm dressed, sir; and but for being able, by the grace of God, to split up her gown and reef it into a make-shift kind of breeches, it's a petticoated female I'd be this minute.'

Indeed, now that I looked at him more narrowly, he was an odd figure. But as he was sound in wind and limb, this was just nothing at all; and so off we moved up the hillside, leading our horses, and I might soon with little curiosity left in me about Dermot's adventure. My leg was crying for a bed to rest itself on, and the more I said to it 'Gee up!' the more heavily it moved. I was glad to mount when we had turned the ridge, and the rest of the descent, with the river bellowing in its gorge to the right, was no such torment. Our mounts fared badly, poor things, and with daybreak we changed them for a couple of broad-backed mules that brought us into Covilhã by breakfast-time. And here I joined Bernard's Rifles and got the blessing of medical comforts, and my man moulted his frock and could challenge the blue sky with his cocked nose as impudent as ever again.

As for his escape, there wasn't a deal in it. A clubbed musket had stretched him out while he stood rejoicing at my luck, and when his senses returned he was in the Guarda lock-up, in his shirt and socks and never a thing else. If he'd been anything but an Irishman such a situation would have chilled the heart of him; but, being what he was, he set to work on the sensibilities of the moustached wife of his jailer (an ancient body), and with a hap'orth of blarney made putty of her. She not only gave him a file, but helped him to shift the bars of the window and lavished her wardrobe on him. Nor was that all either. She told him where his horse was stabled, and how he could get it. And all the reward she asked was the favour of his prayers on saints' days, and his promise that when the British army again cleared Guarda of the French he would do what he could for Maria Pereira.

Faith! she had her reward, honest creature. The last I heard of her she was a grannie in Lisbon, with a dozen nephews and nieces courting her for the money she had saved as cook to the British Minister there. The Duke managed that for her, as he managed so much else for the deserving small fry as well as the heroes in the land.

But to get on with my story as far as Rasendo the toreador has a hand in it. With a healed leg I found the Duke and gave him my news, with which he was moderately pleased.

'When are you going to get killed, Bill Buckingham?' he asked afterwards, as dry as dust. 'They talk about my life being charmed, but I couldn't have rushed that crowd in Guarda like you without picking up a few tiresome leaden friends. You're the most wonderful man in the Intel-

ligence Department, not excepting Colonel Grant himself.'

As may be supposed, I thanked my lord for that compliment.

'And the most lucky!' he added, as if he meant it.

It was an inspiration that made me at that moment haul out the little golden bull which I had taken from the toreador's head.

'Has your lordship any fancy for trinkets like this?' I said, seeing that for once he appeared to have a spare minute or two.

'Very pretty,' quoth he; 'very neat,' examining the article. 'Whom did you kill for it?'

I'll do the Duke the justice to say no one was more ready to apologise like a gentleman when he had misjudged a fellow-soldier. I told him the entire history of the thing; and then he gave me back the toreador's talisman, and smiled.

'I'm sorry, Buckingham. I wronged you just now,' he said. 'I eat my words to the last syllable of them. And keep your booty, man. Much obliged to you; but I've no room for such lumber. I've another kind of bull to get by the horns, and, egad, sir! it's taking me all my time. Good-day to you, Captain Buckingham.'

After that it was just chance and a bad evening at piquet with Forrett of the Light Division which brought me to the most disappointing pitch of necessity that ever came even to one of the Tipperary Buckinghams, a family renowned for their chastenings at the hands of Providence.

I gave Forrett my I O U for the seven guineas I was short, and in the morning looked up Harky Hart, that sharp son of Jerusalem who made two fortunes between 1811 and 1816 as a camp-follower and purchaser of things that had lost their proper owners.

He was called Harky for his way of prefacing an offer with a 'Harkee, captain!' 'Harkee, my lad!' and so forth, according to the quality of his customers.

Harky Hart was immediately interested in my bull when I had again related its little history.

'Now that, captain,' he said, 'is something like. It's gold, of a sort, and it's not ill-shaped. They bring me china vases six feet high and mirrors ten feet square, and, by Joshua! they grumble if I don't pay for 'em by the square inch when it costs me a fortune to keep the rubbish from being smashed to little pieces. I'll give you five guineas for this, captain, just because it's so small.'

I told the rogue I'd been offered ten. It was true, too; though Danby White made it a deucedly provisional offer: he'd give it me when we were both in England again.

'Harkee, captain!' said the rascal to this; 'it's broken. You can hear its ribs rattle. But I'll tell you what; I'll pay for it at three guineas the ounce, and that's full melting-price, or thereabouts.'

Out came his pocket scales, and with great grum-

bling Harky Hart handed me seven guineas and a quarter.

And then he pulled his own nose as if he were possessed by immeasurable glee, and remarked :

'That was a very pretty story the poor bull-fighter told you, Captain Buckingham ; but don't you think the Emperor of Morocco was making fun of him ?'

'Faith ! and it has occurred to me, Harky,' said I.

'Yes ; and unless it was not so,' said he, hoisting a burning-glass to his eye and examining the bull, 'it is you who have made fun of me. I have given you a magnificent price. God grant I have not wronged myself and my dear little children at home !'

I hadn't finished laughing before the Jew waddled away, with many dubious shakes of the head. The idea of Harky Hart wronging any one except a client was too subtle for my sanity. And that evening I passed the joke along at dinner as something too good to keep, and the laugh went with it again. Only one fellow kept a steady countenance. It was Grimestone of the Engineers.

'I'll lay you an even guinea,' said Grimestone when we were quiet, 'that your talisman would have been cheap to Hart at a thousand guineas.'

'Take him, Bill,' cried Porrett ; and, faith ! I booked that wager as I booked so many others I'd no probability of proving.

'Right ! I'll see Hart about it in the morning,' said Grimestone.

But in the morning there was no Harky Hart anywhere to be found or heard of. He had cleared off for Lisbon with an ambulance-party, and thus for the present there was an end of him.

And, egad ! it wasn't a time with the rest of us to be thinking deeply about him or guinea-wagers either. Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, San Sebastian, and Mars himself alone know how many tough little affairs filled up our leisure. And I was never idle even when the rest were playing at winter quarters.

The allies were wonderful throughout these months and years, as all creation that matters to us knows full well ; and the Duke was—himself, consistently.

This brings us to December 1812, St Jean de Luz, and a ball at the Hôtel de Ville which his worship the Mayor was good enough to give at the General's suggestion. I was at that ball, and so was Grimestone.

Of course there were mighty few ladies to help us along—eighteen, to be exact ; and maybe three hundred of us officers. That was how Grimestone and I happened to be waltzing together.

Grimestone came prancing up to me when I was drinking a drop with Baysham of Lord Hill's division, and finely excited and amused he seemed.

'Will you give me the pleasure of a dance, Miss Buckingham, dear ?' said he, with a monkey smile.

'After you've drunk something, Grim,' said I. 'And what's in the wind ?'

He winked at the others.

'A very fine lady's in the wind, Miss Buckingham,' said he. 'I'm thinking you'll be as jealous as Jacob when you see how she glitters.'

With that I stopped his nonsense by taking his arm for the joke, and allowing him to lead me into the circle. Maybe my figure was not exactly lady-like, and, faith ! it's not grieved I am to own it. I laughed as loud as the others, begad ! I did, when Grimestone slung his arm round my waist.

'Got a guinea about you, Bill ?' he whispered, with another of his grimaces we started.

'Not a franc,' said I. 'Why ?'

'Tell you when you're windled,' said he ; and away we whisked.

He continued his story when we were getting our breath, with our legs straight before us, sitting on the blue benches by the wall, with mirrors at our backs and a man serving champagne to us.

'Seen Harky Hart ?' Grimestone asked.

'Not since—you know when,' said I.

'No ? Yet he's about. His wife's here too. I'll introduce you. Come along.'

He jumped up and rudely enough stopped Brigadier Benson, who was passing with a gay of an old woman on his arm. But the Brigadier forgave him.

'It's all right. Don't apologise,' he said.—'*Merci beaucoup, madame* !' and with a brisk bow he released himself from this red-faced creature in white silk and feathers, with diamonds by the hundred about her, and one superb gem in her hair just below the feathers.

'Baroness,' said Grimestone, 'my friend Captain Buckingham solicits the honour of an introduction.'

'With pleasure, sir,' cried she, all eagerness, smiles, and perspiration.

And then I made my bow, and was only half through it when I understood that it was Harky Hart's wife to whom I was being presented. And then we all laughed. 'They were gay times as well as red times.'

'I'll leave you,' said Grimestone, 'and by-and-by you'll pay me my guinea.'

Before I could say another word the woman was astonishing me.

'Captain Buckingham,' she whispered, 'what a beautiful romance it was about you and the diamond ! My husband Reuben says he won't have the impudence to face you, but "Rubbish !" says I. "I'll tell him myself, and he'll behave like a true gentleman about it, as sure as my name's Susannah." This is it on the buckle of my plume.'

'I give you my word, madame,' said I, 'that I don't know what you're talking about.'

She laughed with the noise of a rocket.

'La, no,' she said ; 'how simple of me not to remember ! But it's nothing to your own simplicity, captain. My husband says so too, and, buss me ! he *should* be a judge. Why, the diamond was in the little gold bull's stomach, if I may mention such a thing to a gentleman and an officer. Reuben guessed there was something good in it, and he

found the opening, and—he's refused five thousand guineas in Bond Street for it. The best of it is, you haven't a claim on Reuben for another farthing! He bought us a title last year in one of those little German kingdoms that used to have kings each to 'em—so he says, Captain Buckingham; but that's between you and me and the looking-glass. But it's a sure thing he wouldn't have wasted his money on such extravagance if it hadn't a-been for the diamond. "It'd grace a princess, old woman," said he; and though I'm only forty-seven, captain, I wasn't offended for joy of thinking how my beauty was going to be adorned, and my name too."

Grimstone had drifted back to us; he was finger-ing his chin and smiling.

I grasped misfortune with iron fingers and rose—I *hope* with the composure of a gentleman.

'You may mention me to your husband if you like, madam,' said I, 'and tell him that I have no wish to excel in the more sordid arts of life. I bear him no malice. Your servant.'

And, faith! in ten minutes I was roaring with laughter about it, and telling the tale for all listeners. But it took some doing. And Grimstone's guinea was a painful trifle to hand over in such circumstances.

Thank God! the Buckinghams could no more outwit a fellow-creature like Hanky Hart than they could fly with the old family manor-house tied to their boots!

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

SHELL-FISH.



WE have heard much of late of the 'oyster scare' due to the contamination of that favourite delicacy, owing to its feeding in polluted water. But for every oyster consumed as food there must be

hundreds of the smaller kinds of shell-fish which form a staple article of diet among the poorer classes. In the humbler streets of our cities may be seen barrows loaded with mussels and cockles, which are sold by the sauciful. In a report made to the Local Government Board in 1895, it was shown that these fish, which are cooked before being hawked about the streets, are a source of danger from the fact that the cooking is not sufficient to thoroughly destroy the micro-organisms of enteric fever or cholera, should they be present. The Fishmongers' Company have lately caused some experiments to be made by Dr Klein, their bacteriological adviser, and he confirmed the opinion expressed in that report. It would seem from these experiments that the common practice of plunging the shells into boiling water lowers the temperature to such a degree that the heat is not sufficient to sterilise their contents, and that if the boiling be continued until this result is brought about the fish are unsaleable. It is suggested that by a system of steaming in properly devised apparatus the difficulty might be met. Mussels, it is stated, are more difficult to deal with than cockles; they are very foul feeders, and not easy to sterilise.

PEARLS.

It is, perhaps, because the oyster is so tolerant of germs of different kinds that Professor Dubois of Paris was led to try an experiment which is said to be successful, although we should be inclined to take it with the customary grain of salt. He has, it is said, found it possible to inoculate oysters with

the disease of which the pearl is a result. The Chinese have for a long time practised the art of pearl-culture with the fresh-water mussel, the method adopted being the insertion into the living mussel of little balls of wax. The creature is then returned to the water, and endeavours to reduce the discomfort arising from the presence of these intruders by covering them with a layer of nacre or mother-of-pearl. Specimens of shells lined with rows of these artificially induced gems can be seen in many of our museums.

CIDER-MAKING.

A report on the subject of this industry, written by expert workers, has recently been published by the Board of Agriculture, and it is to be hoped that farmers in apple-growing districts will profit by it. We learn from it that at present the work of cider-making is of a most hap-hazard kind, no two districts producing a cider of like quality, whilst very often the product from two farms in the same district will be totally unlike. What is wanted is greater uniformity of practice, greater cleanliness, and an effort to disestablish 'rule of thumb' in favour of scientific methods. In the year 1897 large quantities of apples were bought in Somersetshire and taken to France for conversion into cider, and the question naturally arises, how could it pay our farmers better to dispose of their fruit thus than to make it into cider themselves? There is a notion that the public demand here is for a sweet cider, which is more easy of production than is a 'dry' kind. But possibly the public care for this because they have no experience of anything better. 'Place before them a good dry cider,' says one of the authors of this report, 'and few would ask for wine.' They recommend the making of three brands of the beverage: 'A,' extra dry, containing not more than 2 per cent. of sugar; 'B,' dry, with 4 per cent.; and 'C,' sweet, containing a greater excess of saccharine matter.

Cider-making is one of the few industries in which foreigners have not as yet entered into competition with us; but if our farmers neglect it, they may step in to meet the demand for a good quality which undoubtedly exists in this country.

LAYING THE DUST.

A few years ago there was much correspondence in the papers concerning the advantage of salt-water for street use at our seaside resorts. It was naturally claimed that to employ fresh-water which had been carefully purified for drinking purposes was wasteful in the extreme. The sea was inexhaustible, and the use of its water on the roadways gave the surface a compactness which it did not before possess. Besides, a supply laid on for watering purposes would be gladly taken advantage of by those who valued a sea-bath in their own houses. Perhaps the most convincing argument in favour of the innovation was the saving to the ratepayers which it promised. Alas for all these anticipated benefits! after a few years' trial sea-water is pronounced to be an utter failure for watering purposes. The salt-mud which it makes in conspiracy with the soil dissolves the varnish off the carriages, the salt-dust deliquesces on the goods of the tradesmen, and the water itself corrodes the pipes in which it is carried to its mischievous work. One more sin is laid to the score of the water: in escaping from the leaky pipes it gets to the roots of the trees and kills them off wholesale. Further particulars concerning this matter may be gathered from a report recently made to the corporation of Hastings, Sussex, by their engineer.

INSECT PESTS.

The South African farmer has to reckon with a singularly large variety of insect depredators, and of these the tick which infests goats, sheep, and cattle is perhaps the most dreaded. A recent issue of the *Cape of Good Hope Agricultural Journal* contains the account of the manner in which a farmer successfully combated the scourge so far as it affects goats. He had a large flock of these animals which were badly affected with the tick, and he found what appears to be a remedy in the wild garlic. He gave the goats a small quantity of this plant, and, although the insects were not killed, they forsook their hosts. The following year the animals were quite free from the pest when the tick-season arrived. It will be a good thing for South African farmers if this simple treatment be found efficacious in other hands, and we shall look forward with interest to corroboration of the statement made.

CHIMNEYS THAT SMOKE.

Among the minor inconveniences of civilised life is the chimney with a down-draught, which causes the smoke to retrace its steps with the most disagreeable results. Many devices have been introduced to cure this evil, as an extensive view of

chimney-pot land in any of our cities will prove. But we are not aware that the various wonderful forms which have been given to the smoke outlet have had any effect in correcting the vagaries of the really obstinate chimney. A new appliance, which has the merit of simplicity, while it is almost invisible from the street-level, has been introduced by Messrs Greig & Smith of St Andrews, N.B. It has the form of a cross, which is made of such a size that it will fit into the opening of an ordinary domestic chimney-pot. This cross is made of galvanised iron, and is composed of a series of V-shaped channels, one below the other. The idea is that when the wind strikes the opening from any quarter, it will, instead of finding an uninterrupted channel down the chimney, strike these metallic canals and be immediately deflected upwards. The invention has been fitted to a number of houses in St Andrews, and is deservedly appreciated.

DESTRUCTION OF NATURAL SCENERY.

There is something like a continual battle going on between those who value the beauties of nature and regard them as a precious heritage, and those whose ideas are of a more utilitarian character. Such a conflict is just now raging in the county of Somersetshire between rival factions, one of which is desirous of preserving that grand gorge in the Cheddar cliffs, the like of which cannot be matched in the country, and the unique piece of river-scenery at Clifton near Bristol; while the other is intent upon snatching up the limestone at both places for the purpose of making road-metal of the pieces. There are plenty of other places from which the stone could be procured, but there happens to be a road with an easy gradient to the railway at Cheddar, and a convenient waterway at Clifton, thus making transport of the mineral cheaper than it otherwise would be. It is to be hoped for the credit of human nature that the threatened obliteration of two such beauty spots will not be allowed to proceed.

REAFFORESTATION.

It is a relief to turn from such vandalism to the scheme formulated by the recently inaugurated Midland Reafforesting Association, the object of which is to cover with trees and verdure the waste-lands, pit-tips, and 'spoil' banks—the refuse of mining operations—which have led to a considerable stretch of land being known as the 'Black Country.' It is estimated that no fewer than thirty thousand acres of land have been converted into these waste-heaps, half of which are now lying idle and useless. One cannot turn such land to farming purposes; but it is known that certain kinds of trees will flourish on it, and the prospect of turning this ashy wilderness into forest glades is a very pleasing one. The cost will not be great, and all lovers of nature are appealed to to help in the work by subscribing towards it. It may be re-

membered that trees are not only grateful to the eye; they purify the air by absorbing noxious gases and present us in exchange with life-giving oxygen.

VELOXITE.

This is the name of a new smokeless gunpowder which has been, after nine years' hard work and countless experiments, invented by Colonel W. Hope. He claims for it several advantages. It has nearly double the power as a propelling agent, weight for weight, of Waltham Abbey powder; it contains no nitro-compound, no sulphur, phosphorus, chlorate, or dangerous ingredient of any kind. It can be hammered on an anvil without explosion, and its fabrication from exceedingly cheap materials is absolutely safe. Its manufacture is singularly quick, veloxite made in the morning being ready for use the same afternoon. It has no shattering effect upon the gun, and can be used for small arms or field-pieces indifferently. We glean these particulars from a letter which the inventor recently addressed to the *Times*.

A NEW GAS-ENGINE.

The gas-engine, sometimes in company with the electric motor and often alone, is fast filling the place in which formerly the steam-engine held undisputed sway. It takes up far less space than the steam-engine, for no boiler and furnace are required, and it is more economical in maintenance. It is not a matter for surprise that many inventors have been endeavouring to improve an appliance for which there is such a great demand, and one of the foremost of these is Adolf Vogt, who has invented a gas-engine which it is believed by many will bring about quite a revolution in engine construction. Its consumption of gas is small, it gives in one cylinder two impulses per second, and the explosion of the gaseous mixture takes place in water. This is the novel feature, for the presence of water in the cylinder keeps the working parts perfectly cool, and no lubrication is necessary. At the present time only a small engine of less than two horse-power has been made; but it is found to consume no more gas per indicated horse-power-hour than a two hundred horse-power ordinary gas-engine requires.

DUST-RAISING MOTOR-CARS.

No one can deny that one of the great inconveniences connected with the motor-car is its tendency to raise thick clouds of dust from the highways through which it passes. Recognising this evil, the Automobile Club caused an inquiry to be instituted into the question, under the supervision of Colonel Crompton, C.B., and Mr Crawley. The cycle-track at the Crystal Palace was selected as the theatre of operations, and a portion of the track was laid with the sweepings from a flour-mill, which were raked over and renewed between each test. It was soon found that the eye was not capable of estimating fairly the great differences which existed in the dust-raising abilities of different cars, and the camera was enlisted as recording officer with the most

satisfactory results. Two cameras were employed, and the cars were photographed by them simultaneously as they travelled past at various speeds; and the photographs, some hundreds in number, show that, while certain cars are very dusty ones, others raise no more dust than a horse-drawn vehicle. From these experiments it would seem that the amount of dust raised does not so much depend upon the kind of tire employed as was at first believed, but rather upon the amount of space below the car. If this is quite unimpeded by hanging gear, or in any other way, the dust raised is not considerable.

DANGERS OF DUST.

It may be remembered that the low death-rate in this country during the past year is attributed by experts to the abnormal amount of rain which kept down the dust, and with the dust pathogenic germs. We may judge from this that dust must be regarded as something more than a mere inconvenience. And to do the motorists justice, we must own that it is even more disagreeable to them than it is to pedestrians and others. An hour's motor-ride on a dusty road means that the pulverised soil finds its way into every crevice of the clothing and mats the hair into a semi-solid mass. Hence the use of defensive armour in the shape of goggles, overalls, &c., which are supplied by so many enterprising dealers. A special form of antiseptic soap has been introduced, under the name of rubstitute, by Messrs Kay Brothers of Stockport, for the special use of motorists. A bath after a dusty journey is not a matter of luxury, but of necessity.

ALLEGED RADIUM CURES.

According to advices from New York, Dr J. W. Horton of that city has met with some success in the treatment of internal cancer by the help of radium. We should hesitate about giving currency to a report which might raise false hopes among sufferers from this dreadful malady did not the method adopted by the doctor exhibit some original features. At the same time, it is as well to state that there is at present no corroboration of the alleged cures. The treatment consists in dosing the patient with quinine sulphate, and then holding near the body a tube of radium. Quinine sulphate becomes luminous (fluorescent) when brought near radium, and the novel part of the treatment is the employment of this fluorescence as the curative agent. But the liquid will fluoresce by the action of the ultra-violet rays, by the radiations from an exhausted bulb through which an electric current is passed, or by the X-rays. Hence any of these agents should prove as efficient in this new treatment of malignant growths as radium.

MUSHROOMS.

The January issue of *Knowledge* has an interesting article upon the growth of the mushroom, and combats the popular belief that this fungus comes to maturity in a single night, although it is true

that when a certain stage of development has been reached below ground it makes a spurt, and its growth is completed in one or two days. The spores of the fungi are dispersed in an interesting manner, the most universal agent in the work of distribution being the wind, as can be observed when a puff-ball is crushed under foot. Insects are also agents in spore diffusion, and they are responsible for the spread of fungus epidemics by alternately visiting or feeding upon diseased and healthy plants. In the group of fungi to which the 'stinkhorn' belongs, and of which there are only three representatives in Britain, we have an interesting example of the work of insects. The surface of the fungus is covered with a green semi-fluid secretion, sweet to the taste, but with a very fetid smell according to human ideas. In this secretion the spores are embedded, and various insects, but mostly flies, devour these spores, which are unaltered in their passage through the alimentary track. We thus see that in some of the fungi the allurements of sweet taste and smell are used for unconscious dispersion of the spores, just as in many of the flowers cross-fertilisation is secured by the same agencies.

FACTS ABOUT PERU.

Mr E. Higginson, Consul for Peru at Southampton, has sent out a circular and map containing many interesting facts about that country, which, he says, has an area approximately six times that of the United Kingdom, or three and a half times that of Germany. What the Republic wants is more population, the density of which is as one to seventy compared with the United Kingdom. More industrial and agricultural activity is also wanted, and more capital to develop minerals. The white race is most largely distributed along the coast; the bulk of the Peruvian population, over two millions of the native Indian race, lives in the Sierra, where the climate is healthiest. The natives are described as strong and frugal, and much sought after as mining labourers. They are not the least like

negroes, but are descendants of the Incas, and are of a strong constitution, with a light skin. The main agricultural products are sugar-cane, coffee, cocoa, cotton, maize, and grapes. On the coast there are immense natural deposits of guano, some of which have not yet been exploited. Rubber and gold production is on the increase; that of silver, formerly so large, is capable of increase. The Oroya or Trans-Andean Railway crosses the Cordillera at a height of fifteen thousand six hundred and forty-two feet, and leads to the rich mines of Cerro de Pasco, forming part of the route leading to a port on one of the navigable tributaries of the Ucayali. Lima, with a population of one hundred and twenty thousand, has a good system of electric tramways; while at Callao, the chief port, the largest ships can come right alongside the quays.

DISUSED PIT-SHAFTS.

The sudden sinking into the earth and burial alive of an unfortunate man in one of the main streets of Hanley has called attention to the existence in North Staffordshire and many other places of disused and forgotten shafts which may at any time prove death-traps to those walking above them. In the Potteries district some of the towns are said to be honeycombed with these old workings, and in Cheshire subsidences due to the pumping of brine are common enough. At certain places in Australia, notably at Ballarat and Bendigo, there are several of these dangerous chasms, which again and again have been the scene of terrible accidents. There seems to be urgent need of a law which shall compel such pits to be filled up or otherwise efficiently guarded when mining operations cease. It would possibly be a very difficult measure to carry out, and we must remember that such shafts have been sunk in what were originally sparsely inhabited places. Towns have now sprung up on the site of the old workings, which have in too many cases been covered over with perishable material.

THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN GREENE.

A SHOOTING ADVENTURE IN INDIA.

By PILGRIM.



HIS happened a good many years ago; but I saw it happen, and it made an impression on me which is not yet effaced. I was with my regiment in India at a remote little station in the North-West Provinces, on the borders of the Nepal Terai. *Terai* means, I may explain, forest and swamp, the home of every description of wild animal, from the lordly elephant and fierce tiger to the timid deer. I was keen on sport in those days, and made the most of my opportunities, as the trophies show which now

adorn the walls of my ancestral home. Most of my hunting expeditions were made alone, or in the company of one or two kindred and congenial spirits, generally brother-officers. But every year, in the month of April or in the beginning of May, we used to organise 'drives' on a big scale in the forests near the cantonment; and on these occasions a large party always went out, five or six guns at least; for these drives were exceedingly popular. In the first place, they involved no particular trouble or exertion—no camping out or anything of that kind—as they took

place within easy riding or driving distance of the station; in the next place, good sport was assured, as the forests were full of game, and it was easy to drive it up to the guns; and, finally, there was a good *al fresco* lunch to look forward to, and generally a little excitement to expect, as the jungles were known to hold dangerous beasts, such as panthers, as well as deer and pig.

On the particular occasion of which I am telling six of us were out, and Captain Greene was one of the party. He was a retired officer. He owned a little property in the place, and lived on it. He did not very much care for shooting, and was not much of a shot, but he generally joined us in these annual drives; and being 'a good sort,' he was always welcome. The rendezvous was about twenty miles from the station. Another man and I had gone out the day before to collect the beaters and organise the drives, and make all the arrangements. It was the first week in May, and the heat was terrific.

The forests hereabout covered hundreds of square miles. The trees were principally *sil* (*Shorea robusta*), and there was very little undergrowth. At this season of the year the ground was thickly strewn with dry leaves, and the scurrying feet of driven animals could be heard by the expectant watchers at their posts long before the beasts themselves were viewed.

The drives were engineered thus: The forests were already divided up into huge blocks, each fully a mile square, by clearings, or rides, about twenty yards wide, cut right through them in every direction. These were supposed to be some protection against fire. They were, at all events, very useful to us for our shoots. The guns were posted at intervals of two hundred to three hundred yards along the edge of one of these clearings, each man standing behind a tree, and improving his shelter with impromptu screens made from boughs and bushes. His gun-bearer or coolie crouched by his side. On the far side of the block, a mile away, some three hundred or four hundred native beaters were marshalled in a long line by orderlies and head *shikaris*, and at a given signal they all moved forward together in the direction of the guns. Their orders were to advance slowly and silently; no talking or shouting was allowed; but they just tapped the trunks of the trees with their sticks as they marched along. That was quite enough to put up whatever game was ahead without actually terrifying the disturbed animals into headlong flight.

On this particular day, when all was ready, I was on the extreme right of the line. Greene was next to me. I had seen all the others placed before taking up my own post. My parting words to Greene had been, 'Now, old chap, mind you shoot straight, and we'll make a big bag to-day.' And he had answered, 'Right you are. So long!'

I reached my place. The signal was given, and the drive commenced. I have often wondered since

that some one was not shot on these occasions. We could not see each other; and as all the shooting was at animals crossing the clearing, bullets used to hum up and down the line and glance off the tree-trunks in the most exciting manner; and it was always an intense relief to me when the day was over to know that no killed or wounded sportsman or beater had been added to the bag. I know I always lay very low myself, and kept well under cover. On this occasion game was plentiful. Spotted deer (*Axis maculatus*) streamed out in herds. Surely there is no more graceful or beautiful creature in creation than the *cheetal* stag: that is his name in India. With his dappled hide, his branching antlers, his perfect proportions and slender, supple limbs, he is a picture as he stands at gaze for a moment and 'snuffs the tainted gale.'

But it is no time for sentiment. Bang! goes a rifle, and the lordly leader of the herd drops in his tracks without a quiver, shot through the heart, while his harem of startled does dash panic-stricken across the fatal line, and in ten seconds are out of sight, and almost out of hearing. The nyghan too, the great blue bull, a kind of heavy antelope, is frequently beaten out; and sounders of wild-pig rush madly across the dangerous zone, generally losing some of their number *en route*; for we are hundreds of miles from any pig-sticking country, and here it is quite permissible to shoot the old gray boars if you can. I have 'downed' one myself this morning, and a couple of stags too, so I am quite satisfied, and I may get more yet. But the heat is coming on apace. We impose silence on the drivers, as I have said, but towards the end of a drive, as frightened animals try to break back, they get excited, and shout encouragement and yell cautions to each other in no uncertain tones. But what is that shriek on my left? That is not from a beater. Again and again! And who is this? A coolie, with blanched face and starting eyeballs, who staggers up to me, and gasping out, 'Sahib, a tiger! a tiger! My sahib is killed!' drops breathless on the ground.

Everything in the shape of a cat is a tiger to a terrified coolie. I knew there were no tigers in that particular bit of country; but there were panthers not a few in these forests, and they are quite as dangerous. So, realising that some accident had happened, I left my post, and, followed by my orderly, ran down the line as hard as I could go. I did not take me long to reach Greene's post. It was empty! But fifty yards beyond it a struggle of some kind was going on, for the long grass was moving violently, and, mingled with the sound of snarling growls, Greene could be heard calling for help. Never shall I forget the tragic picture that I saw as I rushed up. A magnificent panther, itself paralysed by a broken back, had Greene on the ground, having seized him by the knee, which was crunched up in its powerful jaws! The unfortunate man had dropped his empty rifle, and, exhausted and helpless, and bespattered with blood, his

own and the panther's, had almost resigned himself to his fate when I came up. 'Shoot him, sonny!' he said. 'Shoot him quickly, for God's sake, or he'll do for me!' I did shoot, but I had to be careful, as man and beast were so mixed up. However, I put the muzzle of my gun within six inches of the panther's shoulder and killed him on the spot. Even then he did not relax his hold, and we actually had to pull his jaws open to release Greene from the deadly grip in which he had him fixed. I then helped the poor fellow to rise. But it was only for an instant. His right knee was pulp.

We laid him out on the ground, and put a folded blanket under the mangled limb. Then we lopped down some saplings and made a rude litter, and placing him on it, started for home.

But home was twenty miles away across country, and it was already long past noon. However, the journey had to be accomplished, and the sooner we were off the better. We had cut his trouser-leg off the mangled limb, washed the wound as well as we could, and bandaged it with our handkerchiefs. That was all we could do for him—and give him some whisky to keep him going. The poor chap was wonderfully cheery and plucky, though the heat was awful and the jolting of his rude conveyance agonising. He was a good deal cut and torn by the panther's claws on the shoulder and inside the thigh, but the only place bitten was the knee. He would talk, though I begged him to keep quiet. He told me he had seen the grass in front of his post waving. Some animal was evidently moving through it. He thought it was a boar probably; so he fired, and, whatever it was, it dropped. Then, poor fellow! he did a wrong and a foolish thing. Contrary to all rules of the game, he left his post to see what he had shot. The grass happened to be unusually thick just in this place; and, his coolie helping, he worked through it, separating it with his hands to make a way as he advanced. Searching thus, he suddenly almost trod on a huge panther; and before he could recoil the beast had seized him. Its back was broken by the shot he had fired at it, so it could not move from the spot where it lay; but he had so literally stumbled on to it that it had him in an instant, and, as I have said, never let go again till it was dead. The coolie fled immediately, panic-stricken and shrieking. He himself struggled on the ground in vain with the huge cat that held him fast. One barrel of his rifle was still loaded, and he managed to fire it, but without effect; and he realised that it was only a question of seconds, when I appeared upon the scene and released him. Such were the simple facts. But they cost him first his leg, and then—a day or two later—his life. Our mournful little procession dragged its weary way into the dusty station as day was breaking on the morning following the accident. One of our party had ridden ahead for help, so a doctor had come out to meet us, and everything was ready for the reception and care

of the sufferer. An operation was performed without delay, the leg being amputated high above the knee. But the shock to the system had been too great; he never rallied from it. He died that night, and was buried on the following evening. There was no person in the place. Our colonel read the funeral service, and I commanded the firing-party that paid him his last earthly honours. It will be long before any of us forget that 'drive.' I ought to add that we brought the dead panther in too, knowing he would be viewed with special interest. He measured, as he lay on the ground, from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail, eight feet three inches! He was, in fact, a monster.

TEN YEARS AFTER.

Thus do the gods control their puppets' game.

Ten years ago to-night—the time is long;

I wonder if you can recall the same

Like singer some forgotten song.

Do you? The years are long and time is kind.

I was a boy, and your great eyes

Forgave me when they might have struck me blind.

Forgiveness then was Paradise.

I, young, so loving, and (I thought) so true,

Aspired to you. Your smile was wise

At my avowal—I so foolish; you

An angel in a thin disguise.

How grand it was to love! and you were kind

Beyond my scant deserving; you

Who thanked me like a queen for love resigned.

For long? E'en then I think you knew.

You knew me, told me that my love would die.

I burned denial, every chord

Beat out avowal of my future life:

'I love—forever is the word.'

Well, it was sweet, and we are friends

Of that grand sort who make life bright;

To-night I come to think the good God lends

Such souls as yours to give us light.

So late! Just let me take your hand once—there!

I certain in my old sweet life;

The sweeter act has now begun. I hear

A footstep. Do you know my wife?

ALAN. R. MULGAN.

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

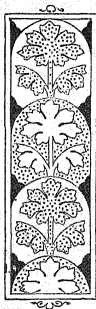
* * * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 393 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of illegibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if illegible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

A COMEDY OF LIEUTENANTS.

By RICHARD ARTHUR.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART I.



ON a still August evening, during the war with Napoleon, a cosy group of three was seated among the hydrangeas on the lawn of Government House, Guernsey. In a patriarchal easy-chair sat His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, a picture of easy dignity; in his mouth a huge cheroot, and on his head a huge straw wideawake. At his right hand, in a still easier chair, sat Her Excellency the Governor's lady. Both the Governor and 'Madam' (as she was called in St Peter Port society) were worth looking at. They were living embodiments of the adjective 'jolly.' Jolly were the curves and lines in their hearty and capacious figures; jolly it was to see how the old General would slap his wife on the shoulder at a good joke, and how liberally they would both laugh at it till the very tears rolled down their ruddy cheeks. And jolly were the beaming eyes of His Excellency as they revelled in the rich evening prospect which unfolded itself at his feet. For he was a perfect Syntax in his zeal for the picturesque, and always caused his chair (and Madam's) to be so planted as to command the widest sweep of the delightful seascape which lay far below. And on this evening his view was a glorious one. The setting sun was flooding the islets of Herm and Jethou with radiant changing colours, like the shiftings of the kaleidoscope; Sark, in the transparent stillness, might almost have been within musket-range from Castle Cornet, though you remembered that nearly three good leagues of water lay between. And so quiet was the air that not a leaf trembled, and the very puffs of smoke from the Governor's cigar curled lazily up, as if loath to hasten into invisibility on an evening so resplendent.

The third figure in the group was that of a naval officer, a blue-eyed, muscular, supple-limbed man of thirty. In his stiff stock and tightly buttoned uniform coat, the whole erect and alert aspect of

the man marked the firm though courteous protest of a strenuous life against an easy one. His name is Pengelly—Lieutenant Pengelly, in charge of the signal-station at Jerbourg; no light sinecure in the year of grace eighteen hundred and three, the narrow seas swarming with the tricolour, and every French port, from Cherbourg to La Rochelle, as ready to pour forth a cloud of privateers at an instant's warning as the crags at Moulin Huet to pour forth a cloud of sea-news, rousing the twilight shadows with their screaming, at some burst of shouting or chance-shot from the lonely heights far above.

'No, sir,' said the lieutenant. 'I stand to it that we want more brains. Of course we've got the pluck, and all the rest of it; but whenever a man has to play the part of a fox, why, we're nowhere. Our people are quite safe at "out outlances to board;" but when it's a matter of wit we always go under. Only the other day, you remember, Jordan allowed himself to be fooled by a man whom he picked up in mid-Channel, and who declared himself to be a starving American, but who turned out (when the mischief was done) to be a French spy with a crop as full as any turkey. Farquharson, again, gets outwitted by the most transparent trick at the hands of that scoundrel Sheridan—a man who would have been strung up to one of our yard-arms if our chaps had the smartness of a dormouse. And Franklin falls into the stale old trap laid for him by the Frenchman who pretends to be bent, hauls down his colours, and while you're thinking how nice your name will look in the *Gazette*, gets you at an advantage and licks you. If I were the Admiralty I'd have no mercy on chumps. If a man has a piece of bad luck, all right. Don't let him suffer because Providence saw fit to bear up a seventy-four against his thirty-eight. But once a man lets himself be tricked, then amen. No second chance—make him cut the service instant. Let him go into the Preventives if he likes, and raise cabages.'

But we've no use for a chap who can't smell a dodge ten miles off."

"Gad, my boy!" said the Governor, chuckling with quiet merriment at the lieutenant's vigour, "I'm thinking pickled cabbage would be cheap after a year or two of your plan. You'd need a Benevolent Association for the Employment of Weak-Witted Naval Officers on the Cultivation of the Land. I suppose you'd make it retrospective; put out all the old Johnnies who've got sung shore-billetts because they can't be trusted on deck, eh?"

"I would, sir, most certainly; bad example for a champ to feel that he's only got to hang on long enough and there's a nice house for him in Portsmouth Dockyard, with a fat living and nothing to do but consume Government stores all the rest of his life. I'd bundle them all out—half-pay, if you like; nothing more."

"But," said Madam, "don't you think your measures would be downright hard on some—poor Farquharson, for instance? You may say he was tricked; but how could he tell the order was false?"

"Ah, by the way," said the Governor, "what was that tale?"

"Why," said the lieutenant, "it was off Brest, you remember. French and Spanish fleets were lying blockaded in the harbour, and Cornwallis told off Farquharson in the *Pigmy* to watch them. He took up a position just out of range of the Pointe Mathias Battery. It was black night—not a thing to be seen for the darkness; but every one was on the *qui vive*. Farquharson himself was peering through the gloom, fancying something was afoot shorewards, he couldn't tell what, when suddenly a voice softly hailed the ship: "Is that the *Pigmy*?" "Yes; who are you?" "Cap'n's coxswain of the *Diomedé*, sir, with a note from the Admiral for Cap'n Farquharson." They flashed a light outboard; the boat looked genuine enough—four blue-jackets and the coxswain. The note was passed up, and proved to be an order directing Farquharson to man and arm boats instantly for a cutting-out job—silence—no lights—muffled oars, and all the rest of it; tailing up with "The coxswain who brings this note will guide your party to a rendezvous with the boats from the *Agincourt*, *Pallas*, and *Diomedé*." Well, they bundled into the boats, and off; the *Diomedé* gig leading. After rowing for nearly half-an-hour they saw, as well as they could through the darkness, a number of boats ahead. Some one passed the word to lie on their oars; but hardly had it gone round before there was a blaze of light and a devil of a rain of shot at them from all quarters. The boats round closed in, and turned out to be, every man-Jack of them, either French or Spanish! Farquharson and his people stuck to it for some time, till at last he found his men dropping by the dozen, so he gave in. To cut a long tale short, the whole thing was a trick to draw Farquharson off and cut out the *Pigmy*. The letter, of course, was a forgery; the precious

coxswain was actually Sheridan himself disguised. Of course you know who he is? One of the '98 rebels—a distant relative of Wolfe Tone and a *lieutenant-de-vaissau* in the French navy. Farquharson was in Lille for six months, and then he got exchanged. They gave him the *Gangueuse*; but if I'd been at Whitehall a cabbage-plot would have been his portion. Where were his seven senses? As if cutting-out expeditions were arranged between sunset and midnight, and captains' coxswains were Best pilots!—No, Madam, I'm sorry; but I can't find a grain of excuse for Farquharson. He's a good fellow—none better; but, as I say, his vocation is cabbage-growing, not commanding a king's ship against a pack of — foxes like the French."

"Well," said the Governor, laughing, "here's tea, and we'll drink 'more brains' to the navy."

Upon the lawn there now appeared a solemn procession of two—Moulpiet, the Government House butler, who had outlived no less than four Governors, and was himself an institution; and Harvey, the Governor's own servant, whose portentous gravity furnished a perpetual foil to the joviality of his master and mistress. Between them they carried what our forefathers called the 'tea equipage'—a table, and on it some of Madam's favourite Crown Derby. But before placing it Moulpiet drew from his pocket an imposing official envelope, sealed with many seals, and directed to Lieutenant Pengelly.

"This has just come in, sir, by the smack *Marie*. Jean Le Cheminant himself brought it up. He says he was mackerel-fishing outside Launresse Bay this forenoon, when he was hailed by an English sloop-of-war beating down Channel from Portsmouth. They sent a boat off to the *Marie* with this letter and an English guinea, and bade Jean haul in his nets, get back at once, and deliver it to you without the delay of an instant."

Pengelly turned the letter over in his hand for some seconds, as one does with a package the time and manner of whose advent is unexpected. At last, seeing nothing mysterious about the heavy Admiralty seals or the superscription, he tore it open with a "By your leave, Madam," and rapidly glanced through the contents. His first look of surprise melted into one of satisfaction as he said, "By George, Governor! here's a budget. May I read it out?"

"By all means, my boy. Fire away!"

"Well, there are two despatches; in order of date this is the first:

"(Copy.)

ADMIRALTY, WHITEHALL,
August 1, 1803.

"To Lieutenant Francis Pengelly, R.N.,
at Guernsey.

"SIR,—I am directed by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to acquaint you that you have been this day appointed, in command, to H.M. gun-brig *Heate*, now refitting at Portsmouth, and

under orders for foreign service. You will be relieved in charge of the Jerbourg signal-station by Lieutenant C. J. O'Flanagan, who will arrive at Guernsey to take over the appointment on or about the 25th August instant, in H.M. frigate *Lion*. You are requested to be ready to embark on the *Lion*, which will return to Portsmouth after discharging military stores at St Heliers.

"I am further directed by My Lords to request that you prepare :

"(1) A statement showing depth of water, prevailing currents, and suitability for anchorage at the following points: (a) Off the Hanois; (b) in the bays of Vazon and Grand Havre; (c) at any available point off the north or north-east of the island.

"(2) Full particulars of the accessibility, in all states of wind and tide, of the harbours of St Peter and St Sampson.

"You will be good enough not to rely upon any existing maps or local information for these particulars, but to cause soundings, &c., to be taken under your personal supervision immediately on receipt of this letter, so that the details may be handed by you to Lieutenant O'Flanagan on the 25th instant.—I have the honour to remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

"(Signed) EVAN NEPEAN, Secretary."

"Well, that's dated the 1st. Now, this is dated a week later:

"ADMIRALTY, WHITEHALL,
August 8, 1803.

"To Lieut. Pengelly, R.N.,
at Guernsey.

"Sir,—The cutter *Guendolen*, carrying the Admiralty despatch of 1st inst., was, I regret to state, captured by a French privateer off Alderney on the 3rd instant. I enclose, under cover herewith, a copy of that despatch; but, in view of the fact of its capture, My Lords have thought it well to make the following change in the arrangements therein laid down. Instead of H.M. frigate *Lion*, H.M. sloop *Fanny* will, wind being favourable, put in at Guernsey, for the purpose of landing Lieutenant O'Flanagan, on the 22nd instead of on the 25th instant. You will have the goodness to be ready to repair on board on the 22nd; and My Lords regret that this necessary alteration will limit the time at your disposal for compiling the particulars required. Nevertheless, they rely upon your zeal to have the most complete information ready for Lieutenant O'Flanagan on his arrival.—I have the honour, &c.,

"EVAN NEPEAN, Secretary."

After a few quiet but deeply sincere words of congratulation the Governor said, 'Let's see—to-day's the 12th. That gives you ten days. Upon my word, you'll have to look alive, Pengelly, my boy, if you're going to explore Cobo and Rocquaine. Now, what the devil can they want all that stuff for? Surely they've got charts enough at Whitehall.

And if they haven't, I have. But I suppose my pigeon-holes are the "local information" upon which you are to rely if you dare. If they really want to know anything, why the deuce don't they apply to Sir James Saumarez? What on earth's the good of keeping a strong squadron in these waters if they can't land a survey-party instead of taking a signal-officer from his packing to go dabbling about all over the coast with a hand-line? Upon my word, if they're not just a pack of old apple-women! Here we've been at war ten years, and they're asking for soundings, as if Guernsey were a foreign port, and not such a thing as a pilot in the island!' And the Governor roared with laughter.

'Usual experience, sir,' said the Lieutenant. 'Admiralty methods and common-sense, like oil and water, never mingle. But' (looking at his watch) 'I must be off. I'll just take a cup of tea, Madam, and then you'll please excuse me. Wonder who this O'Flanagan is? If I were the Admiralty I should be precious careful about giving commissions to Irishmen. This fellow may be a very good man; but Ireland's riddled with suppressed treason. The First Consul has got scores of O'Briens and O'Connors in his pay. And who knows whether Dennis O'Sullivan or Maurice O'Rourke may not be doing Boney better work nosing about English quarterdecks and dockyards than if he were to mount them in full fig as officers of his own household?'

'My dear lieutenant,' laughed Madam, 'if you don't take care you'll begin to suspect the very nose on your own face. Why, His Majesty has no more loyal servants than his Irish officers. Isn't Lord Castlereagh himself an Irishman? And so is Sir Arthur Wellesley. And Mr Burke was an Irishman, if ever there was one, and yet he was more loyal than half his English colleagues. And Grantan—there's a man for you! all burning with love of Ireland, and yet no one doubts his loyalty. And only the other day I was turning over the *Annual Register*, and I noticed that nearly half our generals and admirals were Irishmen or Scotchmen—and more Irish than Scotch! So there's for you!'

'Yes, I know, my dear Madam; but they are all tried men, who came in before Whiteboys and United Irishmen. They've eaten the king's salt long enough to be trusted. No, it's the younger men I'm thinking of—men who may have been out with Bagenal Harvey, like that villain Sheridan—rebel to the bone. No more tea, thank you. I must go.—Of course I shall see you again, Governor, between now and the 22nd.—And, Madam, I'll call and say good-bye, if I may, the night before I sail.'

'If you don't,' said Madam, 'I shall begin to wonder if you suspect me as well as your Whiteboys and yellow boys.'

And with a hearty laugh the Lieutenant strode away across the grass, and the Governor and Madam re-entered the house.

GUANAJUATO.



THE Mexican city of Guanajuato might aptly be described as the patriarch of mining-camps. It was famous and venerable when Humboldt visited it in the early days of last century, yet to-day sees it an active producer of the precious metals; indeed, it seems as though the ancient mines which ring the city round on every side are once more about to experience the excitement of a boom.

Hitherto the methods of the Mexican mine-owners, both as regards mining and reduction, have been of the most medieval description. Men, half-slaves, have laboriously climbed up chick-en-ladders with skins full of ore on their backs, the strings of men working up and down the shafts with the precision of a dredger's buckets; and the ore has gone to the antiquated Chili mill and the *arrastre*, by which only the richest ores could be profitably treated. But, now that the American has put his money into the future of the country, the most modern methods are rapidly supplanting these ancient devices. Glaring erections of crinkly galvanised iron are rapidly modernising the scene, and one cannot but regret the disappearance of the old erections built of sun-dried bricks, with their red notes of colour, which are demolished on all sides to make room for their monstrous successors. In addition to the changes of buildings and machinery, there is also the more momentous change of men. The happy-go-lucky Mexican mining magnates, who for the most part lodged their profits in French Rentes and went to live in Paris, are being succeeded by smart, energetic American managers, backed by boards of directors who will not stint them with money for improvements and developments.

Despite all disadvantages, it is very remarkable what profits the old mines were able to show under the régime of their former owners, as the following amounts bear witness: Valenciana, sixty million pounds; Reyes, sixteen million pounds; Cata, ten million pounds; San Cayetano, ten million pounds; Villalpando, eight million pounds; Sirena, eight million pounds; and also the many minor properties which must have had an enormous output in the more prosperous days. It must, of course, be borne in mind that such stupendous aggregates are the result of scores of years—in some cases centuries—of work.

The Mexican owners of the Valenciana mine have been approached on many occasions by American syndicates with large offers for its purchase; but up till now none of these negotiators have ever got even the length of an option. The mammoth mine has been flooded for many years, so that, in addition to the large price asked for it, the prospective purchasers will have to face the gigantic task of clearing the water out of the workings. The

present owners refuse to include the Church of Valenciana and its precincts in any bargain they may make, since it is regarded in Mexico as one of the worst forms of sacrilege to work a mine below consecrated ground. This reservation prevents the exploitation of the rich mother-lode which is said to run directly beneath the church's demesne; and even supposing the church to be included in the sale, it is doubtful if the Mexican miners could be induced to peril body and soul by driving pick or drill through ground which they have been taught to believe is holy.

Guanajuato, a town of some sixty thousand inhabitants, stands at about six thousand six hundred feet above sea-level. One long and very narrow street extends the whole length of the town, from the beautiful Gardens of the Cantador and past the Granaditas Prison. Within that building a large number of Spaniards took refuge, in the days of the revolution, from the fury of the Mexican rebels. The Spaniards managed to hold out for a considerable time, having laid in an enormous stock of victuals some months before the outbreak of hostilities, and a well within the walls amply supplied them with water. As the Mexicans were unprovided with cannon to effect a breach, they could do little more than wait for some propitious moment for attack; and at last the darkness of a moonless night afforded them the opportunity. Then a mass of faggots was piled before the great doorway, and a path burned to the hated oppressors. It is said that not a man, woman, or child survived.

The summit of a neighbouring hill is crowned by the quadrangular-shaped Pantheon, or public burial-ground. Here, by descending a corkscrew flight of stairs that worms its way far beneath the surface of the earth, a dimly lighted vault is reached. The air in this chamber is charged with a peculiarly offensive odour, emanating from an enormous stack of human skulls and bones collected at one end; but by far the larger portion of the space is devoted to what must be one of the most extraordinary and gruesome sights in the world: no less than a collection of modern mummies. It is well within the range of possibility that widows or widowers or sons or daughters of these objects of the strangers' curiosity may be in the land of the living. Only a short time ago the remains used to be exposed to view without a shred of covering; but, as a concession to public opinion, they have recently been shrouded in white sack-like garments, which leave only the face, legs, head, and arms bare. The mummies, about thirty in number, are propped up in a standing attitude, women on one side and men on the other. The mummifying process is wholly natural. Originally buried in the strongly alkaline earth of which the cemetery is composed, the bodies of those for whose interment the relatives have neglected to pay the proper fees are unceremoni-

ously resurrected at the end of five years, and examined in order to discover what progress, if any, they are making towards the desired state of desiccation; and should the bodies be deemed worthy of the invidious honour, they are translated to this chamber of horrors.

Beyond the prison the main street passes the entrance to the market, an evil-smelling place, where the perfumes from the flower-stalls do not mitigate the odours of frying meat and the stench of decayed vegetable matter. Oranges, citrons, limes, bananas, guavas, mangoes, cherries, tunas, cherimoyas, granadillas, pine-apples, and even strawberries are for sale at prices which would raise a riot in Covent Garden. Strawberries, for example, can be bought for about threepence a pound nearly all the year round.

Continuing on the journey up-town, the visitor is apt to indulge in a smile at the quaintness of the signs over the windows of some of the shops. 'The Horn of Plenty' designates the den of a dealer in ropes, whose whole stock-in-trade might be purchased for a few pesos. 'The Nineteenth Century' adorns the front of a tanner's unsavoury hovel; and the tanner has probably not the faintest notion that a new century is already three years old. 'The Transvaal' looks a trifle like a grim joke above a butcher's.

Now the Jardin de la Union is reached. Here, round its triangular acre of green, bordered by the tall eucalyptus, is the fashionable promenade of the youth and beauty of the city; and while the military band is playing in the cool of the evenings an endless procession of señoras and señoritas and their duennas perform a stately circuit in one direction, the men as invariably forming a stream passing in the opposite one. Needless to say, 'gin a body meet a body' there is often a surreptitious interchange of *billets-doux* even under the very nose of the watchful duenna.

The palace of the Governor, on one side of the Jardin, is faced by the Casino. In former days the latter was the mansion of a silver-king; but it has been converted into a handsome clubhouse which, although primarily intended only for Mexican members, includes all the prominent Englishmen and Americans in Guanajuato among its membership. The Mexican members spend the greater part of their leisure in wooing the fickle goddess over the fiddle-shaped green baccarat-table; and, as many of the members are very wealthy men, the game is sometimes played for high stakes. In fact, it is by no means uncommon for a man to be a winner or a loser of ten to twenty thousand dollars during a night's play.

The Teatro Juarez is, without doubt, the chief pride of the city. Notable anywhere, and possessing an exterior unsurpassed for architectural excellence by any theatre in London, its vast proportions and superb interior arouse curiosity as to the reason for its existence. It is discovered upon inquiry that the gigantic playhouse is a bluff, a white

elephant, a 'folly.' There is not sufficient power in the city's dynamos to light it, even if any company were courageous enough to lease it.

Everywhere there are churches: tall, narrow-shouldered edifices, which present fronts adorned with ornate carving. Within they are gaudy—gaudy with that distressing gaudiness which condescends to the display of shabbily gorgeous draperies. For example, a green hock-bottle full of tuberoses may be seen placed with devotional intent in front of an exquisitely wrought crucifix. There are anachronisms on all sides. These great churches are rich, and the priests are wielders of enormous power; and under a fair ballot the Government of the country would be at their mercy. Fortunately the suffrage is in the hands of the comparatively small number of educated Mexicans who, as employers of labour, array themselves in opposition to the Church, which encourages idleness by its insistence on the observance of numerous feast-days, and is the arch-enemy of progress. A few mine-owners go so far as to offer a bonus of 10 or even 60 per cent. in addition to their ordinary wages to the men who will work for a month on end without regard to feast-days; and in most cases the experiment has been found to work admirably, in spite of the fanatical threats of the priests.

Down every trail from the mountains that hem the city in, descends an endless cavalcade of mules and asses laden with ore packed in huge leather bags slung across their backs, from early morning until late at night filling the narrow streets with the din of continual tramping. Horsemen are also in constant evidence: fantastic figures, with tall steeple-shaped hats, their short jackets profusely braided with silver, trousers as tight as a groom's, but bellng out at the bottom in true easter fashion; on their heels are enormous spurs; and many of them go armed to the teeth, even carrying long swords of antique appearance. Riding with stirrups so long that their legs hang almost straight, and holding breast-high by a single finger the horsehair cord which serves them for reins, they do not at first glance present the appearance of horsemen; but it is better to reserve an opinion on this point until we have seen a *charro* astride a 'bucker.'

Down-town, in the lower quarter, is the bull-ring, where fights take place nearly every Sunday afternoon. As a rule the show is rather second-rate; but the tiers of stone benches are invariably crowded, and even the house-tops and hill-sides in the neighbourhood swarm with sightseers, who are able to get a glimpse of the arena from their lofty perches. Occasionally there are variations in the ordinary programme, as, for instance, when 'Don Tancredo'—the traditional name always given to the performer of this feat—stands draped in white and motionless on a barrel in the centre of the ring. The bull on its entrance charges full-tilt at the white-clad figure, stops abruptly within a few feet of it, shakes his head in a puzzled sort of way, paws

at the earth, backs away, charges again, and again stops and sniffs the mysterious object. Finally, concluding that he has been in some way fooled, he whirls round on his sworn tormentors, who have by this time entered the ring. Throughout the rest of the fight the bull pays no more attention to 'Don Tancredo,' whose nerve must needs be of the best to enable him to pose as a statue in face of such a peril. Sometimes, when public calamities make calls for charity, benevolence takes the form of a bull-fight—as we would say, 'Let us get up a bazaar'—and the gilded youth of the city take the field. As a rule they make shocking bad play, and when it is all over we feel the sensation that possesses a man after being through a bazaar at home: that he has been 'done.' Pole-jumping over the ball is a popular diversion, and one highly appreciated by the gallery; but a really ludicrously funny show is sometimes given at the conclusion of a fight, when scores of *peons* are permitted to enter the ring, and each in turn endeavours to mount and ride a barebacked steer. The men are all horsemen, more or less; but a steer is not a horse, as most of them find out to their sorrow.

The people are blessed with most extraordinary

endurance under pain, and with an equally extraordinary courage, so that in their differences they will fight while suffering in the most horrible manner. Unfortunately, scarcely a day passes without affrays of a desperate character; but in his wildest moments the *peon* hesitates about attacking a white man.

The burglars are the chief inconveniences of life in Mexico. They will ascend to the house-top, and with a rod and a line armed with a monstrous big hook, patiently angle through the windows, dragging out coats, hats, towels, &c., till somebody alarms them or they have as much plunder as they can carry. In all cases of burglary the victim goes, of course, to the police, who will smile amiably and announce that they know quite well where the stolen goods are to be found, and will disclose the exact whereabouts on payment of a small commission. This is how the police get half of their living.

Guamajuato is destined to create some stir in the mining markets of the world shortly; therefore this description of the ancient city and its inhabitants at the present time ought to be of considerable interest.

THE CLOSED BOOK.

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

CHAPTER XV.—THE OLD MONK'S SECRET.

IO idle in a provincial town without friends and without occupation is neither pleasant nor profitable. In London one can always amuse one's self and pass the time; but in dull Peterborough my principal excitement, in addition to visiting the much-restored Cathedral and the local museum in the Minster Precincts, was to watch fat stock being sold by auction.

Anxiety consumed me as to what had occurred at Harpur Street, and whether The Closed Book was actually lost to me. I had telegraphed twice to Noyes, Hammersmith Police Station, but had received no response. His silence was in no way reassuring; therefore I resolved that if I heard nothing by nine o'clock that night I would return to London by the last train.

I dined at seven after a dismal day, and while at table the waiter entered the coffee-room where I sat alone, saying that a gentleman wished to see me. Next moment Noyes, dressed like a commercial traveller in dark-blue suit and bowler hat, entered the room.

There was a smile of triumph on his face, from which I gathered instantly that he had been successful. He carried a black leather bag in his hand, and this he opened as soon as the waiter had gone out, saying as he produced a brown-paper packet:

'I'm glad to say, Mr Kennedy, that I've been able to do the trick. It was a very delicate matter, and the affair presented features and difficulties which I had never anticipated.'

'Then you've actually got it?' I cried eagerly, opening the parcel and displaying the precious volume.

'There it is, as you see,' he laughed. 'Only, please don't ask how I got possession of it, because I'd rather not say—you understand?'

Detectives are apt to be mysterious sometimes; therefore I did not question him further. For me it was sufficient that he had been able to secure the book without the thieves knowing into whose possession it had passed. I was well aware of the great circle of criminal acquaintances Noyes had in London, and I suspected that it was through one of them that the book had been obtained.

'I wired twice to you,' I said when, at my invitation, he seated himself at the table to join me at dinner.

'I know,' was his response. 'It was not necessary to reply. In such a case as this patience is everything. You were just a trifle too impatient, Mr Kennedy—if you'll pardon my saying it. I had promised to do what I could, and did so, with the result you see.'

I knew I deserved this quiet reproof, and admitted

it, for patience is one of the many good qualities I do not possess.

He would explain nothing of the means by which he had obtained my property, although he told me one or two strange facts concerning Selby and the little old lady who had travelled from Paris.

'I've seen Selby,' he said. 'At first I seemed to have a faint idea that I'd seen his face before, and that he was wanted for something. But I've searched at the Yard, and found no photograph resembling him, so I suppose I must be mistaken. The old woman's name is Mrs Pickard. She knows several foreigners living at different places, mostly people in good circumstances.'

'You haven't seen anything of a tall, dark, and very handsome young woman—Italian probably?' I hazarded, wondering if the actual thief had arrived in London.

'No. Captain Wyman is still on the watch. He's as good as any man I've ever had under me—quite professional in his methods. And that young Italian, too, seems a smart sort of chap. You picked him up quite accidentally, I think you said?'

I explained how I had sought Enrico's aid, and what opinion I had formed of him.

'Well,' Noyes remarked as he gulped down a glass of Bass with evident gusto, 'I shall return to-night, but you'd best remain here, Mr Kennedy; or, if not here, somewhere in the country. You must not be seen in town. Bury yourself away from there, and leave all the watching to us. You've got the book; therefore be careful it does not go out of your possession again.'

'Trust me,' I laughed. 'When I've gone through it all I shall put it in a bank for safe keeping.'

'It ain't the sort of thing to leave about if the leaves are really poisoned, as you say. I've been afraid to open the things,' he remarked.

'I'm tired of this place,' I said, longing to return to London.

'Then go somewhere else—to the seaside, for instance. You're quite near the east coast places here.'

'A good idea,' I exclaimed. 'I'll go to Sheringham to-night. I stayed at the "Grand" once, and will go there again.'

'Very well,' he said; and we concluded our meal and lit cigars afterwards, chatting over the various remarkable features of the mystery. My decision to go to the little watering-place, now becoming so popular, pleased him. My absence from London was imperative, he declared, and at Sheringham, if dull, I could at any rate get some golf. How long I should be compelled to remain there he had no idea.

'Let me complete my inquiries,' he said. 'They are very difficult; but I don't despair as long as Captain Wyman will continue to assist me. Perhaps, when you've deciphered the whole of the book, a further clue will be furnished to the motive of all this secrecy and conspiracy.'

'I shall resume at Sheringham to-morrow,' I replied. 'I expect to discover some secret which will throw further light on recent events.'

At nine o'clock, after an exchange of expressions of confidence, we drove together to the Great Northern Station, and after seeing him into the up-express, I took the slow night-train, *via* Wisbech and South Lynn, to the clean little fishing-village of Sheringham, which Harley Street has recently discovered to be so healthy, and which society is now commencing to patronise.

I took a private sitting-room at the 'Grand,' overlooking the promenade, an expensive luxury, to be sure, but I wanted quiet and privacy in my investigations; and next morning, after my breakfast had been cleared, I first assumed a pair of thick driving-gloves, and then reopened *The Closed Book* at the page where my reading had been so abruptly broken off.

I think, in order to reproduce the record plainly, it will be best to give the transcript just as I copy it from the time-stained poisoned pages now before me, with all its quaintness of expression and curiosities of orthography. The latter looks puzzling, but will be found to be quickly mastered.

What I further deciphered, then, was as follows:

'READER WHO DAREST TO SEEKER WITHIN THIS BOOK, I commend me unto you as heartily as I may think, trusting in God that you be (the which Jesu continue) in good prosperity. It is not out of your remembrance that my lord of Valentinois had sworn to kill me because I had given help unto my lady Lucrezia, and had more than once used the knife contayning the antidote, striking as I had stricken my lord of Pesuro those whom he attempted to poison. Hence my lady, seeing that her lord was dead, and right knowing her helplessness, induced me to recover her jewels and flee to England with them, there to await her ladyship's arrival, her intention being to seek the gracious intercession of our lord Cardinal Wolsey, who had befriended her when in Rome. Loth as I was to leave my lady alone in the Vatican, that place of so many black deeds, I saw that to serve her I must obey; hence did I at once repair unto the spot near unto the village of Monte-Compatri, where I had concealed my lady Lucrezia's wondrous jewels within a strong casket of wood and iron. The Borgia emeralds, be it knowne unto you, were the finest the world had ever seen, and were once the property of the Great Turk the Sultan Muhammed, who is said to have obtained them from the ruins of ancient Babylon. They were set in the forme of a neck-collar, each stone as large as a marm's thumb. And preserved with them were diamonds, pearls, and rubies of value enormous, and with the which was the sealed phiall of the secret venom and the antidote. All these did I recover secretly, and having bade farewell unto my lady, journeyed to England after many adventures that need not be herein recounted. Arrived in London, I again concealed mi lady's precious treasures, and took up my

lying in the house of my friend Sir George Goodrick, in East Chepe, on the iij. daye of January in the year of our Lord 1501.

For the space of one year and two monthes I remained in London, until a messenger came from my lady with the amazing news that she had become wedded unto the lord Don Alfonso D'Este, heir of the lord Duke Ercole of Ferrara, and, having removed to Ferrara, did not intend travelling to England at that present. In her letter she told me how that at last she had wedded a man she loved, and that with her confessor she was seeking the forgiveness of her God for the black deedes her brother Cesare had compelled her to commit. Furthermore, she tolde me that knowing her jewels were in safe keeping in my hands, she wished me to still retaine them in their secret hyding-place until such time as she should arrive to see mi lord-Cardynal Wolsey at Hampton. She pointed out that I, well knowing of the terrible deedes committed by her, and therefore having been more than once her assistant in her murderous treachery, was as guiltie as she. The blood of many of those who had been envenomed was upon my hands, therefore it was for me to make penance and seek forgiveness.

HER WORDS were those of a penitent woman, and they caused me to think. She was happy with her husband, but uneasy on account of her guiltiness of mind. She was repentant, and wished me to be so. For a long time I thought over her words, until at last becoming convinced that being privy to those foul poison-plots wherein death was dealt secretly to every enemy, I was also an assassin and accursed. Wherefore, after much reason, I resolved to hide mi lady's treasure and enter as a novice the order of Saint Benedict at their great abbey of Croylande in Lincolnshire, hoping that the rigours of a monastic life would open up to me the glories and comforts of religion, of the which I stood sorely in need.

PLEASE IT YOU, READER, to understand that I repaired to Croylande, and having sunk the casket of my lady's jewels in the fish-pond one hundred and thirty and one paces south-east of the grand altar of the abbey, midway between the shores, I entered

as novice of the sacred order, Roberte de Deepyngne then being abbot. Through eighteen full years did I make penance, leading a religious life and making peace with my God. Our abbey was one of the finest and well-favoured in all England, and my lyfe was spent mostly in religious work among the people. At times I visited the abbeys of Peterborough, Thorney, Fynshad, Fountance [Fountains], St Allans, and our great Glassynburie [Glastonbury], travelling much, and making many and long pilgrimages. Much that I did see at Glassynburie was indeed of a scandal; but my bounden duty most humbly remembered, I speak not of the evil deedes of those supposed to live in sanctitie. One day in April, when I passed across the triangular bridge at Croylande towards the Abbeye, having been to the priory of Castor to visit the headman Wyllyam Petre, a monk, my friend named Malcolm Maxwell, brought unto me a travel-stained messenger from Ferrara, who tolde to me the death of my lady Lucrezia, and gave unto me a letter written to me an hour before she died. She urged me to continue my lyfe of religion and peace with God, and sente me as her dying wish that her pryceless jewels should remain concealed because a curse rested upon them. She wished that no man should see or touch them, but her will was that they might only be used in the cause of the holy Catholic church. And for that purpose she left the treasure in mi hands, together with the poison-phial and the secret antidote to be used if occasion warranted in the same cause, these also beyng concealed with the marvellous gems in the mud of the fish-pond. This news overburdened my heart with griefe, and I vowed unto God (praised be Him) that I would faithfully fulfil my lady's commandments, and still continue in my unfained fidelity of my allegiance. Wherein reducing to remembrance the prised memories and perpetual renowned facts of the famous Duchess, yet having the reader's most benign and gracious favour, I resolved to still remain in the sanctuarie of the abbey, although I hadde in mi possession some of the finest jewells known unto the world, and the whych, if sold, might keepe me in prosperity all my days.

THE CRIMINAL ALIEN.

By EDWARD JOHN PRIOR.

THE alien, and particularly the criminal alien, about whom so much has been heard lately, constitutes one of the most vexing problems of the hour.

Opportunity has been given me on various occasions of obtaining a very thorough knowledge of the criminal alien and his ways, and I have come to the conclusion that, although he is many things which he ought not to be, he is very interesting. To many (including, I am

afraid, some Royal Commissioners) he is little more than a name denoting something objectionable; but to people like myself, who have been brought into contact with him, he is a very live reality.

I believe that, indirectly, the criminal alien within our gates is a product of civilisation. In a more direct way he is one of the evils introduced into our country by our very free ports. For the purposes of the present article the former proposition has an academic value only; but the latter is a

matter which Parliament will probably be considering in the near future. Parliament has very often a way of ignoring the recommendations of its Royal Commissioners; but it is to be hoped that in this instance it will not do so, for the criminal alien is a very serious danger. Pages of statistics show that the alien is at the present time coming to our country in his thousands. Many of these aliens are criminals; but they are not labelled such for the one very good reason that it is nobody's business to know anything about them. The alien manages to pay for his wretched passage, and after he has been safely landed at the London Docks the people who bring him here are relieved of all responsibility. He and his proceed to find their way into the sordid and cheap lodging-houses of the Commercial Road and thereabouts, and then commences the great tragedy for which the British ratepayers pay.

Let me show you how it commences, how it is that the detectives and policemen of the East End make the criminal alien's acquaintance, and how it is that the patient magistrates who preside at Thames Police Court find their time taken up in listening to the translated utterances of unwashed Poles.

In the first place, it should be understood that aliens are not all criminals. The greater proportion of them are not. Some of them, it is true, have been evil-doers in their own country, and they have only come here to escape the storms which have gathered on their native heaths; but there are many others who come here with the honest intention of making a living. They have not prospered at their own homes, and they have been persuaded to leave them by the cheap-labour touts who, one regrets to say, are sent out on recruiting expeditions by certain small East End contractors who get their work from the large boot and upholstering factories. Many of these aliens find their lot a hard one. They are unfortunate in their new work, they get discharged, their scanty means disappear, and they become objects which one may justly pity. Stranded in an unknown country, not speaking a word of the language, what are they to do? Many drift into crime. As criminals they are not a success, and in due course they go to prison. The criminal alien who has had the advantages of experience and who was a criminal over the seas finds his illegal career a little more successful; but as an expert purse-snatcher he cannot compete with his British rival, and so he goes under. Of the alien who comes here and prospers in his honesty I am not going to speak. He usually works hard and well at a sweating price.

It may be taken generally that the average alien who comes to these shores is a man or woman who has been kicked in his or her own country—that is to say, not the individual who is fired with a burning desire to get on in the world or endowed with an adventurous spirit, but the individual who has been seriously buffeted by fate, who has experienced the worst kind of poverty, and who is very

anxious for any change. There are some progressive spirits who have heard glowing accounts of this glorious country, and who jump at the chance of what sounds like wealth and luxury. Very often they are disillusioned; but the man who comes because of those things does not make the criminal. He either settles down to his hard lot or finds his way to America, where he cannot easily go, and where he finds it every bit as hard. In one thing an alien is like a Scot: he rarely returns to his own country.

But the very unsatisfactory alien who has no guiding principles of any ethical value finds that he has left the gloom, the poverty, and very often the oppression of his own country for a harder but a freer life. When the novelty has worn off he looks around for a change. He sometimes sets up in business on his own account, and it is a somewhat curious fact that very often he prospers. There are many flourishing aliens in business in London who are good citizens. But a representative of this particular type is not one of them. He drifts into an illegal business. He finds it pays amazingly well. The business is also an immoral one, but that gives him no qualms of conscience. As he is at liberty to do just what he pleases, the life suits him. In time he embraces other businesses. He learns the art of receiving stolen goods; he becomes something of a money-lender. Then his house is raided. He is fined. He pays up readily. He is again caught and fined. Then, in time, he goes to prison. He becomes a criminal; but his prosperity remains, for he has amassed much money. This type of man—greedy, grasping, irresponsible—is one of the curses of London. As far as the decent community is concerned he is an absolute 'waster,' but from the more individual point of view he is a prosperous and particularly cunning rogue. There are many such as he well established in ill-gotten wealth, and not only are they vile themselves, but they are also corrupters of morals.

And the criminal alien may be said to import immorality. With a little knowledge of the ways of men like this it is often easy to read between the lines of the record of police-court cases and East End suicide inquests. Within the power of these aliens are certain women. Many of them, knowing no shame, induce other women to leave their native countries and join them. Many of these recruits are innocent girls. They are quite ignorant of the life which awaits them; but they are helpless. There is a well-deserving organisation at Tilbury which meets all the emigrant-ships and does its best to befriend young girls coming over in this way, yet the officers of this society will tell you their ends are very often defeated. The criminal alien is cunning. He knows how to manage this white slave business, and thus one of the saddest tragedies of modern life is continually being enacted in the capital city.

A case occurred only the other day in Clerkenwell where a young girl died from kicks inflicted by a

man into whose house she had been introduced by her own sister. The girl came to England in all her innocence, and when she learned the kind of life she was expected to lead her natural spirit rebelled. She resisted to the utmost, and now she is dead.

While dealing with this particular branch of alien crime it may be mentioned that the police are very much alive to the danger. Their activity is largely owing to the strong attitude taken by Sir Albert de Rutzen, who, as chief magistrate at Bow Street, has had to deal with an extraordinarily large number of cases arising out of the raiding of houses in the Gower Street district. Fines amounting to thirty pounds and even fifty pounds have not checked the evil in this neighbourhood, and thus the magistrates have sensibly adopted the course of sending the miscreants to prison without the option of any easily paid fine. The police who have taken part in these raids tell a dismal story. Most of the victims have strongly expressed their desire to escape from the kind of life; but owing to circumstances have been unable to do so.

There are many other criminal aliens who take to more simple roguery. These form the real criminal class at which the Royal Commission rightly set its teeth. They act as pickpockets (a few of them get really expert); they learn the burglar's craft; they sink to highway robbery, and by a simple process of evolution become East End roughs of the worst type. I say the worst type advisedly. In my opinion there is nothing more dangerous than the ruffianly alien. I have seen him many times; I have seen him caught red-handed, I have seen him making his fight for liberty, and I have seen him often in the dock at Old Bailey.

He belongs to the type which is particularly interesting. After the committal of various misdeeds he again stands before the magistrate at Thames Police Court. The one I have in my mind now was everything he should not have been, and the ratepayers are now paying for his keep. It was in the afternoon when they brought him up for one of his first and minor offences against the law. The court was hot and stuffy; it was crowded with the aristocracy of Commercial Road, for this man was well known. The magistrate was obviously tired and disgusted; there had been nearly forty aliens before him on that day.

His name, which sounded like half-a-dozen crackers exploding, was loudly called. The man who then stepped forward appeared to be the worst of his class. He was short and dark. His hair was long and closely matted together, and every one could see that he was a stranger to soap and water. His clothes were ragged; vermin swarmed over him. In his way he was an interesting but disgusting object—a poem in dirtiness.

'Do you speak English?' shouted the magistrate.

The alien, as though faintly understanding, shook his head.

'Want an interpreter?'

The alien nodded.

The heavy-jowled man who knows many tongues stepped forward.

'Two shillings—have you got two shillings?' bawls the sergeant in attendance.

With the interpreter's assistance the alien understood what was required of him. He dived deep in dirty pockets and counted sufficient money to make up the interpreter's fee.

Then the business proceeded.

The police constable in the box said the alien was an upholsterer by trade, and he was summoned for refusing to remove a sofa from off the public footway.

'This man makes sofas?' gasped the magistrate.

'Yes, your worship.'

There was a general shudder among the Londoners present. The understanding aliens who were following the proceedings failed to see where the alarm came in. All they knew was that their compatriot—who was a Jew from Poland—was a good workman. They quite overlooked the dirt. This man is one of those who are engaged in a great and flourishing East End industry. Cheap furniture which enables poor couples to marry young is one of the many evils for which the alien is largely responsible.

A man like this one is fined, and he pays easily enough. He has much money, but he does not easily forget. He nurses a secret grudge against that young and promising policeman. It is in the nature of things that the constable is subsequently wounded in some stabbing affray which excites very little public attention.

The alien is in frequent conflict with the police, and the use of the knife is one of his very unfortunate characteristics. Experience does not seem to teach him that it is safest to go about unarmed in London. A well-known detective who was specially drafted into the Whitechapel area at the time of the notorious Ripper murders tells me that the knife of the alien is the danger which the police fear most. Having perhaps been present at a public-house affray where there is the glitter of steel, may a young officer who would otherwise become an efficient guardian of the peace entirely lose his nerve. The horror of a stab in the back haunts him always. He knows the way of the alien horde only too well, and he wonders fearfully when his turn will come.

It is a significant fact that the alien has not kept the knifing habit entirely to himself. The young English rough has during recent years shown a marked fondness for using the blade. Quite recently there have been an extraordinary number of stabbing cases from the East End, and the alien has not been the only culprit. There remains this difference, however: the English hooligan does not stab as a matter of course. It is only in his most desperate moods that he does this horrible thing. The alien, on the other hand, does it as a matter of course. The knife is to him what the fist is to the Briton.

A fondness for violence is to be lamented in any case; but it is better that the rough should use his fists than the knife.

In dealing with the many-sided criminal alien I must not omit to mention that a very real type of alien rascality is very often a woman. It would be impossible to imagine a fiercer or a more revolting creature than the alien woman who has taken to the crooked paths of crime. She stoops to almost anything, and has no code of morals, though strangely enough she always professes to cling to some religious sentiment. The East End is full of these women, though they are to be found wherever the alien pitches his tent. The vicar of Bermondsey has recently made the alarming discovery that his parish is being overrun by the alien. The clergyman may well be alarmed; for not only does this invasion mean a cutting out of local labour, but a decline in the standard of morality.

There is one woman in Whitechapel who is known to every local police-officer. She has a terrible name, and was born at some unheard-of village in

Poland. She has been charged repeatedly with disorderly conduct, with drunkenness, with assaults on the police, and with petty thefts. Many times she has been to prison, though on no occasion has her offence been of such a serious nature as to make it possible for her to be sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. She is reputed to be very wealthy, and on the occasion of her last offence a number of bank-notes were found concealed in one of her boots.

At present the law empowers the magistrates to do nothing in a case of this kind. Why cannot this woman and the many others of her class be sent away at once? Common-sense would seem to demand it, and I think it is only by some drastic action of this kind that we shall be able to free the country from a peril which is becoming more grave and serious every day. The Home Secretary, Mr Akers-Douglas, has expressed the opinion that it is quite time that legislation should be provided, and some restriction made in favour of our home dwellers.

GOLD VERSUS BRASS.



SUNDAY on the veldt, whilst in pursuit of big game, comes as a welcome rest—when the larder's full—to both the hunter and his native 'boys'; for I was still old-fashioned enough to keep Sunday as a day of rest for man and beast, excepting when dire necessity drove me to use my gun. I had been away for some ten days from the gunboat which I had the honour to command; and as game had been plentiful, I was trekking back, with a generous supply of meat and trophies, to the place on the river where she lay.

The gunboat was one of the two employed on the river-service of that large East African waterway, the Besezi; and as things were at this period most pacific, I had many and frequent opportunities of indulging in my favourite sport of big-game shooting. In my numerous expeditions I was always accompanied by my faithful cook, who in his way was quite a character, as, apart from his excellent culinary qualities, he could at a pinch turn his hand to anything. But what enhanced his value was the fact that he could speak any of the many dialects which existed in the large area over which my duties called me. He had been employed in the gunboat since she first started, some ten years since, as a cook, and had been handed down from each successive commander as a trustworthy and reliable man. It was impossible to judge accurately from his general appearance his correct age, for when questioned upon that point he replied, 'I may be eighteen, sah; maybe more.' Anyhow, he was a tall, strong, powerfully built man, rather light in colour, with a typically negroid cast of countenance,

redeemed from its natural heaviness by the most humorous eyes and mouth that it has been my fortune to see.

On this particular Sunday I had spent the best part of the day in slumber, and as after my dinner, when on a week-day I should have been asleep by this time, I felt no inclination to seek the comfort of my little camp-bed, I summoned Charlie to enliven my solitude with some of his reminiscences.

'Tell me what you did when you were a boy, Charlie,' I said as he squatted at the foot of my camp-chair.

'I tell you, sah,' answered Charlie, 'to-night a story of my first master, a Portuguese, and how he treated me, and how I treated him. I tell this no white man before, as even now they still talk of it at Kilijo; but I trust you, sah.'

Charlie's English was as well-nigh perfect as it is possible for a native to attain; but still, I will give the story, not as he told it, with his many gesticulations and dramatic actions which the native loves, but in the more easily understood form of an impersonal narrative.

Charlie's parents belonged to the Mongoni tribe, which inhabited a large district at the head of the river, about two days' trek from the Portuguese township of Kilijo, which has been in existence ever since the first days of the old Portuguese explorers.

His tribe had long been in subjection; and, to enable his parents to pay the heavy hut-tax which was levied upon them, he was sent when still a youth into Kilijo to take service as a house-boy to one of the merchants who resided there.

His master was rich and prosperous, and was the head of a firm which dealt largely in rubber, ivory, and gold-dust. He was a brutal man, even for a Portuguese, as poor Charlie found to his cost many a time and oft. Charlie's intelligence being somewhat above the average, he soon acquired the language, but this knowledge he carefully concealed from his master. In fact, he rather acted a part, so much so that his master would frequently discuss his most secret transactions with his partners whilst Charlie was in the room serving the many and various liquors without which no business can be entertained, commenced, or concluded, little guessing that the stolid negro lad was taking copious mental notes of all that was said for future use and reference. One thing that Charlie learned, and turned for an opportunity to use to his master's detriment—whom he by this time loathed on account of the frequent use of the sjambok for the slightest error, whether real or imaginary—was that he did not pay one quarter the market value for the gold-dust brought in by the natives.

This gold-dust could be obtained from the sandy bed of the river by washing. The quantity obtained by this method being small, it was not a sufficiently remunerative occupation for a white man, as under the most advantageous circumstances one man's work would barely keep him from day to day, the cost of living being high owing to the heavy duties on imported goods. With the natives it was otherwise. They would wash for gold until enough had been made (when vended to the merchants) to pay their hut-tax, buy cloth and beads, &c. This accomplished, they, in their usual dilatory fashion, ceased work until compelled to resume their labours.

Latterly, however, with the advent of English traders, who paid a fair price for the gold, the industry had slightly increased, and it was the one fear of Louis Gonzales (Charlie's employer) that he would be outbid. Although the quantity purchased was of necessity small, still, at the price he paid for it, it yielded a profitable return.

Charlie had for a long time been putting a spoke in his master's wheel, for he knew that an English trader who was encamped a short distance from Kiljo was paying nearly double the price for the dust than that usually obtained from Louis Gonzales.*

Charlie's luck was out, for one fine day, when he had been with his master some eighteen months, he had intercepted a gang of natives on their way to Gonzales' house with a more than usually heavy supply of the precious ore. He was haranguing them to the effect that should they go a little farther down to where dwelt the Englishman they would drive a far better bargain, and might probably receive a small present as well. A heavy hand on his shoulder stopped

his flow of eloquence, and the sjambok which was always found in the hand of Louis Gonzales descended on all parts of his body in a shower of blows laid on indiscriminately.

The natives fled, and Charlie, after being flogged until his master's arm wearied, was left lying in an unconscious condition on the ground. From that day he led the life of a dog; but his mind was made up. Revenge was all he lived for, and from which purpose he never flinched. Revenge to a native, in the only form which could give him satisfaction—namely, physical force—was well-nigh impossible. Had a native dared to raise his hand against his master, either the mines for life, the West Coast of Africa, or imprisonment locally, accompanied by excessive work, with severe sjambokings until death released him, would have been his fate. So this was out of the question. To run away, as he was bound for a two years' contract, would lead, if caught, to some considerable time in prison; but as this seemed the only way to escape from his misery, he determined to trek for British territory, where, he had heard from the servants of the Englishmen who sometimes passed through Kiljo, natives were treated with justice and humanity.

So he trekked.

A miserable object, in sore plight, was Charlie, when, after ten days of living like a wild beast on the veldt, he presented himself at the mission station of Kolo, just inside the border-line.

What a change for the poor, ill-used wretch to be tended upon and fed by kind, compassionate hands! How he marvelled at the English women, who talked his language, sympathised with his woes, and promised him fair wages and a humane master! The latter he found in the person of the commander of the gunboat, who had just then made his maiden trip up-river to British territory, and was all the kind sisters had promised. In justice to Charlie I must say that his most prized possession is an old photograph of his first English master, surrounded by a group of the occupants of the mission-house.

He rapidly rose from his first position of cook's mate to the proud post of captain's cook, and in this capacity he several times visited Kiljo, where the gunboat sometimes called to exchange international courtesies. Charlie on these occasions did not go ashore; for although he soon discovered that, once under the white ensign, no man, not even the Portuguese, whom he had once regarded as all-powerful, dared touch him, he had not lost his scheme of revenge (despite the teachings of the missionaries) which remained unformulated in his mind's eye, and which prompted him to conceal himself. English he soon mastered, and by his unflinching good spirits and utility became the general favourite of each successive captain and crew which from time to time relieved each other. It was whilst the gunboat was under some temporary repairs that Charlie first saw his way clear to get even with Gonzales. Brass-filings and gold-dust are somewhat similar in

* From Charlie's description of this man, I think he is one of the Englishmen who tried, though unsuccessfully, to locate the lode whence the alluvial deposit came.

appearance. From that day he collected brass-filings, and whenever there was a job on the feed-pumps or anything that was connected with brass, Charlie was there, with a little quill which he carefully filled and closed, as do the natives with the gold-dust at Kilijo.

Three years had passed since Charlie's advent on the gunboat, when it so chanced that she lay some twenty-five miles below Kilijo, at a small village where her commander had left her to go on a shooting expedition.

No one would have recognised in the tall, stalwart man who presented himself at his captain's door to ask for a few days' leave of absence the miserable, unhappy boy who had fled so precipitately from his master's house in Kilijo.

'You must be back in seven days,' was the captain's answer, 'for I am leaving early on that morning to meet the mail, and I can't get on without you.'

'No fear,' thought the cook as he turned away. 'I'd never leave a good home like this.'

The gold-washers at Kilijo were reinforced one morning by the arrival of a stranger. He seemed a bit of a swell, as he had his own canoe, and did not appear anxious about working, but contented himself with purchasing a small quantity, for which he paid a very fair rate. The natives laughed as they saw him depart with it to the abode of Louis Gonzáles. 'What a fool,' they said to each other, 'to buy gold from us to sell to the *mzungo* [the Portuguese], who will only give him half what he paid us!'

They were right. It was all he got, and glad was the heart of Louis Gonzáles as he paid over the small sum, after having tested, as was his custom, the contents of a quill or two; for business had not been flourishing with him lately, owing to English commercial enterprise.

'I can obtain plenty more, master,' said the stranger; adding mysteriously, 'I have found a new place.'

'Don't tell anybody. Bring it to me,' returned Gonzáles, thinking he had a very simple individual to deal with.

The native gold-washers still thought the stranger mad, as for each successive day he made purchases, which he again retailed to Gonzáles.

On the morning of the sixth day the Portuguese, whose envidy was by this time thoroughly excited and aroused, and whose naturally suspicious nature was satisfied by the frequent testings of the contents of the quills, was impatiently awaiting the coming of the gold-finder.

'This is a very small quantity,' he said. 'Why don't you bring more, if, as you say, you know where there is plenty? I'll pay you for as much as you can get.'

'Master,' came the reply, 'I'm afraid to bring in too much; but if you will meet me to-night

at the big tree some two miles down-river below the town, I will bring you as many quills as I have already filled. After that I will fill more. I cannot bring it before ten, as I have a long way to go to get it.' Seeing a faint look of hesitation on the face of the trader, he added, 'But I shall try the English after to-night, as I am told they are arriving to-morrow, and pay a better price.'

This settled the Portuguese's mind for him.

'I'll be there. Don't you believe these stories about the English. They will cheat you. D— them!'

At ten that night Gonzáles was at the rendezvous. All was silent, and nothing could be heard except the hoarse croaks of the frogs on the river-banks and the humming of the innumerable ciendas, which filled the air with their weird twitterings.

He was all impatience; but he had not to wait long, for from up-river he soon heard the sound of a paddle, and in a few moments a canoe was made fast to the tree and the man he so eagerly awaited stood before him.

'Here you are, master,' said the native, holding out a handful of quills. 'I have a few more in the boat.'

As he went to fetch them his quick eye saw the hand of the Portuguese nervously finger the button which secured the holster of his revolver.

'I must promise to bring more,' he thought as he returned.

'Now, my friend,' said the trader, 'have you any more?'

'Yes, master,' answered the man. 'I will bring more to-morrow, as what you tell me about the English makes me afraid to trade with them.'

The quick wit which prompted the ready lie saved his life.

'Here's the money,' said Gonzáles as he placed the quills in his capacious pockets. 'I'll be here at the same hour to-morrow. Good-night.'

He had not taken many steps in the direction of the township before his revolver was whisked from him and thrown with a splash into the water. Turning hurriedly, he received a sjambok wielded by no uncertain hand full across the face. Half-stunned, he raised his hands to ward off the blows which fell thick and fast upon his head and body, whilst a voice rang out in his own language: 'You'd have shot me, you dog of a Portuguese! with the same brutality that you thrashed me as a boy. Take that, that, and that.'

The captain's morning coffee was served him by his cook at an early hour on the seventh day. About the same time a sore and dejected trader was picking out of his pocket the remains of many quills of brass-filings, which in the scuffle had burst open, and it had just dawned upon him 'that all is not gold that glitters.'

POMPEII TO-DAY.

By T. P. ARMSTRONG.



AFTER about an hour's railway journey from Naples along the shores of the world-famed bay we heard the musical voice of the guard as he called out 'Pompei,' and emerging from the station, we passed up a narrow road, beset with clamorous natives, till at length we reached two hotels, behind which there is a house where we bought a ticket of admission to the ruins. Thereupon we were admitted to a garden-walk, where a guide in official uniform appeared, and in a quiet, unobtrusive fashion began to march along at our side. Another turn, and we were climbing a steep road between two walls, till through an opening in one of them we caught a glimpse of columns, which caused us to ask the guide if we were missing anything. 'You are,' he said, and he pointed out some stepping-stones in the middle of the street, on which in days of old the ladies of Pompeii would set their dainty feet when they were crossing the road after a shower of rain. Then going on in front, he led us to the Forum.

It was a wide, open space, rectangular in form, with a double row of more or less injured columns on either side of it, and at one end a mound, beyond which Vesuvius in the distance, dark and menacing, sent up a cloud of smoke. The ground was dotted with slabs of marble, and fragments of stone here and there indicated the site of an altar or the base of a vanished statue. Here, in former times, were the law-courts, the Bourse, temples, the Senate House, and other buildings; in fact, it was no doubt one of the most animated quarters of the town. The guide told us that after Pompeii had been partially destroyed by the volcano, the Emperor Trajan had endeavoured to restore the Forum, but a second eruption had compelled him to desist. At the time of our visit some excavations were going on; buckets were lowered to a considerable depth by means of a windlass, and returned to the surface filled with earth. Passing these, we reached the Temple of Mercury, where there is an elevation on which the image of the god was placed, and in front of it a beautiful white marble altar, perfectly preserved, and adorned with bas-reliefs. On one of them a placid bull is sculptured, and men and women standing near make ready for the sacrifice; on another side are the priest's vestments, a box, and an instrument for extracting entrails. Outside the temple is a long street spanned by arches; we proceeded down it till we reached the baths.

We now began to realise what Pompeii is like. Imagine a number of tiny houses, separated by narrow streets, and just so far destroyed that floors and ceilings have collapsed and nothing remains

but a portion of the lower walls. Imagine a number of open spaces, where little is visible but broken fragments of pavement, the bases of columns, and perhaps a mound. Imagine streets so narrow that no vehicle, as we understand the term, could have passed along them, so that in the ancient city there were only to be seen in their people on foot, or rich men borne in litters, or cattle or horses wending their slow way, perhaps from the port, laden with goods. And if all this seems insufficient to justify the immense interest which has been taken in Pompeii, then remember that Vesuvius did not so much destroy as cover up the town, so that when the volcanic ash was removed walls started into life with paintings on them fresh and vivid as in the days when the sight of them gladdened the eyes of their owners; that here is a pillar marked with an inscription, there a wall bearing a notice about a coming election; to say nothing of the frescoes and images, kitchen utensils, lamps, and other articles of furniture, which, unfortunately in some ways perhaps, have not been allowed to remain where they were, but have been carried off to Naples, where they fill shelves upon shelves of the halls of a great museum.

But at last we reached the baths, where our guide, a really learned antiquary, who smiled when we feebly attempted to show off our classical learning, began to explain to us all their mysteries. The ancient Roman frequented the baths to an extent that astonishes us; there he whiled away the time at gymnastics, tennis, or other games; there he listened to poetry, gossip, or engaged in political intrigue. But apart from pleasures of this sort, frequent bathing was more or less of a necessity in a land where the people loved cleanliness, where the climate was warm, and linen dear. We saw the hot bath, with its subterranean passages and stove of bronze, and the cold bath, a circular tank on which the light fell from two openings in the roof. Around either tank were niches in the wall, where the bathers could lounge and talk when they were tired of sitting in the water. There was a fountain, too, that was used for washing the face and hands, and four stone balls are still preserved with which the bather exercised himself. Most curious of all, perhaps, was a statue of the god Terminus, which was set to mark the place beyond which men were forbidden to go, as on the other side there was a bath for women. This marble deity, with its poetic associations, was an immense improvement on our commonplace notice-boards.

How many unfortunate English schoolboys in the sixth form have consumed their time and energies in a more or less vain endeavour to understand the arrangements of a Roman house by the

study of plans that are generally bewildering or in trying to commit to memory the meaning of the unfamiliar names that are applied to the several parts! But in Pompeii all this becomes clear at once. Through a porch, where perhaps there was a mosaic of a barking dog, we reached the open tank, surrounded by an arcade, in the shade of which the inmates passed the hours of heat, listening to the gentle plashing of the waters of the fountain or feasting their eyes on foliage that was in so marked a contrast with the white marble walls and pavement, while overhead they caught glimpses of red tiles against the blue of the Italian sky. Doors in the walls gave access to the rooms, for the most part small, as the Roman lived outside; raised masonry marks the place for the bed, and where it was laid the marble ended and stucco, being less cold, began. On the walls were painted mythological figures, one of the great attractions of Pompeii—Dirce and the bull, Ariadne and Theseus, or Bacchants engaged in their revels—all well-developed, healthy forms, representing the ordinary attitudes of everyday existence. Many of the smaller pictures were very pleasing. There were *amoretto*s as flower-sellers, or hunters, or even as washers of clothes; birds pecking at fruit, fish, and lobsters, and cocks about to fight—all of them painted in lively colours and with an entertaining fancy. Many of these frescoes are of the highest value, as they initiate us into the minutest details connected with the life in classic times.

The house of Vettius is the best preserved, and it has been to some extent restored. Flowers bloom in the garden as in the days of yore; the chest that contained the treasures of the family may be seen near the entrance. A jar is on a tripod; the kitchen utensils and the fireplace still exist; at the back of the house is the flight of steps that led to the upper story, which was used mainly by the slaves. The house of Vettius is a rendezvous for visitors to Pompeii; and as we sat there we heard German and Italian spoken, though French appeared to be the favourite language. We were noticing the absence of English, when suddenly loud laughter in the distance startled us, and four Americans appeared upon the scene, regretting with the most unmistakable twang and loud enough for all the world to hear that their knowledge of French was so limited that they could not understand the guide. That unfortunate individual was obliged to make what use he could of an extremely small stock of English words and phrases, which seemed to contribute much to the gaiety of our transatlantic cousins. The guides at Pompeii, however, are worthy of all praise; they do not obtrude themselves unnecessarily, and are versed in all kinds of classical and antiquarian lore. Numerous notices inform visitors that if the guide accepts a 'tip' he will be dismissed at once, as the right to a guide is purchased by the two francs paid at the turnstile. We tempted our man, however, with some filthy lucre—which, by the way, is appreciated

in Italy to quite a remarkable extent—and he took it fearlessly in the spirit of an ancient Roman, in spite of all the notices.

We lingered at the head of the staircase which leads down to the gladiatorial school. Before us were the remains of the temple of Hercules, one of the oldest and most substantial structures in Pompeii, but now almost all has vanished. Behind it are the ancient walls of the town and the moat—cacti grow on the former; the latter is choked with strange vegetable forms—and on the other side is a bank of pumice-stone ejected by the volcano, and beyond this again dark mountains with smiling villages upon their slopes. The rays of the setting sun streamed over the gray ruined houses of this city of the dead; the mountain summits were wreathed with orange-and-purple cloud. We descended the staircase. Round a grass-grown square there were perhaps sixty cannellated pillars, yellow, gray, or red; and parallel with these were the cells where many dead bodies of gladiators were discovered by the excavators. The cells of these darlings of the populace were small and gloomy; to-day ferns grow in them, and lizards glide across the stone that forms the threshold. A dark-eyed Italian boy standing at one of the entries put his finger to his mouth and laughingly made signs to us to give him a cigarette. We obliged him, and then he asked for money to buy some maccaroni.

These gladiatorial shows were the great blot on Roman civilisation, and it is not difficult to recall the scene that took place so frequently in the amphitheatre at Pompeii, which was, of course, a small one and far inferior to the Colosseum. Twenty thousand spectators gathered at dawn upon the thirty-four rows of seats; the pictures that have been unearthed show us the nature of the entertainment in which they took delight. In one a pantler tied to a bull is attacked by a warrior with two darts; a man armed with a lance goals on the bull to the onset. In another a lion and a tiger flee in opposite directions; in a third a combatant has sent his lance right through a wolf, but a wild-boar leaps upon him from behind. Sometimes when the arena was full of 'big game,' which might include elephants and hippopotami, two rabbits were let in; it made the Romans laugh to see the terror-stricken little creatures racing to and fro. But these were humane proceedings if we compare them with the duels that took place between trained fighters—the equestrian combat, for instance, or the contest for life between the man who was allowed a net and a javelin and the man who was armed with a sword. Familiar to all is that scene of death—the wounded gladiator, the victor standing over him and looking to the sovereign people, who turn up their thumbs as a sign that the vanquished one must die; and he, if he be a good gladiator, bares his breast to the adversary, and thinks only how he may fall becomingly. Then a slave arrives with a red-hot iron, which he applies to the prostrate form, and if it does not stir a second

slave drags it away with a hook across the blood-stained sand.

But one day when the populace were assembled in the amphitheatre sudden shocks of earthquake shook the ground and clouds of smoke began to drift across the ill-fated city. There was a hurried exit; many of the young escaped, but scores of people perished because they wished to secure some valuables before they took to flight. In the Street of the Tombs heart-rending scenes occurred, for the peasants from the country, hastening to take refuge in the town, met the stream of citizens. A woman with a baby sought for shelter in one of the monuments, and was buried there. A soldier on sentry-duty died like a Roman at his post; one hand held a lance; with the other he was covering his mouth. A rich man and his slave, loaded with treasure, perished at the gate of the garden; seventeen members of his household died in the cellar, and were promptly buried in fine ash, which hardened over them. The priest of Isis, armed with a hatchet, broke through two walls, but was suffocated before he reached the third. In one of the shops a young man was found with a girl tightly locked in his embrace. The prisoners, whose feet were in irons, perished in convulsions; a child of fifteen has been unearthed with its dress turned over its head. Some of the dead are calm in appearance; others show signs of cruel suffering.

But somehow we lost our way (for the guide had left us) and wandered from the ruins till we found ourselves in a wide road that led to a village, where there was a church. Though it was a week-day evening, people were streaming in; vespers had begun. The church was modern and respectable, but somehow not inspiring; the walls were covered with marbles that gave an impression of wealth and perhaps of pretentious decoration. The front seats were filled with girls wearing white veils; behind them were peasant-women in black-lace caps or head-dresses of every colour and combination of colour, with white kerchiefs tied round the neck and fastened over the breast crosswise, and with earrings of astonishing dimensions. The devotion of this enormous congregation was unmistakable; amid a blaze of lights the priest lifted on high the glittering monstrance. But it was already dark, and we hurried back to the hotel.

Before *table-d'hôte* the landlord came and told me that he had arranged for me to sit next to an Italian marquis, which filled me with some trepidation. My neighbour proved to be a middle-aged man with a decidedly Teutonic aspect, and he told me that though he was German by birth, yet he was now a naturalised Italian. There were nineteen professors at the table, some of them bearded and bespectacled, under the presidency of the head of the German Archaeological Society established at Rome. My companion had the greatest contempt for them all; he said the Germans could only measure or finger a statue, but were quite incapable of appre-

ciating it. He informed me that some frescoes of immense value had been discovered a few miles from Pompeii, and that he had been appointed by the Government to write a detailed account of them.

Dinner over, the professors took to singing an eight-line song, in honour of *Deutschland* and *das Vaterland*, to a tune that brought back to the mind memories of Moody and Sankey's evangelical services. Solos and speeches followed till a late hour of the night, with clinking of glasses and cheers. Of the other guests, we conjectured that two were Swiss and three Alsations. Thus, with the solitary exception of myself, there was probably no one at the table to whom German was not as a mother-tongue. This, however, cannot represent the true proportion of the Germans among the foreigners that come to Pompeii, for of thirty-three names on the last page of the visitors' book at the hotel, no less than twenty were American.

DRIFTING DOWN THE RIVER.

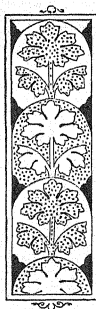
A SONG.

Down the silent river, you and I together,
Drifted through the flag and the water-lilies' bloom;
Bright and clear as ever was the summer weather,
And on banks of river bloomed the yellow broom.
Floating down the stream,
In love's golden dream,
Memory of those hours will never fade away.
Floating down the stream,
'Neath the willows' gleam,
Drifting like a cloud upon a summer's day.

Drifting down the river: sweet it was, and ever
Butterflies and bees flit past in busy way.
Happy was the gift, happier the giver,
Pity there was ending to the summer day.
Drifting down the stream,
In love's golden dream,
Like a floating flower on its way to sea.
Drifting down the stream,
Faith and Hope ahead,
'Neath the willow bending from the flowery lea

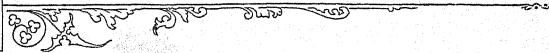
Down the stream for ever: shall we still together
Float along serenely ever through life's day;
Storm or calm, whatever be the fickle weather,
Rough or smooth the water, swift or slow its way?
Floating down the stream,
In love's golden dream,
Memory of those hours will never pass away.
Floating down the stream,
'Neath the willows' gleam,
Through the coming twilight, till the close of day.

WALTER SMYTH.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.



TALKS WITH GIRLS.

By KATHARINE BURRILL.

OF MANY BOOKS.

LORD ROSEBERRY tells us 'you may not have a room to sit in; but if you have a book to read you have something which may remove you from this life to something better.' The chances are, if you were so very careless of your surroundings as not to mind whether you had a roof over you or not, you would be removed (book and all) to the nearest workhouse. Reading a book at a street corner, even studying Shakespeare gracefully reclining on the curbstone, would not be considered a visible means of support. Though the book-lover may value his books above all other earthly possessions, he must still buy beef and mutton (or 'Grape nuts' and lentils), pay the milkman and the water-rate, and, if he is not mean, give the lamplighter a Christmas-box. Here comes in the advantage of much desultory reading. You part with your two shillings or half-a-crown with infinitely more pleasure because you have made the acquaintance of 'Leerie.'

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door, And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many more.

And, oh, before you hurry by with ladder and with light,

Oh, Leerie, see a little child and nod to him to-night!

Even if I did not know R. L. Stevenson's Lamplighter I should certainly tip *our* man, for he sends in a printed calling-card with 'Your Lamplighter' on it, and wishing you the compliments of the season in large letters. Think of it! Your Lamplighter—not the lamplighter of the street, of the next-door neighbour, or the people opposite, but your very own—how could you refuse to press half-a-crown, nay, five shillings into his hand and wish him a Merry Christmas?

To people who never read, a blue paper water-rate is a tax-paper, 'only that and nothing more'—a dull thing and in many towns a dear thing—a thing to

No. 328.—VOL. VII.

grumble over and to pay dearly and of necessity when it falls due. How different the aspect of a water-rate when you think of Mr Lillyvick! In the glow of enthusiasm that results from happy recollections of Henrietta Petowker (of the Theatre-Royal, Drury Lane) reciting 'The Blood Drinker's Burial,' with her back-hair down, we rush off and write a cheque for the water-rate as if we positively thought Morleena's uncle was our collector, and if we did *not* pay 'the plug of life' would be dry and 'but the mud left.' If reading can even brighten up our taxes and induce people to pay them promptly, how necessary it is that we should all read! People buy books, certainly—booksellers' statistics show us that; but conversational statistics do not prove that they read them. Perhaps the dull people only read the dull books. Dull persons never seem to grow any cheerier or more interesting however much they read. On the other hand, you meet brilliantly amusing people with original views on every subject who never open a book at all; but then they have used their eyes and their ears. I am not at all sure that, like Poets and Cooks, the real Lover of Reading is not made but born. If you are born without a love of books I question very much if you will ever acquire it. After many years you will still have a tendency to lay an open book flat on its face, turn down the corners of the leaves, and stand a wet cup of tea on the cover.

It is a curious fact that great readers can never tell you what it was like to be taught to read; they remember nothing about it; there is no time in their memory when they could not read to themselves. Try to track them back to the earliest lairs of childhood by mentioning various governesses. All you will receive in answer to your question is, 'Oh, I read to myself long before *she* came.' Now, the non-readers, who are only driven to a book by illness or a very wet day, can give you an accurate description of every reading-lesson. They remember every

[All Rights Reserved.]

MARCH 12, 1904.

tear, every time they ornamented the corner for inattention, every time they were kept in. They can tell you the very date when they finally left B, A, 'Ba' and D, A, 'Da' for the glories of 'The cat sat on the mat' and 'Ned is a bad lad' (why such an aspersion on Ned?), and truly as far as their literary attainments go they are still sharing the mat with the cat.

Girls should be encouraged to read. The wife and mother gives the tone to the whole house, and it will sound pretty 'tinny' if it comes from a vacant mind. If children naturally love reading they should neither be shown off to the company as embryo Macaulays nor laughed at because they prefer sitting still with a book to banging round the room making a hideous noise. Sometimes a mother does not read herself, totally forgets the child may have inherited the taste for literature from some far-away ancestor, and rather resents the absorbed attitude of the small, quiet person. If she does not understand it, and the child is perfectly healthy and quite happy reading her books, let the mother hold her tongue. There is no need to tell the passing visitor, 'Janey is such a curious child; she would rather have a book than a doll or a toy for her Christmas present.' The amiable visitor, whose reading probably consists of a magazine now and then, says, 'What a funny little girl you are! I loved dolls when I was your age.' Naturally Janey is covered with confusion, begins to think there is something to be ashamed of in wanting a book; probably 'hedges' over her present, and accepts a doll which she loathes or a mechanical toy that makes her head ache.

I am told that nowadays children do not care for Fairy stories; the loss is theirs, and I can only hope that with advancing years they will gain more sense. Fancy going through life without knowing 'Alice,' or 'The Steadfast Tin Soldier,' or all the delightful people and animals, especially the animals—think of 'Henny-Penny'—in Grimm's *Fairy Tales*. If it is the want of strict truth, and the fact that they never lived nor could live, that prevents the modern child from caring for Fairies, what about Titania and Oberon and Puck? Don't tell me there is any child who would not love Puck. I once saw a horrid, stodgy little boy in a bookshop, who, when offered *Bonnie Prince Charlie* by his fond mother, said, 'Is it really true—all true?' and on the wearied bookseller replying, 'Well, it is founded on historical fact,' remarked, 'I don't think I care for a book that is only founded on fact; it must be all true.' Think of his end! A real 'Bully Bottom's Babe,' but he would probably grow very rich and prosperous, and find plenty of unimaginative souls to be dull with him. You do not build bridges with wreaths of flowers, but neither do you leave your iron girders and cantilevers without a coat of paint. Let us build our lives firm and solid, but bedeck and bedizen them with even a little of the pleasant paint of imagination.

It is very difficult quite to know what books are the best to recommend to girls to read, for it seems to me that your real reader will hunt about and find the best books for herself. In elaborate lists either of the Hundred Best Books, or books to have always by you, there are generally a great many that you personally could very well do without, while others that are your dearest treasures are entirely left out. The book-lover will find her own happiness, and the ordinary one-novel-a-week-from-the-Library-girl is hardly worth bothering about. Only, I would like to advise the latter not to waste her time over some of the modern books. It would be far more to her advantage not to read at all than to read the kind of trash that she often indulges in—books that give false ideas of life and that put false values on things. A book may be perfectly harmless, with a high moral tone, and yet be worthless rubbish, put together anyhow, with no style nor motive either to edify or amuse. The Beautiful Heroine, generally of humble origin and immaculate manners, who carries all before her, shows Beauty in a false light; we know perfectly well that a lovely face does not ensure perfect happiness, a gorgeous marriage, and untold wealth. To go to the other extreme (this is calculated to do greater harm, as there are more plain girls than pretty ones), the remarkably plain young woman is not of necessity endowed with such charms of manner and conversation that she captures every one from the curate to the neighbouring duke, and leaves the beautiful maidens languishing in despair, possibly wishing they too had nondescript complexions, straight hair, and sketchy features. Pretty people can be, often are, extremely dull and uninteresting, but then ugly people are just as dull, with this disadvantage—they are not good to look at. They are merely like Miss Jemima Jane, who 'tho' much more good was much more plain.'

It is quite hopeless to give people any advice about what to read; ten chances to one the books you like they will find stupid or tiresome, and they will not hesitate to blame you for recommending them. Then, again, can anything be more depressing than to be told *Mrs* Marion Crawford's books are so nice? To be asked, 'What did Stevenson write?' worst of all, to have a book described as 'a pretty book to lie about the drawing-room?' When you are very young you try to correct the errors of the cheerful ignorant—a fatal mistake; with age comes wisdom. You merely giggle to yourself in your tub and politely ask them to step out of your sunshine. Since telling several people to read *The House with the Green Shutters*, and being much reviled for so doing, I am rather chary of saying anything about a modern novel. The *Green Shutters* was a piece of brilliant work, and did not aspire to be 'nice' or 'a pretty book for the drawing-room.' If you take a man from Barbie and another from Drumtochty, and shake them up together in a bag, you will get a compound fairly

resembling the average Scotchman. Many people were indignant over the description of the Barbie 'bodies.' I know plenty 'bodies,' 'nesty bodies' too, and not a thousand miles away from Edinburgh either. Another intensely interesting and well-written novel was Zangwill's *The Mantle of Elijah*, yet several people told me they did not care for it, or that it was beyond them. We have recently lost a writer whose books were always well worth reading and well worth buying. I do not think any one could read *With Edged Tools* or *The Slave of the Lamp* too often. Seton Merriman is a great loss; it is difficult to know who will take his place. His books were never namby-pamby nor written for the Young Person; they are full of life—life in the best sense, not slush and mud. We have in Edinburgh an institution known as the 'ash-bucket.' (Now, please, it is *not* a bucket!) Before each householder's door late at night is placed the 'bucket' to be removed by the Dustman in the early morning. It contains the ashes, the refuse, and the rubbish that collects, even in the best-regulated families, during each day. Would it be much use spending our days groping in the 'buckets' on the off-chance of discovering that a careless servant has flung away a silver spoon? I think not. There *have* been stars found in dust-heaps, but you may choke yourself with dust before you discover your star. All this is a roundabout way of asking girls not to read books whose chief merits (?) are unconventionality, strong writing, and daring disregard of decency. If you shout loud enough you will undoubtedly make yourself heard. And a good many of the present-day-writers, chiefly women, do a deal of shouting. They say what they have got to say 'very loud and clear;' they come and 'shout it in your ear.' The best thing you can do is to be 'very stiff and proud,' and say 'You needn't shout so loud.' The particular shouters I am thinking of are not by any means in the Front Rank, but they command a certain public, and it is a great pity they do. After five-and-twenty, girls could, I think, read any book in the world that they want to without it doing them any harm; but I am not sure that in their teens a little supervision is not required. Far better let a girl read great master-pieces—*Tom Jones*, *Tristram Shandy*, or *Humphrey Clinker*, coarse and plain-spoken though they be—than books full of suggestion and innuendo like — 'The task of filling up the blanks I'd rather leave to you.'

When you see women vacantly grubbing about a circulating library, armed with a catalogue, looking for what they are pleased to call 'something to read,' ask them if they have even a bowing acquaintance with *Harry Esmond*, *Guy Mannering*, or *David Copperfield*. You would be surprised how many people there are of apparent sanity and fair intelligence who have never read *Vanity Fair* nor *The Antiquary*. They may possess a primness and prissy appearance, but they could tell you nothing

of Mrs General and Little Dorrit. If they know Catriona and Maggie Tulliver, it is doubtful whether they have ever heard of Clara Middleton, Lucy Fernald, or that peerless beauty the Countess de Saldar. I hope every one has been to a tea-party at the Honourable Mrs Jamieson's, danced reels at Glenfeart with 'the girls,' gone for a walk with Elizabeth Bennet, and not forgotten the splendours of Maple Grove. It is a sad fact, but I fear a stage-play acquaintance is all some people have with Miladi and D'Artagnan, Don Quixote and Olivia Primrose. But that is better than nothing. It is something after all to know Dante was an Italian poet and that Cyrano de Bergerac had a very large nose.

Your reading-girl will not need to be told of Lamb, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt, nor that their essays, well bound and clearly printed, can be purchased for a shilling or two. For a cab-fare you can buy Jerrold's *Fireside Saints* in the most attractive form, and I mean your cab-fare to be a modest eightpence. Every girl might well expend her one-and-sixpence and become acquainted with St Phillis of fragrant memory, with St Phoebe, whose door-mat not only wiped her husband's feet, but merely treading on it put him in a good temper. What girl would not be the better for knowing St Sally, who was not ashamed of owing to five-and-thirty, and sweet St Norah, whom 'Saint Patrick, out of his own head, taught how to boil a potato—a sad thing, and to be lamented, that the secret has come down to so few'?

In our juvenile days we were wisely told to 'store our minds when young,' and made to learn much poetry. The latter task—only it was so delightfully taught that it was *not* a task—is the one people will be most thankful for when they are older. It is comparatively easy to learn verse by heart when quite young, and very difficult to manage even four lines when old. There is a great charm about what I think I may call an untidy mind, full of scraps of verse, odds and ends of poetry, old sayings, and old stories. The one absolutely perfect and ideal untidy mind must have been Sir Walter Scott's, just stuffed full to overflowing with bits of everything; what a joy to have listened to his old tales and 'ballads'! But most people can, in a small and a long way after Sir Walter's way, store their minds when young with what will be an immense pleasure to them in later years. Are Leith and its docks quite the same to the man who never heard of Burns as they appear to the man who murmurs to himself:

Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie,
That I may drink before I go
A service to my bonnie lassie.

The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry,
The ship rides by the Berwick Law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

Yarrow is but a loch, a burn, and rather dump-

ling-like green hills to people who never read Wordsworth, who never heard of the 'Dowie Dens,' and to whom Christopher North, the Ettrick Shepherd, and Tibbie Shiels are unknown quantities. Why, I have even known a dreary, weary wait at an Italian railway station in the small hours of the morning rendered fairly endurable by memories of 'Lars Porsona of Clusium, by the nine Gods he swore,' though we were very sick of the sight of Cortona's 'diadem of towers' before the train moved on. Read all you can when you are young, keep your ears open for stray scraps of knowledge, and do not be afraid of asking questions. If you do not know a thing, do not pretend you do; own up, and you may learn something of the subject.

People are so untruthful about what they like and dislike! Have the courage of your opinions. 'To know what you prefer, instead of humbly saying Amen to what the world tells you you ought to prefer, is to have kept your soul alive.' It is better to keep your soul alive and own to a decided bias in favour of Pinero as a dramatist than to swear you adore Shakespeare and sit out *Richard II.*, pinching yourself to keep awake, and with a soul inside you like a shrivelled nut. There is such a lot of tall talk about books. A girl sits up and tells you she reads nothing but Maeterlinck and Matthew Arnold; another that she reads only French, and 'for the style!' They rather remind me of the old picture in *Punch* of the Cinnabue-Brown children when their poor old uncle wanted to take them to the pantomime. Of course, if you honestly prefer the British Museum to Drury

Lane it is quite right and proper to say so; but be quite sure you are honest and not merely talking for effect.

The most charming book that any girl, old or young, can read was published a couple of months ago, and it says a good deal for the book-buying public that *Rebecca of Sunnyside Farm* cannot be printed fast enough. It is full of freshness, simplicity, and happiness. Let us be happy, and leave the Cinnabue-Browns to be æsthetic and morbid. It has style, which the book for the *jeune fille* (poor dear!) is generally without; and I cannot pay 'Rebecca' a greater compliment than to say that I think 'Pet Marjorie' would have liked to have played with her and would have loved her.

Some people tell you they only read 'to pass the time.' What a terrible state of mind to be in! Unless really ill or in great sorrow, can any one want to get rid of such a precious gift as time—the hours, jewel-studded or tear-stained, that make up our little life? To pass the time! Not to fill it full, not to work in it, not to play in it, but merely to hurry through it as quickly as possible, and with as little trouble to ourselves. When you say you 'read to pass the time' you are insulting literature, using books as a means to an end—and what an end!—the hastening of the hours that have been given to us as a great, a wonderful, and a priceless treasure.

O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

THE CLOSED BOOK.

CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUES THE RECORD.

PAUSING in my work, I rose and looked out across the sunlit sea; then, eager to gain further knowledge, returned and continued the deciphering, as follows:

'OF THE YEARS I REMAINED at Croylande, growing old in years, and often visiting with my friend Malcolm Maxwell the beadsman Petre of Castor, beyond the town of Peterborough, I speak not, save to say that much happened in London of the king's marriages and of our lord-Cardynall Wolsey's disavour with his majesty.

'BUT NOW, READER, another thing did happen in the year 1537 that unquieted our abbot and all of us—namely, that the king intended to suppress and seize our abbey, as his majesty had seized the houses of Romburgh, Fyneshed, Walsingham, and Bury St Edmunds. Whereupon our abbot, John Welles, a holy and well-beloved man, wrote unto Thomas Cromwell, chief secretary to the king's highness, this letter:

"With due reverence I commend me unto your honourable lordship, humbly asserting the same that I send your lordship by this bearer part of our ten fish, right meekly beseeching your lordship favorably to accept the same fish, and to be good and favorable, lord, unto me and my poor house, in such cause as I hereafter shall have cause to serve unto your good lordship, and I with my bretheren shall daily pray to our Lord God for the long continuance of your lordship in health.—At Croylande the xxv. day of March, by your daily orator, JOHN, ABBOT THERE."

'BUT IT PLEASED NOT THE KING'S SECRETARY that our splendid abbey should be spared, and the gift of our fish was unavailing. The king's highness recognized not the good and true service done to his grace, and gave not his favour unto us. Because of its isolation our abbey became a place of refuge in those black days of the king's wrath against us. Through those years I had lived a quiet life in the cloister, mostly employed in prayer and meditation, for of a veritie I was penitent, and prayed for the

repose of the soul of my lady Lucrezia. Alas! the secular spirit prevailed in our land, and we received worde at the first daybreak in December 1538 that the commissioners, William Parre, Robert Southwell, and Thomas Myldemay, who had seized the monastery of St Androse in Northampton for the king's use, intended to seize likewise our house and lands. Therefore did our good abbot John take me aside with Malcolm Maxwell and held counsel with us how best to conceal our altar plate and jewels, of the which we held a goodly quantitie. Secretly, knowing how safe a place was the fish-ponde, wherein I had already hidden the Borgia treasure, I suggested it, and that night, leaving sufficient silver to satisfy his majesty's commissioners, the three of us took the great silver altar and a goodlie number of the Abbey treasures, and, placing the latter in three chests bound with iron, sank them deep in the mud in the centre of the pond. Only Maxwell and myself were privy to the secret that we had taken from the abbey treasury the things that follow.'

In Old English the list read :

- i. greate altar of sylver, mayde by the Abbat Richard in 1381.
- i. great chalysce of golde gyven by Thomas de Bernack in the yeere 1356.
- iiij. large chalysces of sylver.
- iiij. patens.
- i. alms bason.
- vii. cuppes of sylver.
- iii. cuppes of golde.
- ii. Golde candelsticks.
- iiij. golde crucifixes.
- i. ymage of Oure Ladie in sylver.
- ii. sylver boxes full of the precious stones tayken from the altars and robes. Some of great syze.
- iii. small boxes of other jewells.'

Continuing, the record stated :

'OF THE REST, WE LEFT TWO chalices and other things for the king's highness, the Abbot knowing well that our house must be destroyed and desecrated, and that we must be scattered. The night was dark, with thicke fen-mist, when we carried forth the heavy chests and let them down noiselessly into the water at a spotte at the opposite end to where through many years my own treasure lay well concealed. The ponde was deepe, and dried not in summer, beynge fed by many springs, and well fylled wyth good carp for Fridays. Malcolm kept watch by the south door while I, wyth the Abbot, sank our treasure in the deepest parte of the lake. Then, when we returned in silence, we all three went into the Abbot's chamber and there swore to Almighty God to ever preserve the secret, tayking oath that neither should seeke to recover the hidden treasure withoute the consent of the other two. We knew that our glorious abbey was doomed, and wished to save what we could for the Church's benefit. And we were not mistaken, for three dayes later the Commissioners came with Thomas Cromwell himself, and

our good Abbot was forced to surrender unto them everything. Thus we monks, to the number of one hundred and sixty and four, were dispersed ; and the king's men stripped our great church, seized all that was of value, sold the bells and the lead, and then broke and battered down the walls. Seeing their ill-intentions, some of us still remained in refuge in houses of the people in the neighbourhood, I finding hospitality at an inn called The Oak Branch at Eye, while Malcolm was at Thorney, our abbot having departed to London.

'THROUGH A FULL MONTH WE WATCHED the destruction of our magnificent Abbey, how that Southwell's men did break our statues and tore down the very tower, I lingering there because of my own treasure concealed and unable to recover it lost my action should be noted. Once I heard rumour that Southwell intended to pump out the lakes, and surely the pump was sette up. Then did I tremble, well knowing that all that we had hidden must be discovered. Cromwell, however, considered that they had seized all of which we were possessed, and luckily gave orders for the work of pumping to be stopped, an order which pleased me mightily, for every other hole and corner was well searched for anything hidden, especially for books and proclamations against the king's actions.

'ON THE FIFTH OF FEBRUARY 1539, my friend Malcolm Maxwell, who like myself had been compelled by the king's commissioners to discard his habit, came to me, saying that he had decided to return to Scotland, his own country, and offered me asylum in his brother's house, the castel of Treyf, in Galloway. His invitation accepted, I managed one night by the light of the moon to drag the fish-pond, and after many attempts succeeded in recovering the casket of wood and iron that I had brought from Italie, no one knowing of my actions. To Malcolm, who was older than myself, I declared that my casket contained my Booke of Hours and a relic of Saint Peter—the which I had brought from Rome—for he knew not that it really contained my dead lady's jewels and her secrete phials. As touching our journey north by the great roade through Stamford and York to Carlisle I will not speak, save to say that we hadde manie adventures, and more than once I was in imminent peril of losing my precious casket. On the borderlandes all was in disorder, and the moss-troopers were ever ready to steal and kill. While passing by the high-road through Dumfries and Dalbeattie we went into the great Abbey of Dundrennan, and prayed before the silver image of Our Lady there; and also we made a pilgrimage to St Ninian's shrine, afterwards passing across the hills and glens by Auchencrain and over Bengain, and thence to the river Dee, where, upon an island, stood the greate grim castel of Treyf, once the impregnable fortalice of the Black Douglas, but now in the possession of my Lorde Maxwell of Terregles, an ancient baron of great landes, and brother of Friar Malcolm.

'IN THIS, THE WILDEST PART OF GALLOWAY, we were received warmly by my lord of Treyf, who on the night of our arrival was entertaining in the great banquetting-hall John Gordon of Lochinvar, who had juste been to France with the Scottish King incognito in search of a wife; Gylbert Earl of Cassilis; David Vaus, abbot of Soulseat; his brother John Vaus of Barnbarrook; with the lairds of Garlies and Sorby. The talk as we ate our venison with wheat bread was of how the two Galloway lairds the Macdowalls of Freuch and of Mindork were invading Arran with fire and sword, and how they had burned the castle of Brodick to the ground. By their conversation I knewe well that although my lord Maxwell was steward of Kilendbright [Kirkendbright] and keeper of Treyf, which the kinge had vested from the Douglas, he was, however, not truly loyal, and that there was conspiracy against the king just as there had been in that same stronghold in the days of the Black Douglas.

'STILL FAR FROM IT THAT I, a houseless fryar, should utter complaints, for mi lord, not havinge seen his brother for fifteen years, treated us both with greatest courtesy, and gave us asylum for as long as we wished, assigninge to us rooms in the tower that commanded the sweep of the river lookyng up towards Greenlaw. Through a full year I remained with my lord Maxwell, riding often against the Gordons of Kenmuir, the Douglasses of Drumlanrig, and the Agnews of Locknaw, having well concealed my treasure-casket in a safe spot upon the island. Old in years, yet much fierce warfare did I see across the hills and treacherous mosses of Galloway, often riding over the border against the English with Malcolm, who, like myself, had reulie doffed the habit for the breast-plate. We besieged the castle of Kenmuir, and took its lord prisoner to Stirling, as also we did the lord of Orchardton, Willyam Cairns.

'AT THIS TIME OUR KING HENRY OF ENGLAND had shaken off the Holy Father's authority, and the doctrines of the reformed religion were widele spreading among the people. In Scotland, too, a greate national change was unavoidably approaching; for religious reformation had been long advancing, and doctrines in opposition to the Romish Faith had been propagated in Galloway by the Gordons of Airds. The Bible, which had been locked up from the laity by the clergy, was now procured in numbers, and secret meetings were being held in the woods to read it, for even possession of a copie of the sacred book was a penal offence. Of a verity the persecution was terrible, for many were imprisoned or committed to the flames.

'TREYF WAS A GOODLY STRONGHOLD, square, surrounded by a barbican and flanked at each angle by a circular tower, secured in front by a deep fosse and vallum, while the island itself was surrounded by the rapid waters of the Dee; and my lord Maxwell, with the kinge's authority behind him,

was the most powerful of the lords of Galloway. One night, however, we returned from riding against the English from Lochmaben. Our Galloway troopers, with Lochinvar at their head, had utterly routed a large body of Somerset's men, and as in the sun-down my charger's heels clattered on the drawbridge of Treyf, Malcolm, who had remained, came forward to greet me with pale face, and took me up into my chamber where we could speak privately. He told me that the conspiracy against the kinge, formed by his brother, had been discovered, and that a mounted messenger had arrived from Helen Lady of Torhouse, who was with the Court in Edinburgh, to warn him that his majesty had sent an armed force on his way to us. My lord Maxwell's intentions regarding an alliance with Somerset to the detriment of the Scottish king had been betrayed by one of the conspirators, Johnston of Lockwood, and the messenger alleged that five thousand men were already at Dumfries with orders to storm and take Treyf, with my lord Maxwell, his brother Malcolm, and myself, who, coming from England as we dyd, were beleevied to have been in the plot, and to also arrest young Gordon of Lochinvar, Abbot Vaus of Soulseat, and Gylbert Earl of Cassilis, at their various houses. My lord Maxwell was absent with James Earle of Bothwell at Earlston, but a messenger was sent in hot haste to him, while Malcolm and myself tooke counsel as to how we should act. My lord's fair daughter Margaret was in the castle, and we saw that to save her and ourselves we must all three fle. They were hastily preparing while I had gone in secret to secure my precious casket, when the guard suddenly announced that the advance guard of the kinge's army was already at Treyf Mains. Not an instant was to be lost; therefore, compelled to leave my ladie Lucrezia's jewels in their safe hiding-place, I sprang into the saddle of a fresh charger, which one of the troopers led to me, and, following Malcolm and the fair Margaret, dashed across the drawbridge and along the frail wooden brydge that connected the island with the opposite bank. Scarce had my horse's hoofs touched the road than the weak supports of the bridge were knocked away, fell in peices in the river, and were swept down the stream, while at the same instant the portcullis fell, and the rattling of chains told that the drawbridge was drawn up and the stronghold isolated and rendered impregnable.

'THE FAIR DAUGHTER OF MAXWELL proved a good horsewoman, and through the long dark night we all three rode our hardest, well knowinge that capture meant either death or imprisonment in the dungeons of Edinburgh. Indeed, our departure was noted, and for some hours we were hotly pursued; but Margaret Maxwell knew the countrie as well as any moss-trooper, and she led us safely through the Glenkens into the giant solitudes of Carsphairn; then, after a rest, taking a circular route, we rode along the wild shore of Loch Doon, over the Rhinns of Kells, and across to Auchanmalg

Bay, where we arrived in sadde plight and exhausted on the second night. Through the whole of Galloway the king's men were searching for us, and we heard that my lord Maxwell had already fallen into their hands near Loch Ken, while Treyl

was holding out against the besiegers. To remain in Scotland longer was impossible, although I grieved in secrete that I had no means by which to recover my precious casket. Ours was truly a position of gravest peril.'

BRITISH TRADE WITH FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

BY A RESIDENT IN BRAZIL.

THE attention of the British public has been called for some time past, and latterly with very great persistence, to the question of the maintenance or attainment of British supremacy in the trade with foreign markets, and it is hoped that the following may be of interest to your readers, and especially of assistance to the export merchant and manufacturer. The object of this article is not to deal with specified classes of merchandise; for it is an undoubted fact that no country in the world can expect to monopolise the world's trade in every marketable article, and, to be fair, we must admit that certain countries lead in certain specialities, and will continue to do so, no matter what we may attempt to the contrary. It may be, in those cases, a question of the economic conditions of such countries, some special facility they have in the way of crude material on the spot, &c. Our object at present is to ascertain how we can improve our trade in a general way, and our relations with our customers in particular.

Let us get to the root of the matter at once by studying, as is our obvious duty, the needs of our present customers and of those whose custom we go into fresh fields to seek.

A very potent factor in the question of the general principles of trade is the facility with which the buyer can obtain information and understand that which is offered to him; and I claim that it is the duty of the manufacturer and export and import merchants to suit themselves to their customers, and this the British as a rule do not do. It is a well-known fact that the most general system of weights and measures and money throughout the civilised world is the decimal. Here arises the question of the possibility of adopting in our empire and colonies the decimal system in lieu of our present one. What countries use the decimal system? Practically all but our own!

Please, therefore, consider carefully the following: A customer (he may be a consumer, retailer, or importer) in one of the South American republics wants to buy, let us say, linseed-oil. He was taught in school the decimal system, the currency of his own and neighbouring countries being on that basis, as well as the weights and measures used by them; probably he learned no other system, but for argument's sake let us suppose that he also learned English weights and

measures and currency. He asks for quotations from his correspondents in London and Hamburg. From London he receives the reply, '20s. 3d. per cwt. ;' from Hamburg, 'Mks. 41.50 per 100 kcs.' All being equal, to which will he give the preference? Certainly to the one who quotes in decimals in nine cases out of ten. Again, a Mexican customer wants, say, some flannel. One Manchester firm, an old-established English house, quotes 1s. 5½d. per yard, 30 inches wide; another firm, also in Manchester, but German, quotes 17.9d. per metre, 76.5 cm. wide. The latter quotation our customer can understand at a glance, but the former requires careful study if our Mexican knows anything about £ s. d. and yards and inches, and may frequently even be thrown on one side as unintelligible by some of the less well-educated traders.

Even amongst the better educated, no reasonable person can expect that a foreign merchant will be bothered with £ s. d., tons, cwt.s, qrs., and lbs., and yds., ft., and in., if he can get German, French, and other correspondents to quote for the same articles in the decimals to which he and all his employes are accustomed.

The question of the decimal system is one the importance of which can best be appreciated and understood by those who have actually had experience of trade in one or other of the many foreign markets of the world. I have met merchants who have confessed to me that they never realised the necessity of paying close attention to such detail until they had come abroad.

Only a few days ago I was conversing with a customer on this special topic, and he assured me that he would not do business with any one who would not quote in francs and kilogrammes (*not* tons, cwt.s, qrs., lbs.); and he is a man at the head of his trade, and one who takes a great pride in his business, studying all new ideas connected with it as they come out.

Nor is this the only or the most important point. We must seek to study the needs of our customers, continuing to keep pace with them. When we go to a tailor, how often does he fit us and how often do we point out some mistake to him, until we are satisfied, accept our suit, and pay up? The tailor who does not try to please his customers will lose any business he may have had; so with us as a nation. Napoleon called us 'a nation of shopkeepers;' but surely a shopkeeper who drives away

customers by lack of attention will be condemned by every one! It will be agreed, therefore, that we must study the needs of our customers. How best can we do this? It is by beginning with the consumer—not, please note, with the manufacturer, as so many people seem to think.

Let us take any special line—say hardware. A., a poor man with very limited means, wants a common door-lock. The British manufacturer offers his cheapest article, a good one, at say 2s. The French maker offers a similar line, also good, at 1s. 10d. A. cannot afford either, and must fasten his door with a cheap latch; but here comes a German, who asks, 'How much can you pay for a lock?' A. replies, '1s. 4d.' 'Done,' says the German, and he produces a lock which will serve the purpose, though, of course, not so good as those offered by the French or British makers.

We have as a rule five interests which we ought to consider: first and most important, the consumer's; second, that of the retailer (who supplies the consumer); third, the importer's in the foreign country (who supplies the retailer); fourth, the merchants in Europe who are to carry out the instructions as to buying for the importer; and, fifth, the manufacturer of the merchandise.

In my opinion the importer in the foreign country has the key of the position. To know his business he must know exactly what the customer wants and *why* he wants it. He must enter for these wants in such a manner as to facilitate the retailer in the supplying of them. Furthermore, he must anticipate wants, find new things and methods for the consumer; in short, he must be always thoroughly well informed of the latest improvements, newest articles, &c., to be had in the manufacturing centres. In this it is the duty of the merchant and manufacturer, through him, to keep his client well posted while *he* also seeks information from every possible source.

Too often the export merchant in Europe or elsewhere forgets (if he ever knew) his functions, and, instead of seeking to supply those goods which his client asks for in the manner he indicates, tries to teach him his business, and sends him a similar article maybe, or one packed a little differently from what is ordered, telling him that it is practically the same or that the manufacturer does not make what he wants, &c. The following is an instance of what actually happened to a merchant of my acquaintance (he is an importer in a foreign country). He sent home an order for tea, to be shipped in small boxes of from sixteen pounds to twenty pounds each. Why? Because he knew by experience that he could sell twenty of them where he could sell only five of fifty to sixty pounds. What does his agent, the exporter, do but write out saying that the small cases cost more, and therefore he sends the large (fifty-pound) ones. On another occasion a customer came to him and gave him a

repeat order for an article which he had been buying regularly from him, of a special make and brand. He forwarded the order to his correspondents, also specifying the original maker; but they, with the best of intentions but showing great lack of perception, placed the order for a similar article of another brand from a maker whom they had since discovered to be cheaper! What was the result? The goods arrived and did not prove to be so good as those formerly received, bearing a different mark, and my friend's customer refused them, and thought that he was at fault!

In all markets the conditions of trade vary from time to time, now plenty of money with all branches of trade and industry booming, then a period (and in proportion to the boom often a very protracted one) of depression, great scarcity of money, and very limited demand for goods. In the time of plenty there are very few people so ignorant as not to prefer, and to have, a good article, even at a high price, rather than a rubbishy, showy, cheap one, and then it is that the British merchandise is to the fore and *keeps there*, for every one admits that in the main an article 'made in England' is more worth its price than any other—really good value for the money. In *bad* times, the lean years, the same people, although they know that the British-made article is worth the extra price, buy a cheaper, maybe a German one, for the very simple and good reason that they have not the money to pay for the better article.

Whether it is within the reach of our British manufacturer to compete with the Germans and others in these cheaper goods I am not competent to judge. Here the questions of cheap labour, material, &c. come in; though I have been told by some Sheffield manufacturers that they have their hands full with the better-class trade and prefer to leave the other alone. Then why complain if the Germans take it? Do we expect to do *all* the world's trade? If not, do not let us grumble because we *only* get the cream of it!

In conclusion, I must not let the reader go away with the idea that there are none of our merchants and manufacturers who are progressive, even to 'carrying the war into the enemy's camp'—nay, rather, I believe they are increasing in number; but I fear that the greater proportion are not yet thoroughly awakened to the needs of the time, and require to realise more completely that the advance of civilisation is going on at a much more rapid pace now than even a quarter of a century ago, and they must increase their activity and vigilance accordingly. If they will only believe that a man knows what he wants, wants what he asks for, and will buy from those who will supply it to him, they will still be leaders of the world's trade; and to the question, 'Who has the supremacy in this or that market?' the answer will more frequently be 'Great Britain.'

A COMEDY OF LIEUTENANTS.

PART II.



HE morning of the 22nd August broke fair and calm. At nine o'clock the lookout at Castle Cornet signalled an English sloop-of-war running up the Russel before a light wind.

By ten a little group of people at the harbour lighthouse saw the sloop shorten sail, heard the clatter of her capstan as she dropped anchor off the Castle, and almost at the same instant saw a boat put off for the harbour. There are few sights prettier than that of a man-of-war's boat pulling inshore. The perfect rhythm of the rising and dipping oars flashing in the sunshine, the sense of power in the force with which each stroke drives the nose of the boat through the water, the swing of the rowers' arms and shoulders, the white duck suits, with the gold crown-and-anchor badges of the petty-officer—all these are things which fill the landsman's soul with admiration, and help to foster the curious delusion that a sea-life is a perennially happy one and a sailor the most enviable creature in creation. As the boat neared the harbour the little group gathered at the steps. The Governor himself, in his undress uniform as a lieutenant-general, had come down to speed Pengelly. There were also Ensign Charles Grey, His Excellency's nephew and aide-de-camp, with Mr Roubilliard the harbour-master, and a sprinkling of Pengelly's civil and military acquaintance.

As the rowers tossed their oars at the steps there leapt ashore a stoutly built officer with a most unmistakable Hibernian face. His hair was grizzled, and his skin tanned to that rich, deep shade of walnut which only years and years of watch-keeping in brine-laden gales and driving sou'-westers can induce. His years might have been fifty, or even more; but years had not robbed him of the merry eye or the boyish step; and when Pengelly stepped forward with his interrogative, 'Mr O'Flanagan?' it was with the brightest smile that the other answered, 'That's the boy,' and shook Pengelly's hand like a pump-handle. Pengelly presented him to the Governor, whose hand he wrung in like fashion, saying, 'Proud to make your acquaintance, General. By the way, have you heard the last news?'

'We've no advices of any importance since the 10th,' said the Governor. 'What is it? Anything from Nelson?'

'No, sir; Nelson's still at Toulon, trying to tempt the French out, and he says that when he does, he'll follow them if it's to the Antipodes. No; it's a thing which happened in these waters only the other day. No doubt you've heard of a countryman of my own in the French service by the name of Sheridan? Yes? Well, he's been at it again,

by your leave; it appears he's here, there, and everywhere of late; and the last news is that he has tricked one of our revenue cutters into Cherbourg—tricked her, sir, without a blow struck or a shot fired!'

'But how?' said the Governor. 'Did he have a quartette of tame sirens on board to lure them off their course?'

'No, sir—no; it was like this. Ye see, it was a revenue cutter, as I say—just the little *Gwendolen*, that I've no doubt you've seen in here often enough. Well, you may perhaps remember her skipper, a lean Galway chap called McCarthy. Now, McCarthy's one of the smartest sailors you could meet—one of the fellows who'll find land for you in open ocean by the smell of the air or the colour of the water hours before ever the lookout-man picks it up. I'd sooner take McCarthy's word for a ship's position than the best dead-reckoning ever made. But he has got one vice—he's too fond of a dram. Well, it appears he was on his mettle this time, for he was carrying a bag of despatches for these islands, and then he was to run on to Brest with mails for Cornwallis. It seems the Port Admiral sent for him before he left, and said, "See here, McCarthy, you'll need your wits, so keep off the liquor. If you run this trip smartly I'll see if I can find a seventy-four in want of a master." Now, you must know that's always been McCarthy's ambition—to get aboard a line-of-battle ship. So he stuck out his chest, and says he, "Never fear, sir. I'm a cowl-water man till I get this side of Point again." He goes aboard steady as a church. They'd but little wind, and it took him nearly all day tacking and tacking across. They'd got Alderney bearing low down on their port bow when down comes a white fog. Now, it's an odd thing; but, tough sailor as he is, the one weather McCarthy hates is a white fog. It's just some plaguy west of Ireland superstition or other about it, I don't know what. Anyway, the long and short was that McCarthy goes below and takes a dram, and then another and another. He doesn't get drunk, but he gets maudlin. The boatswain says he was drivelling about wakes and banshees, and all the rest of his misbegotten, superstitious trash, when suddenly up goes the fog, out comes the sun, and there, so near that you might have flung a biscuit on her deck, was a small craft of a nondescript kind—sort of cutter with a jigger-mast and lugsail, dandy fashion. Up stumbles McCarthy, and bawls out, "What ship's that?" although they could plainly read her name, *Kathleen, Bantry*. There wasn't a creature in sight upon her deck; but after a third or a fourth hail a cadaverous face slowly raises itself over the taffrail, and calls out faintly, "'Av' ye sich a thing as a pruste aboard ye?'

"A praste, is it?" said McCarthy. "And what will ye be wantin' a praste for?" "Oh, for the love o' the saints," says the face, "come aboard an' see why for yerself. An' if ye've a drop o' brandy, or a keg o' fresh wather, put ut in the boat wid ye, as ye wish for salvation."

'At this McCarthy was keen to see what was going forward. So he made up his mind just to go himself; but his nerves were still shaky, so he takes no less than six men in the boat with him. They put brandy and food in the boat, and left the boatswain with the other man on the *Greenetolen*. The boatswain saw the seven tumble over the *Kathleen's* side, and saw them disappear below. Hardly had they done so before down comes the fog again. A couple of hours passed. The boatswain hailed the *Kathleen* again and again, without a word of answer; but he didn't trouble for that, for he knew she'd no more wind than himself, and could only have drifted a bit in the currents. He's a man with a good lass voice of his own, is the boatswain, and he was singing to himself the old "Leather Bottel" as he leaned over the binnacle, when suddenly a hand was laid on his arm. He whipped round, to see the cadaverous face grinning over his shoulder, with a couple of French sailors behind it, and more clambering over the side. He dashed at a handspike, but the cadaverous one tripped him up, and made two of his men sit on the boatswain's chest while other two trussed him. With that the cadaverous chap put his hand to his own chin, and behold! his cadaverous face was just a mask, and behind it was an ordinary Irish plaiz such as you might meet by the dozen in any Connemara village of a market-day. Says he, "Now, Mr Bo's'in, if ye please, we'll just have a trifle of quiet talk, as between gentlemen. Ye may perhaps have noticed that I'm not exactly what I seemed to be?" "Blast ye for a lying thief, then," said the boatswain. "Tut, tut, me friend!" said the other, "let's discuss this affair quietly and without heat. Me name's Sheridan. Your skipper and his six men are lying in me cabin at this present moment of time," says he, "as drunk as seven pigs, and snoring loud enough to raise the roof of Tuam Cathedral. I've every confidence, Mr Bo's'in," says he, "in your capacity as a navigator; but I can't take ut on me conscience to leave you here with all these bags of valuable despatches at the mercy of the chops of the Channel. There's a nasty current or two running round Alderney, and really the port of Cherbourg is so handy," says he, "that ut seems as if the very finger of Providence was pointing to ut. So, Mr Bo's'in, I'm just proposing to take these two dear little girls, *Gwenie* and *Katie*, into Cherbourg, as soon as ever I get the wind. But ut just crossed my mind that perhaps you and your helmsman might have no stomach for a sojourn as the guests of the First Consul; so I thought ut would be no more than polite of me to say this: you can have one of the *Gwenie's* boats, into which me men'll put plenty to eat and drink, and you can

take your chance of pulling over to St Anne Port, or getting picked up by a Guernsey noddy, or going your own way. So say the word, Mr Bo's'in, for my time's short."

'Well, the boatswain cursed all round the compass, but at last decided for the boat. So he and the helmsman were put in and shoved off. They tried to pull for Alderney; but the tide carried them out nearly into mid-Channel, where they were picked up in a few hours by a frigate homeward bound from Jamaica. Directly he got to Portsmouth the boatswain took his tale to the Port Admiral, and that's how I heard it. Poor McCarthy and his men, I suppose, are now in a French prison, and the Admiralty despatches are no doubt being translated for M. Decrès to lay them before Boney.'

'Well,' said Pengelly, 'doesn't that bear out every word I said the other day, sir?—I was telling the Governor, Mr O'Flanagan, that our people lack brains, and are fair game for any sharp-witted scoundrel who'll trick them.'

'Me bhoy, you're perfectly right. I've remarked the same thing myself times without number. But it's a pity for poor McCarthy, all the same, isn't it?'

'Pity!' said Pengelly. 'It's a thousand pities such goats should wear the king's uniform. A fellow who lets himself be tricked is only fit to plant cabbages. I wish to heaven it may be my fortune to knock against this Sheridan! If he tricks me I'll give him leave to eat me.'

'Well, me bhoy, and from all I've heard of you, I've no doubt it will be a cold day for Sheridan if he *does* catch you. But I'm taking up your precious time. I see they've got your chest and your portmanteau into the boat, and I know Captain Manson'll be glad to weigh and get round the Casquets, for the glass is falling, and I'm thinking we shall have a dirty night. No doubt you've got the bits of details about the anchorages and the rest of it?'

'Yes,' said Pengelly; 'here are the keys. This is the key of the strong-box, in which you'll find all the confidential papers, fair copy of the log, and six months' weather observations. That's the petty officer in charge yonder.—Pugsley, just come here a moment, will you? Mr O'Flanagan takes over everything, you know, and you'll be able to give him all the help he wants.'

'How do, Pugsley?' said O'Flanagan. 'Remember a chap of your name in the old *Agamemnon*—one of the smartest maintop-men I ever met.'

'My brother, sir,' said Pugsley, a handsome and rather bulky Devonshire man, out of Brixham. 'I was gunner's mate in the *Belleisle* same time.'

'Why, then, come to think of it, you must have been the volunteer fellow who ran the fire-ship at Aboukir?'

'That was me, sir.'

'Gad! that was a smart piece of work. And what did you get out of it?'

'Two bullets in my head, sir, one in my neck, three months in Malta hospital, and a penny a day.'

The whole group laughed at Pugsley's concise summary of a grateful country's lavish appreciation. Pengelly, who had been making his farewells, now shook hands heartily with the Governor. The jolly old General had become deeply attached to the lieutenant during the two years of their acquaintance. Trustful, direct, and unsuspecting himself, the acuteness and penetration of Pengelly—a man of proved integrity—seemed to the Governor to mark him out as a genius of the greatest promise.

'Good-bye, Pengelly, my lad, and God bless ye. You'll write and let us know your station before you hoist your blue-peter?'

Pengelly gave his promise, and took his seat in the stern. The boat shoved off, while the little group hastened to the harbour-mouth to see the last of him. Hardly had the boat been hauled up the ship's side when they caught on

the breeze the musical chant of the sailors getting up anchor:

Merrily round the capstan
Heave a pull, heave a pull.

The little sloop, with all her canvas set, caught the wind, and rapidly drew away down the Russel; and before the twelve o'clock gun boomed from Castle Cornet, H.M. sloop *Fanny* was a mere speck of white on the northern horizon.

'A fine fellow, sir,' said the harbour-master as they strolled back towards the town church.

'He is a fine fellow, Mr Roubilliard,' said the Governor—'as fine a fellow as holds the king's commission. Gad! I'd give half a year's pay to see a duel of wits between him and that scoundrelly Sheridan.'

At the town church the party separated. O'Flanagan elected to walk out to St Martin's; so, after putting him on his road and engaging him to dinner on the morrow, the Governor and his nephew bent their steps towards Government House.

THE FRISKINES.

THIS is the record of a group of men and women who, two hundred and thirty years ago, in an unknown corner of the universe, lived out their lives under the eye of the Church, holding themselves in an obedient restraint, stumbling along the paths of dreary duty, deeply human in their efforts towards submission, but more deeply human when they miss the path, when their piteous backslidings appear—the sins that were so natural and were so sternly visited. None of these men and women ever wrote their names on any page of history, however humble; like their indistinguishable graves, the remembrance of them has long been trodden down by hungry generations; they lived, strove, sinned, and died as countless others have done, without one deed that deserved immortality, without one thought to bequeath to posterity. The place of their birth had been once, in the great times of Wallace, the scene of wild adventure; it was destined again to be a centre of poetry and romance. But at the time with which these records deal only the traditions of Wallace survived, a dim legend, and Prince Charlie had not yet come to inspire the songs which keep for ever fresh the memories of Gask. The sons of her soil were obscure pensmen. The document which unveils something of those simple lives is the *Kirk Session Records of Gask*, the first series including the years 1669 to 1679, the second extending from 1721 to 1733. Throughout these records the light beats fiercely on the Friskines—on the Friskines as a family, and on those individual Friskines who stand out here and there for an instant of unenviable notoriety—the heroes

of a parish event, the illustration of some long-departed custom or some forgotten law. We gather that they formed an independent, an enterprising, a resourceful group, foremost in every dispute, a power to be reckoned with in parish matters; not a kettle of fish that was not set boiling by a Friskine, not a pie but had a Friskine finger to its making.

Some were respected elders of the Church, others were in receipt of parish relief; here appears a wastrel, there a libertine. From the other side of two hundred and thirty years they touch us with the feeling of human sympathy.

The earliest mention of a Friskine is on August 8, 1669. In that year Androe Friskine was admitted an elder of the Kirk. So far good. It is a distinguished beginning, and fancy dwells on Androe, one of a select band of unctuous respectability, sitting in judgment on his co-parishioners, raised to a height that in those days meant real power. Thus a Friskine is behold on an eminence, and one that was maintained; for in October 1670 we find a 'testimonielle givine to Androe Friskine.'

But ill-doing relatives were to dim the glory of his career, and the next mention of a member of the family is a deplorable one. On July 23, 1671, is found the record, 'Apontis the Kirk Officer to summond William Friskine to compeir before the Presbytrie on Wednesday come eight days for stryking his wife unchristianly.' Misfortune fell heavily upon the pious Androe, for only seven days after this family disgrace the affair of the plaid came before the session: a confused tale as it reaches us, but doubtless an

incident that stirred the parish to its remotest quarter.

The parish clerk probably understood the matter thoroughly, and did not trouble to make clear in the records various details which at this distance of time it would be interesting to know. Why the plaid should be the centre of a rancorous family quarrel will never be known; but out of the chaos of words one solid fact emerges: 'John Blak deponit that he did find the Plaid bi the hie-way, and that it was not conveyed to him by a freind.' It is the only clear statement to be found in the affair. The minister 'intreated the thrie women to be reconciled.' The three women were Margaret Friskine and Janet and Elspet Friskine. Margaret considered herself the injured party, and bursts upon history on July 16, 1671: 'This day Margaret Friskine shewis that Elspeth and Janet Friskine slandered her by saying she surreptiously and unjustly intronnetted and detained a Plaid fra Janet.' On the 30th the two defendants being called, they compared, and Margaret had 'her foirnait bill red in their audience;' then follows their denial, and the calling of Margaret's witnesses: John Harle, James Young, and Thomas Cuthbert. So far the injured Margaret had led the battle, but Janet was minded to strike a return blow; she 'gave in a clame' against Margaret, 'beheard that she slandered the said Janet' and had called her names that are not either polite, pretty, or even customary, it seems, among Friskines of the seventeenth century. Janet had her witnesses too—the Friskines evidently washed their linen in public—Thomas Cuthbert, being one, must have found himself in an unenviable position between the three infuriated relatives; the others were William Imbrie and Janet Oswald. John Blak was an important witness called by neither side, but cited by the session to appear 'that he might shew what he knew concerning the foressaid Plaide.' On August 6 the parties met again, and one pictures Androe seated among the elect at the table of the elders, warm with anxiety for the credit of his name, and deprived of the snug complacency that belonged by right to his office. Possibly Janet and Elspet were his sisters; Margaret was a Friskine by marriage only. At all events, any relationship would seem unpleasantly near under the circumstances.

Thomas Cuthbert and Janet Oswald were examined after the belligerent Friskines had been removed, and stuck by their story of Margaret's indecorous language. William Imbrie seems to have rattled; the eye of the Friskines being temporarily removed, he declared he knew nothing of the affair. John Blak made the one clear statement before mentioned, 'and the Minister intreated the foirnait thrie women to be reconciled.' Decidedly the matter was not cleared up, nor was any decision given; but Janet and Elspet obediently held out the olive-branch. It may be supposed they had possession of the

plaid, and could afford to be generous. Besides, William Imbrie had failed them; they seized a chance of retiring with colours flying. With poor Margaret the sense of injustice and the lust of battle remained strong. It required a high courage in those days to defy the Church; but, minister or no minister, she scorned the flag of truce. There must have been a deadly pause in that assembly, when she had hurled forth her refusal, before the minister turned to Thomas Friskine and charged him to 'deal with Margaret, and to move thaim to reconciliation.' It is Thomas's first appearance on the scroll of fame. His was an anxious task, in view of the fact that immediately after this scene notice was given of the celebration of the Sacrament within fifteen days.

Thomas laboured to effect peace for one week with poor result; for on August 20 he reports that he had dealt with Margaret Friskine, and that 'she would not grant to be reconciled with Janet and Elspet Friskine, altho' they offered thaim selfis willing.' Apparently the elders recommended Thomas to try again to deal with her, and gave her till Saturday to be reconciled. 'The Minister again recommendis to the Eldersis will and thaim to joyn with him that all variances may be reconciled betwix and Saturday, if it be possible.'

From this it would appear as if not only the efforts of Thomas but of the whole battery of elders and minister were to be directed for the space of six days upon Margaret. It is scarcely a matter of wonder that she remained 'thrawn.'

When Saturday came there is no mention of her appearance before the session; but the Friskines were not unrepresented on the occasion. William Friskine, the same who beat his wife unchristianly, 'owned his sin in delating with one William Harle, and ordained the morrow morning to satisfie.' Thus Elder Androe was kept upon the rack, nor did the events of Sacrament Sunday reinstate the family in the good graces of the session.

There is no list in the records of those who communicated; only one thing is plain from the proceedings at the thanksgiving service held on Monday: 'Note that Margaret Friskine, under scandal and debate, and not compeirand to give satisfaction and to be reconciled, communicated not.'

It was not until September 11 that the wrath of the Church fell, and disclosed the names of all those who had failed to attend the Sacrament. Alas for Elder Androe! in that disclosure the name of his family figured prominently, and the chief offender was one of his own name, another Androe Friskine, who, with Gilbert and his wife Margaret, was cited to 'compeir before the Session at their next meitting.'

The Sacrament Sunday was on August 26. Not till September 18 did the culprits appear before the assembled elders, 'and being severally interrogat why they did not communicate, they answered as

follows: vizt., Andro Friskine, he was at a Play lately befor the communion, and thairfor could not come. Gilbert Friskine sayd he was not examined, not being at home, and thairfor could not come, and that his wife was not summondit. Margaret Friskine answered that she gott not a token, and that she had gottin such wrong from Janet and Elspet Friskine she could not be reconciled to thaim.'

Of the three, Andro's excuse is the most interesting—the plea of having been to a play rouses a keen curiosity to know what play. Perth is eight miles away; but plays may have been given there, and Andro in the fervour of youth may have thought a sixteen-mile walk a reasonable price to pay for the experience. It can never be known what the play was like; all that we do know is, that to have witnessed it precluded, in Andro's mind, the possibility of attending the Sacrament. We can but draw our own conclusions from the fact.

Gilbert Friskine appeals to our sympathies. There is a loveliness in his excuse; we feel intuitively that he was loyal, that in some way he wanted to stand by his wife, the outcast from Church privileges, poor stormy Margaret, who could not be reconciled, and 'gott not a token.' This last was the little metal ticket of admission to the sacred rite.

This matter of not communicating dragged on for weeks. October was nearly over when the culprits duly appeared before the session: 'They were seriously exhorted to take to heart their slighting of the blessed Sacraments, and appointed to appear at the next meeting.' However, we hear no more of it; the affair died out after two months of talking.

Whether Margaret ever forgave Janet and Elspeth will never be known.

Thomas Friskine was counted among the 'honest men' of the parish—this much can be gathered. On March 24, 1672, 'the Minister regretting that the Kirk was not well planted with seattis or pewis, he and the Elders were desirous to take advisement how the samen might be effectuated.' The result of the council was that a week later 'they resolved to goe on anent the planting of the Kirk with pewis or daskis, . . . the rather in regard the elders reported that the people were willing.'

The willingness of the people meant more than mere consent or even an increased donation at the Sunday service. 'Diverss of the honest men at desyre from the Minister and Elders compeirit befor thaim, and shew thaimselis willing to send hors and boyes with thaim with John Oliphant to Perth the morne, to bring timber to plant the Kirk.' The boys, we find, were supplied with 'ail' at the cost of the Church on the occasion: 'The Minister and Elders mett with John Oliphant and pactioned to give him 24 shillings Scots for ilk pew . . . with an pynt allis pryce dayly, or the Sunday's collection, for his workmanship *and to buy drink to him.*' Plainly the

temperance movement was either unknown here or received no Church support. 'Thair being now elevin pewis up-put in the Kirk' on May 19, we find a list of 'honest men,' headed by Thomas Friskine, who were called upon to choose 'pewis or daskis.'

Meanwhile many and weighty had been the conferences respecting the 'furnishing' of the church. John Oliphant's accounts were rendered piecemeal—now for 'lyme, stones, and sand,' now for 'naillis and deallis,' and each item involved discussion. So serious, indeed, was the whole undertaking that the elders 'deemed it expedient that the Laird of Gask, younger, should be appointed to be present. The Minister having gone to him and desyred the same, reported that the said Laird "was resolvit quhatever the Minister and Session did conclude, either as to the furnishing or fewing of the pewis belonging either to him or his father, he should rest satisfied thairwith." We can fancy that the young Laurence Oliphant would be glad to escape the weariness of the long conferences.

Meanwhile the doings of John the joiner formed the centre of interest. Nothing since the affair of the plaid had so stirred the parish, and it must have been felt that a great work had been accomplished when, at the meeting of the 'honest men,' the business in hand was the apportioning of the pewis. Thomas Friskine's pew was chosen in the 'East,' at the south side. Walter and another Thomas—possibly the unsuccessful pence-maker of three years ago—had a shorter pew; presumably they were not family-men. William Friskine the wife-beater and Andro the frequenter of plays had another in the same aisle, 'and each of them engaged to pay the proportion of the pewis choisit.' Walter, we find, was elected an elder in 1673. Altogether, the family was acquiring a pious distinction; for on March 2, 1673, when all 'honest men' should have appeared to pay the rent for their pewis, Andro Friskine stands alone in virtue. He was the only one that appeared and 'product four markis . . . none more compeirit for pewis paying, altho' warnit and callit.'

Some of the recalcitrant worshippers, as late as January 1674, received 'earnest exhortations to pay the pewis betwixt and the next Sabbath, or they to be persecuted thairfor be law.'

Two of the elders died late in 1675. Thomas Friskine was one; and his son of Clathynmore was invited to reign in his stead, but seems to have raised difficulties about accepting the honour. The session meetings show traces of his indecision from December until late in March, when the minister 'shew to the Session that seeing Thomas Friskine would not be elder, he had dealt earnestly with Ninian Friskine to be Elder, quhom he persuadit thairto, and asked the votes of the Elders, who wer well satisfied thairwith, judging him, altho' young, yet to be as fit as they who refused.' This was a snub for Thomas, who had made humility his

excuse. But in 1678 we find Thomas collecting as an elder as well as Ninian. In this year an alliance strengthened the Friskine clan, and William and Jean were married, and we find the elders 'appointing a testificat' to be given to a young boy Friskine, 'and in respect he had nothing to pay, they ordered the treasurer to give the clerk payment.'

This is the last that is known of the Friskines for forty-two years; for here occurs the long gap in the records. When the Registration Act was passed in 1854, the volumes of the Gask Session Records had to be sent to Edinburgh; and as the births and deaths were mixed up with the session minutes, out of four volumes that had been sent only one mutilated book returned from the Registrar's Office. This accounts for the darkness in which the history of the Friskines is involved; but when the light again breaks we find them much the same as of old, except that they had altered the spelling of the name.

These forty years formed a period of extraordinary advance throughout Scotland; but traces of advance are hard to find in the parish of Gask. The case of John Allan is worthy of the earlier records, and it is mentioned here because it leads to the reappearance of a Friskine.

John Allan was an elder, and should have met with his brethren on July 19, 1724. But the session 'desyned to take note of an affair wherein he was concerned,' and instead of seating himself complacently among them he 'did of his own accord remove.' The session called him back in order to 'intergate whether he would acknowledge his scandalous behaviour in beating Jean Atkin with a rod.' He did judiciously confess that he did beat the said Jean Atkin, his neighbour, with a rod. We could wish he had set up a defence, so that at least the provocation might be made known, for the story as it stands raises a curiosity which no research will ever gratify. No more is known save that 'he being called in, was rebuked, admonished, and the sentence of suspension intimated unto him.' The gap in the ranks must be filled. 'The Minister desyning to have moe Elders added to the rest, by consent of the Session pitched on Andrew Firskin in Westmuir, who condescended to that honourable office.' So the name was then spelt. In May 1725 it had changed to Fiscan; but it was a temporary aberration, which reverts to Friskine on the next page.

The original Elder Androe of forty-five years ago must, it may fairly be supposed, have been gathered to his fathers; it was left to an Andrew of another generation to carry on the traditions of his house. The elders of the Church had need of a discriminating member, with an instinct for the rooting out of parish scandals, and Andrew Friskine was made one of the 'privey censurs' gone about to unearth scandals.' Week by week must Andrew have sought for parochial sinners and brought them in triumph within range of the great guns of the assembled

session. He nosed out the case of Donald Stewart and Jean Buchan, of Thomas Cook and Jean Barnet, of James Taylor and Lyllys McWilliam. He it was who discovered that Margaret Reid was 'guilty of scandal in fleighting and flecting and praying for imprecations upon Elizabeth McLearn her neighbour.'

When, after the visits of the 'privey censurs' about the parish, no damaging facts were forthcoming at the session meeting, 'the Minister exhorted diligence and faithfulness in their office.' Whether or not rebuke was intended, the 'privey censurs' redoubled their efforts, and kept the stool of repentance occupied Sunday after Sunday.

It is to be supposed that Andrew would scarcely relish, however, the unearthing of a certain 'scandal' which comes up in 1731. Lyllys McWilliam is again the heroine, but her name is objectionably linked with no other than that of Ninian Firskin. We remember there was an Elder Ninian who was young in 1679, but it is not credible that he could have pursued a downward career for fifty-two years; this must have been a later and degenerate Ninian.

Lyllys occupied the 'pillar' for three successive Sundays, and to these, in view of a former fall, a fourth was added. She must have been used to the experience, as she had 'compeared in the place of public repentance' in April 1727. It appears that Ninian Firskin stood in the same unenviable position on May 2 and two following Sundays. There is then a gap in the records, and we are astonished to find in April in the next year Ninian again summoned before the session and sentenced to compare next Lord's Day in the place of repentance. His offence is not mentioned; but its nature may be guessed from the fact that on May 23 poor Lyllys 'compeared for the fourth time, after recovering from sickness.' Certainly in her case the methods of the Church had been a dead failure. On June 20 we have a pathetic entry regarding her: 'Lyllys McWilliam was absolved, and is so poore has nothing to pay the penalty;' and then in the year following comes the last mention of her name among a list of the very poor and destitute who received money after the Communion. There was, or had been, a child, and we cannot feel that Ninian comes creditably out of the affair—a regrettable circumstance, as this is the very last we know of his family.

Thus the Friskines quit the scene ingloriously enough, and we leave the last scion of the race definitely among the goats. The blood of elders and supporters of the Church ran in his veins; but his nature threw back to the gay and irresponsible forefathers whose doings are here chronicled. So it happens that at the end of the story we leave the Friskines upon the pillar of repentance.

Now the race of Friskines, Fiscans, and Firskins at Gask is at an end, and the place knows them no more. The oldest inhabitant fifty years ago had never heard the name. It must be a hundred years

since the Friskines migrated to enliven other parishes. Utterly forgotten out of mind, but for the power of the Church that held them, these records are their only monuments. We only know that many genera-

tions lived out their lives in this quiet corner of the earth. Thick about the spot where their little Church once stood, in a green and ancient solitude, lie their nameless graves.

M Y W E A P O N S.

By REGINALD WYON, Author of *The Land of the Black Mountain, &c.*



PON my walls hang a quaint assortment of weapons. It is a hobby of mine, and one I am to a certain extent proud of, because each specimen—be it pistol, knife, or assagai—has been added to my collection

on the spot where it was used. When I draw back my chair and contemplate them between the whiffs of my pipe, old, half-forgotten scenes come back to my turgid memory, and a longing to exchange my present surroundings of prosaic bricks and mortar for waving palm-trees, for blue cloudless skies, for rugged mountains, steals over me.

There is a pistol, of which I am very fond—it is of wood mounted with quaint brass ornaments—that snaps fire still when I pull the trigger. It calls back memories of its athletic owner, a Montenegrin who once formed one of my escort when I was travelling on the Albanian borders. The recollections of that day are very vivid, for we saved the life of a fugitive from the pitiless vendetta and very nearly lost our own. It was touch-and-go when his pursuers came up, outnumbering us by ten to one, savage-looking Albanians, and we refused to yield or give him up. The man, a handsome young fellow, hung panting at my stirrup, and never shall I forget his look of gratitude as the avenging band drew off, afraid of the consequences should they have shot us Europeans. Probably he is killed by now; but at any rate we saved him for a few more months of pleasant life. That night the owner of the pistol drew it from his belt and gave it to me, telling me its history. It had, to his certain knowledge, slain twenty-eight men, and had been carried by him for years, and by his father before him. Probably the number is far greater, for border warfare is part of the daily life of these frontier men. Then we fired the charge with befitting solemnity—for was it not its own death-charge? And now it hangs rusting on a wall, and a modern revolver graces its place in the gay-coloured sash of its Montenegrin owner.

Beside it hangs a silver-mounted pistol of equal antiquity. A gambler Montenegrin brought it one evening and sold it to me that he might continue playing. 'My father took it from a Turk whom he had slain,' he said, 'in the last war, here, before the walls of the town.'

But he insisted on selling it, knowing that I loved such things, and went back hurriedly to his fellow-gamblers. To this end had his father risked his life and won a trophy!

A Japanese knife close by was the present of a little Jap coffee-house-keeper in sweltering Zanzibar. Why he gave it to me I never knew, yet there it is to remind me of his odd coffee-house and his little staff of geishas, as much out of their element in those evil-smelling alleys and reeking heat as I, the Englishman, was. I close my eyes and conjure up that bare room, its bamboo furniture, and delft attendant maidens. Half in the door stands a one-armed beggar moaning piteously for charity, and the tiny Jap drives him away with much cursing. Then the tramp of bare feet and shouts of men take me to the open window, and a chair bearing a veiled woman swings by borne by gigantic eunuchs, the curtains wave, and a roguish face peers out, veiled, and gives me a ravishing glance. A more sedate friend pulls me back, adjuring me to caution as I value my life, for the enchantress is one of the royal harem, whom to gaze upon is death. That worthy gentleman the deceased Sultan of Zanzibar rivalled even Solomon in all his glory in one respect. And then a stately old Arab comes in, with jewelled daggers and pistol-butt in his gorgeous sash, and greets me in broken French, for many are the chats that we have had together. It is the famous Tippoo Tib, the one-time notorious slave-merchant, of whom Stanley often wrote.

Above the knives hang an array of bows, poisoned arrows, and spears which a Dutchman gave me on his deathbed. Poor fellow, after a sojourn of many years in the fever-stricken swamps of South-East Africa, saving money the while with which to return to his beloved Holland, he succumbed to malaria on the very ship that was bearing him homewards. We buried him in the glassy Indian Ocean, and to us, his friends, he distributed many of the gifts that he was taking to his loved ones at home, a few hours before he died.

Yes, some of my weapons have sad stories too.

There is the solid-looking English hunting-knife that a merry young Scotsman gave me as he lay rapidly dying from a bite of the black *mamba*, which means death within the hour. He was fresh from bonny Scotland but a few weeks before.

That is the assagai which a Zulu threw at me, and which cut my finger to the bone as I hastily wardied it off with a riding-cane. He was stabbed to the heart by our 'friendlies' a moment later. Those were lively times in the Mounted Police, and many were the unofficial brushes that we had, and which we never reported to headquarters.

Another scar on my hand causes me to take down an ugly knife cased in a rude Arabian sheath. Its blade is four inches broad, of thin flexible steel—a nasty width between one's ribs.

That was in Dar-es-Salaam. Three of us (an Englishman, the Dutchman who died two or three weeks afterwards, and myself) had dined not wisely but enthusiastically with the German officers of the garrison. On our way back to the ship an Arab jostled the Dutchman, and he knocked him down. He was a hot-headed man even in his sober moments. In a twinkling a dozen Arabs were round us with such knives as this, and a scuffle ensued. One rascal stabbed at me, and I caught him an under-cut and sent him sprawling, but not before he had gashed my hand. A revolver-shot scattered them as quickly as they had come; but the knife had been dropped, and I bore it off in triumph.

That knobkerrie I saw thrown by a Kaffir policeman after a fugitive. With beautiful precision it caught the runaway in the bend of the knee, and a second later his pursuer was neatly handcuffing him. The policeman was so elated with his capture that he forgot the brass-studded 'kerrie.'

For a modern 'six-shooter' I became the possessor of that pair of Turkish matchlocks. That was in Sentari, and the Albanian who exchanged them plainly intimated that he thought I was a fool—after concluding the bargain, with the revolver safe in his belt.

'What canst thou do with those guns that have not fired a bullet this last generation? With *this* I can slay six men with careful shooting.' And he shook his head as he proudly walked away, a hand on the butt of his new revolver.

Near them hangs my Mannlicher carbine and trusty companion on my tours in Montenegro and Albania. How it excited the envy of the clansmen armed with old Martinis, and how they shouted when I shot against them in improvised matches, 'out-marksmaning' them all with my lighter weapon, but that carried farther and straighter! I remember a young chieftain who rode three days to overtake me, on a splendid horse, literally frantic to exchange his steed for the carbine. Broken-hearted he left, not believing my promise to secure him another similar. 'Such rifles are not to be had every day,' he said sorrowfully. 'I, who have lived my life amongst armed men, have never seen the like.'

Beside it hangs my revolver that custom ordains shall be carried everywhere in the Black Mountains of Montenegro by the sons of that brave race.

'A man without weapons is a man without honour,' they say.

Yet amongst them it was never drawn in anger or defence, but often have its shots rang out, echoing in their mountain fastnesses, when I have bade farewell to my generous hosts. It is the 'good-bye' of the Montenegrin as he turns in his saddle or pauses in his lithe stride to empty his revolver into the air.

Ah! they are pleasant and sad companions, my weapons; but chiefly, I think, the former. They are links with my past life more eloquent than anything I possess; for have they not, many of them, been the keys of the mystery of life and death?

If they could speak, how poor this description would be! But perhaps it is better so. It is not good to know too much, and so I am well content to have them there, silent but so full of eloquence.

THE DREAMER.

THE Dreamer sits beside the fire, the wind is whistling shrill,

The winter sun has dreed its weird and sinks below the hill;

But where the shadows lengthen, and it's Blind Man's Holiday,

The waiting ghosts come forth, and, lo! the Dreamer has his will.

The happy, happy Dreamer! far in the frozen North
He faces death with Gilbert, with Franklin fares he forth;

Or if the fancy take him, he rides the world with Drake,
Till the Inquisition draws him, a martyr, to the stake.

Oh, never were such escapades, such tales of derring-do,
All crowded in the twilight hour, a thousand lives lived through!

Wiser than Rip Van Winkle, the Dreamer scorns to wake,

He's loyal to the kingdom where the fairy tales come true.

Oh, happy, happy Dreamer! In the greening of the year
Who is it rides beside you, whose voice is at your ear?
Who lays her spell upon your heart, and all your being charms?

'Tis La Belle Dame sans Merci—and her captive knight-at-arms!


And when the stars come out at night, the Dreamer looks above,
And claims from all the far-off worlds his flickering lights o' love.

For love is true above the blue, and fairy tales are real,
Where wolves couch near the herded sheep and the hawk homes with the dove.

Thrice happy, happy Dreamer! when the corn is harvested,
And the Scytheman stays for gleanings, pray you be gathered.


For Earth is all men's mother, and on her quiet breast
The Dreamers wake to life, perchance, when workers take their rest.

B. M. DANBY.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.



THE COUNTRY DOCTOR IN FRANCE.

TWO country doctors of France, I doubt not, are familiar to most folks. Who has not read Balzac's moving apotheosis of a humble practitioner, the story of the good Monsieur Benassis, 'our father,' as the villagers called him?

And who has not read Flaubert's *roman nécessaire*, the necessary novel some critic has misnamed it, a picture of life equalling in ugliness the beauty of the other? Charles Bovary, the heavy, plodding, matter-of-fact country doctor, interests us from a single point of view: the misfortunes brought upon him by his union with a middle-class *Messaline*. Balzac's hero is perhaps a rare type in any country; Charbovari, as in youth Flaubert's doctor called himself, must be set down as an uncommon specimen in France. Frenchmen, like others, may dazzle us with their shining qualities or put humanity to the blush by their vices; stupidity is not a Gallic foible.

Another thing we may also take for granted: whether a Benassis or a Charbovari, no man works harder than the French country or provincial doctor. When Balzac put the colophon to *Le Médecin de Campagne* in 1833, and twenty-seven years later Flaubert brought out *Madame Bovary*, country doctors in France were few and far between. The rural practitioner was most often the nun. Even where qualified medical skill was available the peasants preferred to go to the *bonnes sœurs*. I well remember, when staying with friends in Anjou many years ago, a visit we paid to a village convent. One of the sisters, a rough-and-ready but capable-looking woman, began speaking of her medical rounds. 'Good heavens, how busy I am!' she said. 'Just now every soul in the place wants putting to rights.*' And she evidently put them to rights with a vengeance. There were drugs enough in her little parlour to stock an apothecary's shop; and as many of the nuns are excellent herbalists,

for ordinary ailments I have no doubt they prove efficient.

If at any time you visit village folks, the first thing they do is to introduce you to the *bonnes sœurs*. I remember, when I was staying at the charming little village of Nant in the Aveyron, how the mistress of our comfortable inn carried me off to the convent! The mother-superior was evidently a medical authority in the place, and in order to supply her pharmacopoeia, had yearly collections made of all the medicinal plants growing round about. Here on the floor of a chamber, exposed to sun and air, were stores of wild lavender for sweetening the linen-presses, mallows, gentian, elder-flowers, poppies, leaves of the red vine and limes, with vast heaps of the *Veronica officinalis*, or *thé des Alpes*, as it is called in France, and many others. That excellent little work Dr Saffray's *Remèdes des Champs* had apparently been got by heart.

But it was not only the peasants who resorted, and still resort, to the convent instead of the surgery, as the following story will show. A few years ago I was staying with rich *vignerons* in Burgundy, when their cook was severely bitten by a sporting dog. Several of these dogs were allowed to run loose in a yard adjoining the kitchen; and one day, thinking that they wanted no more of the food set down for them, poor Justine imprudently lifted a half-emptied bowl. In a second the animal in question, a very handsome and powerful creature, had pinned her to the ground. The housemaid, hearing her fellow-servant's cries, rushed out with a broomstick and beat off the assailant, not before he had fearfully lacerated the woman's arm. Was a doctor sent for? Not a bit of it. The nuns took my old friend Justine in hand, and, being sound in body and mind, she was soon at work again no whit worse for the misadventure. It did seem to me astonishing that the matter should not have been taken more seriously, all the more so as M. Pasteur's name just then was in everybody's mouth. What I quite expected was that Justine, under care of a nun, would have been despatched to Paris, there to undergo Pasteurian treatment. Very likely she fared better

MARCH 19, 1904.

* Her words were these: '*Mon Dieu, que je suis affaîré!* Dans ce moment-ci tout le monde a besoin d'être purgé.'

at home. And as things fell out in Goldsmith's poem, 'the dog it was that died.' Poor Figaro showed no signs of madness; but it was deemed unwise to keep so fierce-tempered a creature about the place.

When more than a quarter of a century ago I spent a year in Brittany and Anjou, I constantly heard it asserted that the nuns starved out the country doctors. Where the choice lay between nun and doctor, the peasants, alike the well-to-do and the needy, would prefer to go to the former, as often the handier and always the cheaper. Provided with a bishop's *lettre d'obédience*, the *bonnes sœurs* were much in the position of our own bone-setters, barber-surgeons, and unqualified medical assistants long since prohibited by law. Legislation in France and progressive ideas have now changed all this, and made the profession of country doctor fairly remunerative. But not till July 1893 was a law passed assuring gratuitous medical services to the indigent poor, the doctors being paid respectively by the State, the department, and the communes. The term indigent poor must be understood as an equivalent to our own poor in receipt of poor-relief.

Oddly enough doctors' fees in provincial France are no higher than they were thirty years ago. So far back as 1875, whilst passing through Brest, the maritime capital of Brittany, I needed treatment for passing indisposition. To my amazement, the doctor's fee was two francs only. On my mentioning the matter to the French friend who was with me, she replied that two francs a visit was the usual charge in the provincial towns and in the country. And quite enough, too, she said. And a year ago I was taken ill at a little town of Champagne. Here, as at Brest, the usual medical fee was two francs a visit, not a centime higher than it had been more than a quarter of a century before. Yet the price of living has greatly risen throughout France since the Franco-Prussian war. How, then, do country doctors contrive to make ends meet? 'Oh,' retorted my hostess, 'we have three doctors here; they have as much as they can do, and are all rich.'

There are two explanations of this speech. In the first place, the town contains three thousand inhabitants, thus allotting a thousand to each practitioner; * in the second place, the word rich is susceptible of divers interpretations. A French lady, widow of an officer, once said to me that she always travelled first-class because she was rich, afterwards explaining that her income was exactly two hundred pounds a year. But she was rich, because most likely she never spent more than a hundred and seventy; and the same explanation, I dare say, applies to the three medical men in this little country town. They were rich, in

all probability, on three or four hundred a year—rich just because they made much more than they spent.

In order to comprehend French life and character we must bear one fact in mind. Appearance is not a fetish in France as in England; outside show is not sacrificed to; Mrs Grundy is no twentieth-century Baal. On the other hand, good repute is sedulously nursed; personal dignity and family honour are hedged round with respect. We must not take the so-called realistic novelist's standard to be the true one. Frenchmen, I should say, as a rule spend a third less upon dress than Englishmen. It does not follow that the individual is held in slight esteem, personality discounted. These provincial and country doctors do not outwardly resemble their spick-and-span English colleagues, nor do they affect what is called style in their equipages—in most cases the conveyance is a bicycle—and manner of living. How can they, upon an income derived from one-and-eightpenny fees? But many are doubtless rich in the logical acceptance of the word—that is, they live considerably below their income and save money. Unostentatious as is their manner of living, the status of country doctor is greatly changed since Flaubert wrote his odious *roman nécessaire*.

There is one highly suggestive scene in *Madame Bovary*. Husband and wife have arrived at the marquis's château for the ball, and whilst the ambitious Emma puts on her barge dress, Charles remarks that the straps of his trousers will be in the way whilst dancing. 'Dancing?' exclaims Emma. 'Yes.' 'You must be crazy,' retorts the little *bourgeoise*; 'everybody will make fun of you. Keep your place. Besides,' she added, 'it is more becoming in a doctor not to dance.'

Now, in the first place, you would not nowadays find among the eleven thousand and odd medical men in France a *lourdaut*, or heavy, loutish fellow after the pattern of poor Charles Bovary. Higher attainments, increased facilities of social intercourse, and progress generally in France as elsewhere have rendered certain types obsolete. In the second place, every Frenchman at the present time can dance well, and I should have said it was so when Flaubert wrote. And, thirdly, a country doctor and his wife would not in these days lose their heads at being invited to a marquis's château! Thirty years of democratic institutions have lent the social colouring of this novel the interest of history.

There is one whimsical trait in the French country doctor. He does not relish being paid for his services. The difficulty in dealing with him is the matter of remuneration, by what roundabout contrivance to transfer his two-franc fees from your pocket to his own. It is my firm belief that French doctors, if it were practicable, would infinitely prefer to attend rich patients as they do the poor, for nothing. Take the case of my last-mentioned medical attendant, for instance. On arriving at the little Champenois town I unfortunately fell ill, and Dr B.

* In M. de Foville's *La France Économique* (1900), he gives eleven thousand six hundred and forty-three as the number of medical men in France, the population being over thirty-eight millions.

was in close attendance upon me for many days. '*Ne vous tourmentez pas*' ('Do not be uneasy'), Dr B. reiterated when, as my departure drew near, I ventured to ask for his bill. A second attempt to settle the little matter only evoked the same, '*Ne vous tourmentez pas*;' and when the morning for setting out came it really seemed as if I must leave my debt behind me. At the last moment, however, just as I was about to start for the station, up came the doctor's maid-of-all-work, or rather working-house-keeper, breathless and flustered, with the anxiously expected account. On my hostess handing her the sum, just five-and-twenty shillings, the good woman turned it over in her palm, exclaiming, 'My! How these doctors make money, to be sure!' Upon another occasion the same reluctance was even more divertingly manifested. I was staying with French friends in Germanised France, and had called in a young French doctor. My hostesses begged me on

no account to proffer money; he would be much hurt by such a proceeding, they said. So before I left one of the ladies wrote a note at my request, enclosing the customary fee and making a quite apologetic demand for his acceptance of the same.

Half-a-dozen provincial doctors I have known in France, and if not guardian angels of humanity, veritable apostles of the healing art like Balzac's hero, one and all might serve as worthy types. Small is the number lifted by chance or ambition into more exalted spheres, laborious the round of duty, modest the guerdon. Yet no class does more honour to France. The country doctor, moreover, forms a link between peasant and *bourgeois*, an intermediary bridging over social distinctions, linking two classes not always sympathetic. A distinctive feature of French rural life, it is a pity that the *médecin de campagne* is so persistently ignored by contemporary novelists over the water.

THE CLOSED BOOK.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTAINS FORBIDDEN KNOWLEDGE.



HAD read almost to the end of old Godfrey's record, and paused for a cigarette. I had written so much that my hand was tired; but it was certainly a highly interesting story, and threw a new light upon Lucrezia Borgia and her crimes, as well as presenting us with a secret chapter in the history of the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII. From an antiquarian point of view the record was, therefore, a most valuable find.

Eager to learn the whole, I flung away my cigarette when only half-consumed, and again turned to, penning each word as I puzzled it out, and as I now copy it out for you:

'WITH A SUM OF GOLD did I bribe a fisherman to take us in his boat to Maryport, in England, where the wrath of Kyng James could not reach us. In company we travelled to York, where I left Malcolm and his niece with their kinsmen who lived close by the city, and continued my way to London, filled with regret that I had been compelled to leave my treasure in hiding on account of a false suspicion against me, and yet not daring to return to Treyf, now that it was in the possession of the hateful king's men. What towardness or intowardness I saw while at that castle on the Dee I need not inform you, or what adventures occurred to me in London, except to say that I soon became seized by a desire to return to Italy, the which I did, journeying to Florence, and there reassumynge the religious habyt and enteringe the monastery of Certosa, and am now ending my dayes within the cloister there.

'PLEASE IT YOU TO UNDERSTAND, my reader, that on enteringe this monastery aforesaid I became so troubled with the past that I have penned in brief, this ninth day of Februaryj 1542, all that happened

to me, in order to leave on recorde the fiendish crimes of the Borgia; to show how my Lady Lucrezia was but the unwilling agent of His Holiness and the Duke Cesare; to affirm that my connection wyth the secret envenoming was in my poor lady's interests and for her protection; and, lastly, to leave on record the exact place within Treyf's grim walls where lie concealed my lady's jewels, together with the secret phials, the small casket that contains emeralds, the worth of which be sufficient to found the fortune of a great house. As touching the family of Borgia, the evil they have done is herein written in this Closed Book, just as it is written in the solemn bookes above the which no man can observe.

'A CURSE RESTETH UPON ALL THE BORGIA, save my lady Lucrezia, so also there resteth a curse upon him who shall attempt to take my lady's jewells for his own uses. Already the knowledge gained by you from my record must prove fatal, as I have by preface forewarned you, inquisitive reader; therefore it were best if you sought no further to understand the spot where the treasure lieth hidden. Still, as I perceive that it is my bounden duty to place on record the spot where the casket lieth concealed now that my life is so short a span, in order that the jewels may not be lost for ever, I write these instructions which, before actinge upon, you must note very carefully, otherwise the secret place of concealment can never be discovered. And further, be it recollected that the jewels have upon them the blood of innocent victims, and that a curse will fall upon the finder providing they are not sold and half the proceeds given to the poor. Heed ye this!

'ITEM: DIRECTIONS FOR RECOVERING THE CASKET:

'Go unto the castle at half-past three of the clocke when the sun shines on September the seventeenth, and followe the shadow of the east angle of the keep forty and three paces from the edge of the inner moat, then, with the face turned straight towardes Bengairn, walk fifty and six paces. Seek there, for my lady Lucrezia's treasure is hidden at a playce no man knoweth save Malcolm Maxwell; but the secret of whych thou mayest discover if thou wilt againe face death.

'But heed thys my warning, ye who hast gayed this knowledge. Evil be upon ye and eternal purgatory if ye dare take my lady's treasure for your own uses without devoting one-half to actes of charity.

'Seek both at Treyf and in the lake at Croylande, and thy diligence shall be well rewarded.

'ITEM: HOW TO DISCOVER THE PLACE AT TREYF:

'First find a piece of ruined wall of greate stones, one bearring a circle cut upon it as large as a manne's hande. Then, measuring five paces towards the barbian, find'—

The next page contained the quaint ending which I have already reproduced.

A page of The Closed Book was missing—the most important page of all!

The folios containing the secret record were not numbered like the rest of the volume; but on closely examining the place I found that the important folio of vellum had been torn out.

By whom? I wondered.

Was it possible that Selby had read the book just as I had done, and having gained the secret, had abstracted the leaf whereon minute directions for the recovery of the treasure had been written? I recollected that he had been seized by symptoms of poisoning—a clear proof that he had been examining the envenomed pages.

Suddenly recollecting, I turned back to the two roughly drawn plans in the centre of the record, wondering if either would give a clue to the whereabouts of the treasure. The reason of the word 'treyf' that was scrawled in the margin of one of them, and had so puzzled me, was now rendered plain. The plan no doubt concerned the ancient castle of Treyf, and it seemed more than likely that by its aid I might succeed in discovering the hiding-place of the Borgia emeralds and the vial of Lucrezia's secret poison.

The other plan, bearing no name and no distinguishing mark, told me nothing.

I rose, and, standing at the open window, looked out upon the sun-lit sea. It was different from the blue, tideless Mediterranean, in sight of which I had passed those seven years of my life, but the breeze from it was more invigorating and the surf whiter and heavier than the watery highway of southern Europe. I stood there lost in thought.

The secret of the hidden treasure was what old Godfrey Lovel, soldier, courtier, and monk, had written and yet endeavoured to hide, first by his terrible warnings, and secondly by poisoning the

pages of the record with that deadly secret substance of the Borgias. Malcolm Maxwell had died; and he, being the only person aware of the place of concealment of the casket and its priceless contents, had conceived it to be his duty to leave that record, yet so to guard it that any one who sought to open The Closed Book would die mysteriously.

I recollected the very narrow escape I had had. The very gloves now upon my hands were, in all probability, poisoned.

Turning again to the table, I reread the directions given as far as the missing folio, carefully comparing it with the transcript I had made, and finding no error. Then, closing the precious book and packing it away in the stout paper, I took it to the hotel-manager to be placed in his safe.

Certainly the story therein written was a remarkable and interesting one. Treasures were apparently concealed both at Crowland Abbey and at Treyf, as to the whereabouts of which I was at present in the dark, and it seemed to me more than likely that the two plans would show the places where they were hidden. Yet the missing folio was tantalising. Just as the minute directions for the recovery of the Borgia emeralds were commenced, they broke off, leaving me utterly confounded!

Could it be possible that those who had formed this remarkable plot to obtain the book actually knew of its contents? To me it seemed very much as though they did, and, further, that the man Selby had abstracted the missing folio. If he had, then he was in possession of the actual secret of where the casket was concealed!

What I had read of the great treasures of the once magnificent Abbey of Crowland and of the emeralds of the notorious Lucrezia Borgia whetted my curiosity and aroused my eagerness to commence a real treasure-hunt in earnest. You, my reader, know quite well how stories of buried treasure always interest you, especially when you recollect that gold, silver, and gems do not perish, and that in the times when there were no banks, safe-deposits, vaults, or even fireproof safes, people were compelled to hide their wealth in cavities in walls or bury it in the ground, the secret of its hiding-place being often carried to the grave by the concealer. Again, in the troublous times in England during the dissolution of the monasteries and the civil wars, every one hid his wealth for fear of seizure. A glance at the correspondence from King Henry VIII's Commissioners to Thomas Cromwell, now preserved in the British Museum, and reporting the dissolution of the various monasteries, shows quite plainly that the abbots and monks hid greater part of their treasures before the arrival of the king's men, and that the search made for them was usually in vain, so ingeniously did they contrive their places of concealment. It must also be recollected that the monasteries were the richest institutions in England, and that the altars and images of the abbays were for the most part

adorned with gold and gems. Many of the images of Our Lady are known to have been of solid silver and life-size. Little of this enormous wealth of hidden treasure has yet been discovered. Where, therefore, is it, unless buried in the earth? The treasure of the abbot of Crowland was, according to old Godfrey's chronicle, hidden in the fish-pond or in that vicinity—a treasure the very list of which caused one to marvel, including as it did the great altar of silver which dated from the thirteenth century; the great chalice of gold, the gift of Thomas of Barnack; four chalices of silver; five patens, an alms-basin, eight cups, and an image of Our Lady—all of silver; with two candlesticks, three cups, and five crucifixes in gold, as well as two silver boxes filled with precious stones. Surely, even with the law of treasure-trove as bogey before us, such a valuable collection was worth searching for!

But somehow, as I strolled along the small promenade towards the old village where the bronzed fishermen were just landing their crab-pots and packing their catch for the London market, I could not help being more attracted by the treasure at Treyf. The crafty old Godfrey had written that record so that the treasure he had concealed in Scotland should not become altogether lost. The Borgia emeralds were historic, and the Borgia poison also.

I felt impelled to write to Walter Wyman, explaining what I had discovered, and urge him to aid me in my search. Now that I had discovered the secret contained in *The Closed Book* I could remain in uncertainty no longer.

That afternoon I took train to Cromer, and in a *Gazetteer* which I found in the library there I discovered that the place called Treyf was really Threave Castle, a very historic pile of ruins situated on an island in the river Dee in the vicinity of the town of Castle-Douglas, district of Galloway, in the south-west of Scotland, on the line from Carlisle to Stranraer. This information was most gratifying, for it so happened that my old friend Major Fenwicke and his wife had a fine shooting with a splendid old mansion called Craillloch only fifteen miles or so away, and I knew that I should be warmly welcomed in that merriest of circles if I wished to make it my headquarters, for Fred Fenwicke kept open house, and his place was full of visitors year in and year out. A trifle older than myself, he was one of my very best and most trusted friends; therefore I was eager to pay him the visit I had so long promised, and, by reason of living abroad, had been compelled to postpone.

Then, on my return to Sheringham, I wrote a letter to Wyman, telling him briefly of the interesting discovery I had made, and by the same post wrote to Fred Fenwicke, announcing that I was eager to pay him a visit as soon as he could put up both of us. I explained nothing of my object, for if one starts to search for buried treasure one is apt to be met with considerable sarcasm and ridicule.

Here, however, I had in my possession facts that could not be disputed—facts which had resulted in a curious and apparently well-organised conspiracy.

Those poisoned pages held me terrified, now that I knew how fatal was their contact.

A VISIT TO THIBET.

By Captain A. H. BALDWIN.



THE present time we learn from the newspapers that our relations with the people of Thibet are 'strained'; or, in other words, that we have fallen out with them, and that an expedition has started in the direction of Lhasa to bring them to their senses and compel them to carry out their obligations towards us. Many years ago I visited Thibet on a hunting excursion, and saw much of the country and its inhabitants. I kept a strict diary of all I saw; and a brief account of my travels and the sport I met with across the Himalayas may prove of interest at the present time.

Early in 1863, when a young subaltern in the Bengal army, I was invalided from Central India to Nynee Tal, one of the most beautiful of our hill-stations. I arrived weak and ill at this sanatorium; but the pure air and bracing climate of these glorious mountains soon brought new life into me. I cared little for the gaiety and pleasures of Nynee Tal, but longed to get away with rifle and gun

into the wilds. My ambition had been fired by a sporting work recently written by an officer in the Bengal Civil Service, who had crossed the snowy range into Thibet, and there shot the *bunahour*, or wild yak, the *Ovis ammon*, or wild sheep, and other big game. The 'spirit of the chase' was strong in me, and I longed to do likewise, and at once began making my preparations for a journey due north. I joined forces with an officer in a cavalry regiment who had obtained long leave of absence like myself, and we had agreed to travel and shoot together. No time was to be lost for making a start. It was of the utmost importance to enter Thibet—also spelt Tibet or Tübet—so soon as ever the melting of the snow on the higher ranges would permit of a passage through the passes.

We obtained a good map of the district through which we proposed journeying, and having most carefully studied the different routes through British territory, determined on making for a pass through the snowy range called the Neti. The height of this pass was over sixteen thousand feet,

considerably higher than the loftiest peak in Europe. From the information we were able to obtain, it appeared that this particular pass presented fewer difficulties than the Neillum, Chor-Hoti, or other narrow clefts through the upper ranges of mountains. We journeyed in one day thirty miles to Almora, a military station above Nynce Tal, where a Goorkha regiment was stationed. Here we bought two small tents of light weight for ourselves, and a third made out of coarse blankets for the two servants we proposed taking with us. We also purchased a number of baskets covered with leather, called *kiltas*, to be each filled with supplies to a weight of forty pounds, a load easily carried by a native on his shoulders. Camp-beds, a small table for each tent, folding-chairs, supplies of tinned soups, bacon, tea, sugar, and other necessities of a like kind had to be provided. Gunpowder and lead was another most important consideration. Those were the days of muzzle-loaders; it was important that our *kiltas* baskets should weigh as light as possible, and we finally decided that two hundred rounds for our rifles and the same quantity for our shot-guns must suffice, though it seemed little enough. I may here mention, however, that the above proved more than we required; for often, in spite of great toil and exertion, we did not fire a dozen rifle-shots in a week. Having carefully thought over everything, and obtained advice from some of the old residents of Almora what to take with us and what to leave behind, we finally obtained a Government servant called a *chuprassie*, furnished with a *pervanna* or order to the head-men of villages to supply us with carriers. Early one morning we made a start, descending from Almora into a deep, winding valley, following the upward course of a small river, and marching on an average ten miles a day. Later we crossed over a range of hills to a well-known camping-ground named Ramme, and thence by an up-and-down march to a village called Tappobeen. We found the heat of the low valley excessive; but as we gradually ascended higher and higher, the beauty of the wild scenery becoming more and more attractive as we proceeded, with the magnificent snow mountains, lovely beyond description, as a background, our longing to view the land beyond increased.

We were fortunate to meet the Deputy-Commissioner of the province encamped at Tappobeen. He was a well-known sportsman, who had several times visited Tibet. He asked us to dine with him on the evening of our arrival, and we found ourselves sitting at table in a sumptuous tent, and a dinner provided the like of which we had not enjoyed for many a day. Our host entertained us with *shikar* stories: how he had hunted and shot the wild yak and *Ovis ammon* of Tibet. Not only this; he advised us as to the best route we should take after crossing the snowy range; and what was of greater importance, he furnished us with the name and address of a well-known guide

and shikaree who would pilot us to the best shooting-ground. Moreover, this same guide and leader, a Bhötia named Dhun Singh, knew the Thibetans and their language, and with our knowledge of Hindustani, which he also understood, would act as interpreter to our expedition. We were to inquire for Dhun Singh at a village called Bomp, two marches on the British side of the Neti Pass. Having wished our kind host farewell, the following morning we made a fresh start, following the valley of the river Dhowina, in places a narrow cleft cut through the mountains, with snow covering the hills on either side and a roaring torrent below. The bridges over this mountain torrent were of the most primitive, not to say dangerous, character, composed of two or three long pine-trees, wet and slippery, and often coated with ice, reaching from bank to bank, with small pieces of plank fastened across to give a precarious footing to the traveller. Often these dangerous bridges were forty or fifty feet above the bed of the stream, and the foaming torrent below was enough to try the nerves and head of any man attempting the passage across. I may here mention that when journeying through these narrow valleys, with great snowdrifts above the roadways, it is of great importance to make your march, during the spring and early summer, as soon after daylight as possible, for when once the power of the sun begins to affect the great masses of snow, avalanches become common about midday. I have often seen a great mass of snow suddenly give way, and with a roar like thunder come gliding down the mountain-side, bringing with it huge rocks and hundreds of spinning stones, gaining greater velocity each moment, and bounding with irresistible force down the steep sides till they eventually found a resting-place in the bed of the valley far below.

But to return to our 'voyage of discovery.' By steady marches we pushed on, till we finally reached the village of Bomp, two or three days' journey from the Neti Pass. Here we learned, to our chagrin, that none of the snow-passes were yet open. This was bad luck, for in ordinary seasons the snow melts sufficiently by the middle of spring—the time of year I allude to—to admit of travellers crossing to Tibet through the passes. However, we had much to think of and to employ our time before proceeding farther. We were fortunate in finding Dhun Singh, the man recommended to us by the Deputy-Commissioner, at home, and he readily consented to accompany us into Tibet, and to act as guide, interpreter, and shikaree of the expedition. He brought with him a young fellow named Daboo, to act as a gun-bearer and general servant. We were relieved to find that the two men readily fell in with our wishes, stipulating only for their food being supplied to them in addition to moderate wages. They also naturally wished that all supplies, beasts of burden, and three men to look after the latter should be obtained from their own village of Bomp. We consented to this, as also to many

other useful suggestions of the kind. The next thing was to discharge and pay up the Government *peon* or *chuprassie*, together with the gang of natives who had with much toil carried our worldly goods up those steep, rugged valleys.

Dhun Singh and his young comrade were both fine-looking, stalwart men, of good manners and address, and evidently accustomed to English sportsmen. Both men were Bhötias, a people inhabiting certain villages below the snow-passes, and under the English Government. I may mention that these Bhötias should not be confounded with the Bhutanese, or inhabitants of Bhutan proper—a people I know well from having served against them in the war of 1865, and who much resemble the Hunniahs, or inhabitants of Thibet, in appearance. Our stay at Bompā was rather prolonged, for the reasons I have already given; but, although we grudged the waste of time, there was still plenty of work and preparation to be made before our 'invasion of Thibet' commenced. Our guide informed us that it was absolutely necessary for us to take everything in the way of food with us, both for man and beast; that we should derive no assistance whatever from the Thibetans; but, on the contrary, that these people most assuredly would throw every hindrance in our way to prevent our penetrating their country. Accordingly we hired eight *joobooos*, a cross-bred animal between the yak and hill-cattle, extensively used for draught purposes, and accustomed to carry pack-loads up to one hundred and fifty pounds' weight. These animals are thick-set, sturdy creatures, accustomed to hill-climbing, and seldom give trouble to those in charge of them. Three extra men were necessary to look after and feed the *joobooos*, collect fuel, help to pitch the tents, light the fires, &c. We found by weighing our *kittas* and other impedimenta that four *joobooos* were sufficient to carry everything we possessed, including our servants' clothing, pots and kettles, &c.; while the remaining four were to be loaded up with sacks of flour, bags of rice, a supply of ghee or clarified butter, some coarse tobacco, sugar, and the like. It was arranged, moreover, that so soon as half of our supplies was expended one of the extra men, with two *joobooos*, was to return to the village of Bompā by the shortest route, obtain fresh supplies, and rejoin us at some particular spot agreed upon beforehand.

On the evening of our seventh day's halt at Bompā we were delighted to hear that the Neti Ghāt, as the natives termed this pass, was at last open, the snow having melted sufficiently to enable a party of Thibetans, with one hundred and fifty goats each bearing a small leather pack containing borax, to pass through the narrows and descend the precipitous pathway leading up to the pass. We determined to get under way with as little delay as possible, and the following morning saw us moving up the valley to the village of Neti, where we again came to a halt. In the afternoon I went out with Dhun Singh after *burhel* (*Ovis natara*),

the blue wild sheep of the Himalayas and Thibet, a splendid animal, standing three feet at the shoulder, and grazing in flocks on the fresh grass watered by the melting snow. We found a small flock; but, as is the case with all wild sheep, the animals proved wary in the extreme, and baffled all our endeavours to creep within rifle-shot; and we returned after dark empty-handed and tired.

Crossing these Himalayan snow-passes in the spring of the year, especially when they first open, is always a trying ordeal to Europeans. The Neti Pass is well known to be one of the easiest to overcome, having an altitude of only sixteen thousand six hundred feet, which, though considerably higher than the loftiest peak in Europe, is of a lower elevation than the Chor-Hoti, hard by, or many of the great passes farther away. Nevertheless, we had a hard struggle to gain the summit of the Neti, often sinking up to our knees in snow, slipping and tumbling at every step, and compelled to halt again and again owing to the rarefied atmosphere. At last, however, we gained the crest of the pass and obtained a first look at Thibet. I well remember a feeling of disappointment stealing over me at that dreary view. I thought that I had never seen anything more desolate or sterile in my life. Perhaps a dark, gloomy day made the outlook appear at its worst. A waste of low, brown-coloured hills, mingled with drifts of snow, lay below us, stretching far away till a chain of snow-clad mountains shut out the distance. Not a tree or even a green bush was to be seen, not a living creature on the move anywhere around, nor a sound except that of the bitter north wind singing in our ears. But it was time to push on. Our guide had expected a guard of Tartars, or Hoonyahs, as they are locally called, at the top of the pass, where they generally await, and endeavour to stop all Europeans journeying to Thibet. Probably we had arrived earlier than they had expected. At any rate, we determined to move on at once before these gentry put in an appearance. A 'palaver' to settle our future movements would, we thought, be far better held round the camp-fire than on the bleak summit of the Neti Pass.

We found the descent on the northern side even worse than what we had already gone through; but, after many a slip and tumble, we at length reached our camping-ground before nightfall. The spot chosen for the purpose was well sheltered from the keen blast, with water close at hand. We all set to work unloading the *joobooos* and pitching the tents; fires were soon lighted, and a cup of hot tea in a measure restored the circulation to our half-frozen bodies. We congratulated ourselves on the good start we had made, and further flattered ourselves that by making an early march the following morning we would elude altogether the troublesome Hoonyah guard, having already given them the slip; but we were quickly undeceived. Our tracks in the snow and the curling smoke from many fires had betrayed us. A clattering of hoofs

on the mountain-side made us look up, and we saw a party of some ten or twelve Hoonyahs, mounted on ponies, coming down on us; and by the way they lashed their steeds and hurried the pace it was evident that they were not in the best of humour. Then ensued an angry altercation between our guide and these people. We guessed pretty well what it was all about—namely, that we had dared to enter their country without first obtaining permission. Gradually, however, things improved, and the angry voices moderated. Dhun Singh, accustomed to the Hoonyahs and their ways, proved himself to be an excellent diplomatist, took things very quietly, and presently came to tell us that he had succeeded in making an agreement with our troublesome visitors, subject to the approval of the chief officer of the district, by which we were permitted to travel and hunt for a few weeks in a certain direction, but only over a limited extent of country, and that an escort of four mounted men would be sent to accompany us. Shortly afterwards we were pleased to see the Hoonyahs walk up to their ponies, fling themselves on to their miserable-looking steeds, and quickly disappear in the darkness. The following morning our escort put in an appearance. They were young-looking men, dressed in the ordinary way of the country: no covering to the head; a long sheepskin coat, with a girdle or belt round the waist, to below the knees; and high cloth boots kept up with garters completed their equipment. We knew well that these men had been sent to dog our steps and watch our every movement. They were under the control of an official called the *tumpan*, with whom we later had an interview. They evidently had received orders to keep away from our camp circle, and to render us no assistance whatever. They always kept aloof from us, picketing their ponies and taking up their quarters for the night away from our bivouac. We noticed them constantly coming and going, evidently keeping their employers informed of our whereabouts and the direction we were taking.

All this espionage and putting every possible difficulty in our way to hinder our movements was most uncalled for and unreasonable, for these same people, so soon as ever the snow-passes opened sufficiently to permit of beasts of burden in the shape of goats and sheep to pass through, freely entered British territory without let or hindrance, and did a considerable trade, at a good profit, with borax, salt, and other commodities, in exchange for flour, sugar, and the like, which they obtained from the inhabitants of large villages far down the valleys of the Himalayas. The Hoonyahs would not believe, or obstinately refused to entertain the idea, that Englishmen came solely to hunt the wild animals inhabiting their mountains and valleys, but declared that we came to 'spy into the nakedness of the land,' and later to take it from them—a truly absurd idea, for a more barren, sterile country, only habitable for a few months in the year, could hardly be imagined.

A far more likely reason for this hostile attitude towards us, and the every endeavour put in force to prevent Europeans from travelling in Thibet, is the pressure brought to bear on the people by their priests—the Lamas—who for their own purposes endeavour by every means in their power to keep the people in ignorance and in darkness as to what is going on in the world.

We were glad to strike camp and be off early the following morning, steering in the direction of a place called Tazang, where, our guide informed us, if first on the ground, we should meet with *Oris ammon*, as also *burhel* and other game. Our usual manner of proceeding when on the move was to strike camp early, pack the tents and baggage on our beasts of burden, and start them off for some spot determined on for the next halt. Generally speaking, the men in charge of our heavily laden *joobos* followed some one of the many winding valleys which everywhere intersect the country, to reach a new camping-ground, in preference to attempting short-cuts across the mountains over rough, dangerous ground.

After seeing the rear-guard make a start, we ourselves, under the guidance of our two Bhötia shikarees, took to the hills in search of game, generally reaching our newly pitched camp about sundown. Almost invariably we found our tents pitched on some greensward near to a stream of pure water; and most undoubtedly one of the great advantages to the traveller in that part of Thibet beyond the Neti Pass is the abundance of good water. On the other hand, a scarcity of fuel was sometimes a difficulty. It is always well to keep up a fire throughout the night when encamped in a wild country; but often we could only provide sufficient fuel for cooking purposes. There are no trees in the part of Thibet I am speaking of. I can only remember one solitary tree worthy of the name. A thicket of scrub-jungle grows in patches on mountain-side and valley-slope, but affords nothing substantial to burn. My followers, when on the march, broke off dry sticks and pulled up the roots of bushes; but the only real stand-by was the dried dung of yaks and cattle. Our rifles, generally speaking, kept us well supplied with fresh meat—the best of mutton from the wild sheep of the mountains. We also shot sundry blue hares and a species of red-legged partridge called *chukoe*; and when the larder was empty—then and then only—we took a base advantage of the numerous flocks of beautiful snow-pigeons which frequented the cliffs of some of the rocky valleys. Moreover, the larger streams contained a species of small trout, which my camp-followers sometimes succeeded in capturing in considerable numbers by the simple process of sinking a wicker basket in some deep, narrow channel of a rivulet, and then thrashing the stream down from above with sticks towards the mouth of the trap, which, on being quickly lifted and the water allowed to run off, would often leave half-a-dozen unfortunates flapping

about at the bottom. This was doubtless the worst of poaching, but we held that the end justified the means, for these little fish afforded a welcome addition to our sometimes scanty fare. For vegetables our cook knew where to find wild onions; he also made us an excellent dish, much resembling spinach, from the fresh shoots plucked from a wild nettle.

There was an ample field of work for the botanist in this part of Thibet. I noticed many beautiful wild flowers, some new to me; also heaths and grasses. Orchids, too, are said to be common in some parts of the country.

The geologist also would discover much interesting matter. Beds of shell fossils are often come across, and ammonites may be brought to light by breaking certain round dark stones common in the dry beds of snow-washed nullahs. The climate during the early part of our visit was unsettled, sometimes stormy, the cold intense, with squalls of snow every now and again. Soon, however, a change set in, with a long spell of bright, sunny weather. The power of the sun about midday became surprisingly great, accompanied by a fierce glare, which, combined with the rarefied air, proved most trying to the eyes. The sportsman or traveller under such circumstances should always take the precaution of wearing smoke-tinted glasses, for by neglecting to do so he runs the risk of suffering from snow-blindness; but worst of all to the European visitor, and hard to bear uncomplainingly, is the bitter cold blast from the north, which blows almost continuously in those inhospitable regions, penetrating the thickest and warmest of clothing. Sometimes this terrible north wind died away at sunset, but more often prevailed throughout the night, and made itself felt through any number of piled-on blankets, even at times rendering sleep impossible.

During the first part of our visit we saw few of

the inhabitants of the country; but when the snow had sufficiently melted to expose the pasture to view, large flocks and herds made their appearance, in the charge of considerable numbers of Tartars, including many women and children. The object of their coming was to graze their domestic animals during the short summer months on the fresh grass of the plain or hillside. In addition to hundreds of sheep and goats, we also saw a considerable number of yaks, also *joobooos*, and a few ponies. The yaks were mostly black-and-white in colour, or altogether black, with thick bodies and very short, sturdy legs. When they are moving, the head is carried low, thus giving the animal the appearance of having an arched back. Long hair hangs from the chest and lower part of the body, terminating with a short, thick, bunchy tail. The yak is most useful as a beast of burden in descending snow-drifts, when its short, thick legs come into play; and even when weighed down by a heavy load, provided that the snow be not too soft, its cloven feet, opening to full extent, enable the creature to gain such a hold as to descend a slope of forty-five degrees in safety.

My Bhötia shikaree Dhun Singh, who had been present at the death of many a bull *bunchour*, assured me that the wild bull yak, or *bunchour*, was fully twice the size of the ordinary *chowr gâi*, or tame yak cow; and that the wild bull is invariably coal-black in colour, and not difficult to stalk, altogether differing in this respect from the wild sheep of Thibet, which are the most wary among all wild animals. In spite of working very hard and searching all the most likely spots for this animal, we were unsuccessful in ever coming across a *bunchour* bull. Unfortunately, our shikarees told us, the previous winter had been so mild that none of the great bulls had been driven south to their usual haunts in the Keo and Lalkh nullahs.

A COMEDY OF LIEUTENANTS.

PART III.



HE Jerbourg signal-station stood out on the heights at the south-eastern corner of the island, between the bays of Fermain and Moulin Huet. It was a simple collection of neat, whitewashed shanties, with a tiny house for the lieutenant in charge. The first commandant had been a zealous horticulturist, so the little cottages were covered with clusters of clematis, while the gardens were rich with calceolarias and wallflowers, and even standard roses. To O'Flanagan, who had not spent six weeks on dry land for five years, the tiny settlement seemed eloquent of rest and contentment. He reviewed his little garrison, and then fell to at the papers in the strong-box, scarcely raising his eyes till the waning light warned him of the flight of time.

When he had dined he sent for Pugsley, pointed to an easy-chair, pushed the rum-decanter towards him, and produced one of those heavy slabs of 'ship's,' which, to the astonished landsman, look far more like the section of a tree with all the bark on it than anything he has ever seen in the shape of tobacco. Pugsley was one of the merriest-hearted men, whose tongue only needed confidence, tobacco, and rum to set it going like a mill.

'Well, Pugsley,' said O'Flanagan, 'you've a lonely spot up here, I'm thinking, in this outlying crow's-nest of a place?'

'It's rather dull, sir, in winter; but with the short nights we don't mind it. Plenty to do keeping a sharp lookout, sir, in these times—good deal of logging to be done.'

'Well, I suppose if the French took a look at us

we could give a good account of them. You seem to have a lot of fellows in garrison at the fort yonder—Fort George, d'ye call it?"

This gave Pugsley an opportunity which he seldom got, and never missed, of pouring out the floods of his ridicule upon red-coats in general and the garrison of Fort George in particular; and for the next hour a listener might have caught such phrases as 'give me a few mortars, and I'd knock the place to pieces in fifty minutes'—'red herrings'—'chaps just fresh from the plough-tail'—'no more notion of a gun than of a mermaid'—'good for nothing but to dig potatoes for the colonel's lady'—'colonel himself has to come up here if he wants to know anything.' But Pugsley had the observing eye and the ready tongue; and before O'Flanagan turned in that night he found himself possessed not only of a very fair notion of Guernsey society, but of a hundred and one pieces of that small information so necessary to a stranger among strangers, if he is to be spared embarrassment and awkwardness.

The little colony at Jerbourg were early afoot, but they were later by some hours than the lieutenant; for when Mrs Pugsley, fresh and shining in her print dress and 'scoop,' sallied forth at six o'clock to feed her chickens, who should come striding over the grass towards her but the lieutenant, his boots all covered with dew, and in his hand a pretty bunch of wild flowers, which he presented to her with the gayest beaming smile and bow!

'Morning, Mistress Pugsley. I've been improving the shining hour, as the poet says, by wandering among your lovely little bays and coves. I never sleep a wink my first night ashore, so I just rose with the sun and tramped out, communing with nature, as ye may say.'

'Ah, sir, Pugsley was just like that when he was first home. He'd jump up at midnight and put his clothes on, and say he must go on deck for the middle watch. And when he found there was no deck, he'd tramp up and down the garden for hours with his pipe. But I soon stopped that; for I found I wasn't sure of a night's rest. So I just took and hid his clothes when he'd gone to bed. And even then, if you'll believe me, more than once did he turn out in his night-shirt, grumbling and mumbling to himself, "Tisn't the rig o' the day; 'tisn't the rig o' the day." But will you take a glass of milk, sir, after your early walk?'

That night the dinner-party at Government House was a great success. The Governor, for a man so cheery, came to the table in low spirits. The departure of Pengelly had depressed him, and early in the meal he asked the company, in a voice touched by deep and kindly feeling, to drink to the absent officer's health and safe return. This led to a series of glowing eulogies upon Pengelly—a series

to which nearly every one round the table had something to contribute. And O'Flanagan, it appeared, had heard about Pengelly more than Pengelly's own modesty had ever imparted to them. It was an easy transition from Pengelly to himself; and as he poured forth anecdote after anecdote the depression vanished from the Governor's brow, and he shook again and again with laughter. It turned out that O'Flanagan had been taken prisoner by the French shortly before the Peace of Amiens, and had been sent to Paris, where he not only had a long talk with M. de Talleyrand, but had actually been presented to the First Consul himself. When one remembers how vague and misty were the popular ideas of Napoleon during the great war, it needs no telling to picture how the company hung on O'Flanagan's words as he told what he had to tell of his interview with Boney: how the great man patted his back, pulled his ear, and said in a stage-whisper to Bourrienne that with a few score such naval officers as this fellow he'd sweep the English from the sea; and if only his ship-captains in Egypt had been men of this calibre he'd have changed the face of the world. Also, how he proposed that O'Flanagan should enter his service, pointing out that England was an Irishman's natural foe and France his natural friend; that the Irish were of the Gallican temperament; and that, altogether, an Irishman taking King George's pay was no better than a traitor to the land of his birth. Further, with what a patriotic thump of his chest O'Flanagan, while thanking the First Consul for his good opinion, told him that, having taken an oath of fidelity to King George, he could not see his way to serve General Bonaparte; that if, when the two countries were at peace, the General should still find himself in need of naval talent, the lieutenant might always be heard of at the 'Keppel's Head,' Portsea Hard. Still further, how the First Consul not only exchanged snuff-boxes with the lieutenant, but exchanged the lieutenant himself against Lieutenant Montalembert, sending him home by the very next cartel-ship, with a letter to Mr Fox in which special attention was drawn to the lieutenant as an officer of entirely remarkable abilities and worthy a ship of his own. All these details were meat and drink to the company, so long cut off from every credible source of French gossip. Many were the stirring tales, too, which O'Flanagan had to tell in the way of his profession. And he had a score of anecdotes about the renowned Sheridan, half-corsair, half-Paladin, who was beginning to share with Boney himself the magnificently mysterious fame which envelops the only half-known. And then, also, the lieutenant proved to be a man of infinite jest, and kept the table roaring till a full hour after the decorous servants at Government House were wont to be helping the guests on with their great-coats and putting the silver extinguishers on the candelabra.

OUR UNDEVELOPED RESOURCES OF PEAT.

By W. J. MILLAR.



ANY attempts have been made both in this and in other countries to utilise peat as fuel. Where coal is abundant and of easy access this mineral is looked upon as quite sufficient for our wants; but where, as in many cases, the coalfields are few or of little value, and peat-bogs are plentiful, attention is turned to the utilisation of the dried peat or turf for heating purposes. In our own country peat is pretty widely distributed, not only on the low and flat lands, but on the upper slopes and tops of our hilly districts.

Ireland has the largest development of peat-bogs in our islands, no less than one-ninth of the whole area of that island being more or less of a peaty nature.

The depth and condition of peat-mosses differ much, varying from a spongy moss to a firm, compact texture of woody fibre and earthy material.

Many of the peat-bogs reach depths of twenty feet, and it is said that in some of the Irish bogs depths to the extent of forty feet are reached. In these deep deposits the consistency varies from a light-coloured soft moss at the surface to a dense black moss at the bottom, compacted by the pressure of the material lying above. In this condition it becomes more like the allied mineral, coal. Indeed, the sequence of formation from peat to coal seems to be somewhat as follows. The figures show average percentages of constituents :

	Carbon.	Hydrogen.	Oxygen, Ash, &c.
Peat (dried).....	59	6	35
Lignite.....	67	5	28
Brown Coal.....	73	5	22
Bituminous hold Coal.....	82	5	13
Anthracite.....	94	3	3

In lignite the woody structure is still noticeable; in brown coal this structure has practically disappeared, and ordinary coal (so-called bituminous) is in a still further mineralised condition. In anthracite (or natural coke, as it is geologically called) we reach a still harder and more brittle substance. In all these forms, as will be seen from the above table, we have the same important chemical constituents, of which the carbon and hydrogen represent the value of the fuel.

Peat is found mostly in temperate climates. Its heating-power has been determined so that comparisons can be made as to its calorific value with that of the harder mineral. Thus the total heat of combustion of one pound of ordinary bituminous coal may be taken on an average to be about fourteen thousand thermal units, whilst that of fairly dry peat is only about seven thousand units. This is for peat dried in the ordinary way in the air,

in which case it still contains about 25 per cent. of moisture. If thoroughly dried its calorific value may be raised to about nine thousand five hundred thermal units. The thermal unit is the quantity of heat required to raise one pound of water at 39° Fahrenheit through one degree of temperature.

Peat is a more bulky material for its weight than coal, unless when compressed by machinery. Thus the average specific gravity of ordinary coal may be taken as about 1.3, whilst that of peat is about 0.45. So that without special compression it will take up about three times the space of coal for the same weight, and as the evaporative power is only about one-half that of coal, it will occupy six times the space of coal for equal evaporative effect.

Peat has long been used as a fuel for domestic fires, and the right to 'cast peats' was one of the privileges attached to some old leases. It has sometimes been made into charcoal for metallurgical purposes.

Peat has a wonderful preservative power over articles embedded in it and on animal and vegetable matter, and we are indebted to this for many 'finds' of archaeological value. Besides this preservative power, peat has been applied in the form of peat or mud baths at various health-resorts; baths taken in this way are said to have a recuperative action upon the health of the patient.

The rate of growth of peat seems to have varied much, depending on climatic and other conditions, and there is consequently much difference in the depth of the various deposits. The visitor to the island of Lewis will find some interesting examples of peat formation. The road from Stornoway to Loch Roag for sixteen miles leads right across the island. The peaty nature of the soil is noticeable in the moorlands, the turf-walls, and the dark-brown colour of the water, and on arriving at the Standing Stones of Callernish he will have an object-lesson on the comparative rate of growth of peaty soil. The upper parts of the great monoliths of the circle are covered with a thick growth of a gray lichen; but for a height of four or five feet above the ground there is so much less growth that the horizontal line of separation is quite marked, and calls at once for explanation. The reason is that Sir James Mathieson, the late proprietor of the island, who did so much to reclaim the waste-lands, made at one time excavation in the surface of the ground round the stones down to their foundations. This led to the removal of from four to five feet of peaty soil which had accumulated since they had been erected or disused by the pre-historic race who had raised them. Taking an average rate of growth of peat of, say, six inches in

the century, this gives about one thousand years of interval. The age of the stone circle may be much greater, as in all probability there would be some occupation of the site by the builders and their successors for a long time after their erection. Peat is interesting from its being an illustration of the earlier stages of the formation of coal, and geologists tell us that our peat-deposits date from a mild period in our earth's history succeeding the last glacial period.

On account of the great bulk of peat required to give a corresponding evaporative power to coal, inventors have turned their attention both in this and other countries to the reduction of this bulk by machinery, the process being to reduce the whole to pulp, form this into bricks by compression, and then have these finally dried. As with coal, peat offers some opportunity to chemists to recover many volatile substances which have a commercial value. The expense of the various operations has hitherto been against complete success.

In Germany a large industry has grown up in the manufacture of fuel briquettes. The material used is mainly brown coal or peat. When peat briquettes are made, in some cases the peat, after being cleaned and disintegrated, is compressed into cubes and dried by artificial means. Peat naturally contains about 80 per cent. of water, but by special drying apparatus this may be reduced to about 20 per cent. In some cases the dried peat is carbonised by passing it through hot rollers, thus forming an artificial coal, which can be moulded into briquette form.

Works have been established near Dumfries for the manufacture of peat-fuel, prepared peat for packing fruit, &c., and granulated peat for enriching garden soils. Quite recently electricity has been applied for the purpose of disintegrating

the fibres. To effect this the freshly cut peat is packed into rapidly rotating cylinders by which the water is expelled. A current of electricity is made to pass through the mass, which heats and disintegrates the fibres; afterwards it is passed through rollers and moulded into briquettes. A demonstration of this process was recently given at Charlton, Kent.

Mr Edward Atkinson, 31 Milk Street, Boston, U.S.A., has issued a valuable report on bog-fuel, coke, and the secondary products of gas. It is there mentioned that the American Peat-Fuel Company has made coke for several years from salt-marsh mud taken from the sides of a tidal creek. A bog at Brookfield, Mass., has been sounded to the depth of forty-seven feet without reaching bottom. Fourteen hundred pounds' wet-weight from this pit yields eight hundred pounds of fuel bone-dry. The mud is to be artificially dried, moulded into hollow cylinders, and made into coke, at a cost of three dollars a ton—which cost may be reduced. The same report has a paper by Mr H. H. Wotherpoon, junior, on the art of making bog-fuel.

With a fairly good calorific value, combined with compactness in bulk, peat briquettes should be of commercial value in many districts where good coal is scarce.

It is to be hoped that the application of electricity as an assistant may prove advantageous. In many processes of a chemical nature the electric current has proved of great importance; it is therefore to be hoped that it may be applied successfully to deal with the great waste-products of our bogs; and if the power to drive the dynamo can be got cheaply, as from the flow of neighbouring streams, we may see new industries rising in districts whose resources have not hitherto been utilised.

THE INTERCEPTED LETTER.

By JOHN LEYS.

YOU'LL ha'e heard the news, nae doobt, Miss Maxwell?' said Miss MacGowan as she dribbled out the precious grains of tea very carefully—tea was four shillings a pound in those days—into the small round copper scale.

'I'm no' aware,' said her customer.

'The auld minister's son has come hame—Alec—him that ran awa' an' 'listed. Weel, he's come hame a colonel, nae less! A braw, upstandin' man, wi' the e'e o' a hawk. The toon'll be rale prood o' him. He's thinkin' o' buildin' a hoose for himsel' at Blackwatter Fit—so they say. Maybe you'll no' mind him, though. Ye would be a wee lassie when he gaed awa'.'

Miss MacGowan was so intent upon making up the half-pound of tea without the waste of a single

particle that she did not notice that Miss Maxwell made no reply. Finding that the tin box that held her string was empty, she went into the back-shop to fetch a ball of twine, and with her absence a wonderful change came over the pale face of the gentle old maid who stood in front of the counter. It grew young again: a soft blush stole over the cheeks which were not yet withered; a humid light came into the sweet, brown eyes; a long, gentle sigh parted the delicate lips.

'Mind him!' She recalled the words with a wistful smile. Little did Miss MacGowan know! Little did any one at Avonholme, for the matter of that, know what the enlisting of Alec Napier had meant for her.

Miss MacGowan's wonderful memory was wrong for once. Ailie Maxwell had been a tall girl of seventeen when the handsome young scapegrace, whose

home was the old parish manse of Avonholme, had hastened over the meadows in the dewy dawn of a summer's morning to the cottage under the rowan-tree to bid his sweetheart good-bye. Of course it was only a boy and girl affair, not recognised by, and indeed wholly unknown to, the authorities, but none the less sweet on that account. The youth and maid knew nothing of the world, still less, perhaps, of their own hearts. The lad had enlisted in a fit of disgust at being engaged—much against his will—to fill the hated post of junior clerk in the office of an uncle, a manufacturer of muslin curtains; and very soon after joining his regiment it was sent to India. There the lad saw much service, and after some years of good work and patient waiting he was given a commission.

After that his success had been rapid, and he was now able to retire on half-pay with the rank of colonel—not a brilliant position exactly, yet an exalted one in the eyes of a small country town which had never since the days of Queen Mary produced so distinguished a soldier.

One or two letters had found their way from the banks of the Ganges to the little dormer-windowed cottage under the rowan-tree; but the correspondence did not last long. It was scarcely in the nature of things that it should. Alison Maxwell recognised this when she grew up; and whatever pain she may have felt at the defection of her lover passed away in the fuller light that years brought to her. Yet she had never forgotten him. It would be too much, perhaps, to say that she had remained single for his sake, but she had declined more than one good offer for no very tangible reason. She had long since lost sight completely of her old lover, for the minister died not long after his son left the country, and the family had also left the parish. And now he had come back.

He was at that moment within a few hundred yards of her! No sooner did this thought enter into Miss Maxwell's mind than she was possessed with a burning desire to be gone. The thought that they might suddenly come face to face in the marketplace or one of the village streets was unendurable to her. She scarcely knew whether she desired to see him again or not. She felt as if the meeting would be too painful; but, if it took place at all, the meeting must not be in public, and he must come to her. The thought that some foolish gossip might couple their names together, as some had coupled them in the old days—that some one might even say that she had come into the town that day on the chance of meeting her old friend, was torture to her. She was impatient to be gone.

Miss MacGowan could not find a ball of string, and after long search was forced to fall back (with many apologies) upon a piece that had seen service before. It seemed to Miss Maxwell that she would never be done tying up the parcel, yet a sort of pride forbade her to hurry the old lady by so much as a look.

When the half-dozen little parcels of groceries

were safely packed away in the basket—one of superior style and finish—that Miss Maxwell carried on her left arm, the amount due was with some difficulty ascertained, and the bill, duly receipted, was laid on the counter. No sooner was this done than Miss Maxwell picked it up, folded it carefully, and put it into her purse. Then she took up her basket, and saying hurriedly, 'Good-day to ye, Miss MacGowan,' prepared to depart.

Miss MacGowan stood aguish. The cash nexus—to use a once familiar phrase—had been entirely omitted! Miss MacGowan tried to speak, but no words would come. How could she frame a sentence that would not sound like 'an accusation'? And suppose Miss Maxwell should actually be under the impression that she had paid the bill? Could anything be more dreadful? It would be easy, as she reflected with a bitter pang, to prove that the money had not been paid, for the till was there to speak for itself, and she did not dream for a moment that Miss Maxwell would think of disputing its silent testimony. It held nothing but a shilling and a few coppers. But to have opened her till would have been a confession of poverty such as Miss MacGowan had never yet made. She felt as if she would rather die than let the real state of things be known. But could she afford to lose such a sum?

Miss Maxwell was putting up her umbrella in the little narrow doorway, for a shower had come on, and the umbrella stuck fast and would not go up. Now was the time, if she could only speak! But suppose Miss Maxwell were to say she had paid the money? Her lips were moving, but no sounds came.

Miss Maxwell, still fighting with her umbrella and encumbered with her basket, noticed Miss MacGowan's expression, and came back into the shop.

'What is't, Miss MacGowan?' she inquired.

Miss MacGowan peered up the street between the glass jars of sweets in her window, then turned her head and peered down the street. Yet she said nothing.

A sudden chill crept down Miss Maxwell's spine.

'Miss MacGowan,' she said solemnly, 'as I am a livin' woman, I never paid you your account!'

'Miss Maxwell, as I'm a livin' woman, ye never did!'

Miss Maxwell set down her basket on the stone floor of the shop, and turned red as fire.

'And you saw me put the receipt in my purse, and never said a word! I can't say I think you did right. What if I had never thought of it?'

'Oh, I would have told ye the next time ye cam' in,' said Miss MacGowan, to whom the sudden relief came like a shock. 'I can't afford to lose seven and elevenpence like that.'

'But why didn't you tell me at the time?'

'Well, I thought something else was in your mind. You seemed a bit distractit-like,' said Miss MacGowan as she put down the change.

Miss Maxwell's feeling of annoyance was now driven out and annihilated by a real fear. Miss MacGowan had noticed her absence of mind. What if she should ascribe it to its true cause? What if it should occur to her that she was speaking of Colonel Napier at the time when she (Miss Maxwell) seemed to have lost her wits? The suggestion made her turn hot all over, and brought so strange a look to her eyes that Miss MacGowan for the first time wondered what had occurred to upset her old acquaintance.

To think that any one should imagine that she, at her time of life, was allowing her mind to run on a man! She felt as if she could never set foot in Aronholme again, she was so ashamed. She hurried through the streets, terrified lest she should meet the Colonel at some corner, and with light, rapid steps climbed the steep lane that led to Rowan-Tree Cottage.

Half-way up the brae a graceful, girlish figure came flying down the path to meet her.

'Auntie, what's the hurry, and you so loaded? Give me the basket. Why didn't you tell Miss MacGowan to send up the things? And, oh! do you know, I have had a visitor while you were away. You won't guess who? Ah, I see you know! Yes, it was Colonel Napier. I was down at the well, and he came riding by, and he stopped to give his horse a drink, and so we got talking. He said he was an old friend of yours, and I asked him to come in and wait till you came home. He did come in, and sat for a while in the parlour; but he had to go, he said. I hope I didn't do wrong, auntie?'

'Wrong, child? How?'

'Asking him in when you were out.'

'No, Ailie,' said Miss Maxwell absently. 'Of course you did quite right.'

She allowed her niece to take the basket from her arm, and went slowly up the hill. She had just realised that she was very tired.

At the top of the brae, under the large rowan-tree that gave its name to the cottage, stood Miss Maxwell's dwelling. It was but a small place, and the rooms seemed smaller than one would have expected to see them, on account of the thick stone walls. They were like rooms in a doll's house, and the little garden on which the windows looked, with its narrow walks, tall borders of bushy box, and miniature flower-beds, looked like a doll's garden. The furniture was old: some of it had been there for three generations. The chairs were spindle-legged and black as ebony. There was a square rosewood piano, a Broadwood, sweet in tone after half a century of use. The odour of preserved rose-leaves was everywhere, and mingled with the scent of the honeysuckle that clambered round the porch. When they reached the cottage Miss Maxwell was glad to sit down and untie her bonnet-strings, while she watched Ailie get the dinner ready. Ailie, her niece and namesake, was a very pretty girl, with the unusual charm of white simplicity. She

actually had not the faintest idea how pretty she was. There was little wonder that Colonel Napier had waited an hour for the return of his old friend.

That night Miss Maxwell could not sleep. She blamed the weather. During these silent hours she made up her mind that if Colonel Napier should come to see her she would receive him exactly as she would have welcomed any old acquaintance. They had never really been lovers, she told herself—not rightly. It was a long, long time ago, and of course, though she remembered, he had forgotten. Somehow it never occurred to her that he might be a married man. Next day Miss Maxwell tried her best not to expect a visit from Colonel Napier, and she succeeded fairly well.

On the morning after that she awoke with an inward conviction that he would call that day. When she had finished dressing she looked at herself in the glass, and reflected that perhaps it was just as well that the Colonel had not come the day before, when she was looking tired for want of a night's sleep. The gentle influences of her life, pure air, the companionship of birds and flowers, early hours, the absence of worry and excitement, had been to her the elixir of youth. Her fair hair was still glossy and abundant; her gentle lips were still fresh; her complexion was as delicate as that of a girl. Her demeanour was staid, as became a woman of forty-three; her movements were deliberate—a certain weakness of the heart, from which she had always suffered, made her careful about exerting herself—but in face and figure she was still young and winsome. She turned away from the mirror with a blush and a little laugh that ended in a sigh.

'You are looking bonny to-day, auntie,' said Ailie the second as she looked at her aunt over the breakfast-table. Miss Maxwell said nothing, but poured a second supply of cream into her niece's cup. She was very fond of Ailie, whom she had brought up from childhood, and she often looked forward with something like dismay to the time when they would be parted, for, as all the parish knew, Ailie was engaged to marry young Dr Hamilton.

Miss Maxwell had many presentiments, most of which turned out wrong, and were no more heard of. For once, however, a premonition of hers behaved in a conscientious manner. As she was watering her mignonette that evening she was forced to press her hand suddenly to her side to check the beating of her heart, nearly dropping the watering-can, for she could see the tall figure of the Colonel moving rapidly across the strip of ground that separated the garden from the open space at the top of the brae. In another minute he came stalking across the garden, paying no attention to the twists of the baby footpaths, nor injuring the flower-beds, but striding right over them.

She dropped the watering-can. She forgot her gardening-gloves, covered with soil. She only saw

one thing—his face. The six-and-twenty years were 'a mist that rolled away.' She could not speak his name, nor, for a moment, could he utter hers. Allie stood by, observant, much interested.

'Will you not come into the house and drink a little raspberry vinegar or red-currant wine?' asked Miss Maxwell when they had returned to earth again. Inwardly, the Colonel shuddered at the very names of those fearsome compounds; but he dissembled successfully, and avoided the ordeal without giving offence—a thing Dr Hamilton, Allie's sweetheart, never managed to do.

'Did you leave your horse at the well?' asked Allie; and the Colonel, glad of an excuse for looking at her, turned round to her quickly, saying:

'No; I walked over from Tweedhall, for I thought a horse might be in the way.'

Nothing Colonel Napier could have said could have impressed his listeners more than this commonplace reply, for Tweedhall was an historic mansion, the residence of one of the county members, and the finest house in the Upper Ward. Nothing could have told them more plainly that he now belonged to a world very different from theirs, and was visiting them, not because they were equals, but because Miss Maxwell and he were very old friends. Miss Maxwell thought of the raspberry vinegar—which on a hot day even the minister was glad to quaff—and blushed. She was silent for a good part of the time the Colonel sat with them on the garden-seat. She could not help it. She felt as if she were in an unreal world—a world of dreams. He was so unlike what she had remembered, so unlike any picture her fancy had formed of him, yet so clearly, so emphatically Alec Napier and no other, that it seemed to her, intimate as they had been in the old days, she had never known the true man until now.

In consequence of her silence the Colonel naturally addressed the greater part of his conversation to Allie. Once, indeed, he ventured to call her by that sweet pet name, and Miss Maxwell gave a little start, thereby reminding him that the name was her own. How often it had fallen from his lips in days gone by!

Given two sympathetic women for listeners, and a soldier who is not too morbidly self-conscious to give a plain account of his adventures, there can be no lack of subjects for conversation. The Colonel's visit was a great success, and in a day or two it was repeated. After that Rowan-Tree Cottage welcomed him, on an average, twice a week. He treated aunt and niece very much alike, called both impartially by their Christian names, and told stories and retailed jokes with equal good-humour whether it was the old Allie or the young Allie that happened to be listening to him. People talked, of course. Some said that the doctor would need to look out, or he would lose his sweetheart; but Dr Hamilton went on his way and took no notice.

One night towards the end of July Miss Maxwell,

who had been working in the garden in the sun all afternoon, felt rather tired, and after tea went out to the little arbour to rest. Allie was out, having gone to take tea with a neighbour. The sun was near his setting, and the level rays made the windows of the humble dwellings on the outskirts of the town shine like so many mirrors of burnished gold. The blue smoke went up straight into the still air from a hundred hearths. The evening scent of the sweet-peas and sweet-briar, Nature's incense, rose heavenward from a thousand censers filled by angel hands. Miss Maxwell's eyes rose from the book she was reading, and her heart gave a painful throb. The tall figure of Colonel Napier could be seen coming up the brae. He went up to the cottage; the door stood open, and he went inside. Then he reappeared, looking around him. In another moment he had spied her out, and came towards her, upright, smiling, with outstretched hand, just like the Alec she had known long ago!

Almost in silence he took her hand and seated himself by her side.

For some minutes the silence continued.

'Where's Allie?' he asked; and she told him. There was not a trace of disappointment in his face.

'Do you remember when you used to go fishing with me in the Avon?' he asked, turning towards her with a smile. 'You were the only exception to the rule that no girls were allowed to go fishing.'

She laughed a pleasant, musical laugh.

'Yes,' she said; 'and I remember you used to make me carry the bait-can and our "pieces." That was my share in the pleasuring.'

'Surely I wasn't so bad as all that!' he laughed; 'though I dare say I was a little beast. Most boys are. But do you remember the turnip-lantern I made for you one Hallowe'en, and how you frightened old Mrs Semple nearly out of her wits with it?'

Of course she remembered. What incident of those dear days had she forgotten? They went on talking of the past—of old men and women now in their quiet resting-places in the churchyard on the hill, of some who had wandered over the seas never to return, of some who had boys and lassies playing where they themselves used to play—till the sun went down, and the long gloaming faded into night. But the last memory—the memory of the morning when he came through the wet clover in the clear, fresh light of the summer sunrise to bid her farewell—was not recalled. Why did he hesitate to speak of it, she wondered? Surely not because he feared that it might cause her pain? She would mention it herself, lest any such thought should be lingering in his mind. But she could not. Could it be that to him, as to her, it was too tender a spot to be touched, ever so gently? Could it be that it was of that time he was thinking when he fell into silence—that the old feeling was returning?

The thought caused her a thrill of pleasure so

keen that it was almost pain, and she suddenly put her hand to her heart.

'You are not looking well, Ailie,' said the Colonel anxiously.

'I overtired myself a little to-day gardening in the sun. It will pass off. No, I don't want anything, thank you. It is nothing to make a fuss about.'

They sat talking some little time longer, and then the Colonel rose to go. It was now as dark as it would be till the gray dawn appeared. At parting he bent down and kissed her hand, and the tears stood in her eyes as she watched him pass out of sight.

At the foot of the brae, close to the well where he had first seen her, he met Ailie. He had been afraid that he had lingered too long—that he would miss her altogether.

'Shall you be at home to-morrow night, Ailie?' he said in a whisper. And, remembering that it was prayer-meeting night, she answered, 'Not to-morrow.'

'Then I will write,' he said hurriedly. 'There is something I must say to you, and I can't stop now, and have to go to Edinburgh to-morrow. I will write.'

He was agitated, unlike himself, and Ailie could easily guess what it was he wanted to say to her. She would gladly have spared him the pain of her answer; but he gave her no opportunity. He pressed her hand and was gone.

On the following evening she went as usual to the prayer-meeting, leaving her aunt at home. It was a little after nine when she reached the cottage on her return. The door stood wide open, according to the custom of the house. She stepped inside, and called out, 'Auntie!' but there was no answer. She knew that her aunt was in, for she had seen the glimmer of the lamp in the parlour window as she passed it, and thought that her aunt must have fallen asleep on the sofa. She opened the parlour door and looked in. Her aunt was not on the sofa; she was sitting at the table, a sheet of paper and a letter before her. Apparently she had fallen asleep as she wrote, for her head had fallen forward, and was resting on her left arm as it lay on the table.

'Auntie, hadn't you better go to bed?'

One terrified scream rang through the silent house. Then a dead silence. The gentle spirit had fled.

Ailie bent down and kissed the cold white face, and then the tears and sobs burst out.

'Oh auntie, more than a mother to me!' she cried, and hid her face in the dear, dead woman's skirts.

When she was a little calmer she rose, saying to herself that she must go at once and get help. But as she was leaving the room the letter lying on the table caught her eye. It began, 'My dear Ailie,' and was very short—a confession of love and an offer of marriage. It was the letter that Colonel Napier had said he would write to her. The pen

was still grasped in the dead woman's fingers. She had been in the act of answering the letter when she died. And over her shoulder the girl read:

'MY OWN DEAR AILIE,—You have made me very happy—so happy that I'—

There the letter ended. The fulfilment of her lifelong desire had been a weight of happiness too great for the gentle heart that would never beat again.

In Scotland there are no coroners and coroners' juries to pry into the secrets of the dead and parade them before the public eye. So Miss Maxwell's secret died with her. No one but Ailie ever knew that the love she had thought her own had been given to another.

Just before the coffin was closed Ailie slipped into the thin white fingers the Colonel's letter and the unfinished reply to it. She did not herself write to the Colonel, but asked the minister, when he should see him on the day of the funeral, to let him know, as gently as he could, that she had been engaged to Dr Hamilton for two years, and would be married to him in October. And as in Scotland women do not follow their dear ones to the grave, she and the Colonel did not meet again. He left the country soon after, and went back to India, little dreaming that his love-letter lay in his old sweetheart's coffin, or that her parting words had been to him: 'You have made me very happy.'

A SONG OF EXILE.

ONLY a shell on the seashore lying,

Yet it speaks with an eloquence rare to me;

For its song is an old-time song undying

Of a misty island across the sea.

It sings of the Homeland's moors and heather;

It sings of the Homeland's gowned braes;

It sighs for the Homeland's sturdy weather,

'Mid the burning heat of our summer days.

In my dear gray Homeland the autumn dieth

A death like a grand old Viking brave;

In this baked land of the yeldt she dieth,

Unseen, unknown, to a felon's grave.

'Mid all the wealth of the sun's bright splendour,

One touch I miss from our Northland days;

'Tis the twilight hour, when shy thoughts, tender,

Wake in the warmth of the hearthstone's blaze.

There's mount and sea, and there's kloof and kopje,

There's 'space' in my land of exile here;

But never a field of corn and poppy,

Nor lilt of a burnie meets my ear.

There's a hand-grip tight for the exile lonely;


But, Yarrow mine! when I think of you,

I have many friends, but have one love only:

My Scottish heart is for ever true.

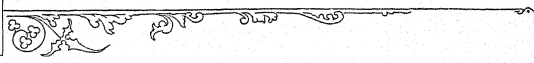
MARY ADAMSON.

CAPTOWN.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.



THE FIGHTING POWER OF MODERN WARSHIPS.

By ARCHIBALD S. HURD, Author of *Naval Efficiency*, *The British Fleet*, &c.

THE old three-decker on which Nelson fought and died was a less vulnerable instrument of warfare in its day than the most perfect modern battleship. Mechanics, as we use the word, entered into the construction and management of the former hardly at all, and the winds were the motive-power, uncertain and erratic; whereas the battleship of the twentieth century is a box of complicated machinery for dealing destruction, a self-contained floating battery of which it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the crew press the button and machines of one type or another do the rest. Sailors were real sailors in Nelson's time, and every single operation was done by hand; but sailors are, to a great extent, mechanics now, and it is in the light of this change that the whole system of training officers and men for the British fleet has been revolutionised.

A battleship then, as to-day, was merely a moving gun-platform. Size and many details of construction have been altered from year to year; but the governing conditions have remained the same, because Nature's laws are immutable. What progress there has been in the science of naval warfare has conspired against the great man-of-war. Her power of attack has been immensely developed, but the forces making for her destruction have advanced even more rapidly. The *Victory* carried no gun larger than the 42-pounder of smooth-bore; her armament comprised thirty 42- and 32-pounders, thirty 24-pounders, forty 12-pounders, and some carronades, all of them mere blocks of cast-iron. This ship, possibly the most famous of her period, cost complete less than one hundred thousand pounds. The British Admiralty have under construction at present eight battleships, which are known as 'the *King Edward VII.* class,' of 16,350 tons, and each will represent no less than one and a half millions sterling when ready for sea. The *King Edward VII.* will mount four 850-pounders (12-in. calibre), four 350-pounders (9-25-in.), ten 100-pounders (6-in.), and twenty-eight 12- and 3-pounders, all weapons

of the greatest penetrative power, owing to high explosives and rifled bores. The largest pieces on board these newest men-of-war, costing nearly ten thousand pounds each, are wound with one hundred and twenty-two miles of wire-ribbon to give strength and elasticity, an operation which occupies three weeks, working night and day, and a single gun cannot be manufactured under twelve months, so elaborate is the process. Any one of these wonderful pieces of ordnance can perforate thirty-two inches of iron at two thousand yards, and throw a shell of 850 lb. nearly twenty miles. In every detail of the construction and fitting out of modern men-of-war the latest secrets of science are applied. The *Victory* remained in the first fighting-line of the British for over fifty years—she was, in fact, forty years old when Nelson's flagship at Trafalgar; not a single ship built as recently as the Naval Defence Act of 1889 is considered fit to be in the Empire's first war-fleet, that stationed in the Mediterranean. These contrasts are impressive, especially to the taxpayer who has to pay the bill.

The limitations of the modern man-of-war were illustrated by the events at Port Arthur and Chemulpo which marked the opening of the war between Russia and Japan. In a matter of less than thirteen hours, between midnight and one o'clock the next afternoon, Russian battleships and cruisers, among the best and newest of the world's navies, and representing no less than six million pounds, were put out of action; two were sunk, three had to be beached to escape the same fate, and the others were seriously damaged. In face of such a dramatic coup, can it be denied that with all its power the modern large ship-of-war is more vulnerable than the old picturesque sailing-ship in its day? The two first-class battleships which were torpedoed were capable of pumping metal at a high velocity into an enemy at the rate of nearly eighteen tons a minute when all the guns were in action at once, and yet in an instant they were pierced by torpedoes and had gaping holes in their hulls through which the water streamed. It was a midnight attack, and in

all the story of naval warfare it will stand out as one of the most dramatic incidents ever recorded.

What effect this triumph of the torpedo will have on the policy of other navies in the construction of ships it would be hazardous to prophesy; but it drives home the truth that in these days no ship which is stationary is safe unless it lingers behind a breakwater or other defence-work. This is no fresh revelation; it is on this account that many millions sterling are now being spent in harbour-works at Dover, Portland, Malta, Gibraltar, and elsewhere. On the other hand, it is a commentary, graphic and decisive, on the vulnerable character of these marvellous creations of the shipbuilder, the gunmaker, and the armour-manufacturer. In the twinkling of an eye their work on one battleship, representing, it is calculated, one million six hundred and seventy-eight thousand days' labour, may be rendered for the time being purposeless and of no avail. Huge mastodons of war, in fact, cannot drop anchor for a night in safety even in a harbour protected by a hundred or more powerful guns of shore batteries, as at Port Arthur, but must be sheltered from harm with as much solicitude as though they were built of tin foil. Even when they are making their furrow proudly on some snail sea they may receive a fatal blow. The battleship *Victoria*, controlled by some of the ablest officers in the British navy, could not withstand the firm touch of the cold-steel ram of the battleship *Camperdown*, though the latter was only steaming at the rate of six knots an hour. This is much less than half the speed at which squadrons manoeuvre in peace, and about one-third the rate at which they might be required to move in war to obtain some tactical advantage representing, it may be, the difference between victory and defeat. Within less than fifteen minutes the *Victoria* sank in the depths off Tripoli, Syria, carrying with her Admiral Sir George Tryon and three hundred and fifty-eight officers and men. Such tragedies are of infrequent occurrence not because these ships, ranking among the most wonderful creations of the hand of man, are immune from danger, but because the human wills which control them are ever on their guard, day and night, in sunshine and in fog, and fortunately the seas are broad.

The modern warship is one of the greatest triumphs of science. The weight of guns and armour (representing roughly half the cost of the whole ship) which can be carried is limited. The progress of scientific investigation has rendered the fifty-ton wire-wound gun more powerful than the famous 'Woolwich infant' in the force of the blow delivered, and the hardening process of armour manufacture has given the latest type two and a half times the resistance of wrought-iron with which the *Warrior* and other early battleships were clad for protection. In spite of these facts, which should make for increased power with less weight, the size and the cost of men-of-war have continued to advance. In the period immediately preceding the Naval Defence Act we were proud

of the might of ships of from 6000 to 10,000 tons, representing each about three-quarters of a million sterling. To-day no nation is satisfied with less than 13,000 or 14,000 tons; and Great Britain, Russia, and the United States are building twelve vessels displacing between 16,000 and 16,500 tons of water, and there is every reason to believe that before many months are past ships of 18,000 tons will be under construction in England. In the race for sea-power, every nation is watching rivals; and since the larger the ship the more numerous the guns and the greater the power, they all move along the same line, and more and more the policy expressed in the phrase 'putting all your eggs in one basket' is becoming the policy of the world. Man is an imitative creature, and whether this tendency to great size is right or wrong matters not one jot. Even navies suffer from vagaries of fashion; 'A' has acted on some innovation, and therefore 'B,' 'C,' and 'D' follow, with the result that no one is the better off in the long-run of those which can afford to keep pace in the contest. It is not every nation, however, which can afford to invest a million and a half sterling in a single moving gun-platform, and to go on year after year adding to the number of these leviathans of war. Many of the poorer countries—notably Italy and Spain, and even France to some extent—are dropping out in the race for sea-power. Armadas of war in these days are only for peoples who have deep purses, high technique, and either great over-sea possessions and commerce like Great Britain, or vaunting ambitions like Germany and Russia. Even Japan, with her limited financial resources, has ordered in England lately two ships of 16,400 tons. Why, it may be asked, should these people of the Pacific, who need to husband their means, indulge in such luxuries? The answer may be found in the Russian shipbuilding yards in the Baltic, where two men-of-war of the same immense size and unparalleled power are being built.

Thus is the competition in men-of-war proceeding. Huge ships are being completed and sent to sea which can hurtle through space anything up to nine, ten, or eleven tons of metal from their guns each minute, and possess complete belts of Krupp armour from nine to eleven inches thick; their hulls are divided and subdivided into hundreds of cellular compartments as a partial safeguard against sinking in case of injury; they have propelling machinery representing the strength of ninety thousand men—a small army corps; with seventy or eighty auxiliary engines for supplying ammunition, training the guns, raising and lowering boats, steering, ventilating, and heating the ships; equipment for discharging torpedoes and mining a harbour, and capacity for carrying some two thousand tons of coal and quantities of food and stores sufficient to enable them to go half round the world.

In addition to these men-of-war of the first-class, we have other ships—armoured cruisers—costing from three-quarters of a million to one million sterling apiece, which have armoured belts of less thick-

ness, and heavy but less powerful guns, which are also mounted with armour protection. The balance in the compromise between gun-power, armour, and engines in their case has been in the direction of speed. They are battleships to all intents and purposes, the largest more powerful in attack and defence than battleships of twelve years ago, such as those of the 'Royal Sovereign class,' with the tactical advantage of great speed. Swift steaming powers are recognised in these days as a fighting asset. If two ships meet, the faster man-of-war will decide if it will fight—will fix not only the range at which the action shall take place, but also determine very largely the tactical formation. It may have very long-range guns, which will enable it to keep outside the zone of fire of its antagonist while it is itself planting shots in rapid succession on its opponent; and the latter in such circumstances is in the position of a pugilist with his hands tied behind his back. Since Great Britain is specially open to commerce destruction, the naval authorities have built thirty-three armoured cruisers in the past six years. The swiftest of them, displacing 14,100 tons of water, have obtained a speed of over twenty-four knots, equivalent to twenty-seven and a half land-miles an hour. These are the modern corsairs of the sea, the fastest steaming men-of-war of the great classes in the world, battleships in all but name, with the tactical benefit of immense speed, which has so impressed Colonel Cuniberti, the naval constructor of the Italian navy, that he has set himself the task of producing battleships of standard fighting power and the speed of armoured cruisers—the *Victor Emanuele* and her sister-ships, veritable battleships with two 12-inch (850-lb. projectile) and twelve 8-inch guns (250-lb. projectile), and a speed of twenty-two knots an hour, or three knots more than the fastest existing battleship in any fleet.

The heavy ships of the world's fleets are built for the use of the gun, but of late years the antagonism of the torpedo has become more pronounced, and the success of the mosquito-craft of the Japanese in their midnight attack upon the Russian ships at Port Arthur will once more encourage those who hold that this wonderful arm, the most scientific weapon ever constructed, will eventually drive the great ships off the seas. At present, opinion has crystallised to this extent. It is admitted that battleships and cruisers cannot safely lie in an open harbour; but it is generally held that, at least during daylight, their light guns discharging a shower of projectiles, and the fact that they can keep moving, will render torpedo attack in the open sea most difficult. On the other hand, those who are best qualified to speak of the power of the torpedo, officers of the fleet who have made this weapon their special study, demur to this qualification. Their view is that the torpedo is a menace by day and by night: by day through the medium of the submarine navigated below the surface, out of sight; and at night by reason of the comparative invis-

bility of the surface torpedo-craft, which can launch their automobile weapon when still two thousand or three thousand yards from the foe, according to the type of torpedo used. Repeatedly the submarine in peace manoeuvres with the French fleet has succeeded in torpedoing battleships in open daylight without being observed by the lookouts of big ships. In our own fleet in the Mediterranean, torpedo craft, ordinary boats and 'destroyers,' have had notable successes.

As long ago as 1897 the late Vice-Admiral P. H. Colomb, a most distinguished authority, expressed the view that torpedo-boat destroyers, probably of an armoured type, would supersede battleships. Torpedo-boats, he said, had means of escape open to no other vessel, and were capable of facing, when in sufficient numbers, any type of existing battleships. The safety of the battleship used to be her speed. Now, in smooth water, the torpedo-boat destroyer beats her by about ten knots an hour. England, which had occupied the highest place in asserting the stability of the position in war to be taken by battleships of vast dimensions, heavily gunned and armoured, had become the foremost nation in denying that stability: first, by declaring provision of shelter in harbours an absolute necessity; secondly, by declaring that battleships at sea required the protection of torpedo vessels; and, thirdly, by producing a type of torpedo vessel which must be more completely master of the battleship than anything ever heard of before. Twenty-five destroyers could be put afloat at the cost of one battleship. What, then, asked the Admiral, is the whole position? He answered the question for himself: 'It seems to be either of two things—(1) that the whole theory of battleships, being a something which can only be matched at the same cost by her equal, is an idle dream; (2) that the destroyer is at present the battleship.' It was plain that fifteen destroyers acting together could not now be matched at the same cost by anything afloat. Might they not, he added, reasonably expect shortly the perfectly armoured torpedo vessel, sea-going, comfortable to live in, and with seven or eight knots more speed than any possible armoured ship of the present type?

It must be admitted that the views of Admiral Colomb have not yet found wide acceptance; but now that the newest torpedo is an accurate weapon up to three thousand yards, an increase of one thousand yards in range since he wrote, and the submarine has taken its place in the fleets of Great Britain and of France, Admiral Colomb's views, if expressed to-day, would not be regarded as so revolutionary as they were seven years ago.

The weakness of the armoured ship to torpedo attack arises from the fact that the protection afforded by the belt, adopted as protection against the gun, stops just where the sphere of action of the torpedo, travelling beneath the water, begins. Vessels, it is true, are given double bottoms; but all experience shows that a torpedo which strikes a

ship, exploding its charge of two hundred pounds of gun-cotton, makes short work of all such cellular arrangements. Already the torpedo has radically altered many accepted notions as to the methods of waging war. Owing to the menace of this instrument, ships will no longer be able to carry out a close blockade of a port in which torpedo craft are known to be, and no harbour will be safe to large ships which has not a properly devised boom to close at night the entrances where the permanent harbour enclosure stops. If the battleship is not doomed—and it has not come to that yet—its freedom of action has been considerably restricted in consequence of the development of this weapon which sneaks swiftly and all-unseen below the water at a speed of thirty miles an hour, and with sure purpose, owing to a gyroscopic mechanism, delivers a deadly blow. It is sometimes urged that in only one case in ten will the weapon strike. Even on this hypothesis, torpedo attack will be worth the risk of some failures. Torpedoes costing only about five hundred pounds each are cheap in comparison with the huge battleships and cruisers of to-day. In narrow waters such as the English Channel, where France is marshalling this year no fewer than twenty-four submarines, in addition to about one hundred surface torpedo craft, the torpedo will prove a most serious menace; and even if it should disappoint its most enthusiastic adherents, it will undoubtedly exert a most potent moral influence on the nerves of the crews of large ships. The power of battleships and cruisers is immense. But they stand disarmed to a great extent at night; and by day, in narrow waters, their most important defence is their mobility, their ability to keep moving and altering course, so that they may never be in the same position two minutes together.

No doubt the torpedo's claim to the mastery of the seas will not be admitted or finally dismissed until some great opportunity has put it to a veritable test under the grim conditions of war. In the meantime the gun will continue to be regarded as the primary arm of large men-of-war. So long as these views hold, it is, therefore, of the greatest importance that gunnery should be the first object of naval training. At Port Arthur the fight on the day following the midnight attack was carried out at a range of three miles. At such a distance even

the best guns will be ineffective unless behind them are men who are as perfect in their use as continual hard practice can make them. It is the best gunners who will win in a fight in the open sea, which it is certain will begin while the fleets are three or four miles apart. At such a range the gun is the only weapon. When opposing battleships have come within about five thousand yards of one another each will be able—if the men are quick—to deliver from the four 12-inch guns each minute six or seven 850-lb. projectiles—not solid shot as in former days, but steel shells which will penetrate at this distance six inches of Krupp, and then explode, spreading destruction far and wide; and in addition from one broadside will issue from thirty to thirty-six 100-lb. projectiles which will do untold damage to the superstructure of an enemy, besides carrying desolation into the portions of the vessel unprotected by armour. It is difficult to picture in the mind's eye the result of such a deadly cannonade by many ships on each side even for ten minutes, during which the opposing warships will probably be drawing closer and the aim becoming more certain. In these few minutes the balance of victory will be turned to one side or the other. Then, as the distance lessens, if the attendant torpedo craft creep forward from the main fleets to provide a diversion, it is the small guns, the 12- and 3-pounders, with a perfect storm of projectiles and their mobility, which will be the only defence of the big ships.

Despite the opinions of believers in the coming apotheosis of the torpedo, it is a reassuring fact that most of the Great Powers continue to build battleships and huge cruisers. There is no indication of any slackening. At the same time, we may be at the turn of the wheel. There was never a time when more study was being applied to the perfection of craft specially fitted to carry on mosquito warfare, or when more money was being spent upon the construction of torpedo vessels of various types. Over a thousand little ships relying for attack upon the torpedo instead of the gun are now included in the fleets of the sea-nations. Their rôle in war-time will be to destroy the great ships on which the supremacy of Great Britain mainly depends. On the extent of the fulfilment of their mission will depend the future evolution of the older and larger types of men-of-war.

THE CLOSED BOOK.*

CHAPTER XVIII.—LADY JUDITH SPEAKS.



THE *table-d'hôte* at Sheringham that evening differed little from that at any other seaside hotel. The majority of the guests were holiday-makers from London in smart City-built 'lounge-suits,' the womenfolk being dressed by the providers of Westbourne Grove

or Kensington High Street—some of the men in evening-clothes and others not; the majority of the women affecting that most handy makeshift, the blouse. A few were sturdy middle-aged men of means, who had come there for golf and not for lounging in beach-tents or promenading on the asphalt: these formed a clique apart.

There was a time—when I was a homeless wanderer—when hotel-life appealed to me by reason

of its gaiety, its chatter, and its continual change; but after years of it, drifting hither and thither over two continents, I hated it all, from the gold-braided hall-crown who turns up his nose at a half-crown tip to the frock-coated, hand-clainging manager who, for some reason unaccountable, often affects to be thought a foreigner. You may be fond of the airy, changeable existence of food and friends which you obtain in hotels; but I am confident that your opinion would coincide with mine if you had had such a long and varied experience of gilded discomfort combined with elastic bills as had been my lot. Try a modern hotel 'of the first order' in Cairo, on the Riviera, or at any other place that is the mode to-day, in England or out of it, and I think you will agree with my contention.

Many a time for the purposes of my books I had studied the phantasmagoria of life as seen at the *table-d'hôte*, especially in the gambling-centres of Aix, Ostend, and the patchouli-perfumed 'Monte,' where one often meets strange types and with strange stories; but the crowd of the seaside resorts, whether at aristocratic Areachon or popular Margate, are never any more interesting than the bustle of the London streets.

Therefore, on this night I left the table quickly, refusing to be drawn into a long scientific discussion by a neighbour on my right, who was probably a very worthy lawyer's clerk on holiday, and evidently knew but a smattering of his subject, and went forth to stroll up over the golf-links in the direction of Weybourne.

I wondered what Wyman had discovered regarding the disappearance of the Earl of Glenelg and his connection with *The Closed Book*. Those strange words of the terrified, white-faced girl, his daughter, still rang in my ears—her face still haunted me. Student of human character as I was, I had never seen terror and despair in a woman's face before. But one is a student always.

Noyes, too, had continued a careful watch upon the house in Harpur Street, where, I had no doubt, the book had been regained by some professional thief. Selly evidently believed that a burglary had been committed, yet feared to inform the police because the only thing taken chances to be a piece of stolen property. Hence he could only sit down and abuse his ill-luck. Noyes had certainly very neatly checkmated the conspirators, whoever they were or whatever their object—the latter apparently being the recovery of the hidden gold.

For the present, eager as I was to commence investigations, I could only wait.

The sun had set away across the sea facing me, and as I walked over the cliffs a welcome breeze sprang up, refreshing after the heat of the hotel dining-room. The way was lonely and well suited to my train of thought. It led over a place known by the gruesome designation of Dead Man's Hill, and then straight across to the Weybourne coast-guard station, standing as it does high and alone on that wind-swept coast. From the coastguard on

duty I inquired my way to Kelling Hard, whence, I had been told, there was a road inland to Kelling Street, which led on over Muckleburgh Hill through Weybourne village and back to Sheringham. The bearded old sailor standing before the row of low whitewashed cottages pointed out a path down the hill, telling me that I should find the road a mile farther on, at a place called the Qung; then, as it was growing dark, I wished him good-night and swung along the footpath he had indicated.

I am a good walker, and wanted exercise after that long transcription I had made earlier in the day.

Having gone about three-quarters of a mile on that unfrequented path, I ascended again to the top of the cliff, where a hedgerow with a gate separated one pasture from another, yet so occupied was I with my own thoughts that I did not at first notice this gate.

When, however, I raised my head suddenly I was close upon it, and saw standing beyond a woman's figure darkly outlined against the clear afterglow.

I looked again as I came quickly along the path in her direction, and my heart for a moment stood still. Surely my eyes deceived me! She was looking straight at me, as though hesitating to come through the gate until after I had passed; and beside her, also regarding my approach with suspicion, stood a big black collie dog.

I drew nearer, and had placed my hand upon the latch when our eyes met again.

No; I was not mistaken! She was the white-faced girl I had seen pass along Harpur Street, the woman from whose lips had come that exclamation of blank despair, the woman to whom the sign of the bear was the sign of death.

For a few seconds I believed that my constant thoughts of her had caused my vision to play some sorry trick; but, fumbling clumsily with the gate while she stood aside modestly to allow me to pass, I again reassured myself that it was actually Lord Glenelg's daughter.

Why had she followed me there? That was the first question that arose to my mind, for all these strange occurrences connected with *The Closed Book* had aroused my suspicion.

She glanced at me once, then dropped her eyes, and held the collie by his collar for want of something else to do. Her face was still pale and slightly drawn, and her eyes betrayed a deep, all-consuming anxiety; but her countenance was, I saw, really more beautiful than it had appeared to me on that wet night in the dismal London streets.

All these details I took in at a single glance. The all-important question was whether it were wisdom to speak to her.

We were strangers. Perhaps she had not noticed me on that night in London—in all probability she had not. Yet, if she were unaware of my existence, why should she follow me to Norfolk?

To speak might not be a very diplomatic move; but I suddenly recollected her despair at seeing the

mysterious sign of the bear, and her father's apparent disregard of her future.

Such being the case, ought we not to be acquainted?

This argument decided me, and with some hesitation I raised my hat after I had passed through the gate to where she stood, and in faltering tones begged to be allowed to introduce myself.

She frowned with displeasure, and next moment I saw I had made a false move.

'I really have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, sir,' she answered in a musical voice, but with a certain chilly hauteur. 'I am not in the habit of accepting self-introductions from strangers,' she added.

Her reply, if a trifle superior in tone, was nevertheless the only one that could be expected of a modest, high-minded woman.

'I have the honour of knowing you only by sight, I admit,' I went on quickly, eager to remove her false impression, my hat still in my hand. 'My name is Allan Kennedy, by profession a novelist.'—

'You!' she gasped, interrupting me. 'You are Mr Kennedy?' and her face blanched in an instant.

'That is my name,' I answered, much surprised at its effect upon her. But taking up the cue quickly, I said, 'Perhaps I need say nothing further, save that our interests are identical.'

She looked puzzled, and declared that she did not understand.

'Then forgive me if I mention a matter that must be distasteful to you, for I only do so in order to show how desirous I am of becoming your friend if, after inquiries about me, you will allow me,' I said. 'Do you recollect the other night dressing in clothes that were not your own, and, accompanied by your father the Earl, paying a secret visit to a certain street in Bloomsbury?'

Her face fell. She held her breath, wondering how much I knew.

'Do you recollect, too, how heavily the rain fell, and how you turned from Theobald's Road into Harpur Street in search of something? You saw the sign—the stuffed bear-cub in the window—the fatal sign.'

She was silent. Her lips twitched, but for a few moments no sound came from them. She was dumfounded, and unable to speak. At last she stammered:

'I know, I know! But why do you torture me like this,' she cried, 'you who evidently know the truth?'

'Unfortunately I do not know the truth,' I declared. 'I may as well tell you, however, that I overheard your exclamation when your eyes fell upon the sign in that dingy upper room, and I followed you both home to Grosvenor Street, determined that if you would allow me I would stand your friend. Because of that I have ventured to introduce myself to you this evening.'

'My friend!' she echoed. 'Ah! it is all very

well to offer me your assistance, Mr Kennedy; but I fear it can be of no avail. My enemies are stronger than you are. They have crushed all the life out of me. My future is hopeless—utterly hopeless,' she sighed.

The collier, escaping from her hand, sniffed me suspiciously, and then settled near his mistress.

'Ah, no! there is always hope. Besides, I am utterly in the dark as to the meaning of your words. My surmise, based simply upon logical conclusions, is that our interests are, as I have already suggested, identical. You have heard of me, have you not?'

'I have read your books,' was her answer, 'and my father has spoken of you.'

'He has spoken of me in connection with the sign placed in that window in Bloomsbury?' I suggested. She nodded. Her splendid eyes met mine mysteriously.

'He is a friend of Mr Selby's?' I ventured.

'I believe so.'

'Do you not, then, see the truth of my suggestion that, our interests being in common, we should establish friendly relations whereby we may defeat our enemies?' I asked.

'I admit the truth of the argument entirely,' was her response after a few moments' consideration; 'and although I recognise your kindness in offering to stand my friend, I cannot see how either of us can benefit. I must suffer—till my death.'

'Your death!' I cried reproachfully. 'Don't speak like that. Trust in me to assist you in every way in my power, for I assure you of my honesty of purpose. Be frank with me, and tell me everything; then we will form some plan to combat this plot—for plot it seems to be.'

'Be frank with you?' she cried in a tone of dismay, but quickly recovered herself. 'With you—of all men?'

'Why not with me?' I asked in great surprise at her manner. 'Surely I am not your enemy?'

'If you are not at this moment, you have been in the past.'

'How so?' I asked, amazed.

'You would have brought death upon me if you could,' she cried huskily. 'I was only saved by the protection of Providence.'

'I really don't know what you mean!' I cried. 'I have only seen you once before on that wet night in London. Yet you actually accuse me of being your enemy!'

'No,' she said in a hard voice. 'My words are not an accusation. The fault, I feel certain, was not your own; but you might easily have encompassed my death without ever knowing it.'

'I really don't understand,' I exclaimed. 'Will you not speak more plainly? To think that I have ever been your enemy, consciously or unconsciously, for a single moment pains me, for such a thing is farthest from my thoughts. I am only desirous of being your good and devoted friend. We both have enemies—you and I. Therefore, if we join forces in

perfect confidence, we may succeed in combating them.'

'Then I can only presume you have followed me here in order to put this proposal to me?' she said in a tone of indignation.

'I have certainly not followed you,' I said. 'Indeed, I believed that it was you who had followed me. I am staying at Sheringham, and had not the least idea you were in the neighbourhood.'

'The same with me,' she replied. 'My father and I are staying with my uncle Lord Aldborough, at Saxlingham, and I strolled over here this evening as far as the sea. Then our meeting must have been quite accidental.'

'When did you arrive?'

'Yesterday.'

'And your father may have come down here in order to be able to watch me?' I suggested.

She did not reply, although her troubled breast heaved and fell quickly in agitation.

'I know that you hesitate to accept me as your friend,' I went on earnestly. 'But before your final decision I would urge you to seek some information about me, for I can only repeat what I have already said, that our interests are the same, and that we should defend ourselves.'

'From what?'

'From the evil which you fear may fall upon you,' I answered, recollecting her words in Harpur Street.

'Ah, no!' she cried bitterly, as her fine eyes filled with tears. 'It is useless for you to tell me this—perfectly useless. I, alas! know the truth. Before to-morrow, she added in a hoarse voice, 'I shall have ceased to trouble you.'

(*To be continued.*)

'MR SPEAKER, STRANGERS, SIR!'

By T. H. S. ESCOTT.

THE whole British nation personified by its representatives, assembled in a mean-looking building like a chapel, nothing particular in their dress; such is the first authentic record by a stranger to the country, as well as to the assembly, of the impression conveyed to a foreigner by the Westminster manufactory of statute law. That visitor of 1782, a Russian cleric named Moritz, also writes to a friend how some members, wrapped up in their greatcoats, with jack-boots and spurs on, lie stretched on the benches, some snoring, some eating nuts or oranges. Rather later in the eighteenth century another and a far more illustrious alien might often be seen in the part of St Stephen's Chapel then allotted to diplomatic spectators. Chateaubriand did not, indeed, come to England as French ambassador till in 1822 he represented the restoration of the French monarchy. Just twenty-nine years earlier he had, as a refugee from the Revolution, supported himself by his pen in London. He then seldom missed hearing the chief speeches of Fox and Pitt; he became personally known to both. There are few better accounts of the oratory of the two than those penned by their French acquaintance; he heard Pitt's masterpiece on the renewal of the war (1803): a half-hour's triumph of declamation, delivered in a voice that was not lowered for a single moment. Of that effort Fox himself said to Chateaubriand, 'If Demosthenes had been present he must have admired and might have envied.' To the same listener Pitt justified the number of his speeches on the ground of its being preferable to the iterations of Fox, and because without either redundancy or repetition a speaker cannot strongly impress his views on a popular assembly. To Chateaubriand also was it that Lord Holland remarked, 'Those who have witnessed the debates of Pitt and Fox have heard

the art of unpremeditated speaking in perfection as great as human faculties can attain.' In the next generation the French critic revisited the English Parliament as a diplomatic guest. Canning and Grey were then the chief figures in debate. In a home-letter, afterwards incorporated in the essay on English literature, the envoy observes the oratorical decadence: 'The most eloquent of the new men, when at their best,' he adds, 'are on an entirely lower plane than their great predecessors whom I heard when last here.'

The author of the *Monks of the West* was the earliest stranger who saw the English Chamber from a point of view so purely literary and intellectual as to exclude the trivial touches of personal detail. For these one must go to the accounts given to his mother by a strikingly handsome and brilliant-looking boy who, early in the nineteenth century, when on an exeat from Eton, was often brought by his famous cousin, George Canning, to hear the debates. This was the future Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Kinglake's Great Eltchi of the Crimean epoch. Sitting sometimes under the Clock Gallery, sometimes with a friend in the pen that used to contain the Westminster boys, he had been struck by the contrast between the waddling figure of the swarthy and obese Charles Fox and the chivalrous, kindling presence of his great rival. Pitt's protest against interruption particularly impressed young Stratford Canning; the haughty tone, the contemptuous look, the withering question, 'Am I, then, Mr Speaker, to be put down by clamour?' As regards Fox, the impressions of the foreign Moritz may be corrected by those of the English stranger Stratford Canning. Instead of being generally badly dressed, the famous Whig usually glittered in the dandy's costume. That aspect of the man had been duly noted by another foreign

spectator of the debates. Count Woronzow had first come to England as ambassador of the Russian Empress Catharine. Long after he had resigned that office he remained here for his children's education, leading the life of a Hampshire squire, thoroughly anglicised in all his tastes. His only daughter married the eleventh Earl of Pembroke, and became the mother of Sidney Herbert, the accomplished and amiable Peelite to whose efforts in the first place were due the improved lot of the soldier and the earliest impetus given to colonial emigration. Woronzow's features alone betrayed his Muscovite origin. Overtopping by head and shoulders all other strangers, he had begun his visits to St Stephen's on the nineteenth century's birth; he has left us a graphic word-portrait of Fox as an exquisite of the period on the floor of the House—the astounding waistcoat and the brilliant small-clothes, not concealing a pair of gleaming, very pointed boots with bright scarlet heels. Woronzow seldom missed a great debate; he lived long enough to hear Lord John Russell explain in the popular Chamber the 1832 Reform Bill. In the nineteenth century's last decade there found its way to South Kensington a picture by an Austrian artist representing the interior of St Stephen's in the days of George III.; in the foreground, Fox, Pitt, and Lord North with his blue ribbon. The painting has since gone to the National Gallery. The artist had been a friend of the Woronzow family. To them he confessed his obligation for the accuracy of many personal touches. With a maternal uncle, Count Michael Woronzow, governor of Bessarabia, when visiting England, Sidney Herbert, as a Harrow boy, made his first visit to the Chamber in which, as member for South Wiltshire, he was afterwards, in 1832, to have a seat.

Still to look at our visitors in chronological order, the next eminent strangers whom the collective wisdom at Westminster has, in the orthodox word, 'espied' are all of them from France. The gospel of silence has been enforced and illustrated by Carlyle in between forty and fifty closely printed volumes. The French Premier whose favourite apophthegm describes brevity as the soul of wit has not at the present moment completed the vindication of his short government (from January to August 1870). The last time Émile Ollivier visited England he was the guest of the present writer, who heard from him how, by frequent observation of the debates during the earlier years of the nineteenth century's second half, he had taken lessons in the practical machinery of constitutional government. That was about half a decade before Napoleon III. had asked him to form an administration. Ollivier, in his own phrase, 'got up the House of Commons as a candidate in a competitive examination gets up his subjects and textbooks. For weeks together, during the sessions of the early sixties, the tall, strongly built Frenchman with the quickly moving gray eyes that seemed to take in everything at once, found a place, generally

under the clock, from which he could not only hear Disraeli, Gladstone, Cardwell, and Lowe, but could watch the social by-play of the place—could even, as he fondly thought, penetrate into the heart of the life behind the scenes. Thiers, he remarked, with all his opportunities—his intimacy with such men as Kinglake, Bernal Osborne, Milner Gibson, and Grant Duff—never had the patience to make the best of his rich material. To that same epoch of more than a generation since belongs another Gallic student of the people's assembly. What chiefly impressed M. Dupeyré was the illogicality of the methods and the contradictoriness of the precedents of the Commons. He had come to Westminster for the parliamentary instruction of his countrymen. In his report to the Paris Legislative Assembly he says, in effect, England can teach no lessons to France. Speaker Denison obligingly saw that this stranger was always accommodated with a good place, and did his best to explain the contents of the Commons' journals, as well as the way in which procedure rules have been evolved from these. The dainty, dapper little Gaul sighed out a pious oath as he gazed, awe-stricken, at the array of huge folios under which whole bookcases groaned. Sadder even than this was the absence from the beginning of each day's work of any ceremony such as opens each day's parliamentary *séance* in France. At Westminster the preliminary procession through the lobby of the president, chaplain, and one or two more reminds one only of the conduct of a criminal from the condemned cell to the gallows. Then the familiarity of members amongst themselves, like schoolboys, is shocking. Picture to yourself a member of the Opposition (who seems, by-the-by, to have been the then Mr Gathorne Hardy) leaning across the table of the House with a bunch of roses in his button-hole, a whip in one hand, a riding-hat in the other, because even in Parliament the Briton is always the sportsman.

Dupeyré probably may have met under the Clock Gallery of the House his illustrious countryman who had first made the Chamber's acquaintance many years earlier. For the Second Empire had no sooner collapsed on the field of Sedan than Thiers started on his famous diplomatic tour through Europe. Having taken the Continental Powers *en route*, he reached his London hotel in Brook Street shortly before the Houses rose for the long vacation. His faithful friend Kinglake had then ceased to have a seat at St Stephen's; but the force of old associations caused the two men, after dinner, to stroll towards Westminster; the wonderful little French Chauvinist found himself again, and for the last time, in the place allotted to visitors of quality. Thiers had little reason to be satisfied with his European pilgrimage; for the first time in his life he had known what it was to feel very small in foreign Courts and Chanceries; he did not conceal his gratification when Mr Gladstone, hearing him to be within the building, walked up to him. Gambetta's one sojourn on the banks of the Thames

had taken place several years before this, while Napoleon III. still ruled France; he probably came to see, not Westminster, but the Comte de Paris; for the Orleanists and Republicans were then working together against the Empire. His compatriot and host during his English residence was a frequent parliamentary visitor; with him Gambetta was more than once seen within the precinct. I had it from himself that, though in this way he saw the most notable politicians of the time, he never sat out an entire debate.

Since the nineteenth century's second half no very noticeable group of Gauls had gazed upon Mr Speaker until, in the summer of 1903, the honours of the assembly were done by Ministerial and Opposition hosts to the President of the French Republic and to the deputies who either accompanied or immediately followed M. Loubet. Not, however, that those years lacked memorable or entertaining incidents in the record of the relations between the English high court of grievances and its observers from outside. Meanwhile the earliest pilgrims to the building would have noticed, could they have revisited it, certain little changes in the *tout ensemble*. The occupant of the Chair no longer wore a hat over his wig, taking it off to the member whom he desired to address the House. Bonnets and petticoats were now unrepresented in the Strangers' Gallery. The benches on the floor were upholstered with new green leather in the place of the shabby old baize or cloth. 1867 supplies a date and an incident pertinent to the point of view now taken. In the March of that year Cobden carried his motion condemning Palmerston's conduct in the affair of the *Lordia Arrow*. Amid breathless suspense and suppressed excitement was taken the division that placed Palmerston in a minority of sixteen. Directly the members began to file into the two lobbies, the Speaker issued his order—'Strangers must withdraw.' The Duke of Cambridge, together with the chief ambassadors of foreign Powers, was in the Clock Gallery. At the word of command from the Chair they went outside while the votes were being taken. One foreigner, not observing the signal, remained behind; after a few words of consultation below, the Sergeant-at-Arms, with his sword at his side, walked up to the lingerer and politely escorted him out of the premises. That seems to have been the last occasion on which the seats allotted to visitors were cleared during the processes of a division.

As a fact, since the eighteenth century's close St Stephen's has shown little inhospitality to the pilgrims at its shrine. The visitors began to multiply as soon as the debates had become a popular power. Chatham's contemptuous sarcasm on a 'senate debating with closed doors' had quite as much to do as any of the familiar incidents in the long struggle of Press *versus* Parliament with opening the place to every sort of stranger. Not more recently than 1777 has any member cared to 'espy' an illustrious intruder by way of gratifying

a grudge. In that year the greatest English actor of his age, if not of all time, had been smuggled into the House. A Shropshire squire grew white with passion at the impropriety of admitting a mere player to 'our proceedings'—especially since one of the earliest 'scenes' had just taken place, and Roscius had witnessed the Speaker and Sergeant-at-Arms intervene to prevent a duel. The actor, however, was near friends, who would not suffer him to be expelled. Burke appealed to the House to 'treat Mr Garrick with decency, if not liberality; not to exclude a man to whom they were all obliged, in whose school they had all imbibed the art of speaking and been taught the elements of rhetoric, to whom personally he was so much indebted for his instruction.' Charles Fox and 'Tommy' Townsend seconded the motion. The close of the sitting saw all the figures in the incident, the indignant Salopian included, going off to sup at Bellamy's, which stood in Parliament Street, on the site of Lucas's to-day. In the middle of the nineteenth century the Irish members found themselves almost as bitterly at feud with the *Times* newspaper as they were some fifty years later. John O'Connell drew the Chair's attention to the reporters in their gallery. Immediately every stranger in the House had disappeared. In consequence of this Perronet Thompson moved an alteration in the standing order on the subject, but without success.

These are the historic instances. Those witnessed by the present writer during a generation's acquaintance with the assembly may be briefly recapitulated. On April 24, 1870, Mr Fowler, who sat for Cambridge, was introducing a Bill on an unsavoury subject; Mr Crawford, representing the Ayr Burghs, thought it well that the press should ignore the subject. He therefore 'espied' the conventional outsider; in a twinkling the Reporters' Gallery had been emptied. The feeling of the place was, however, against the exclusion. That was shown when, a few minutes later, the readmitted pressmen were cheered to the echo by the entire assembly, including Mr Speaker himself. The conditions under which the exclusive order was practically rescinded some five years later were memorable. On April 27, 1875, Mr Henry Chaplin had a motion of wide social interest about horse-breeding. The crowded galleries contained, amongst others, the then Prince of Wales (now Edward VII.) and the German Ambassador (the late Count Münster). Mr Biggar, the member for Cavan, saw his chance of making a noble bag. Disraeli, then leading the House, expostulated with the 'espying' M.P., who, however, persisted. On that Disraeli moved the suspension of the standing order; Lord Hartington seconded. The heir-apparent and the other great people reappeared. As a sequel to that episode Disraeli, a few nights later, moved a resolution vesting in the Chairman individually, to be exercised without debate as he thought fit, the prerogative of expulsion. In April 1878 the new strangers' régime began. A cheery and popular flaxen-haired Irish giant, King-Harman,

wished the House to be cleared. The Speaker put the question; it was carried silently by fifty-seven to twelve. From half-past nine till after midnight raged an Irish row unvisited by a single reporter. Newspaper readers grumbled next morning. Since then the attempt to get rid of guests has not been repeated on any considerable scale at Westminster.

The stranger within the parliamentary gate, however, continues periodically to excite a good deal of interest. The elective Chamber resembles Virgil's *Avernus* in that there are many easy and different approaches to it, and that night and day its portals, at least, are open to the crowd. Unauthorised entrants may, therefore, now and then elude the most lynx-eyed of doorkeepers. Never in my time has the casual invader actually voted in a division. I have repeatedly seen strangers from Westminster Hall, mixed up in a little group of M.P.'s, pass unchallenged through the lobby, then introducing themselves to the interior, find sitting-room below the gangway—for a time. The moment of detection and ejection, sooner or later, invariably comes. In 1876 two strayed revellers from the Licensed Victuallers' dinner-table walked in unnoticed, perhaps even not quite conscious, and sat down not far from the Sergeant-at-Arms, within three feet of so sympathetic a neighbour as the great teetotaler, Sir Wilfrid Lawson himself; they remained there nearly half-an-hour. They might have stayed longer had not one of them caused his companion to laugh immoderately by the suggestion that he should call on Mr Speaker for a song. In the summer of 1878, during the debate on the calling of Indian troops to Europe, a deeply interested visitor, not hearing quite well from his proper place below the gallery, moved several yards up, so as to be quite close to the member on his legs, who happened to be Sir George Campbell. He only reached the place of new members waiting to be sworn; of these there were several. Only an indiscreet exhibition of interest in the debate disclosed the intruder, who, just as he waited an opportunity of getting nearer to the Speaker, found himself his prisoner and in course of removal by the Sergeant-at-Arms. Very often these experiences at

His Majesty's Theatre-Royal of St Stephen's passed from the purely comic into the broadly farcical. In the old days the visitor unfurnished with a member's card could generally get into the gallery by giving a silver coin to the custodian. Hence, of course, many more or less authentic stories of droll mistakes. Towards the close of the last century the Sergeant-at-Arms amused his guests in 'Gossett's room' by telling how a successful applicant for admission showed his gratitude by pressing half-a-crown into the terrible official's palm. Similarly Disraeli's Attorney-General, politely giving an 'order' to some one he overheard asking for the absent Sir John Cross, received sixpence. For an exactly similar service an eloquent Irish member, A. M. Sullivan, was rewarded with twice that sum. The third Marquis of Salisbury, Prime-Minister till 1902, once showed himself equally obliging, but was less lavishly recompensed; the stranger whom he had helped out of some small difficulty could only put in his hand some coppers to get a glass of beer.

A man is not more surely known from the company he keeps than the topic of dominating interest at Westminster may be infallibly inferred from the *personnel* of the visitors whom its discussion attracts. Debates on some new proposal for crowning the structure of feminine emancipation fill all the approaches with petticoated politicians, who impetuously overflow into any permitted or prohibited inch of available room. Malt-tax and local rating themes have ever been a sure draw for tenant-farmers from all parts of the country. Education Bills fill the guests' seats with teachers and preachers, lay and clerical, of every degree. Imperial questions, as if by some magical process, bring from the uttermost ends of the earth picturesque hosts of Asiatics and Africans, glittering with jewels and gorgeous with many-coloured turbans and with rainbow-hued silks. Its debates are chronicled in *Hansard*; the history of the House itself has already been written pretty exhaustively from inside. Perhaps the most variously entertaining and not the least instructive record of St Stephen's—that exclusively from the strangers' point of view—still remains to be penned.

A COMEDY OF LIEUTENANTS.

PART IV.

EARLY in the afternoon of the following day, 24th August, the Governor was seated among the papers in his office when Moullipied entered, saying, 'Pugsley, from Jerbourg, is here, sir, and would like a word with you.'

'Come in, Pugsley,' called out the Governor, pushing his papers aside and leaning back. 'Well,' as the petty officer entered, 'what's the news? Mrs Pugsley well and blooming?'

'Yes, sir, thank you; very well indeed.'

'And Dolly and Jenny?'

'Both quite well, sir, thank you.'

'Well now, my lad, what can I do for you? Pugsley, usually a ready man, hesitated.

'Well, sir, Mr O'Flanagan—'

'Yes, yes. What about him?'

'You don't happen to have seen him this forenoon, do you, sir?'

'Seen him? No. Why, he's at the station, isn't he?'

'No, sir; we've seen nothing of him since he left to come up here yesterday evening.'

'Why, what can be the meaning of that? But there, I've no doubt he has knocked across some crou or other, and has gone home with him. There are scores of old half-pay lieutenants in the town and about it, and if they once begin cracking on about their old sea-fights they lose all count of night or day. But you say he didn't come in this morning to sign your log?'

'No, sir.'

'Tut, tut! very irregular—not like Pengelly, not like Pengelly.'

'But—there's something else, sir.'

'Well, spit it out, my lad. What is it?'

'Well, sir, young Le Patoural found Mr O'Flanagan's hat on a bush half-way down the cliff at Moulin Huet.'

'Found his hat?'

'Yes, sir; and his cane was sticking in the brambles close by.'

'Good heavens! you don't mean to say you think he has tumbled over the cliff?'

'Well, sir, I'm afraid'—

'You searched the beach, of course?'

'Yes, sir; but the water'—

'Ah! how was the tide last night?'

'High-water half after midnight, sir.'

'And it comes in close just there, doesn't it?'

'Spring-tides thirteen feet up the cliff-side, sir.'

'Good heavens! Good heavens!—Come in, my dear (to Madam, who appeared at the door). 'Here's a sad to-do. I fear poor O'Flanagan's drowned.'

'Oh, don't say that!' said Madam, whose affections O'Flanagan had entirely won the night before. To his stories of war and weapons she was by comparison indifferent—she had heard so many of them; but her kind heart had been touched by some whispered pathetic confidences he had made to her about his mother and his sister, and his quiet old home in County Mayo. 'Oh, don't say that!'

'Well, I can hardly believe it myself; but he has not been home all night, and they've found his hat and stick on the cliff-side. But, by the way, Brouard drove him home.—Moullpied, tell Brouard to come here at once—at once, d'ye hear? Never mind what he's doing.—Now I come to think of it, my dear, didn't you think O'Flanagan was just a little—what shall I say?—merry, last night?'

'Well, dear, he was; but didn't you think that was just his warm-hearted, volatile Irish nature?'

'I don't know. The more I think of it the more I remember he drank a great deal of port.—Now, Pugsley, my lad, there's a lesson for you. God forbid it be true; but if the lieutenant *is* gone, I shall always wonder if his senses were as clear as they ought to have been. Oh, here's Brouard!—Now, Brouard, you drove Mr O'Flanagan home last night?'

'I drove him out as far as St Martin's, sir, and then he said he thought he'd get down and walk on to the station; for," said he, "Brouard, it's a

lovely moonlight night, and there's nothing I love so much as to contemplate the sea with the moon on it,"

'He said that, did he? And did you notice anything that struck you in any way—about his manner—or his speech?'

'No, sir; when I set him down he walked smartly off, singing something about the "young May moon is beaming, love,"

'Did he? Ah, well, my dear! I fear it is as I say. I can't think that an old sailor like O'Flanagan would walk straight over the cliff-side on a moonlight night if his senses were where they should be. But I'll drive out to Jerbourg and try and get some light on the business.—Brouard, put Samson in the gig at once—d'ye hear?—You'll come with me, Pugsley?'

It was a silent drive. When they reached Jerbourg old Mrs Luce, who had kept house for a succession of lieutenants, received the Governor, and would have been interminably garrulous if the Governor had not cut her short.

'Yes, yes, Mrs Luce, of course it's a terrible end; but perhaps it's not an end at all. Oh, that's his chest, is it? Now, what other baggage had he?'

'Just a portmanteau, sir, in his bedroom, poor gentleman! and I do assure you that'—

'Yes, yes, Mrs Luce; I'm going up. Gad! your stairs are as steep as Constitution Steps. Oh, this is the bedroom, and that's the portmanteau, is it?' pointing to a heavy-looking bag which, like its owner, had evidently seen much service and received many hard knocks.

'Yes, sir, that's his portmanteau; and a nicer officer I'—

'Yes, yes, Mrs Luce.—But, Pugsley'—over the staircase—'get a bunch of old keys and a chisel, and come up here.—Don't let me keep you, Mrs Luce.'

'May I not get you a cup of tea, or anything, sir?'

'Yes, thankee, thankee, a cup of tea.'

And Mrs Luce hastened away to put the kettle on.

'Now, what to do about his portmanteau,' soliloquised the Governor. 'In point of fact, I suppose, I have no right to open it. And yet it ought to be done.—Ah, Pugsley, I'm thinking we ought to open the lieutenant's portmanteau and see if there is any clue to his friends; for it takes such a devil of a time to get a letter through to the Admiralty now. And—I don't like to say it; but if the poor fellow should have made away with himself—God only knows the springs of His frail creatures' actions—there might even be some last message. Try the keys first.'

Pugsley, kneeling on the floor, was trying one key after another, and the Governor was standing over him, when the door opened. The Governor looked round with a sigh, fearing another infliction of Mrs Luce; but, instead of Mrs Luce, he beheld—Lieutenant Pengelly.

'Good heavens!' said the Governor, clutching at the bed-post.

'Where's O'Flanagan?' said the lieutenant hoarsely. 'Where's O'Flanagan?' he repeated excitedly.

'Why, we fear he's drowned, poor chap! But how in the name of wonder do you come here? Have you been wrecked?'

'No, sir; not, at any rate, in your sense of the word. But I would recommend Pugsley to finish his work at the portmanteau. Ah, I see he has got it open. Now.'

They bent over, and saw at once that the contents of the bag were iron bolts and brickbats carefully packed in old copies of the *Moniteur*. But at the top lay a sealed packet addressed to Lieutenant Pengelly, who seized it, tore it open, and read it with a tense deliberation which forbade interruption. His face had become almost wolfish in its ferocity; his eyes were bloodshot, and his hand trembled till the paper rattled in it. When he had done he dismissed Pugsley, and put into the Governor's hand the letter, which read as follows:

'GUERNSEY, August 23, 1803.

'MY DEAR MR PENGELLY,—I have, I fear, caused you so much inconvenience that I certainly owe you the fullest explanation in my power. When I captured the *Guennie*, as you know, I found among her mails the Admiralty despatch of 1st inst. to your good self. It occurred to me at once that here was a Heaven-sent chance for me to visit Guernsey, to inspect the interesting military works which are being hastened forward, and, above all, to repair certain gaps or lacunæ which occur in the cartography of the island in the archives of our Ministry of Marine. I copied, therefore, the despatch of the 1st, and added to it the demand for such details as I needed. I take this opportunity of thanking you for the exhaustive completeness with which you have complied the same. I am sure that when M. Decri's sees them he will unite with me in cordial acknowledgments of your zeal and intelligence.

'Well, having decided that a personal visit to Guernsey was an essential part of my plan, I concocted the further despatch of the 8th. The English sloop-of-war *Fanny* had been taken by one of our frigates only a day or two before—so recently that her name had not even been painted out. I therefore had a truly providential opportunity of landing and taking you off without exciting the least suspicion—a fact which you will appreciate the more when I tell you that the boat's crew were all Irishmen, and, in fact, were the same boat's crew to a man that were with me at Brest when the little affair of the *Pigmy* took place.

'I trust that you received every attention from Captain Touzel, and that your adventure in an open boat caused you no undue discomfort. I was careful to arrange that you should be set adrift only when and where you were certain of being picked up in the shortest possible time.

'I take credit to myself that I have contrived all this with the minimum of disarrangement to your

plans. Mr O'Flanagan, the real "Simon pure," will, I doubt not, arrive on the 25th, for, as a matter of fact, the English Admiralty are not at all likely to have learned as yet of the fate of the *Guennie*. In telling you the story, I was constrained to employ a little artifice in the episode of the boat to explain my own knowledge of the incident. But as the boat's crew proved refractory, we found it essential to put him under some mild restraint. Therefore he was certainly not able to report the capture to the authorities at Portsmouth.

'How I became possessed of the Admiralty seals, or the paper on which to reproduce the despatches, I will refrain from imparting. Nor will I trouble you with particulars of the romantic circumstances under which I am leaving the island.

'Will you present to the Governor and his lady my most sincere acknowledgments of their hospitality, and to the military gentlemen whom I had the pleasure of meeting at Government House my thanks for their courteous information as to the defences of the island? My stay in Guernsey has been brief; but I carry away with me many pleasant memories of my sojourn here.

'If I were a native of Hawaii (where, it is reported, no offering is so acceptable as a fat man-of-war's lieutenant trussed for roasting) I might avail myself of your kind undertaking that, under circumstances which shall be nameless, I might eat you. But I hereby willingly discharge you from the performance of this promise, and beg your acceptance of the small canvas bag and its contents herewith. And if the fortune of war should ever send you a prisoner to my adopted country, I beg that you will, by appealing to my name and influence, give me an opportunity of atoning for some part of the inconvenience which I may have caused you.—I have the honour to remain, my dear Mr Pengelly, your very obedient servant,

'MAURICE SHERIDAN
(*soi-disant* O'FLANAGAN).'

When the Governor had read this letter through he seemed to lose, for the moment, every atom of self-control. The letter dropped from his grasp. He clenched his fists, and beat them together in a way which would have been grotesque were it not for the terrible seriousness in his eyes. And yet, even while he was quivering with inarticulate emotions, some sense of the subtle irony of the situation seemed to strike him. His features, gradually losing their set expression, broke very, very slowly into a smile, which, beginning in his eyes, stole gradually over his whole face. From a mere relaxation of the facial muscles, the smile elaborated itself into a silent laugh; the laugh, becoming every second more expansive, ceased to be silent, became a guffaw, became a burst, became a roar, till the old gentleman positively had to kneel on the floor and bury his head in Mr O'Flanagan's bedclothes to stop his convulsions. The bed shook, the floor shook, the very room shook, till at last

Pengelly picked his old friend bodily up, seated him in a chair, and loosened his stock—an operation which the Governor was too far gone to protest against with more than a faintly negative wave of the hand. And Pengelly himself—when the Governor had first broken into a quiet grin—had set his teeth to stem the torrent of wrath which was trying hard to burst forth. But so infectious is laughter that he too felt a quite involuntary loosening of the muscles, and at last was quivering—he could not have said why—with the sheer contagion of merriment. Finally, the Governor, with many an ‘Oh, dear me! Oh, I shall have to get Dr Pallot to open a vein for this!’ slowly subsided, and, rising from his chair, put both his hands on the lieutenant’s shoulders.

‘My dear lad, this is a thing to forget. After all, no great harm has been done. As the rogue says, the right man comes to-morrow. You can go off quietly, and I’ll put about some tale to cover appearances. Nobody, save you and I and Madam, need ever know all. As to the information, it will probably, as he says, go into the archives. A few scraps of details like that can neither make nor mar us. By the way, what’s in the bag he speaks of?’

They tore it open, and found within another bag, neatly labelled ‘Cabbage Seed.’

Sir Francis Pengelly, K.C.B., Vice-Admiral of the

Blue, is now an established figure in the naval annals of his country. After the peace he was much ashore, and devoted himself to the cultivation of an estate which he had inherited in Sussex. He developed a great turn for agriculture; his Southdowns became celebrated; while from his orchards the ‘Pengelly Manor’ pippins and peaches made his name familiar in circles where else it would have been unknown. But in perambulating the kitchen-garden you would have met with an odd surprise. You might have searched from morn till eve without encountering a single specimen of the harmless, necessary cabbage. The gardeners were often asked about it; but all the inquirer got for his pains was, ‘The Hadmiral won’t ave no cabbages; that’s all I know.’ And it was all any one else knew. The good old Governor and Madam had long been laid to rest; though it was not till some years after the Restoration that Sir Francis, opening the *Times* one morning, saw an obituary notice of ‘that most distinguished naval officer, the Duc de Contancee, one of the peers of the Empire, but better known as Admiral Maurice Sheridan. The deceased peer was of Irish birth, and joined the French service after the Rebellion of 1798. We understand that his memoirs, in four volumes, are shortly to be published, and contain a mass of romantic and absorbing details which throw a flood of light on certain obscure passages in that long contest which closed in 1815.’

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE PREVENTION OF LEPROSY.

MR JONATHAN HUTCHINSON, F.R.S., must be regarded as a missionary entitled to the highest honours, for he has devoted his attention for many years to a study of the cause and cure of leprosy, and for this purpose undertook toilsome journeys through the leprosy districts of India, and afterwards went to those of South Africa. He has been able to come to a definite conclusion that leprosy is caused by the consumption of fish in a state of partial or complete decomposition. In countries where much salt-fish is consumed, particularly inland places where for religious reasons a fish-diet is compulsory on certain days, leprosy is far more prevalent than in other places, and Mr Hutchinson makes an earnest appeal to the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church to either allow flesh on fast-days or to follow the example of the Greek Church and forbid fish as well as flesh. Another important discovery due to this indefatigable worker and traveller is that leprosy is not infectious. It can only be conveyed to a person by means of his food. Therefore, the segregation of lepers, as at Robben Island, where its victims are condemned

to a lifelong and miserable imprisonment, is unnecessary and inhuman.

CONSCRIPTION.

A recent letter in the *Times*, over the modest initial ‘M,’ gives a reason for the industrial success of Germany, which, if correct, is a revelation in its way, besides being a plea for conscription; and conscription is a subject which will one day come up for serious discussion among ourselves. This writer admits that he is not an educational expert, but he is quite certain that Germany’s system of military service is at the bottom of her industrial success. Every man is bound to serve; but the higher the standard of education which he can show the shorter the term of service. So that the industrial advance of the country is the effect of education, which in its turn is the effect of the military system in vogue there. A German has the strongest incentive to become a good scholar, for he knows that in making himself proficient he not only adds to his general knowledge, but reduces to its lowest terms an irksome and onerous duty.

SCENIC ARTISTS.

A well-merited complimentary banquet was given in London recently to painters for the theatre by

their brothers of the brush whose works are of a more portable, and happily of a more permanent, nature. Sir Laurence Alma Tadema presided, and he was supported by artists of equal eminence and many well-known members of other professions. The chairman described the work of the scenic artist as being closely allied with other forms of painting; but it should be noted that the scene-painter had very real advantages in the matter of lighting, which he could control as he wished. Sir Alma Tadema had seen, he said, upon the stage most beautiful architectural scenes, landscapes, and flights of fancy which, alas! he would never see again. Many people must regret with Sir Alma Tadema that these works of art, which, contrary to general belief, are often full of exquisite detail, should be of such an ephemeral character. The suggestion has recently been made that copies of the more important scenes at our theatres should be preserved by means of the trichromatic photographic process. There should not be much difficulty in securing such pictures in any of the modern theatres which are lighted by electricity.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

The 'northern lights,' which form such a constant feature in the skies of high latitudes, have been the subject of many suggested theories; but all have agreed that the phenomena displayed are of electrical origin. Indeed, that idea has been corroborated by the circumstance that during the occurrence of brilliant auroras electric telegraph apparatus has been strongly affected. Sir William Ramsay, in the light of modern discoveries, has recently given an explanation of the aurora which is sure to receive wide acceptance. He suggests that the beautiful auroral light is due to the swarms of minute particles—electrons—which the sun is continually throwing out, and that these act on the krypton in our atmosphere. In a letter to *Nature* he writes: 'We have to take into account that outpour of corpuscles from the sun which, in the upper regions of the atmosphere, is able to excite into intense activity the internal motions of krypton which produce the green auroral line, and presumably with equal and perhaps increased vigour imparts energy to the molecules of helium which range to still higher altitudes.'

MACHINERY FOR THE FARM.

Much of the picturesque charm of country-life has gone out of it with the necessary introduction of machinery, and it is impossible to associate mentally the scene of Gray's famous *Elegy* with the hum of the steam-thresher and the *click, click* of the modern harvester. The ploughman is replaced by steam or oil motor, the straw is stacked by an 'elevator,' and hand-labour in the field is all but dispensed with. Even in the dairy, mechanical methods are supplanting the old ways. The cream, instead of being left to rise naturally from the milk, is torn from it by means of a 'separator.' But the

newest invention of all in this department of labour is enough to take one's breath away. For the future there will be no one to answer the query, 'Where are you going to, my pretty maid?' for the cows are to be milked by electricity. The Lawrence-Kennedy cow-milker consists of a vacuum vessel which is connected by tubes with the animals to be milked. In connection with it is a 'pulsator,' which, we read, can be regulated by attached screws 'giving adjustability to the characteristics of each cow.' It will thus be seen that in the near future the word 'farm' will become obsolete, and 'factory' will take its place.

BRICKS FROM THE GAS-WORKS.

When electric lighting first came within practicable bounds the holders of gas shares were in despair; but now that the electric light has become common, more gas than was ever used before is in demand for stoves, engines, &c., so that investors in such property feel that they are pretty secure. And now a fresh source of income is promised in the utilisation of gas-lime and clinkers for the manufacture of bricks. At the new Wortley gas-works this refuse, which has hitherto entailed a cost of between two and three thousand pounds a year for removal, has been the subject of experiment, and it is found that good marketable bricks of a blue colour can be made by a cheap process, in which the material is hardened without being burnt in a kiln. The gas company are now inviting tenders for the erection of the necessary plant to carry out the brick manufacture on a large scale, and the product will be sold not only for building, when blue bricks are admissible, but also in the form of slabs for street pavements.

FIRE-PREVENTION IN THEATRES.

It has long been the belief that a theatre is doomed to destruction by fire sooner or later, for it usually contains a quantity of inflammable materials which are brought into dangerous proximity with lamps. The danger has been greatly minimised by the employment of electricity for lighting purposes; but the awful holocaust at Chicago shows that a modern theatre, fitted with the best appliances, and supposed to be a fireproof structure, can be in a few minutes converted into a fiery furnace. But this would be quite impossible were certain precautions taken, and this was proved by experiments shown recently at the Alhambra Theatre, London, which a number of theatrical managers, scenic artists, and fire insurance representatives were invited to witness. On this occasion Mr Moul, the demonstrator, showed that all the materials used in a piece now running at the theatre, including dresses, canvas, *papier-mâché*, gauze, cloth, &c., would, when held in a gas-flame, refuse to ignite. Even wood converted into shavings by a carpenter present for the purpose would not inflame. All these materials had been treated by the same process as that adopted for the woodwork of American

warships. Mr Moul said that nine months had been expended in these experiments, and that the extra expense was by no means excessive. He hoped that the adoption of the precautions which he had described would have the effect of reducing the heavy premium on theatres, which in his own case amounted to one thousand pounds per annum.

STEEL RAILWAY-CARRIAGES.

Another fire which led to lamentable loss of life was that which occurred a few months ago in the underground railway in Paris, and the various 'tube' railways throughout the world see that they have a possible foe to reckon with. The new Subway Company of New York are determined that their rolling-stock shall be fireproof, for they have ordered two hundred passenger-cars which are to be constructed entirely of steel and lined with aluminium. They are said to be the first all-steel cars in the world, and are fifty-one feet in length, and are necessarily completely fireproof. There were many difficulties in their construction, which were only overcome after two years' experiment. Should these new railway vehicles bear out the anticipations of their promoters, they will probably find universal adoption. The old type of carriage, with its absorbent woodwork and dusty, germ-inviting upholstery, could with advantage be displaced.

OSTRICH-FARMING.

A journal published at Johannesburg, the *South African Times*, says that it is not generally known that ostriches in a wild state are to be found in certain parts of the Transvaal, and that on some farms a few of the birds are kept under observation. The reason why ostrich-farming has not developed into a recognised industry there is due to the prevalence of wild-dogs and jackals, which prey upon the birds, and also to the absence of proper fencing. It is believed that if ostrich-farming were seriously taken in hand in the western and north-western parts of the colony, it would soon become a lucrative business. The conditions necessary to attain this end seem to be, firstly, good fencing, like that which prevails in Cape Colony; secondly, a systematic and combined action on the part of farmers for the destruction of vermin; and thirdly, at a later period, when the birds have had time to increase, the veldt must be improved by the growth of lucerne, a food which has proved suitable to the birds in the south, and by the encouragement of salt-bushes. In many districts where cattle cannot be raised on account of the prevalence of Rhodesian red-water, ostriches could be profitably dealt with, feathers being always in demand, and commanding high prices.

EGG-PACKING.

The Consul-General at Christiania describes in a despatch to the Foreign Office a new system of packing eggs which appears to possess several advantages; but as the description is not accompanied

by diagrams, it is difficult to understand the exact form of apparatus employed. As far as we can gather, it consists of a series of trays made of cardboard, and containing hollow oval spaces for the reception of individual eggs. The trays fit one upon the top of another, each tier consisting of twenty-five trays of thirty eggs, equal to seven hundred and fifty eggs in all. The cardboard framework bears the weight, the eggs sustaining no pressure at all from those placed above them. The eggs cannot fall out of their cells even if the packing-case is turned over. Breakage is avoided, the eggs can readily be counted without being handled—and the less eggs are touched the longer they keep fresh—and warehousing takes up the minimum of space. The trays are cheap, and as they pack one inside the other they are easy to return to the place of origin.

THE MOTOR-LORRY.

The requirements of modern warfare demand the quick transportation, very often over the roughest possible ground, of a vast mass of heavy impedimenta, and it has long been recognised that some kind of locomotive vehicle is wanted for military purposes. Such a conveyance is found in the motor-lorry, which has recently formed the subject of a series of successful trials in Edinburgh and its vicinity. This vehicle, which is designed to carry a load of three tons, is very strongly built, and has four massive and wide wheels, each of which weighs five hundredweight. During the trials the lorry was so loaded with heavy pieces of iron, barrels of water, &c. that its total weight was made up to seven tons, and routes were purposely chosen which presented every variety of hilly road and uneven ground. In spite of all the difficulties presented, the vehicles tested attained a speed on the level of nine miles per hour, which was considerably more than that contracted for. Underneath each lorry is a large winding-drum fitted with a long steel cable, and this drum can be geared to the engine, and can be turned quite independently of the wheels; so that if half-sunk in marshy land, the vehicle can pull itself out of its difficulty by the attaching of its cable to a tree or an anchor; while, on the other hand, it can help another vehicle or a field-gun in like predicament. These lorries are fitted with four-cylinder petrol-engines of twenty-four brake-horse-power, and have been constructed by Messrs Stirling of Granton Harbour, Edinburgh.

STEAM SMOKELESS COAL.

The coal most suitable for naval purposes is singularly restricted in its occurrence. It is found in Belgium, but its chief source is South Wales. Mr W. Boyd Dawkins has lately pointed out that Britain has practically a monopoly in this coal, and he thinks that instead of allowing the precious material to go out of the country in such vast quantities to strengthen foreign navies, the whole of it should be bought up by our Government and

jealously kept for home consumption. But his letter to the *Times* has met with a rejoinder from Cardiff which shows the practical difficulties of adopting the course which he recommends. The smallest of the collieries produces more coal than is needed by our navy. What is to be done with the rest of the collieries, with an output of many million tons per annum? What, too, is to be done with the railways, docks, and other works connected with these collieries, which are mainly employed in the transport and shipping of coal? Who is to feed the vast populations depending upon regular work in connection with these enterprises? With every sympathy with a suggestion born of patriotic sentiment, we fear that these questions are unanswerable.

THE GAS COMMITTEE.

The scientific committee recently appointed by the Board of Trade to inquire into the statutory requirements relative to the purity and the illuminating power of gas has to solve one or two problems of great importance. The companies have hitherto been bound to supply gas which has an illuminating power, when burned at a certain rate, of sixteen candles; but gas obtained from the coal now available will not give this high luminosity without treatment with certain enriching agents which adds greatly to the expense of manufacture. And they plead, very reasonably, that the gas used with the modern incandescent mantle and for heating and cooking purposes requires no luminosity at all, a blue flame like that given by the Bunsen burner being actually used for both purposes. The companies therefore seek powers to supply a gas of inferior illuminating power to that at present required, with a corresponding reduction in its cost to them and to their customers. The question of purity practically resolves itself into the minimum amount of sulphur which can be allowed to contaminate the gas. If the products of combustion from every gas-burner were carried off by efficient ventilation this would not be such a serious consideration as it is at present. Lord Rayleigh is the chairman of the gas committee, and his colleagues are men equally well known in the scientific world.

BREAD.

It has again and again been stated in text-books and in newspaper paragraphs and magazines that in the manufacture of modern white bread the most nutritive portion of the wheat (protein) is thrown away, and that certain ailments are thereby induced. A fresh light has been thrown upon this important matter by experiments recently undertaken by the United States Government. Since the year 1877 they have promoted a systematic inquiry into the nutrition of man; and one of the investigations undertaken deals with the composition, digestibility, and nutritive values of different kinds of flour. The various sorts of flour were made into bread, and the subjects experimented upon were specially selected healthy men. From

a report issued it appears that although the entire-wheat bread is richer in protein, it is not so easily digestible as the bread made from the more refined material. And this is due to the fact that a considerable portion of that valuable constituent 'is contained in the coarser particles (bran), and so resists the action of the digestive juices and escapes digestion.' It seems, therefore, that the benefits of whole-meal bread have been overrated; for while it does contain more protein than the whiter and more appetising kinds, its value must be discounted on the score of its being more difficult of assimilation by the digestive organs.

LISTEN!

BROTHER, are the skies o'erclouded,
Are there shadows overhead;
Is the pathway long and stony
That your weary feet must tread?
Is the golden light of sunrise
Hidden by the mist of gray,
And the peaceful vale where waiteth
Rest from toiling, far away?
Listen to the song-birds singing
Sweetly in the kind, warm rain;
Listen to the streamlet's whisper,
Flowing to the far-off main!
Listen to the morn'ring breezes,
Singing unto flow'r and tree;
If the Father cares for these things,
Shall He not have thought for thee?

Brother, is thy heart desponding,
Burdened with its weight of care;
Is the toil unending, fruitless,
And the strife too great to bear?
Does the morrow hold no promise
Of respite from all thy ill;
Does thy hope, far-off at sunrise,
Seem at sunset music still?
Listen to the farther round you,
There is hope in everything;
List to bird and stream and breezes,
As in sun and rain they sing!
Listen to them in the shadow,
And no more despondent be;
If the Father loveth all things,
Will He not remember thee?

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them in FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chamber's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

AUNT MARY.

By FRED M. WHITE.

IN TEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE spirit of spring was in the air; a thrush piped with full-throated melody from a swinging blackthorn. Over beyond the water-meadows a ridge of larches gleamed with the tenderest green, save where their crests flamed into the sunset. A March evening full of light, a sky wind-swept and saffron to the zenith, crisp and cold, and yet it had been the sort of day when Nature turns in her sleep. There was a jingle of harness somewhere, the bleat of lambs; a long thread of noisy rooks melted into the flaming-red furnace of the west.

A quaintly hammered pair of iron gates (Quentin Matsys gates, Walter Whitworth felt certain) opened upon a winding drive, carpeted on either side by primroses and violets. It was Whitworth's destination, but he hesitated. He was not quite filled with the beauty of it yet. The silence was a little oppressive, for the din and roar of the train was in his ears still.

And he was an artist to his finger-tips. A day or two ago he had been a poor and struggling student, with nothing but genius and a fine ambition behind him. The turn of a day had changed all that. He was heir to Grey Gables and a matter of some six hundred pounds a year besides. Miss Mary Bentley's prim letter testified to the fact.

It was all very dreamy as yet. Walter had not yet grasped the full measure of his happiness. Here was a young man who pined for the country. In his dull bed-sitting-room, under the tiles of a Bloomsbury lodging-house, he had drawn glowing pictures against the background of fog. He would have a country residence like Sir John Pettifer, R.A., in whose studio he worked. He thought of the dewy lawns in the sweet June twilight, of the cool splash of the sea against the moonlit rocks, of heathery uplands, and the music of the rippling waters where the ferns grew. He didn't know that he was breaking his heart for it, but he was.

And then came that advertisement, the visit to a dingy solicitor in an equally dingy office, and the production of the last will and testament of Colin Whitworth of Grey Gables, in the county of Norfolk, the uncle of whom Walter had only heard casually. For the best part of a year the family lawyer had been advertising for Walter Whitworth. The cast-iron manner of the man of enactments was in fine contrast to Walter's feelings.

'There are a few formalities, of course,' Mr Benn had said; 'but there is no reason why you should not take possession of your property. There is a distant relative of my late client's there, and a Miss Bentley who has been your uncle's housekeeper for many years. I am afraid it will be a wrench for them—um—because attached to the place, and so forth. If you can see your way to giving them a considerable latitude in the way of—er—um?'

Walter smiled. So there was a heart somewhere even in that flinty bosom.

'They shall stay as long as they like,' Walter said. 'I dare say they won't mind looking after my comfort: the plainest food, and a room to paint in. Seeing that my father is still abroad?'

'Oh, your father is still abroad, eh?' Mr Benn asked dryly. 'In his younger days I knew your father well. To put it mildly, he was a source of some anxiety to his friends. Your uncle Colin was a long way off being my ideal of a wise man, but he showed a fine discrimination when he passed over your father in favour of you. Is he likely to be away long?'

Walter muttered something to the effect that, in his capacity of a mining engineer, his father might be in Spain for months; but, on the other hand, he might be at home next week. He was vaguely impressed with the fact that Mr Benn regarded his father as a *mauvais sujet*. Walter would have called him a Bohemian. In all the young man's struggles he had not had the least paternal support. Jim Whitworth was proud of his son's genius; he

was prodigal of good advice; but there it ended. Walter felt vaguely conscious that there was some mystery here. Mr Benn looked significantly at his watch.

'Go down to Grey Gables,' he said, 'and do your best to please Aunt Mary—I mean Miss Bentley. Good-day.'

And now Walter was at the gate of his terrestrial paradise with Miss Mary Bentley's passport in his pocket. He felt a little nervous and uneasy, for the letter had been terribly stiff and formal. There was a suggestion of chill disappointment about it, too. Walter's quick, artistic temperament had not failed to see that.

He passed up between the shining belt of primroses, past a lawn edged with old-fashioned rose-trees of the standard variety, and under an Elizabethan porch shielding a monastic door. Walter drew a breath of pure delight. He had read about these kind of things; he had studied them lovingly. In his dreams he had pictured a home of this kind when he should have grown rich and famous. There was a blurred mist before his eyes, so that the quaint brass knocker loomed large. Of course there must be an old-fashioned bell-pull somewhere—one of the hanging sort, wrought in bronze. There it was.

A bell changed somewhere in the distance, and presently an ancient servitor appeared: an old woman amazingly clean; an old woman with white hair, and cheeks red and hard as the sunny side of an apple, and as glowing. She had on a lilac cotton-print dress and a cap of quaint design. It was almost an extinct type, the old-fashioned servant who spends all her life in one family.

'My respects to you, sir,' she said; 'you are Master Walter. And how like your father you be! But a better face, thank God—a better face!'

The last words came involuntarily, like an anxious thought put into words. There was the same strange feeling again, the feeling that his father somehow was at the bottom of some disgraceful family secret. Mr Benn had hinted as much, and old Martha was confirming it. And yet Walter knew that his father was a popular man.

'Miss Bentley is expecting me?' he asked.

'Oh dear, yes,' Martha replied. 'And you just try and be gentle with Miss Mary. The parlour isn't quite ready just yet. Here is the dining-room.'

Walter drew a deep breath. Old oak on the floors; old oak on the walls. A low ceiling that suggested Pugin, a great black settle, a Cromwellian dresser with a marvellous old willow-pattern dinner-service, some carved chests, a deep seated-window or two, a suggestion of stained glass. There snored a grandfather's clock with a date 1694. Wonderful! wonderful!

It was the same in the drawing-room. The great John Pettifer, R.A., would have raved over those fluted-backed chairs. Some cunning hand had arranged blue plates and dishes with a hawthorn

pattern along the picture-rail. Spode! Walter had seen collectors tumbling over one another for worse specimens at Christie's. Had he been commercial-minded he would have appraised his surroundings highly. But he was only excited and uplifted by the atmosphere of the place. It was Tennyson's haunt of ancient peace. Some rooks were cawing somewhere. The glow of the March evening filled the room.

That was a portrait by Hoppner in the corner, of course; and there was a Lely and a Romney, also a Gainsborough, and two more portraits by Reynolds: a small collection of pictures, but all of the best. The spirit of rest and refinement breathed upon everything like some magic varnish. All this belonged to the young man who had merely dreamt of such things a week ago.

Everything else was as it had been for two centuries. Behind the brass lattice of the book-case atop of the Dutch bow-fronted bureau were old editions, the one modern volume being Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*. A Shakespeare in leather, a worn edition of Bacon, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and a long row of manuscript music-scores. Colin Whitworth had been a fine musician. There was an organ in the house built by Father Prout himself.

Tea was laid out on the oval oak table: a fine service of Chelsea, a fluted teapot *circa* William and Mary; six candles ready for lighting sprang from candelabra of old English Sheffield plate. The fair white cloth had a faint suggestion of lavender about it. Wonderful! wonderful!

Somebody was speaking to Walter, who stood there in a waking dream. He was conscious that a timid hand was touching his shoulder. He came suddenly to earth again; the golden light was fading from the room.

'Martha told me you were here, sir,' the prim voice said. 'I have the honour to be Miss Mary Bentley, at your service, sir.'

CHAPTER II.



ALTER bowed and held out his hand.

The prim little figure before him took no notice. The young man's face flushed. He had come down here actuated by the kindest thoughts and feelings. But, after all, he must make allowances.

He saw before him a slight little lady who might have been any age between thirty and fifty. Her complexion was pure and brilliant, the skin without a wrinkle. The mouth was gentle and sensitive, though now it was drawn tight with a droll attempt at sternness. The hair, piled high on the erect little head, was quite white; and the spare, dignified figure was clad in stiff gray silk; at the throat and neck was lace so beautiful that Walter was quite fascinated by it. He was a little chilled and disappointed, but the man had to be born yet

who could be angry long with Miss Bentley. Despite her frosty dignity and the hauteur of her manner, she carried an atmosphere of kindness about her. The small white hands, covered with glittering gems, trembled slightly.

Walter smiled despite himself. It was such a quaint yet pleading picture! He could easily imagine that slight figure at a bedside; those slim hands were made to render hot pillows soft and cool; those dark-gray eyes—

'Aunt Mary,' Walter said with a sudden impulse, 'indeed, indeed I do want to be friends. Won't you shake hands with me?'

The sensitive mouth shook, with the ghost of a smile upon it. Two trembling little hands went out, and Walter caught them heartily. The dark-gray eyes had a yearning look in them, a touch of retrospection. They were reading Walter. He wondered why they filled with tears so swiftly.

'You are very like your mother,' Miss Bentley said. 'The same handsome features; the same fearless eyes. And yet—well, you have your mother's soul and expression. I am glad of that—ah, I am glad of that!'

'I have often heard my father speak about you,' Walter said. 'Of course I knew there was some bitter quarrel, and that the two brothers had not met for years. They called you Aunt Mary when you were quite a little girl, didn't they?'

Miss Bentley nodded with her hand pressed to her side as if some sharp pain racked her. Just for a moment the prim gray figure drew up slightly.

'Won't you take a seat?' she asked politely.

'Certainly not!' Walter smiled. 'At least, not yet. Aunt Mary, won't you forgive me? It wasn't my fault that Uncle Colin left me this property. I never expected it. Won't you give me a kiss?'

'So like his father!' Miss Bentley murmured. 'So very like his father! And yet different.'

Her face was broken up with smiles and tears, a young face now smiling and rosy. Only the eyes were a little sad and retrospective. 'I am a silly, selfish old woman,' she cried. 'There! That is the first time a man has kissed me since— Well, never mind, sir. I told Kathleen exactly how I was going to treat you, and she laughed. I am afraid my dignity is not a robust plant. But Colin Whitworth had no business to leave the property to you, sir.'

'I never expected it for a moment,' Walter replied.

'Oh, I quite believe you. Did your father ever tell you why he and his brother Colin quarrelled so bitterly and finally?'

Walter shook his head. The little figure in the gray silk lay half-buried in a deep arm-chair, the fitful light of the log-fire touching up her pretty, thoughtful face. The crocus flames were reflected from the blue Dutch tiles of the hearth, with their presentment of the story of Ruth.

'Your father was always a popular man,' Miss Bentley said. 'There was a fascination about him.

And he was so handsome, but always careless and charmingly selfish and inconsiderate for the feelings of others. Your uncle Colin was worth a score of him. Colin was engaged to your mother, and Jim—I mean James, your father—to—somebody else. Then he ran away with your mother and married her. It was a dreadful time for—all of us. And that's why your uncle and father never met again.'

'I am very sorry,' Walter said humbly. 'It was not a—oh, well, you know what I mean.'

'I understand, my dear boy. Then I came here to keep house, and little Kathleen followed. On the whole, we have had much to be thankful for: years and years of peace and quiet happiness. Your father's name was never once mentioned till three years ago, when he behaved so nobly over that mining business in the north of Spain. It was in all the papers. It was just the kind of reckless, magnificent bravery that your father always revelled in. And he was always so passionately fond of children!'

'Extraordinarily so,' Walter hastened to say.

'Colin Whitworth thought a great deal about it. He told me he should leave the place and the money to your father in trust for you till you came of age. After all, Kathleen was no blood-relation of his. It wasn't at all just; but it was a case where I could say nothing. So the will was made. A little over a year ago Colin told me he had changed his mind. He had heard good accounts of you. He said it would be best for an ambitious young man to make his own way. And Kathleen was ill?—'

'I hope she is better now,' Walter said politely.

'Kathleen will never be better. She is dying.'

There was a ring in the little speech, a suggestion of the bitterness of death that is past. A flame leaping from the blue tiles touched the hopeless sadness of Miss Bentley's face. A new world was opening to Walter.

'You will see her presently,' Miss Bentley said.

'Kathleen is dying of consumption. We have to take the greatest care with her. A sudden chill, a cold air, and— You will see her presently. And that is why I am sore and angry with you. By all moral rights this place should be Kathleen's. Colin promised me he would revoke that will; but he put it off till it was too late. And when I heard that they had found you at last, and that you were coming down here, I was hard?—'

'Aunt Mary, you were nothing of the kind. You couldn't be.'

'Well, I tried to be. I pictured you as being easy and charming and selfish, as Jim—I mean your father—used to be. You would be very polite and very fascinating; but, all the same, you were going to turn us out of the house?—'

'Aunt Mary, I swear to you that I never meant anything of the kind,' Walter cried. 'My father has so often spoken of you that I was quite sure from the first we should be friends.'

A blue flame seemed to give a red glow to Aunt Mary's cheeks.

'I am an artist. I have often dreamt of a home like this. Only I never expected to find anything half so perfect. Here I can follow my own bent, and do just the class of romantic picture that my soul loves. I had planned it all out as I came along. You were to look after my comfort, and find me a big room for a studio. And, on the other hand, you were to do me the favour of stopping here, and we were to be as happy as the day is long, Aunt Mary.'

Miss Bentley made no reply. She was crying softly into a cambric handkerchief. Hers was the rare kind of woman's face that looks none the worse for tears.

'Aunt Mary,' Walter said pleadingly, 'you won't go away?'

Aunt Mary dabbed her eyes with fierce little pats.

'I am a very foolish old woman,' she replied. 'Go and get ready for our high tea. Your room is the first door to the right. I am going to do the silliest thing of my life—I'm going to stay here. Goodness knows the complications and troubles

there will be; but I stay. Kiss me again, my bonny boy; you are very like your—mother.'

It was quiet and still in the hall; beyond a door at the end of a passage somebody was playing the organ. Walter's artistic soul expanded to the music. He crept down the passage and opened the door.

Here was a lofty room, oak panelled and lighted by two long windows. The very place for a studio! Between the long windows the reeds of an organ upraised. A figure sat before the worn, yellow keys that gleamed in the light of two wax candles in silver sconces. The atmosphere of the place was intolerably warm by reason of a tortoise stove, the one modern innovation in the house.

The room was flooded with the glorious melody. A girl with fair shining hair and a white, purely cut face was playing, with her heart in the music. She turned suddenly; her fingers dropped on the keys; the wailing melody stole into the shadows. There was a hush of silence in the room.

Walter spoke very softly; but his words were plain to the player's ears.

'Kitty,' he said, 'what a day it has been! Oh, Kitty, *Kitty!*'

LORD NELSON'S PRIZE CAPTURES.

By Rev. R. A. GATTY, LL.B.

PART I.

THERE is always something that is very pathetic about old letters. How well one knows the sight of the packet tied with faded ribbon, once cherished by its owner, now dead and gone, that is reverently burned that no profane eyes may see its contents! More than three hundred letters came into my possession not long ago owing to the death of a near relation, and their history is so peculiar that I deemed them deserving of historical notice.

Just one hundred years ago Lord Nelson sailed to the Mediterranean in the *Victory*, taking with him his chaplain and secretary, the Rev. A. J. Scott. It was part of the duty of the secretary, who was a good linguist, to write Lord Nelson's letters in any language that was necessary, and to translate all letters captured in prize-ships and search them for news of the enemy. It happened that Mr Scott had taken on board with him two low arm-chairs covered with leather, which on each side had deep pockets extending the whole length of the chair. Lord Nelson took a fancy to these chairs, and they were placed in his cabin. An extract from the Life of Mr Scott, published by his family after his death, will serve to explain the use the chairs were put to, and will account for the 'intercepted letters' above mentioned:

'It must be remembered that Lord Nelson made

it a point of etiquette to accompany all his original English letters to foreign Courts with translations in their respective languages, and the preparing these was an office that occupied much of Mr Scott's attention. In addition to constant communications with the royal families of Naples and Sardinia, a correspondence was carried on at intervals during the greater part of the blockade of Toulon with the Dey of Algiers, the unsettled and intricate state of affairs between that personage and the English Government causing Lord Nelson a great deal of annoyance and wearisome negotiation. Besides the graver employments above spoken of, Mr Scott was in the habit of reading to his chief all the French, Italian, Spanish, and other foreign newspapers which were sent regularly to the fleet, and these were ransacked as well for the amusement as the information they contained. Mr Scott had also to wade through numberless ephemeral foreign pamphlets, which a mind less investigating than Lord Nelson's would have discarded as being totally unworthy of notice; but he entertained a persuasion that no man ever put his hand to a paper without having some information or theory to deliver which he fancied was not generally known, and this was worth looking after through the encumbering rubbish. His own quickness in detecting the drift of an author was perfectly marvellous. Two or three pages of a pamphlet were generally sufficient

to put him in complete possession of the writer's object, and nothing was too trivial for the attention of this great man's mind when there existed a possibility of its being the means of obtaining information. Day after day might be seen the Admiral in his cabin closely employed with his secretary over their interminable papers. They occupied two black leather arm-chairs, into the roomy pockets of which Scott, weary of translating, would occasionally stuff away a score or two of unopened private letters found in prize-ships, although the untiring activity of Nelson grudged leaving one such document unexamined. These chairs, with an ottoman that fits between them (now treasured heirlooms in Mr Scott's family), formed, when lashed together, a couch on which the hero often slept those brief slumbers for which he was remarkable.

The above will explain the presence of these letters in the pockets of the chairs, and there they remained until the great Admiral fell at the battle of Trafalgar, and passed away in the arms of this chaplain and secretary in the cockpit of the *Victory*. On the return of the fleet to Portsmouth, the secretary took away with him the cabin papers connected with his own work and the chairs which belonged to him. As a reward for his services he was presented to the vicarage of Catterick in Yorkshire, and the University of Cambridge conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

It is, however, the history of the intercepted letters, and not that of the secretary, which concerns us. He, no doubt, forgot all about their existence, and for thirty or more years they remained in the chair-pockets. I have a vivid recollection in my early youth, when the chairs had become the property of my mother, of diving my hands into the capacious pockets and pulling out the unopened letters. There were frequently enclosures, such as bits of lace and patterns of silks, which to children's eyes were acquisitions, and numbers of them contained cheques and drafts of money. Happily, we were prevented from going too far in the destructive line, and the letters were gathered together and put away in safety. There is, perhaps, nothing more than a sentimental value in such a collection, as those which have been translated refer only to general matters occurring at the time, some love-letters, and some sermons. The bulk, however, has never been translated; but I have no doubt the judgment of the secretary was right, and there is nothing of real interest in them, or they would not have found their way into the pockets of the chairs. Perhaps there was one which might have proved of some interest at the time, for it is addressed to Madame Letizia Bonaparte, Paris. It is written in Italian, and is signed 'Giuseppe Levie Gio. Girolamo.'

If, however, these old letters fail in historical interest, this cannot be said of the documents which Mr Scott brought away from his desk in the cabin. The half-sheets of paper with letters dictated by Lord Nelson recall to one's mind the secretary's

duties on board the *Victory*; and one sheet shows that at times paper was scarce, for on the top of the page are the last words of a sermon by the chaplain, followed by 'And now to God the Father,' &c.; and then begins a letter transcribed into Italian, 'Illmo. Signore Profie Coliffe,' to say that Lord Nelson has been informed that certain work has been satisfactorily completed. Two well-thumbed maps of the coasts of Spain and France were also among these documents, and the order issued to the fleet by Admiral Collingwood, who hoisted his flag on board the *Euryalus* immediately after the battle of Trafalgar. The concluding words of the order are worth repetition as a specimen of the manly and religious spirit of the Admiral and those in command:

'GENERAL ORDER.—The Almighty God, whose arm alone is strength, having of His great mercy been pleased to crown the exertions of His Majesty's fleet with success, in giving them a complete victory over their enemies on the 21st instant: that all praise and thanksgiving may be offered up to the throne of God for the great benefit of our country and to mankind, I have thought proper that a day should be appointed of general humiliation before God, and thanksgiving for this His merciful goodness, imploring forgiveness of sins, a continuation of His divine mercy, and His constant aid to us in the defence of our country's liberties and laws, without which the utmost efforts of man are naught; and direct, therefore, that Thursday the 7th of November next be appointed for that holy purpose.

'Given on board the *Euryalus*, off Cape Trafalgar, the 22nd October 1805.—CUTHBERT COLLINGWOOD.

'To the respective Captains and Commanders.'

It may be of interest to repeat a letter of Mr Scott's giving a brief account of the battle of Trafalgar, written to his uncle, Rear-Admiral Scott. All his life Scott could never get over the horrors of that day and the sufferings of the wounded whom he was attending below. He had gone up for a few moments on to the deck to breathe some fresh air when Nelson fell, and he returned with him to the cockpit. He never would allude to the subject in conversation; but once the expression came from him, 'It was like a butcher's shambles.'

'Oct. 27, 1805. *Victory*.

'MY DEAR UNCLE,—On the 21st instant the combined fleet of thirty-three sail of the line were completely defeated by our twenty-seven sail of the line. The enemy were extended to leeward, and in as good a line as they could well form with so little wind as there was. Our fleet in two divisions went down all sail set, steering-sails, &c.; the wind right aft and the swell forcing the ships down. Lord Nelson in the *Victory* led one division, Admiral Collingwood the other. The first cut through between the enemy's ninth and tenth ships, the latter between the nineteenth and twentieth. Never was so complete a defeat. There has been a heavy gale of wind ever since the night of the action, the wind dead on a lee-shore, and we have been lying a wreck

part of the time; consequently we know nothing of particular damages, or all the enemy's ships might have been taken. I believe there were at least nineteen taken—two three-deckers, one called a four-decker (the largest ship ever built), the Spanish Admiral Gravina, the French Admiral Villeneuve, &c. Having told you the news, which will make you rejoice for your country, what will you think of me who detest this victory? It has deprived me of my beloved and adored friend. I knew not until his loss how much I loved him. He died as the battle finished, and his last effort to speak was made at the moment of joy for victory. I cannot talk more to you about it. I hope soon to see you. I shall attend my dear Lord's remains, and act when I reach England as his executors may direct. Let me find a letter from you at Portsmouth. *This ship must go home*—the mizenmast gone, the main and foremast cut to pieces, and only standing by miracle, &c. It still blows hard, but we are in tow by the *Neptune*, and hope to get the gut open to-morrow morning. Possibly we shall rig a good jurmast at Gibraltar, and then go home. I do not say much of my loss; it is beyond all utterance. I, of course, now retire.'

The funeral of Lord Nelson was a national one, and Mr Scott was appointed one of the pall-bearers, who were six in number. To each of these gentlemen was given a gold ring with Lord Nelson's arms in enamel, with the inscriptions inside the ring and outside, 'Lost to his Country,' and '*Palmam qui meruit ferat.*' These, with an ornamental card of the funeral and a lock of Lord Nelson's hair cut off by Scott after death, are treasured relics by his descendants. The pall which covered the coffin had six bannerets with Lord Nelson's arms, and each pall-bearer was given one of these with the gold ring. A few years ago, when there was a naval exhibition in London, and Nelson relics were shown, several of these bannerets were lent, and the rings also.

Another document must be mentioned, as it has peculiar historical interest, though it is not part of the *Victory* letters. This is the original draft of the Treaty of Copenhagen, corrected by Lord Nelson in his own hand, and drawn up by Mr Scott. It would, perhaps, be well to explain that Mr Scott before he joined Lord Nelson was the chaplain to Sir Hyde Parker, and secretary on board the *London*. His diary, written on board that ship at the time of the Danish expedition, has the following entries:

'*Sunday, March 29, 1801.*—We still remain off the mouth of the Sound, but have approached nearer to Cronenberg, and have had some communication by a flag of truce with the Governor.

'*Monday, 30.*—Nothing more interesting, but we are nearer the fairway between the Danish and Swedish shores. Are under sail, and shall in a few moments pass the famous castle, from whence they now keep up an immense fire, although apparently not a shot reaches the ships they fire at.

At anchor at Copenhagen. Lord Nelson and Sir Hyde are now concerting a plan of attack. They reconnoitred the enemy's position in the *Amazon*. They were warmly fired at, but needlessly, as the shot did not reach the ship.

'*March 31.*—The Admirals are employed in arranging the mode of attack in the *Elephant*.

'*April 1.*—Lord Nelson, with twelve ships of the line, has anchored to the southward of the enemy's line.

'*April 2.*—The squadron got under way to attack the enemy. About twenty minutes before eleven our ships opened their fire. The battle lasted four hours, when the whole line from the southernmost end down to the *Crown* was completely destroyed or taken.'

After this follows the entry: '*April 8.*—Went on shore as secretary to the Legation. Was presented to the Crown Prince. After five hours *pour et contre parler* with General Walterstorff and Adjutant-General Lindholm, we agreed upon the heads of an armistice. Dined with the Crown Prince, the Prince Augustenbourg. The Crown Prince's brother-in-law was there, as also the Prince of Württemberg.

'*April 9.*—General Walterstorff and Adjutant-General Lindholm came on board. Another armistice was signed and sealed, after which Lord Nelson took it ashore for the ratification of the Crown Prince.'

Slight as Mr Scott's mention is of his being selected to go on shore as secretary to the Legation, it was nevertheless an office which conferred the greatest honour upon him, since for the fulfilment of it no ordinary abilities were required. It was not merely a linguist that was wanted, but a diplomatist of skill and tact, and experienced in the negotiation of delicate public business. Lord Nelson feeling this, and appreciating, as he had the peculiar faculty of doing, the exact qualifications of all about him, and how to employ them to the most advantage, fixed at once upon his old acquaintance Mr Scott for the occasion, and applied to Sir Hyde Parker for his assistance. Thus it happened that Mr Scott was employed in the arrangement of the celebrated Convention at Copenhagen, the articles of which were drawn up by him; and so highly did Nelson value this service that he urged him to subscribe it with his name as secretary, and told him, when he modestly declined doing so, that he would live to repent it, which proved true.

But it was not only in missions of this kind that Lord Nelson utilised the diplomatic abilities of his secretary. The fleet had to be fed and watered, and this was not always an easy matter to accomplish in the Mediterranean, with the French on the alert to detect any breach of neutrality. Mr Scott was an enthusiast over book-collecting, and the landing of a clergyman like himself from the fleet at a neutral port, with a few boxes to hold his books, attracted small attention. An extract from his Life says:

'The object of these missions was known only to himself and Lord Nelson at the time they occurred, the business being kept so strictly secret that there is no mention even in his diary of what took place on any one occasion—a precaution which may have been dictated by common prudence, as he was constantly liable to fall into the hands of the French faction. Happily, however, no misfortune of this kind ever befell him; but there can be no doubt that the risks he ran were considerable, and it is interesting to record what we have been assured of by an eye-witness, that when Mr Scott was absent on these services Lord Nelson was in a state of the most restless uneasiness and anxiety on his account, and when the few days' absence was over, was always more pleased to see Mr Scott safe back than at the success of his missions.'

Vice-Admiral Sir W. Parker, speaking of Scott's work, said: 'He was frequently and most eminently useful in obtaining, by personal communication with the authorities and even peasants of Sardinia, supplies of fresh provisions, vegetables, fruit, &c. for the fleet, which could not have been procured by any one less conversant with the language and manners of the natives.'

Another letter among these documents must be put on record, though it has to do with the one shadow on Lord Nelson's life: his relations with Lady Hamilton. I give it, therefore, without comment, as it is needless to enter into all the particulars only too well known by the public. The letter is from Lady Hamilton to Mr Scott:

'CROMWICH,
'September 7th, 1806.

'MY DEAR FRIEND,—I did not get your letter till the other day, for I have been with Mrs Bolton to visit an old, respectable aunt of my dear Nelson's. I shall be in town, that is at Merton, the end of the week, and I hope you will come there on Saturday and pass Sunday with me. I want much to see you, consult with you about my affairs. How hard it is, how cruel, their treatment to me and Horatia.

That angel's last wishes all neglected, not to speak of the fraud that was acted to keep back the codicil. But enough! when we meet we will speak about it. God bless you for all your attentions and love you showed to our virtuous Nelson and his dear remains; but it seems those that truly loved him are to be victims to hatred, jealousy, and spite. However, we have innocence on our sides, and we have, and had, what they that persecute us never had—that was his unbounded love and esteem, his confidence and affection. I know well how he valued you and what he would have done for you had he lived. You know the great and virtuous affection he had for me, the love he bore my husband, and if I had any influence over him I used it for the good of my country. Did I ever keep him at home? Did I not share in his glory? Even this last fatal victory, it was I bid him go forth. Did he not pat me on the back, call me brave Emma, and said, "If there were more Emmas there would be more Nelsons." Does he not in his last moments do me justice, and request at the moment of his glorious death that the King and the nation will do me justice? And I have got all his letters, and near eight hundred of the Queen of Naples' letters, to show what I did for my King and country, and prettily I am rewarded! Psha! I am above them, I despise them; for, thank God, I feel that having lived with honour and glory, glory they cannot take from me, I despise them—my soul is above them, and I can yet make some of them tremble by showing them how he despised them, for in his letters to me he thought aloud. Look at Alexander Davison counting the man he despised, and neglecting now those whose feet he used to lick. Dirty, vile groveller! (*sic*). But enough till we meet. Mrs Bolton and all the family beg their compliments. Write to me at Merton, and ever believe me, my dear sir, your affectionate

EMMA HAMILTON.

'Horatia is charming. She begs her love to you. She improves daily (*sic*). She sends you 100,000,000 kisses.'

THE CLOSED BOOK.*

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE HAND AND THE GLOVE.



OME grave mystery enveloped both the Earl and his daughter; of that I felt absolutely convinced.

Her attitude towards me was one of fear. She believed me to be her enemy. What reason she had for such suspicion was an enigma.

Do you believe in love at first sight? I did not until that moment when, in the brief conversation, I detected the beauty of her character. I had often

heard it said that only fools love a woman at first meeting her. Yet within this woman's heart was a fathomless well of purest affection, although its waters slept in silence and obscurity—never failing in their depth, and never overflowing in their fullness. Everything in her seemed somehow to lie beyond my view, affecting me in a manner which I felt rather than perceived. At first I did not know that it was love for her. Amid the strange atmosphere of mystery and conspiracy into which I had so suddenly been plunged, amid the convulsions of doubt and fear which had during those past few

* Copyright, 1904, by William Le Queux.

days harrowed my soul, the tender influence of this woman came like that of a celestial visitant, making itself felt and acknowledged, although I could not understand it. Like a soft star that shines for a moment from behind a stormy cloud, and the next is swallowed up in tempest and darkness, the impression it left was beautiful and deep, but vague.

Perhaps you may blame me. Most probably you will. But man is ever the jetsam of the wind of destiny.

In those strange words to me, as though she were defeated, there seemed a calm fortitude and elevation of soul, arising from the consciousness of duty, and lifting her above all considerations of self. Her natural reserve, her tardiness of disposition, her subdued quietude of deportment and expression, the veiled shyness thrown over her emotions, her language, and her manner seemed to make the outward demonstration invariably fall short of what I knew to be the feeling within.

I glanced at her, and took in every detail of her countenance and dress. She was no longer in shabby black, but in a pretty costume of dove-gray cashmere, with silken trimmings of a somewhat darker shade; she looked daintily bewitching, supple and slim, gray lending relief to the delicate roundness, the gentle curves of a figure in which early womanhood was blooming with all its sweet and adorable charm. And the hat that covered her fair hair, streaked here and there with gold, suited her exquisitely, whether the eye sought harmony of colour or unity of lines. She wore no veil, and thus I could freely feast my eyes upon her beauty.

To the man of the world like myself, and more particularly to one gifted with a lively imagination, as a writer of romance must necessarily be, such a character as that of Judith Gordon was calculated above every other to impress and captivate.

'I really don't understand you,' I exclaimed after a pause. 'You do not trouble me, for until I saw you by chance passing in the street we were entire strangers.'

'No benefit can be obtained by discussing the matter,' she answered blankly. 'Why were you watching in Harpur Street if not to witness my despair?'

'I had a motive in watching,' I answered.

'Of course you had. You cannot deny that. My father has already spoken of you, and told me everything.'

'And he is still triumphant?' I queried, recollecting his expression of satisfaction on seeing the fatal sign.

She was silent, her lips set closely, her fair face turned towards the open expanse of gray sea.

'Am I not right in suggesting that your enemy is a person named Selby, and that he?—'

'Who told you that?' she cried. 'How did you know?'

'By my own observations,' I replied, as calmly as

I could, yet secretly gratified that she should have thus betrayed the truth.

'Ah!' she sighed. 'I see! I was not mistaken. You are not my friend, Mr Kennedy.'

'But I am,' I declared. 'Give me an opportunity of proving my friendship. You apparently believe that I am implicated in some plot against you, but I swear I am innocent of it all. I myself am a victim of some extraordinary conspiracy—just as you are.'

She looked me straight in the face as though hesitating whether she dared speak the truth. Next instant, however, her natural caution asserted itself, and, with tactful ingenuity, she turned the conversation into a different channel. She seemed uneasy, and eager to escape from my cross-examination; while I, on my part, became determined to obtain from her the truth and to convince her of my good intentions.

I was in a difficulty, because to reveal my connection with 'The Closed Book' might upset all my plans. For aught I knew, she might inform the man Selby, who, gaining knowledge of my presence in England, would suspect that the precious volume had come again into my possession. Therefore I was compelled to retain my secret, and by so doing was, of course, unable to convince her of my intention to be her friend.

Mine was a painful position—just as painful as hers. For some reason quite unaccountable she held me in terror, and now that dusk was darkening to night, was in haste to return to Saxlingham, about three miles distant. It was apparent that my admission of having watched her and her father in Harpur Street had aroused her suspicion of me, a suspicion which no amount of argument or assertion would remove.

She was disinclined to discuss the matter further; and, after some desultory conversation regarding the beauties of Norfolk, she called her dog Rover, preparatory to taking leave of me.

'You must excuse me, Mr Kennedy,' she said, with a smile, the first I had seen on that sad, sweet face. 'But it is growing late, and it will be dark before I get back.'

'May I not walk with you half the distance?' I urged.

'No,' she responded. 'It would be taking you right out of your way for Sheringham. I have known the roads about here ever since I was a child, and therefore have no fear.'

'Well,' I said, putting forth my hand and lifting my hat to her, 'I can only hope, Lady Judith, that when next we meet you will have learnt that, instead of being your enemy, I am your friend.'

She placed her hand in mine rather timidly, and I held it there while she replied, with a sigh, 'Ah, if I could only believe that you speak the truth!'

'It is the truth!' I cried, still holding her tiny hand in my grip. 'You are in distress, and although

you decline to allow me to assist you, I will show you that I have not lied to you to-night. Recollect, Lady Judith; I went on fervently, for I saw that some nameless terror had driven her to despair—'recollect that I am your friend, ready to render you any assistance or perform any service at any moment; only, on your part, I want you to give me a promise.'

'And what is that?' she faltered.

'That you will tell no one that you met me. Remember that, although you are not aware of it, your enemies are mine.'

For a moment she was silent, with eyes downcast; then she answered in a low voice, 'Very well, Mr Kennedy. If you wish it, I will say nothing. Good-night.'

'Good-night,' I answered, and having released her hand, she turned from me with a sad smile of farewell, and with her collie bounding by her side, made her way over the brow of the hill along the straight white road, while I, after watching until she had disappeared from view, turned and walked in the opposite direction.

The truth dawned slowly upon me as I went along: I was in love with her! Did that light trembling of the eyelids that I had noticed as our gaze met at the instant when we parted betoken any reciprocation? That was the problem that puzzled—nay, distracted me.

Anything like mystery, anything withheld or withdrawn from our notice, seizes on our fancy by awakening our curiosity. Then we are won more by what we half-perceive and half-create than by what is openly expressed and freely bestowed. But this feeling is part of our life; when time and years have chilled us, when we can no longer afford to send our souls abroad, nor from our own superfluity of life and sensibility spare the materials out of which we build a shrine for our idol, then do we seek, we ask, we thirst for that warmth of frank, confiding tenderness which revives in us the withered affections and feelings buried but not dead. Then the excess of love is welcome, not repelled; it is gracious to us as the sun and dew to the seared and riven trunk with its few green leaves.

Like every other man I had had my own affairs of the heart. I had loved unwisely more than once, and had become world-weary before my time; the ardent passions of youth had turned to rashness and wilfulness; therefore the sweetness, sensibility, magnanimity, and fortitude of the unhappy Judith's character appealed to me in all the freshness and perfection of what a true woman should be.

I cared nothing for the repugnance she felt towards myself, because I knew that it must be the outcome of some vile calumny or some vague suspicion.

As I passed back along the narrow path over the cliffs, my face set towards the gathering night, I calmly examined my life, and saw now that seven

years had gone since the great domestic blow had fallen upon me, and caused me to ramble aimlessly across the Continent; that I still stood yet in the morning of life, and I felt that energy was indeed everything.

It was energy that had helped to advance me beyond my years; it was energy which was giving me position and popularity with the reading public; and it was by energy alone that I could secure not only the prize of my overcrowded profession, but the prize, the glorious prize that I had asked of life—love incarnate in sovereign beauty, endowed with all nobility and fervour and tenderness and truth.

In any case, whether she became mine or not, I loved her with my whole heart; and to know that I could love again, in spite of all the torture of the past, was in itself both comfort and delight.

I was striding onward steadily down a steep dip in the cliff-top, my head bent against the strong night-wind that had now sprung up, when of a sudden a terrible truth flashed upon me—so terrible that I halted and cried aloud in blank dismay.

For the first time I recollected that the gloves I was wearing were those I had worn while handling those envenomed pages. I had held her uncovered hand in farewell, grasping it in earnestness for the space of several minutes. Was it possible that sufficient of the secret venom of the Borgias could actually have been absorbed by the porous leather to act with deadly effect upon any person touched by the gloves? Most of my readers have, no doubt, read stories of poisoned gloves, and been somewhat incredulous. But the fact of such a fatal mode of envenoming is indeed proved by the secret documents still existing in the archives of Venice herself. Those who are sceptical regarding the secret poisoning of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries should read the thousand pages of the *Secrets d'État de Venise, à la fin du XV^e et au XVI^e Siècle*, par Vladimir Lamansky (St Petersburg, 1884), for they throw a remarkable light upon this strange story that my own personal experience enables me to tell.

I recollected the strange symptoms that had twice seized me, and remembered Pellegrini's diagnosis, and it occurred to me that my touch upon the hand of the woman whom I had in such curious circumstances grown to love might actually be fatal. The deadliness of that secret poison, which, according to ancient legend, was obtained from the foam of a bear poisoned by arsenic, was proverbial, and I must confess that the reading of the secrets contained in *The Closed Book* had excited my imagination to the utmost pitch.

Halting there, my face turned towards the twinkling lights of Sheringham village, I became seized by the haunting suspicion that the contact of her small, soft hand with mine might have been baneful, even poisonous; therefore, with desperate

resolve, I turned and hurried back over the mile or so of winding footpath which I had already traversed.

In breathless fear I hurried past the spot where we had met, on across The Quag to the cross-roads at Kelling Street, and over the broad heath of Salt-house in the direction of Wiveton, which an old man at Kelling had pointed out as the most direct way to Saxlingham. Having crossed the heath, I was passing through a small spinney where the road ran gray through the gloom of the overhanging trees, when of a sudden something at the roadside shone light, and at the same moment I heard the short, defiant bark of a dog.

Next moment the truth was plain. The collie had mounted guard beside his mistress, who had apparently stumbled and fallen at the roadside, close to a heap of broken stones piled ready for use next winter.

At first I feared to approach, for Rover had already shown his teeth threateningly at me; but, with a kind word, I patted him, then eagerly I dropped upon my knees, and, taking off my gloves and casting them aside, I proceeded to investigate whether her heart were still beating.

You may well imagine how eager I was to ascertain the truth, and how quickly I bent to detect any sign of life.

There was none. I blamed myself for my own thoughtlessness, for if she were actually dead it was assuredly through my own culpable negligence.

Her position showed that she had stumbled and fallen helpless in a heap, struck down suddenly by that secret poison which, after three centuries, still retained its fearful potency.

I took her slim white hands in mine. They were icy cold. I touched her brow, and found it was equally chilly. The body had no warmth, and as far as I could distinguish, not being a medical man, there was no respiration.

Was it really possible that my contact had killed her?

Rover went sniffing across to where I had tossed one of my gloves, and ere I could prevent him had taken it in his mouth, as dogs will often do. He laid himself out full length with it between his paws, as a lion does with his prey; but I was too intent upon the condition of the fair-faced girl, whose past was such a mystery, to endeavour to regain the fatal glove from him.

I moved her arms slowly. I spoke to her and chafed her cheeks that were already cold as marble; and, although ten minutes passed, no sign of animation did she betray—no sign of heart-beating or of inflation of the lungs.

Then a strange sound behind me caused me to glance round, and I saw Rover roll upon his side with his legs drawn up. He gave one long, low moan, and next moment the poor animal was dead—a victim, like his unfortunate young mistress, with my glove lying just beyond reach of his forepaw.

Sight of this aroused me to immediate action. If Lady Judith were dead, then I had unconsciously murdered her!

Fortunately I am physically strong; therefore, after an effort, I succeeded in taking her frail, unconscious form in my arms and carrying her a little distance beyond the wood, where the light was better.

Then on a grass-bank beside the road I laid her down again, with my coat beneath her head to form a pillow.

Again I watched her, there being just sufficient light to allow me to distinguish her features, and as I did so I thought I saw her countenance relax slightly.

I placed my hand upon her heart, and felt a feeble, almost imperceptible, pulsation there.

There was still left a single spark of life.

MANGOES IN JAMAICA.

TO those naturalists and horticulturists who only know the poverty of northern woods and fields in edible fruits—where 'the natural man' would find it impossible to subsist on the few berries, acid crab-apples, and bitter rowans that nature deals sparingly out—or the toil of muscle and brain, the care and cultivation, it takes to produce fields of strawberries and orchards of apples, the lavish profusion of the season of mangoes in Jamaica would form the most marvellous and interesting subject. Only, when the mangoes come in, the tourists and visitors to the 'Gem of the Antilles,' who have been basking in sunshine instead of fighting influenza with woollens and overcoats, umbrellas, gaiters, and goloshes, blankets and cough

cures, have taken themselves away from the waxing heat and moisture to the awakening green of their northern lands.

What time the fields of the farmer in the North are green with springing crops and the orchards are bright with apple-blossom, when the housewife laments that potatoes are scarce and bad at sixpence a stone, when apples are not to be had, and oranges are twopence and threepence apiece, the peasant of the lowlands of Jamaica, who has had fruit desserts in plenty all the year through, prepares to become a practical fruitarian for three months. The shop where the salt-fish and bread are sold then bewails reduced receipts; the rum-shop knows him little; the proprietors of land whistle for labour in vain. Round every hut are mango-trees, along every road are mango-trees, in every pasture or

brush-land or uncultivated stretch stand mango-trees, and these are laden from the topmost to the lowest branch with clusters of fruit, as much as they can possibly hold. There is never any complete failure of crop; be it wet or dry, the mangoes fruit much the same. In the poorest soil the same as in the richest soil there are always mangoes. Yet the tree is an exotic in Jamaica; it is a native of the East Indies, whence it was brought, and in its coming there was some romance.

It was in 1782 that H.M.S. *Flora* (appropriate name), one of Lord Rodney's squadron, cruising about the West Indies, chased and captured a French ship bound from Mauritius to Hayti (then French), and on board were found many plants and seeds of economic value, which the French Government were introducing from their East to their West Indian colonies. Amongst these were a number of young mango-trees all numbered. The ship was sent as a prize to Jamaica, and the collection of plants was placed in a garden at Gordon Town, afterwards used as a Government Botanic Garden. But the numbers got mixed or lost, and only one retained its number plainly, and that was Number Eleven, which to this day is its only name. As it happens, too, it is the best and most famous variety. Just as the rabbit taken to Australia, finding there no enemies, but most congenial conditions, multiplied and increased enormously, so the mango, requiring cultivation and manuring to produce prolific crops of sweet fruit in its native home, found conditions evidently so suitable in Jamaica that it is the most common and hardiest tree of the plains, and in some districts grows and bears fruit up to an elevation of two thousand feet. Yet there are other parts not so high but very humid where it grows into a great tree, but seldom fruits.

It has sprung up wherever a seed has been flung, on any kind of soil, and refused to be checked by damp or drought, weeds or shade. Indeed, no tree in Jamaica can keep so splendidly green or blossom and fruit so profusely under the driest conditions of soil and atmosphere.

With the month of May the mangoes begin to ripen, although here and there in certain situations some trees bear fruit out of season, as several of almost all kinds of fruit-trees do here in Jamaica, and as most trees may be made to do by the horticulturist who cares to take the trouble.

The mango-tree bears early from seed according to soil and treatment, as it is seldom cultivated. If you drop a seed on the ground anywhere it will grow if left alone. At the end of the season, in September and October, thousands of seeds may be seen sprouting underneath the parent trees along the roadsides and in every gully where they have been thrown. In a year the young tree, if left to itself, will be two feet high, in two years four feet, in three years six feet, in four years eight feet (when it may probably bear some fruit), and in five years it will be a respectable tree bearing much fruit, and if cultivated, a great deal more.

It finally will grow into a large, spreading tree, forty feet high and over, and if left to itself always assumes a neat, round, compact, dome-shaped top until it grows very old, when it may straggle. When the young leaves shoot they are of different colours: olive, pink, purple, bronze, finally assuming their natural dark, glossy green.

A large tree bears an enormous amount of fruit, more than any other fruit-tree I have ever seen. The fruit is kidney-shaped more or less, according to the variety; but, while still keeping to that form, it assumes many different variations. Indeed, one variety which is most like that organ is called the kidney-mango. As the trees have nearly all grown from seed and been crossed and re-crossed, there are hundreds of different shapes, colours, and flavours produced in the fruit, mostly grouped, when they are not choice eating, under one name, common mangoes. In different districts of Jamaica, and in different islands of the West Indies, the same mangoes may bear different names; but there are some so very well known because of their superiority to others that they bear uniformly distinct names.

The most famous of these in Jamaica is the Number Eleven, bearing fruit of the most delicate and delicious kind, which never cloy. It is known by its colour (delicate pink on one side and sea-green on the other), its sweet light fragrance, but inevitably by its taste, which is incomparable. This mango may be sold locally at as much as one-halfpenny each very early in the season, as in April; by May the charge is three-halfpence for five—a standard Jamaica value instead of a penny, which is seldom quoted; in June it will be three-halfpence for eight; in July and August twelve or even fourteen may be had for the same price; during September they begin to go out of season, and by October are gone. As for the other kinds less preferred, you may get twenty for three-halfpence in the town. In the country you never dream of buying common mangoes; you would knock them from a tree, for when nearly ripe they drop at a touch.

The Number Eleven is the mango that is mostly shipped abroad, when it figures in the London or New York market at sixpence or twelve cents each.

Another fine mango is the one called the East Indian or Bombay mango, a later introduction than the others, and known specially by this name, though of course all are originally from the East Indies. It is still only a garden variety, and will always be so, as it has such a thin seed, which is seldom fertile, so that it is propagated by grafting. Then there are the black mango, sometimes called green-gage, a small, dark-skinned, subacid variety; the beef-mango, a large, fleshy, juicy fruit; the robin-mango, a delicious brown-skinned fruit; the yam-mango, large and roundish, and also very delicious; and numerous others not so well known, as the bishop-mango; parrot-mango, which is looked at the small end; the doubloon-mango, yellow

like a Spanish gold-piece; the peach-mango, of a delicate maize-yellow deepening to pink in colour, with a peach-like flavour; the apple-mango, very rosy-cheeked and tasting like an apple; the hairy-mango, which is sweet and juicy, but stringy; the turpentine-mango, which has a pronounced flavour of turpentine, common in a little way to all, but not unpleasant—in fact, very attractive after the first mouthful.

Whenever a tree is seen bearing fruit down to the ground untouched, it is surely a common mango. On a tree bearing any fruit known as good no ripe fruit will be seen; but the ground below will be littered with stones.

Long strings of countrywomen coming down from the hills to market suck mangoes continually. For the time being sugar-cane is passed by. Everywhere are women, boys, and girls, with tremendous loads of mangoes on their heads, going to town. Lordly man does not stoop to carry loads. He may be seen lolling in the shade or riding his donkey or mule to market; he has probably done a little work in his 'grounds' during the week among his yams, sweet-potatoes, and cassava. In the pastures, the horses and cattle disdain grass when they can get mangoes. They eat them in different ways. The horse simply bites the skin and slips it off, rolls the yellow fruit between his teeth until the pulp is off, and lets it drop. Cattle, on the other hand, swallow the fruit whole, and at night as they lie down they chew it, and in the morning each animal has a curious pile of green mango-stones before it. Pigs luxuriate and fatten on mangoes. Poultry and rabbits eat them. Bees become demoralised, and suck the sugar from the broken fruit on the ground, and this worries apiarists, for the honey from such a source ferments easily. The whole ground is sour-smelling in places with rotting fruit.

What is the flavour like? It has been described as a mixture of turpentine, carrots, and molasses, with a dash of strawberry, peach, and honey in it. The truth is that it is indescribable, for the mango

is distinct from all other fruit, and has a flavour particularly its own. At any rate in Jamaica men, women, and children of the peasantry fatten on them, and the number an individual can eat is almost unlimited. I have known two big baskets, probably containing from two to three hundred, taken in to a family in the afternoon, and next morning there was none left. I should say that a hearty Jamaica peasant could with gusto get through sixty to eighty mangoes a day; the writer has managed forty comfortably. Whenever the mangoes get scarce avocado pears begin to come in, and on bread and pear the peasant is still supremely comfortable. With September, too, oranges and grape-fruit generally begin to appear in the markets, and from October to February oranges are plentiful, though never so very plentiful as the mangoes in their season. Grape-fruit is never cheap and common. Pines last from May to September; but the peasant sells what he has. He rarely eats one; he prefers mangoes, which are in season at the same time.

On many estates the owners have cut down all the mango-trees, and whenever they show head again cut them down, determined that there shall be no demoralisation of their labour.

When one looks at the mountains and hills, pastures and bush-lands, with many spreading, weather-worn, moss-grown mango-trees, large as oaks centuries old, and reflects that it is only a hundred and twenty years since the seed was brought to the island, the extreme adaptability, prolificacy, and rapidity of growth of the mango in Jamaica make one wonder why such a tree bearing such a fruit has not been greatly utilised as a money-maker.

To an economist the tremendous waste of fruit is saddening. There is, indeed, in the parish of St Andrew alone, and within a radius of five or six miles from Kingston inland, enough fruit to run factories for six months in canning or otherwise preserving mangoes by millions of pounds weight.

ACROSS THE CHILIAN ANDES.

DURING a residence of some years in the Argentine Republic I took advantage of a favourable opportunity of crossing the Chilean Andes accompanied by a friend.

We had arrived at the city of Mendoza. It had been destroyed by an earthquake in 1861; but as there have been no serious disturbances since, the city has been rebuilt on an adjoining site, the long and low houses being of adobe (sun-dried brick), and the streets very wide. While breakfasting at an hotel there, we entered into conversation with a Chileno at our table, and inquired what there was of interest to be

seen in the neighbourhood. He mentioned the ruins of the former city, and also told us about the Puente del Inca (the Bridge of the Inca), a natural bridge of rock spanning the Rio Blanco, away in the heart of the Andes, where there are natural hot springs and sulphur-baths; the distance being something like fifty-five leagues on the road to Chili. He said he was starting that evening, and would be very glad of our company so far on the rather dreary journey. After some further talk we learned that the Puente del Inca was more than half-way to Chili; and as we might never be so near that country again, we decided to go right across the Andes, and visit Santiago and Valparaiso.

Our Chileno acquaintance willingly gave us information as to hiring a guide and animals, he having his own servant and mules. After some trouble and a lot of talking, we made out a written agreement with a guide to supply us with four mules—one for each of us and one for the baggage. The guide was to go over with us, wait, and return again, we paying for his food and that of the mules. Half the amount was to be paid at the start, and the other half on our return to Mendoza. We then bought the necessities for the journey: a kettle, tin mugs, coffee, sugar, bread, and a small keg of Mendoza wine; for, although provisions can be bought at the various *posadas* or roadside inns, they are dear and not always good.

Though rather short of cash, not having contemplated such an extended trip, we were not to be deterred by that. We bought, among other things, a pair of large mule-spurs, as it is impossible to do much mule-travelling without them. It is quite customary with the native or *gaucho* of the camp to use—like the knights in Macaulay's *Battle of Towy*—only one spur—namely, on the left heel; a spur on the right being apt to interfere with the working of the lasso.

Saddling up for such a journey, especially in windy places, is a difficult task, requiring experience and patience; and if it is not done properly the results are sore backs and delays on the journey. First is put on a square of soft felt or cloth; then five or six small sheepskins, woolly side down; next a small framework of wood or iron covered in hide, forming a sort of bridge, with a peak fore and aft. On this again is laid a broad band of hide, with two broad hide girths, which are brought round below the mule, one in front where an ordinary saddle-girth would go, the other well behind the belly, to prevent slipping of saddle-gear in ascending and descending steep places. The two ends are then brought round and pulled up tightly by means of rings and thongs attached to the other side of the broad band of hide on the framework. On top of all this, and secured by a strap going right round the mule, are laid some bright-coloured skins and generally a folded *poncho* (a native cloak, oblong in shape, with a hole in the centre to pass the head through). All this forms a soft and comfortable seat. The stirrups come last, but are by no means the least equipment; for the most part they are large wooden boxes entirely covering the feet, thus serving many useful purposes, such as a shelter from hot sun, rain, or snow, and protection from thorny brushwood. Being wide and heavy, in the event of a fall they swing clear of the feet, which saves the rider from being dragged. The pack-mules are fixed up in much the same way as to framework, &c., the whole being made fast by long hide-thongs. In these districts cord or rope is hardly ever seen, being considered untrustworthy.

Everything was arranged before sundown, and after supping with our Chileno friend we made a

start. We three rode in front; then followed the two pack-mules, the guide, and our companion's *peon* (servant) in the rear. The first stage from Mendoza being very dry, it fatigues the mules less to travel by night; so shortly after we left, darkness came on. The road here, however, is pretty easy to follow, being wide and lined on each side with scrub and bushes, and no very steep places are encountered. Towards daylight we arrived at the first *posada*, distant about fifteen leagues from Mendoza, called Villa Vicencia. Here there was very poor accommodation for man or beast, there being no *alfalfa* (lucerne) paddocks for the mules. We therefore only made a short stay, unsaddling the mules to let them roll and drink, while we made our fire and had coffee. The next *posada* being distant about eighteen leagues, it was necessary to start at once. We called a short halt at noon, and arrived at Uspallata, the second *posada*, by sundown, rather tired, as we had been nearly twenty-four hours in the saddle. We passed a few old and disused mines on this last stage. The difficulties of getting up machinery and plant to these regions still retards the mining industry.

The scenery thus far is very disappointing: bare, stony hills, loose stones, and scrub, little better than a wilderness. In fact, from Mendoza all the way to the foot of the snow-clad Andes is a bare, arid region, where rain seldom falls, and only by irrigation can anything be grown. At *posadas* they usually have large enclosures of lucerne, watered by irrigation and surrounded by loose stone walls; there the mules feed all night at a small charge per head, and there the large droves of cattle passing from the Argentine Republic to Chili are pastured and rested. At Uspallata the Argentine Government have a Custom-House, where baggage is examined on entering and leaving the republic, and duty paid on certain articles.

Within five or six miles of the *posadas* it is necessary to dismount and gather sufficient scrub, roots, &c. to make the evening fire, as in the immediate vicinity all materials suitable for fuel have been used up long ago. After seeing our mules fixed up for the night, and our baggage examined at the Custom-House, we sat down, hungry as hawks, to supper. This consisted of a piece of meat bought from the owner of the *posada*, and roasted on our fire, eaten with bread and washed down with wine, followed by coffee. Then, after a smoke, we turned in, feeling very tired. The bed consisted of the skins, &c., used to make up the mules' saddle trappings, with the addition of a coat and *poncho*. We could have obtained a bed in the inn; but our cash being limited, and dreading the other occupants of the bed, we decided on the cheaper and safer plan, and slept well after our long ride.

Next morning we were astir before daylight, got our fire started for coffee, and sent the men after the mules. Then we all saddled up, taking great care with the pack-mules, as the road on this stage gets more dangerous; and to avoid accident they

must be well looked after, and the packs readjusted when necessary. Often, owing to carelessness, mules, cargo, and all are lost by the pack swerving round and overbalancing the mule with its load into a deep ravine, to become the prey of vultures and condors.

Where the track was broad enough, we rode three abreast to enliven the journey with conversation. These lengthy marches from *posada* to *posada* are rather wearisome, and mean sitting in the saddle for a good twelve hours, and often longer, with nothing to see but interminable bare mountains, loose rocks, and gravel, from which the glare of the sun is very trying.

We follow, from this point right to the foot of La Cumbre or the Summit Pass, the course of the Rio Blanco, fording the river when necessary, the only bridge being the natural Puente del Inca. As a rule there is not a living creature to be seen except occasionally vultures which prey on the carcasses of cattle lost out of the droves. Usually the first part of the morning is cold till about eight o'clock; but it gets warmer afterwards, and often very hot in the valleys and gorges. There are some rather awkward corners and ledges to pass, but no very steep ascents till after the Puente del Inca is passed, when you come to the actual base of the snow-clad Andes, and begin the ascent to the pass over the *cumbre*, or summit, about twelve thousand four hundred feet high. The pace was a sort of jog-trot, very tiresome to one not accustomed to Argentine horse or mule exercise; and it must be kept up steadily in order to cover the distance between the *posadas*, averaging fifteen to eighteen leagues. About midday we generally rested a little, to let the mules drink, and to have a snack ourselves and a smoke.

Shortly after sundown we arrived at the third *posada*, Punta de la Vacca. Here we found quite a gathering of *gente* (people), most of whom were engaged in taking over a large drove of cattle to Chili. These cattle are bought by Chilenos and Mendozaños on the Argentine pampas, pastured and rested for a time in lucerne-paddocks in the neighbourhood of Mendoza, and when they are in fair condition, sent over the Andes before the snow closes the passes. In Chili they are drafted into similar enclosures, and there fattened for the butchers. A large business is carried on in this way between the two countries, as Chili looks mainly to the Argentine for her beef-supply. One often meets at the *posadas* during the season for crossing—which lasts from November to May, when the passes are free from snow—many drovers, merchants, and travellers returning.

After supper we all joined together at the largest fire, squatting on stones or the skulls of bullocks (which are the favourite native seats), to smoke and discuss the road and other matters of interest. Sometimes the native *mate*, or Paraguay tea, is passed round, and perhaps a wandering minstrel produces the Spanish guitar and discourses music and song. The various figures grouped in the

flickering firelight form a weird and picturesque spectacle, many of the drovers being clad in bright-coloured *ponchos*, surmounted by the national *sombrero*, and here cigarettes are exchanged with all the native politeness.

Next morning we made an early start, in order to get away before the cattle began to move. It is comparatively easy to pass these droves when going in the same direction; on the return journey it is no joke meeting them on a narrow path or ledge, coming on in single file, their widespread horns making it rather difficult to get past them, the animals being wild though slightly tamed by the long marches. The drovers, when moving, keep up a pretty continual shouting; therefore they can usually be heard a good distance off, and a halt made at some fairly clear space till they pass. Tired or sick bullocks left by the way, and wandering on at their own sweet will, are often more dangerous than the droves; they sometimes so far recover as to be the cause of serious accidents. Another source of danger is the falling of huge boulders and rocks, which, loosened by storms, come crashing down the steep mountain-sides, in some places completely blocking the path. These can generally be avoided by riders; but droves of cattle, and sometimes trains of mules carrying merchandise or ore from the mines, fall victims.

As we were now near the snow region, the air became very keen, with a slight frost in the early morning; but by nine o'clock, just before getting to the Puente del Inca, which lies in a long deep valley, it was quite hot again. At the Puente there is a fairly good inn, as many people go there during the season for the baths; in fact, it is quite a camping-ground from November to March. It was April when we arrived, so the place was deserted, except for the innkeeper, who leaves about May, this not being a regular *posada* or stopping-place for travellers, and in May it is often snowed up, as it lies so near the Cordilleras. We stopped here to have a good bath and enjoy the luxury of a second breakfast in the inn.

The road at this place crosses the Rio Blanco by the Bridge of the Inca, and a path runs down at the side of the bridge along a kind of terrace above the river, which runs in a deep gorge. Here, in alcoves or caves, the warm springs, mostly sulphurous, come bubbling up and form small baths or wells. We stripped and had an excellent bath, which partly made up for the scanty ablutions on the way. The water rises in the centre of rounded basins large enough to hold two people; and as the water runs over the edge all round, the baths are always clean. We tried and enjoyed them all, passing along the terrace from bath to bath, the water being just hot enough to sit in with comfort.

We had an excellent meal at the inn, and before leaving purchased a small flask of whisky at rather a high price, intending to drink healths when crossing the summit of the pass, where, it was said, the wind would be high and bitterly cold. Leaving

about noon, we jogged merrily on, the scenery now being much grander, with the snow-peaks in front seeming to block up all outlet. We kept a good lookout now for condors, as this is the region they frequent. At last the guide called our attention to two black specks up in the blue vault, and seemingly almost stationary. These, he informed us, were condors. Afterwards, on seeing one in the Zoological Gardens of Santiago, we had some idea at what an immense altitude these birds must soar.

The last and steepest ascent, the pass of La Cumbre, begins at the end of the valley. Here a very zigzag course has to be followed, winding up the mountain-side, and frequent halts have to be made in order to rest and breathe the mules, the air at this altitude being very much rarefied. On this ascent there are some fairly good views to be had, as we look back on the valleys and hills we have passed; but there are no very good views to the north or south of the higher peaks, such as Aconcagua, &c. In fact, approaching the Andes from the eastern side is disappointing, and gives only a poor idea of the actual height and grandeur of these mountains. All the way from Mendoza to the foot of this pass there are so many chains of smaller sierras that you nowhere get even an approximate idea of the true altitude of the higher peaks. It is only at Valparaiso that you realise the grandeur of this snow-clad mountain-chain seen from sea-level.

It was now very cold, a strong wind blowing down against us, and the snow lying in drifts by the side of the track. After some rather breathless work we reached the summit. Here we drew into the shelter of a large rock, and, dismounting, drank with relish our modicum of whisky, and felt as if we could have consumed double the quantity and got no harm thereby. A short halt could only be made here, however, if we were to reach our next *posada* that night, the steep ascent having taken a long time, and the now equally steep descent requiring time and caution, and testing to the full the sure-footedness of our mules.

On both sides of this pass for a distance of some miles are to be seen the letter-carriers' shelters, at distances of about a mile apart. These consist of large domes built of brick and stone, with a small doorway on the most sheltered side. Here the letter-carriers take shelter when overtaken by sudden snowstorms. These men, carrying the mails between Chili and the Argentine, are a fine, brave set of fellows, who cross by forced marches on mule-back in the fine weather, and when no mule can travel they cross on foot, at the risk of their lives. If during bad weather a carrier does not pass the *posada* when he is due, one of his fellows starts in search of him; and, as has happened more than once, if he finds his comrade dead in the snow, overcome by fatigue, he takes the letter-bag and goes on his way, leaving word at the *posada* in passing as to the whereabouts of the body. The burial, performed by men from the *posada*, is in a shallow grave,

covered with a heap of stones, surmounted by a wooden cross. Several of these sad mementoes are to be seen by the wayside. These men have a good way of coming down the steep sides of the snow-covered mountains. They envelop themselves in a sack made of raw hide, tied round the waist, and launch themselves down the mountain-side. Whenever the pace becomes too rapid, the man thrusts his long staff into the snow and brings himself to a halt, thus making the descent very skillfully and rapidly.

It was quite dark when we arrived at our fourth halting-place, called Ojos del Agua Posada, and put up for the night as usual. The next and last stage before coming to Santa Rosa, where the railway is reached, being rather shorter, we did not start quite so early next morning, and went slower, the country now being much more picturesque. The western slope of the Andes, following the course of the river Aconcagua, is a strong contrast to the bleak and barren eastern one. As the mountains are now nearer the sea, the climate is milder and more moist, and all the valley is clothed in verdure, made up of trees, shrubs, and many bright-coloured flowers and cacti.

Just before reaching what might be called the inhabited district we came to the Chilean Custom-House, where we had our baggage examined. After this the roadside assumes a more cultivated aspect, as it is dotted at frequent intervals with small *ranchos* (cottages) and gardens, many of them being houses for refreshment, where native wine made from the garden grapes, fruit of all kinds, and especially water-melons are to be had very cheap. We rested at one of these places, and had some talk with the natives, who are a much less swarthy race than their Argentine neighbours, some of them being quite fair, and speaking purer Spanish than is heard in the east. Here we passed, and saw on other tracks, long trains of mules laden with copper ore from adjacent mines.

On nearing Santa Rosa the road broadens out, following and at times crossing by good bridges the river Aconcagua, and here and there shaded by long avenues of the eucalyptus. Here are also large vineyards, from which excellent red and white wines are made, and sold at a cheap rate.

We reached Santa Rosa shortly before sundown, and were taken by our Chilean friend to a comfortable hotel, where, after a bath to get rid of the dust and travel-stains, we enjoyed a good supper. Having arranged with our guide to wait for us here, and rest the mules for five days while we went on by rail to visit Valparaiso and Santiago, we took a turn round the town. It is a quiet, pretty little place, the only excitement being occasional earthquakes—which, by the way, are experiences you never get accustomed to.

Next morning we took train to Valparaiso. The railway carriages here are quite different from the long cars of the Argentine, being built in the English style, and the speed is greater than in the Argentine. Stations are frequent, nicely kept, and

clean, and at almost every one children with baskets were selling fruit, cakes, and flowers. We changed carriages about half-way, where there is a junction for Santiago, and arrived at Valparaiso in the afternoon. On approaching that town we got a fine view of the Pacific, the line skirting the shore for some distance.

We spent two days at Valparaiso in sight-seeing; but the town is too well known through British enterprise to need description here. Certain novelties, however, may be mentioned that strike a stranger at first—namely, the nice young girls dressed in blue serge employed as conductors on the tramway-cars; and also the volunteer fire-brigades, which dispense with the aid of horses, and when a fire occurs and the alarm is sounded—which happens pretty frequently—the young men rush from their offices, putting on their fire-gear as they go, drag out engines, and hurry away at a good round trot, joined and assisted by others on the way.

On the third day we started by train for Santiago, and arrived there in time for midday breakfast. It is a very fine city, situated among hills, with views of the distant snow-clad mountains. The streets are broad, and many of them are lined with trees and running water. There are also some handsome pleasure-grounds, and one of the finest Zoological Gardens in the world. In the evening the band plays in the principal *plaza*, and all the *élite* turn out after supper, dressed in their 'war-paint,' and walk round or sit on chairs chatting and listening to the music. The Spanish evening-toilet for ladies is very pretty, surmounted, as it usually is out of doors, by a fine lace mantilla, which, gracefully placed over head and shoulders, takes the place of the cumbersome English hat. The ladies also carry fans, and are proficient in their use. There are a great many fine public buildings, houses, and churches that add to the importance and beauty of the city. Few finer places could be found to reside in were it not for its unfortunate liability, like all South American countries, to periodical revolutions.

Finding our funds getting low, we returned next day to Valparaiso, and after bidding good-bye to our Chileno friend, who resides there, left by train for Santa Rosa.

The best way to conclude such a trip as we have sketched is to go by steamer to San Francisco, thence by rail to New York, and home; but, for various reasons, this was impossible for us. There was nothing for it but to retrace our steps, and that without delay, as the autumn snow-season (May) was near at hand, and the road then becomes very dangerous.

At Santa Rosa we looked up our guide and bought the necessaries for the return trip. This, by dint of a forced march, we did in four days, and just got through in time; for on the morning of the third day after leaving Uspallata, we saw, on looking back, the hills close by white with snow, a heavy fall having occurred during the night. A man I

knew lost his life afterwards between Uspallata and the next *posada*, having insisted on crossing in May against the advice of his guide. Had we delayed we should most likely have been snowed up about Puente del Inca for some time. We pushed on all that day, stayed a short while at Villa Vicencia, and then travelled all night, arriving at Mendoza on the morning of the fourth day as the people were going to Mass. Our mules had given us good service by covering the journey in that time; they were wonderfully sure-footed, scarcely ever making a false step. In going along some of the narrow ledges they always keep the outside edge of the path, so that you have one foot overhanging the precipice. This they do from habit, as otherwise, when they are carrying bulky packs, their cargo would rub and knock on the cliff or rocks.

The actual trip from Mendoza to Santa Rosa and back cost us, in English money, nine pounds for hire of guide and mules, and three pounds for limited outfit and food by the way. It can now be done quicker and more comfortably, as the railway (Trans-Andino) has been extended to a point well up the Rio Blanco, and from there mules can be hired to take you over the summit to Santa Rosa. It is intended ultimately to carry this line right across to Santa Rosa.

THE GREAT MAGICIAN.

WHAT spell lies on the street to-day?

I found it dull not long ago;

Now these old houses, dim and gray,
Seem bright with a mysterious glow;
And even the sober trees look gay

That once I called 'a gloomy row.'

Ah! *then* I longed for sunny fields,

Where bud and bell fresh leaves unfold;

But now the joy this pavement yields

Is quite as much as heart can hold:

Think you some great magician wields

His wand, transmuting stone to gold?

Sweetheart, you know the reason why

Such witchery hangs about the place:

From one small window—all too high—

There shyly leans a flower-like face,

That smiles to see me loiter by,

Though Time—the tyrant—runs apace.

And be the morning dark or fair,

I carry to my daily toil

The light that shines from eyes and hair,

Which neither rain nor wind can spoil;

And to the grimeful city bear

Pure thoughts that nought can stain or soil.

Oh! happy he who thus may take

Heart-sunshine into mart or mill;

And happy she who for his sake

Can smile behind the humblest sill:

The world its wiser head may shake,

But Love's the true magician still.

E. MATHESSON.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE COMING DOMESTIC EVOLUTION.

AS FORESEEN BY A MERE MAN.

AFTER the waning of the honeymoon many an honest, well-meaning middle-class man finds that he has unwittingly committed a grave injustice. He admits it to no one; but there it lies rankling in his heart, a sinister domestic ghost that is for ever asserting itself. He discovers, deeply to his chagrin, that the lady whom he has graciously intended to make happy for ever has in reality entered upon a form of slavery which he himself would not put up with for a single day. When his well-earned hours of leisure arrive he naturally wishes his wife to share his pleasures with him; but he finds himself face to face with a strange paradox. The higher his wife may be above the average woman in ideas concerning the duties of life, the less able is she to share with him its simple pleasures. Much to his disappointment and surprise, the whole of her time seems to be devoted to an unceasing round of domestic duties; she has no time for self-culture of any kind, and the awful fact gradually dawns upon both husband and wife that the few intervals for conversation which they are able to obtain are generally occupied with reflections and observations on the conduct of the domestic servant. If the wife has been earning her living before marriage, she finds that she has given up a life of comparative ease and liberty for one of unceasing drudgery. She is from morning until night helping to keep clean the innumerable articles which fill up every inch of space in what is called home, but which would be more truthfully named the domestic museum. Articles which are neither useful nor ornamental, but which have been probably bought or presented because they were cheap, must be kept free from dirt, or the young housekeeper will win for herself the unenviable notoriety of sluttishness. Her days are passed in a continuous round of preparing meals and clearing them away, and in trying to persuade an unwilling servant to sink her individuality and to devote her life exclusively to the service of people in whom she is not in the slightest degree

interested. The young housewife finds that in becoming the spouse of the man she loves she has become his squaw, a washer-up of his plates and dishes, the patient Griselda of modern times without the slightest probability of attaining the ancient Griselda's immortality. In many cases she, all other feelings subordinated to a paramount love for her husband and children, accepts her burden with quiet patience and dignity; but in only too many instances she feels that life might have held better things for her, she resents the monotonous round of domestic duties, and vents her feelings in speech, often with the result that she and her husband join in the frantic scramble for wealth, in the vain hope that domestic troubles will cease with the possession of riches.

There was a time when women looked upon household drudgery as their proper sphere in life, and desired nothing better, their lords and masters encouraging them in that idea, writing poems in praise of the domestic virtues, without in the least conceiving the amount of self-effacement involved in a life devoted to such a great extent to the cooking and washing-up after the said poetical lords and masters. But now, when larger views of life are taken by a daily increasing number of men and women, both sexes chafe at the inordinate portion of a woman's life that is consumed by devotion to domestic affairs, and one of the results of this is seen in the marked decline in the marriage-rate. With the growing improvement in the education of women, and the opening up of means for enabling them to earn a living wage without anything approaching to the monotonous drudgery of domestic life or to the slavery that was formerly the lot of all women-workers, some drastic change is bound to come about in the arrangements of the average household. Much might be done if people would only be content to lead more simple and unpretentious lives; but it is unfortunately too early in the day to attempt to preach such a gospel with any chance of success. There is not the slightest doubt that the number of meals per day might be reduced

by one-half with benefit to the family health, the family purse, and domestic serenity. By such an innovation the amount of household work would be reduced 50 per cent. at one fell swoop; but we are too much the slaves of habit to tolerate such a reform. At least half the furniture, knick-knacks, so-called ornaments, curtains, and hangings in the average home are not only altogether unnecessary but positively harmful. The attempt to keep them all free from dust and bacteria means an incessant round of anxiety and toil. Our homes would be far more beautiful and happy if they contained fewer articles of furniture, and those of good design and first-class workmanship. Instead of filling up every corner of our rooms with a large number of cheap things, it would be far wiser to spend the same amount of money on fewer well-made and artistic articles.

The reorganisation of domestic life will, however, not be a matter of choice much longer, but one of compulsion. The days of domestic service, as it is at present understood, are numbered. It will soon be quite impossible for a middle-class family to secure the services of any young person willing to work from early morning until late at night. The only domestic service obtainable will be that of a new class of servant, who will be better educated and probably far more intelligent than the present typical maid-of-all-work, but who will be even more independent, if that be possible. Her independence will, however, be founded on honourable self-respect and not on ignorance, and will therefore be more endurable. She will be fairly well trained in household duties, and will require to be left alone to perform them to the best of her ability. She will not submit for one moment to anything approaching to dogmatic autocracy, and will demand the same sort of respect and tolerance as is already given cheerfully to the trained nurse. The chief difference between her and the present race of unsatisfactory domestic servants will be that she will only work for a certain number of hours a day, probably eight; she will not sleep in the house, but when her day's work is done she will retire to her own home, or to the drawing-room, entertainment-room, or the study of the residential club or institution of which she is a member. This new order of things will be at first strongly resented, especially by the more ignorant class of housewives; but they will have to submit eventually or do their housework themselves without any assistance.

The change will eventually be a great improvement on the present system. The old race of servants and charwomen, with their ignorance and self-conceit, will disappear for ever, just as the race of Mrs Gamp disappeared, giving place to the most honoured of all callings, that of the trained nurse. Domestic service will again become, what it was in the past, a service of which no woman need feel ashamed. The altered conditions of service will, however, necessitate considerable changes in our domestic economy. Servants working fewer hours

and receiving higher rates of pay, the work done in the average home will have to be considerably curtailed. It will be quite impossible to carry on the present absurd arrangements which necessitate a series of cookings and washings-up from morning until night. Our wasteful and ridiculous feeding arrangements will have to be considerably modified. Domestic cookery will be reduced to a reasonable minimum, leading to the saving of an immense amount of labour and fuel. Business men will probably seize the opportunity for forming great syndicates for the supply of cooked food on a scale that we can now scarcely conceive. In some cases, where private enterprise fails, and where the municipality has given proof of its honesty and organising capacity, the domestic kitchen will most certainly become an institution of the past, and the municipal breakfast, dinner, and supper service will be as commonplace as the present public supply of water and gas, tramways and the electric-light.

When one reflects on the enormous economy that might be effected by such organisation, it is difficult to believe that in an age when new ideas are accepted far more readily than they were fifty or even twenty years ago, the old extravagant and inconvenient methods can continue much longer. It is common knowledge that at least three-quarters of the heat from the ordinary kitchen grate is wasted, and that if it were properly utilised the amount of coal expended in cooking one dinner would cook a score. The domestic servant difficulty will force us to act upon this knowledge sooner or later, and the municipal or the co-operative kitchen will be a solution of the problem which will give us convenience and economy without breaking up that privacy of family life which is so dear to the average English man and woman. We have already advanced somewhat in this direction. Our carpets are beaten and our windows are cleaned, not by the domestic servant, but by the expeditious servants of an enterprising company. A little more enterprise and a little more sweeping away of old prejudices, and we shall have our boots and knives cleaned, our grates polished, and our spring cleaning efficiently carried out in a single day, instead of the usual prolonged domestic upheaval, by the expert servants of large organisations. All the rough work of our households will be done, as it should be, by strong men and not by female slaves. Our wives will be the happier for spending their days in the companionship of educated, refined, and intelligent servants instead of enduring the daily torture of the society of ignorant, intractable, and semi-rebellious household drudges. The mistress and the servant will both be the better for that spirit of mutual self-respect and esteem which we now see between patient and nurse. To many people such a domestic evolution may appear to be very remote; but have living men not witnessed a far more astounding evolution? Could Betsy Prig in her wildest dreams have imagined that the sick-room in which Mrs Gamp snored and guzzled would some

day be transformed into a haven of peace and hope wherein the nurse should rival the physician in the alleviation of human suffering? Just as people now wonder how their grandfathers lived without bath-rooms, so we shall some day wonder why we were once so absurd as to allow a kitchen to form part of our home instead of relegating all the inconvenience, the labour, and the evil smells thereof to food emporiums, wherein food will be prepared in far greater variety than on the domestic hot-plate, and will be cooked with all the aid that science can give.

The reduction of the amount of domestic work and worry that now so seriously narrows women's lives would have a most beneficial effect. They would have leisure to follow more closely the education of their children, they would be able to devote some time to the consideration of questions of a non-domestic character, and there would be no excuse for their failing to set their husbands an example in self-culture and the living of a larger and broader life. It is absurd to expect a woman who has servant-girl on the brain, who is from morning until night oppressed by a weight of domestic cares, to attend university extension lectures, to take an interest in current literature, science, and art. And yet why should married women be shut out from these things? Considering the enormous influence that women naturally have upon their offspring, it is at least as important that they should be as well educated and as much in touch with the trend of modern thought and the march of events as their husbands; but it is to be feared that only too many women are dependent for their knowledge of 'affairs' upon the dribbles of conversation which their lords and masters dole out to them in the narrow intervals between one domestic care and another. Of what use is it to struggle to obtain the suffrage for women until we have done something to secure for them some leisure in which to think out the political situation for themselves? If women had the power to vote, there is not one in a hundred among the married ones who would be able to find time to get to the polling-booth. It is high time that this domestic slavery ceased, and that women were relieved of many duties that might be carried on much more efficiently by new methods. These new methods will come about not by direct design, but as the inevitable result of a far-reaching evolutionary movement which has brought about the domestic servant problem. The revolt of the servants will lead to the emancipation of the mistresses.

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.



WAS very much interested in an article in *Chambers's Journal* for October 1903, 'Changes in Housekeeping' (p. 632), and I should like to make a few remarks upon it. To begin with that much-maligned product of

the present day—the general: she has my entire sympathy. I received an outline of what was expected of one such girl. The family consisted of six people (father, mother, and four children), and they lived in a ten-roomed house. All the washing was done at home, a washerwoman coming in to help; and the amount of silver in daily use was such that it often took the girl two afternoons to clean it. She was expected to be dressed in time for a one o'clock dinner. Tea went on intermittently during the afternoon, followed by a meat-tea at six when the master returned from his office, and supper at nine-thirty concluded the day. Now, when you consider all the boot-cleaning, fire-laying, cooking, and incessant washing-up, I think you will agree with me that the routine work is too much. It is places of this sort that ruin our maids-of-all-work. They are hurried from one thing to another, and in the end do nothing really well. It all arises from that fatal mistake of the present day: the people who keep one servant trying to live as if they had two or three. If people of small means would only be brave, give up that mouldy little drawing-room and papa's dingy den of a smoking-room, and have one large, comfortably furnished sitting-room where everything is done! You cannot afford mere acquaintances; but surely your friends will be very much happier in a warm, properly used room than in an icy chamber where the newly lighted gas-fire seems to emphasise the cold.

At the present time the only co-operation possible, at any rate in country towns, seems to be in washing. If eight or nine families would take a cottage with a good drying-ground attached, and employ two good laundresses constantly, I think that difficulty might be met. As to co-operative living, I hardly think we are ready for it. An American gentleman was recently giving me some amusing experiences of his own in that line. As far as I could gather, the entire management of the servants employed to work the co-operative system had fallen upon him. The meals for each family were served separately, every flat having its own dining-room; and this entails a great deal of thought in the commissariat department, as one man likes his dinner at one o'clock, another at one-thirty, another at seven, and so on. To my mind, it would mean one person interested in the scheme giving up all his or her time and thought to it. A committee hardly seems to meet the case.

What we have found the greatest difficulty is to get good odd-job men or women to come for an hour or two a day to clean boots and knives, carry coals, clean windows, &c. Boys are not of much use; they play at marbles and fight with the cook. Co-operation would be useful here, as eight or nine families could employ the same man or woman to go from house to house, taking it in turns to have the treasure first.

Did space allow, I could tell some funny experiences I have had with these so-called helps, especially during a recent removal. The oilcloth

gentleman seemed to profit most from their care; and the painters will derive future benefit, as most of the white paint has been scrubbed off by a strong decoction of soda and boiling water—about the only thing they did scrub. But all this does not bring

us nearer any solution of the servant difficulty. At present the only way to manage seems to be to keep to one's self those servants whose faults are least aggravating, and to shut one's eyes to much that goes on in the kitchen.

THE CLOSED BOOK.*

CHAPTER XX.—WALTER WYMAN IS UNREASONABLE.



SPRINGING to my feet, I glanced around, and saw in the distance a light—from what, however, I was unaware. I only know that, leaving Lady Judith, I sprang over a fence and went across a wide turnip-field, and then across two good-sized pastures, making straight for that light, which, as it turned out, came from a window in a good-sized house, which, I afterwards discovered, was called Swan Lodge, and the inmates of which, when I announced my distress, were eager to assist me.

A horse was at once saddled and a man sent on it for the nearest doctor at Holt village, about two miles away, while I conducted the occupier of the house and two other young men to the spot where Lady Judith was lying.

I told them nothing save that I had in passing discovered her and her dog. She was apparently dead, but I found at length that she was still breathing, so had rushed away to seek aid. I saw that if I revealed my identity to any one it might compromise her; therefore I purposely misled them both as to where I was staying and my object in passing across Salthouse Heath. The utmost caution was necessary, for at all hazards the Earl ought not to know that I had discovered his daughter; neither should he have any suspicion that her sudden seizure was due to the venom of *The Closed Book*, the same that had so nearly caused the death of the mysterious Selby.

When we reached the spot we found her just as I had left her, save that she had lifted her hands to her head and lay with her face buried in them in an attitude of intense suffering.

The occupier of Swan Lodge, an amiable man of middle age, whose curiosity was, like that of all the rest, much aroused, spoke to her, but she made no response. One of the men held a stable lantern, and by its light we examined her face, but saw no other sign of returning consciousness. The action of the heart was much more pronounced, however, than when I had left her, and that aroused hope within us.

A dozen questions were put to me as to how I had discovered her; and I think my account must have sounded very circumstantial, for not one of the four entertained any suspicion that I was acquainted with her.

The man whom I had called upon identified her as soon as he set eyes on her, saying in greatest surprise:

'Why, it's actually Lady Judith Gordon, old Lord Aldborough's niece! She's evidently visiting at Saxlingham, although she hasn't been there for these last five or six years. She was quite a girl when last I saw her. How she has grown, to be sure!'

I let him wander on while we awaited the arrival of Doctor Lynn, and then by means of one or two well-directed questions discovered that the Earl of Glenelg seldom came to see his brother-in-law.

'People do say that there's some mystery about the old gentleman,' he added. 'I remember years ago, when he used to be down here a good deal seeing his sister, old Lady Aldborough, that there was a lot of queer gossip about him.'

'And what about the young lady here?' I inquired eagerly.

'Oh, I've heard nothing against her, of course. She was a mere slip of a girl then, and used to walk out with her governess. But how beautiful she has grown! She has the Gordon face, although I'd hardly have known her if I'd met her casually. I heard only the other day that she'd become engaged to somebody; but how true the report is I don't know. Old Reuben Dixon, the Squire of Huntworth, told me.'

'Who was the man mentioned?' I demanded.

'He didn't know. Some young nobleman abroad, he seemed to think.'

'A foreigner?' I exclaimed.

'So he said. But I'm not inclined to believe it. The Earl would never let her marry a foreigner. He's too good an Englishman for that, every one knows.'

I did not pursue the subject further. As father and daughter passed much of their time abroad, I thought in my own heart that such an engagement was quite within the bounds of possibility. Country-people always view the aristocracy and landed proprietors from a curious standpoint.

Although, as became a total stranger, I tried not to show any undue anxiety regarding Lady Judith's critical condition, and although I knew the cause, I could not explain for fear of betraying myself; nevertheless I watched her narrowly, and with the utmost satisfaction saw that consciousness was gradually returning.

* Copyright, 1904, by William Le Queux.

Suddenly it struck me that she ought not to recognise me as her discoverer, as she would at once connect her sudden seizure with her contact with my hands—that is, if she were aware of the existence of *The Closed Book* and the veil of mystery in which it was enveloped. No, she must not see me; hence I set to work to divine some means of escape. Yet I could not go away coatless, my coat being still beneath her head.

Half-an-hour had passed and the doctor had not arrived; therefore, as though a sudden idea occurred to me, I induced one of the men to place his coat in the position mine occupied, and assuming my own, I cast one last look at her pale, sweet face, and then walked down the road a short distance, announcing my intention to go and meet the doctor.

It had grown quite dark now—unusually dark for the time of year; therefore, having walked a quarter of a mile, and turned back to see the gleaming lantern in the distance, I leapt over a gate and struck away across the country back in the direction of Sheringham.

What else could I do? I had left her in the hands of persons who at least were respectable and who knew her; and, besides, I was well aware that the poison had not proved fatal. To have betrayed myself to her would only have aroused her suspicion of me in a still more acute form; hence my action in escaping as I did.

My walk was dark and lonely, and more than once I stumbled into ditches and lost my way, until at length I struck the cross-roads at Rodham Common, and just as midnight chimed and the gilded hall-porter was closing the doors of the 'Grand,' I entered, presenting, I fear, with my clothes wet and torn, a rather disreputable figure for a guest at a first-class hotel.

What, I wonder, did the occupier of Swan Lodge and his men think of my disappearance? Surely they would regard it as mysterious, unless they perchance surmised that in the darkness I had lost my way back.

In all probability they had put my non-return down to the latter cause.

That night I slept little, my mind being full of thoughts of the evening's adventure. Before my eyes I had constantly that pale, tragic face, just as previously visions of the countenance of the woman I had seen in the prior's dim study in Florence seemed ever before me. Was it by intuition that I knew that these two women were destined to influence my life to a far greater degree than any woman had done before? I think it must have been; for while I loved the one, I held the other in a constant indefinable terror. Why, I know not until this day—not even now that I am sitting here calmly chronicling all that occurred to me in those wild days of ardent love, reckless adventure, and impenetrable mystery.

In order to keep up communication with the woman I had so strangely grown to admire, I

wrote to her next morning a brief little note expressing a hope that she arrived back safely, and adding that my most ardent desire was that she would allow me, in secret if not publicly, to stand as her friend. I reminded her of her assurance to say nothing to the Earl regarding her meeting with me, and relied upon the promise she had given me.

This letter I addressed to Saxlingham Hall, and posted it before ten o'clock, having learned that it would be delivered that same evening.

At noon Walter Wyman unexpectedly walked into my room with a cheery greeting, and, throwing himself down upon the couch in the window that looked over the sea, exclaimed, 'Well, old chap, what does this extraordinary book contain after all?'

I took the transcript from the place where I had hidden it, and, seating myself on the edge of the table, read it through to him.

'Hang it!' he exclaimed excitedly when I had finished, 'then we may, if we are persevering and careful, actually discover this great treasure?'

'Exactly,' I answered. 'My suggestion is that we lose no time in making preliminary observations at the two spots mentioned by the man who hid it from his enemies.'

'And supposing we found it, would it benefit us, having in view the law of treasure-trove?' was Walter's very practical inquiry.

'Not very much perhaps,' I admitted. 'But we should at least clear up a mystery that has puzzled the world for ages—the actual existence of the Borgia poison and its antidote, besides rescuing Lucrezia Borgia's emeralds, and at the same time discovering the real motive of the strange conspiracy surrounding the book.'

'I quite agree with that,' exclaimed my friend; 'but does it not strike you that we are considerably handicapped by that folio being missing—the very page of all others most important for the success of our search? Besides, this man Selby has, in all probability, read the chronicle, and therefore knows just as much, and probably more, than we do.'

'That I grant you,' I said. 'But, nevertheless, I somehow feel that we ought to search both at Crowland, which is within easy reach of this place, and at Threave, in Scotland.' And I explained how I had written to my old friend Fred Fenwick, asking that we might both be allowed to come up and visit him.

'You certainly haven't let the grass grow under your feet, old fellow—you never do,' he said, taking a cigarette from the box I handed to him and lighting it. 'I think with you that we ought to try Threave, seeing that the plan is evidently of the spot. But we are unable to do anything till the 17th of September, when we ought to be there at three o'clock in the afternoon, according to the directions given.'

'We have still three weeks, then,' I remarked.

'In that case we might go over to Crowland first and look around there. In all probability the other plan is meant to indicate where the treasure of the abbey is concealed.'

'By Jove!' he exclaimed, taking the transcript from my hand. 'This list of things, the silver altar, gold chalices, and boxes of gems are sufficient to make one's mouth water—arent they?'

'Yes,' I laughed. 'We ought, if we act in a circumspect manner and arouse no attention on the part of the villagers, to be able to make a secret search. The one thing to avoid is public interest. The instant anybody suspects what we are after, the whole affair will get into the papers, and not only will our chance of success be gone, but our enemies, whoever they are, will know that The Closed Book is again in our possession.'

'I quite follow you, Allan,' he said with sudden seriousness. 'We'll go to Crowland to-night if you are agreeable, and set carefully to work in order to see if the plan tallies with any landmark now existing. It's a pity the old chap who wrote the record didn't label it, as he did the other.'

'He may have wanted to give the plan but hold back the secret from any one who casually opened the book,' I suggested. 'You see, the volume has evidently been preserved for centuries in the library of the Certosa Monastery at Florence—the house in which the monk Godfrey Lovel died—and, being written in Old English, could not, of course, be translated by the Italian monks.'

'I wonder how many people have died through handling those poisoned pages?' my friend observed. The deadliness of that secret Borgia venom appealed to him as it has appealed to the world through ages.

'Ah!' I said, 'it is impossible to tell.'

And while he sat listening to me open-mouthed,

I related to him my strange adventure of the previous night, and the manner in which Lady Judith Gordon had been unintentionally poisoned.

'What!' he cried, jumping up from the couch and glaring at me; 'you've actually seen her and spoken to her?'

'Certainly. She is charming, and I admit, my dear Walter, that I've fallen most desperately in love with her.'

'Love! You actually love her?' he demanded quite fiercely.

'Certainly. She is the perfect incarnation of what a good, sweet woman should be. Is there any reason why I should not admire her?'

'Reason—reason? I should rather think there was!' he answered in a hard voice. 'Look here, Allan, you and I are friends, but I warn you that you'll have to give up all thought of her if I'm to assist you in this rather risky enterprise. Recollect, I'm a man of my word, and no coward,' he added firmly, looking me straight in the face, his own countenance growing pale with excitement. 'That woman with whom you've fallen in love, as you call it, although you are scarcely acquainted with her, is your very worst enemy. I know her—you don't. Give me your hand, and promise, old chap, you will never again mention her name to me.'

'But what proof have you of this?' I asked, much surprised and not a little annoyed that he should speak of her like this.

'Proof that one day I will reveal to you,' he answered mysteriously. 'I've not been investigating this affair in London without discovering several very extraordinary facts—facts that you shall know before long. When you do, you won't give credence to them without proof. That you'll have soon enough, never fear.'

G I A N T S U N S .

By ALEXANDER W. ROBERTS, D.Sc., F.R.A.S., F.R.S.E., Lovedale College, South Africa.



HERE are few things more difficult to realise than stellar distances and dimensions. Indeed it is impossible, we believe, on this side of time to form any conception whatever of some of the vast magnitudes and long arrays of figures that astronomers frequently have to deal with in their researches.

The actual reality is so far removed from the apparent seeming that the mind utterly fails, not infrequently, to pass from the one set of ideas to the other.

Take, for example, the simple case of the size of the stars. Astronomical text-books tell us that certain stars are suns of such majestic proportions that, in comparison with them, our sun's vast bulk sinks into insignificance. With the aid of a star-atlas we explore the midnight

heavens in order to view these giant systems. Alas for our expectations! many of them are probably faint stars barely visible to the naked eye, and it requires more than an effort of the imagination to see in these specks of light great suns and systems of suns wheeling round one another in orbits of vast dimensions.

We do not doubt the statements in the text-books. They rest on too stable a foundation for us to do that; but somehow we cannot get the two ends of the matter to meet.

What we see is a faint gleam of stationary light, so faint that a wisp of cloud will obscure it, so stationary that in a thousand years the keenest eye would not detect the slightest change in its positive relation to the other stars. The reality, on the other hand, is a great globe of fire, probably larger by far than our sun, and speeding through the distant

stellar spaces with a velocity a hundred times more swift than that of an express train.

The inability of the mind to pass from the apparent nearness and smallness of celestial objects to the actual vastness of their magnitude and distances was borne in on the mind of the writer some years ago, when standing on the summit of a hill in the Scottish Highlands overlooking the western sea just as the sun was creeping down to his evening rest.

Away in the east, in the uncertain evening light, the distant hill seemed shadowy, remote. To the west, the great ocean lay many-coloured under the setting sun; and from out its waters here and there rose islands green and gray and violet. All around was the sense of vastness. Seaward or landward, the view seemed to stretch out and out and out to some far-off horizon, infinitely removed. Yet it was only a very small portion of Scotland that thus lay revealed.

Low down in the west hung the sun, just like a golden goblet. As it dipped into the sea a fishing-boat sailing along the sea-line seemed projected on its ruddy surface.

Now, one knew well both the sun's size and its distance: the figures had been learned long ago at school, and had been repeated again and again till the mind was quite familiar with them. But on that hill-top the numbers refused to come; or, if they arose in the mind, they were put aside as something that had no connection whatever with that smooth round disc of ruddy light no bigger than a new penny.

The telescope might, indeed, reveal the fact that on the apparently unbroken surface of that orb were caverns so broad and deep that if some giant hand were to cast the round earth into one of them it would disappear and be lost as a stone thrown into a well would; the spectroscopes might give evidence that from the outer shell of that apparently smooth, inviolate surface there frequently leapt into space, as the surf of an ever-raging sea of fire, lapping tongues of flame full two hundred thousand miles in height; it might be proved in books that within the circumference of that vanishing disc the moon and the earth would circle round one another and leave room enough and to spare: all this might be true; but to the watcher on the hill-top that evening the sun was but a big ball of golden light a little farther away than the fishing-boat, bathing isle and shore and sky in a flood of glorious beauty.

And now the sun sets, and slowly, one by one, the stars come forth. As the darkness deepens the sky gathers to itself a greater and yet greater glory. But if it was difficult—nay, impossible—to realise the vastness of the sun's bulk, what can we say of those tiny points of light—points, not discs—points to the naked eye, and points still in the most powerful telescope the intellect of man could devise or the cunning of his hand fashion? Yet we know that many of those faint,

twinkling points of light are giant suns, orbs so vast that if our sun were placed near them it would look like a little satellite; orbs so majestic that within the circuit of their outer circumference the whole solar system, sun and moon and planets, would find a lodgment.

Here and there amid the scintillating points of light the eye rests on a hazy star, of such uncertain brightness, however, that we consider it of no importance. Yet that faint haze is not a dull, insignificant star. If we look at it through the telescope there is revealed a view of indescribable beauty and grandeur: stars, stars, stars, stars, massed in battalions, and each one a sun, and the whole an island-universe away out in the great silent loneliness that lies beyond our universe.

To the southward, rising like a white rainbow out of the sea and from behind the hills, we view

A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold
And pavement stars, as stars to these appear
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way.

And in this pathway, 'powdered with stars,' are millions of suns, each one a giant in size and lustre.

In this star-strewn zone are regions so crowded that in the telescope one has the vision of a fall of star-flakes in a stellar snowstorm. Yet each flake of star-dust, each speck of light, is a mighty sun separated from his fellow by a space as great as that which lies between our sun and the nearest star.

As we look up into the heavens little of this creeps into our minds. We see not suns and systems and universes, but gems and jewels set in the brow of night. The mind turns away from the oppression of figures, and finds in the stately, restful beauty of the evening sky a calm content that numbers and measurements cannot give.

Still, numbers and measurements have their time and place, and that place and time are in a book and by a fireside. Thus situated, we can often in imagination lift ourselves away from the hampering earth, with its towering mountains, deep rivers, wide seas, spacious heavens, and betake ourselves to a point in space where we see things as they are.

Were we to deal with all the giant worlds of space we should need a whole book for our tale. I may accordingly only consider one or two of the better known.

The two most conspicuous stars in the southern sky are 'The Pointers.' They are so called because a line drawn through them lies in the direction of the Southern Cross. They are so brilliant that the eye has no difficulty in finding them among a host of lesser lights. One of the two, and the brighter of the two, is the famous double star Alpha Centauri, probably the most noteworthy star in the whole sky. It was the annual swing to and fro of this yellow sun that led the Scottish astronomer Henderson to try to measure its distance from us. This he succeeded in doing, and thus was the first

to throw a measuring-line over the great abyss of space that separates our sun and planets from the outposts of the stars.

In later days the distance of Alpha Centauri has been redetermined by another great Scottish astronomer, Sir David Gill. Now, the labours of Sir David Gill and other men indicate that Alpha Centauri, the brightest of the two Pointers, is the nearest star to us of all the stars in the sky. If there are any people on Alpha Centauri, they will no doubt point up to a certain yellow star in their sky and call it 'famous' because it is nearest to them. Fame to a large extent depends upon standpoint. Now, the second star of the two Pointers, Beta Centauri, is also 'famous,' but for a very different reason. Those able men who

Measure out the blue
Of infinite space like roods of garden ground,

sought naturally to determine the distance of this companion to Alpha Centauri. Success had crowned their efforts with this latter and many another star. What of Beta Centauri, the other Pointer?

Alpha Centauri was in the van of that army of stars that surround our sun on every side. Was Beta Centauri also well in the foreground?

Again and again have expert and able men essayed to discover the distance of Beta Centauri, but all attempts have ended in failure. No! not in failure: they have shown us this, that Beta Centauri is so far away that no instrument at present known can measure its distance. Beta Centauri *appears* to be a companion to Alpha Centauri, but in truth they are separated by the span of half the universe.

If, as we have said, Alpha is in the van, Beta Centauri is somewhere far out in the rear of the army of stars.

Now, it may be urged, what is wonderful in Beta Centauri being so far away from us? Are there not other stars still farther away? Most certainly there are, in all probability an unnumbered host; but the wonder lies in this, that Beta Centauri should be so far away from us *and yet shine so bright*.

If I see clearly with my naked eye a monument on the summit of some lofty distant hill, there is certainly nothing very wonderful in the monument being on that hill; but if the hill is a hundred miles away, there is certainly something exceedingly strange in the circumstance that I can see it. The marvel is the size of the monument, for its proportions must be truly vast for me to see it clearly at a distance of one hundred miles.

And so is it with the second star of the Pointers, Beta Centauri. The marvel is not that it is so very far away from us, but, considering its immeasurable remoteness, that it is visible to us at all.

We have said that if there are any astronomers on Alpha Centauri, they will point to a certain yellow bright star in their evening sky as their 'nearest neighbour;' but if there are any astronomers

on Beta Centauri, they will search in vain in *their* sky for our sun. It will not be visible to them, not even as a faint speck of light. Possibly their telescopes will reveal it as an inconspicuous telescopic star, one that they will not give a name to, only a number with the label 'insignificant;' yet in our sky Beta Centauri shines conspicuous as one of our brightest lights. It must, therefore, be at least a thousand times bigger than our sun. A thousand suns rolled in one: what a majestic aggregation of matter!

When we looked out over the hills and valleys of northern Scotland, and out upon the apparently limitless sea, this world seemed everything, and the stars mere points of light.

If we multiply the view we obtain from the northern hill a thousand times, we obtain an area equal to that of the round earth. Multiply, again, this great globe of ours one million times, and we have the sun's vast bulk. Let us now increase the sun's size ten thousand times, and then we only reach the volume of such mammoth suns as Arcturus, Canopus, Antares, and Beta Centauri.

Let us push this multiplication one step farther. Away in the remote reaches of space are clustered together in single island-universes myriads of suns every whit as large as Canopus or Arcturus, and each one separated from his fellow by a space equal to that which divides our system from the nearest star; yet so infinitely removed are these galaxies of suns from our shores that in our sky they shine as hazy single stars scarcely visible to the naked eye.

It is almost impossible to express distances so vast and magnitudes so great in language that can be even faintly understood.

To bring these conceptions of almost infinite space nearer to our finite minds, astronomers have, I think, exhausted all the illustrations earth can yield. They have used the speed of light, of a bullet, of a train, of a steamer, to make their conclusions more easily understood. I do not think they have used the motor-car yet. Now, these are the days of motoring. A motor-car travelling at the rate of one hundred miles an hour would take eight thousand years to go once round Beta Centauri. It would take far longer than this to go round either Arcturus or Canopus.

If we could imagine empires and kingdoms upon the surface of these giant orbs, the stupendous distances between the various states would make intercourse a practical impossibility, always supposing that the people on these distant worlds were no wiser, no more gifted, no better equipped than we.

What a curious state of things would arise in the case of strained relations between a Canopian Russia and a Canopian Britain! The telegrams from the East would take years in their transmission, and if they revealed a weakness on the part of Britain in the waters of a Canopian China, there would be little use sending out reinforcements from

a Canopian Plymouth, for the ships would take fifty thousand years on the voyage.

We can imagine a traveller in a world like this taking a very affectionate leave, or rather farewell, of his friends before he went on his first and last holiday to the Continent.

How carefully Canopian, Arcturian, or Centaurian men and women would have to plan out their lives, or have them planned out for them; for if any man wanted to see the world he would have to leave the most of the seeing to his descendants; he would require to 'do' various lands by generations!

And how many lands and peoples there would be to see! For if we could think of Canopus as thickly peopled per square mile as our earth, then for every man our globe holds Canopus would shelter one hundred million. And worlds like these—vast, majestic—are strewn thick through space as boulders are along the sands by the seashore.

We have in imagination peopled these worlds with beings like ourselves. One is tempted to excursions of this nature.

But if Canopus or Arcturus or Beta Centauri were a world in any way like our own fair earth—with hills and valleys, rivers, lakes, and seas; with trees and flowers and grass-grown lands; with many beautiful things to please the eye and gladden the soul, genial days and kindly nights, and the ever-returning seasons bearing beneficent gifts from Nature's storehouse—no being like man, or with any semblance to him, would tenant its dominions. If one took the wings of the morning and lighted on the shores of, say, Arcturus—his ruddy glare is well known in northern lands—then the force of Arcturian gravity would chain the visitor to the spot he landed on with a force of thirty tons; that is, the average weight of the human frame on any star like Arcturus would be thirty tons. The human body, as we know it, would be crushed in an instant of time into a shapeless mass by a force so terrible.

Not only so, but terrestrial life and existence generally under such conditions would be impossible. Trees would not grow, nor rivers flow, nor winds blow, nor birds fly; rain would come down as a deadly hail in such worlds.

And here we have, I think, an insurmountable difficulty in the way of peopling those vast orbs that brighten and beautify our sky with men and women like ourselves. It is, indeed, a tempting excursion of the imagination to consider worlds so vast, so multitudinous, as being tenanted with beings wiser, purer, happier, more richly endowed than we are; but gravity, like Mark Twain's cow, keeps coming through the roof of our dreams.

In a boundless universe there are boundless possibilities; but the human frame as we know it is exactly suited to the load it has to bear. Place this same delicate frame in other and totally changed conditions, and the altered circumstances would instantly imperil the whole wonderfully adjusted

mechanism. There may be, there possibly are, intelligent beings in other worlds than ours; but if so, the outer garment of their existence is of a different texture and pattern from that which we have to wear.

Much of what we have stated regarding the size of such stars as Beta Centauri, Arcturus, Canopus, and other giant suns rests on indirect evidence. We thus argue that if a star is very bright and at the same time very far away from us it must also be very large. It may be urged, however, against this contention that there is extreme diversity in brightness among the stars. Some are quite dark, emitting no light at all; others, again, give out, surface for surface, more light than the sun. Thus a square mile of the surface of Sirius is eleven times brighter than a square mile of the sun's surface.

Notwithstanding this weakness in the arguments used, the main contention holds good that the brightness of a star may generally be taken as a measure of its size.

We are able, however, in the case of certain stars to set indirect evidence aside, and to arrive at a definite determination of their size.

This happens when the spectroscopic yields information as to the rate that two stars forming a system wheel round one another, and when one of the twin stars eclipses the light of its companion every time it circles round it.

When this twofold condition of things exists we can determine with considerable accuracy not only the size but the mass and density of the revolving stars.

Thus the variable star Algol is found to be composed of two stars, the brighter of which is one million two hundred thousand miles in diameter, and the dark companion eight hundred and fifty thousand miles—that is, the dark satellite of this remarkable system is itself as large as our sun.

In the southern hemisphere there is a star in the constellation of 'The Ship' which recent research proves to be a double star, each member measuring fifteen million miles in diameter. The extraordinary thing about this system is that the two suns revolve round one another in contact.

In the northern sky is a still more remarkable star. The second brightest star in 'The Lyre,' Beta Lyre, consists of two stars, one member of which is twenty million miles in diameter. Numbers like these are almost appalling.

It would prove tedious to multiply examples of the vastness of the stars and star-systems that fill the great galleries of space. These examples that we have given are simply types of the majestic lines on which the domain of nature has been built.

Although, as we have already said at the outset of this article, the mind of man fails utterly to comprehend the scale on which these lines have been set forth, yet the contemplation of their grandeur must ever be a source of pleasure to the thoughtful.

AUNT MARY.

CHAPTER III.



O reply came from the slim figure by the organ. Her lips were parted as if she were worn by some physical struggle. The light from the high window was still on her face.

It was a fine face: white, almost transparent, with a broad forehead from which the fair hair was pushed back; a sweet, refined, noble face rather than a strictly beautiful one. The features were marked with a high intelligence; the small mouth suggested ambition.

'So you have found me out?' she said presently.

Walter came forward; he noticed the clear whiteness of her hands, the fragile figure, the pure brilliancy of the complexion. His mind had not taken it all in yet. This was the girl who was dying, the Kathleen to whom Aunt Mary had alluded. The Kitty of Walter's dreams and Kathleen Evershed were one and the same.

'I ought to have told you,' the girl said without moving.

'You knew who I was all the time?' Walter asked.

'Yes. I discovered that the first time we met in Mrs Pettifer's drawing-room. You see, I had heard a great deal about your father'—

'Not all to his advantage, I expect.'

'No. But I—I liked you. We both had ambition; we were both full of enthusiasm. You were to make your fortune as a painter, and I as a musician. It was your uncle who first fired my ambition in that way. He played the organ like a master; you shall hear some of his compositions.'

Kitty Evershed spoke rapidly, nervously. She seemed to have some difficulty with her breathing. Walter watched her with shining eyes.

'But why did you run away from me?' he asked.

'But I didn't; at least not in the way you mean. I never went to the Pettifers' again because I was afraid of meeting you. But you found me out, and we met elsewhere. They were happy days for me, Walter. But I was frightened because I feared what they would say at home.'

'There was no reason why we should not have loved one another, Kitty.'

'Perhaps not,' Kitty said doubtfully. 'I don't know. But as I was going to be a great composer and you a great painter, it didn't seem to matter. Then I had to come down here because I was ill. Soon after that Dr Evans told me I was dying of consumption. He gave me a year to live. I don't think that anybody quite realises what a sentence like that means. And that is why I never gave you a sign or a word. Your pride would be wounded; you would try and forget me. It would save you much pain and suffering.'

'You knew that I should never forget you.'

'Perhaps I hoped that you wouldn't. I tried to arrange it so that you shouldn't find me. It was only for a year, and then it would be all over. And so it comes about that Uncle Colin is dead, and I linger on waiting for the end. But you couldn't be found, and that gave me a cold kind of comfort. And then your letter came, and I dared not tell Aunt Mary after all that time. Oh! I did it all for the best.'

Her voice shook; she could say no more. Walter caught up the slim hand still resting on the keys. The golden glory beyond the long windows was fading to a pale-gray like the dim light on Kitty's face.

'I am not going to believe it,' Walter cried. 'Kitty, I have never kissed you yet. But I am going to kiss you now, because you belong to me. We are going to fight this thing together. Just now I thought I had found everything that my heart wanted. But if I am going to lose you, the rest matters nothing.'

He took the girl in his arms and kissed her. A page of music fluttered to the floor. It was the piece that had attracted Walter to the room.

'This is your own?' he asked.

'Yes,' Kitty said hopelessly. 'It is part of a short oratorio. People say that it will live, that I have a fine future. As if they knew! But I shall never see it; I shall never see the day when—' Walter, suppose you were suddenly blind! Try to imagine yourself blind, and then you may understand.'

Walter could feel the slender frame shaking passionately. Words seemed cold things to pour on a sorrow like this. Kitty dried her eyes, and a smile shone on her face.

'I have finished,' she said almost gaily. 'I have never broken down like this before, even to Aunt Mary. Was she very frigid to you, Walter?'

'She tried to be,' Walter laughed. 'The regal dignity of five-feet-one! But her eyes betrayed her, and when I called her Aunt Mary and asked for a kiss, she yielded like the dear old soul she is. She's quite in love with me now.'

'Can't you understand why that should be?'

Walter responded that he could see nothing to account for the change beyond his own merits and virtues. But his humour was subdued.

'Did Aunt Mary say anything about your father?' Kitty asked.

'Little to his credit,' Walter admitted. 'Personally, I am fond of my father, though I don't see him much. But he seemed to have behaved badly by stealing the affections of my uncle Colin's choice, and deserting somebody else who'—

'But surely you can guess who that somebody else was?'

'Aunt Mary?' Walter cried. 'Of course! I might have seen that by the way she looked at me. And she said I was very like my mother. Kitty, I believe she is the dearest little woman in the world.'

In the hall a chiming gong made music. Kitty threw a shawl over her head.

'I must make a dive for tea,' she said. 'I have to avoid all draughts and cold airs. It seems superfluous, but these are the doctor's orders.'

Walter followed thoughtfully. It was hard to believe that that bright young life was so near an end. It could not be; it must not be. Walter set his teeth together and choked down a sob. Aunt Mary stood smiling behind the big tea-urn. She was glad, she said, that the young people had found each other out. Why, they might have known each other for years!

'So we have,' Walter said coolly. 'Aunt Mary, a great surprise awaits you. I am going to tell you a love-story—Kitty's and mine.'

'Well, I never did!' Aunt Mary exclaimed.—'Kitty, I am ashamed of you. I don't know when I have been so angry.'

'You never were angry in your life,' Kitty said sweetly. 'You don't know what it means.'

'Well, perhaps not,' Aunt Mary said, setting her cap severely.—'Tell me all about it, Walter. I made those fish-cakes especially for you.'

It was a pleasant meal, despite the dark shadows that had lain over Grey Gables for the past few months. Walter told his story simply, Aunt Mary following with a smile on her face and the tears in her eyes. Then she drew Walter on to speak of his hopes and ambitions: how he meant to travel all over the cities for himself; how Rome the desirable, the unattainable, was now in his hands.

'I'm sure you can't grudge Walter the property after that,' Kitty said. 'It would have been useless to me—to Walter it means everything. And now let us have some more music. Aunt Mary, do have another look in the old Dutch bureau for that fugue of Uncle Colin's. I know it's amongst the manuscript music somewhere.'

Aunt Mary made up her accounts, solemnly debated the next day's domestic programme with Martha, and folded up her work-basket with mathematical precision. Then she donned a huge cotton apron and proceeded to take down a dozen volumes of manuscript music, most of it original compositions of the late Colin Whitworth.

One volume after another was disposed of, but the missing fugue was nowhere to be found. Perhaps Aunt Mary's search was not a very careful one, for her eyes were dim to-night, and her mind was full of bitter-sweet imaginings.

The little love-story, with its inevitable sad ending, touched her. And yet it was far better as it was. Kitty was dying. The property would have been no use to her. And to Walter it had meant everything. What a nice boy he was; how clever and ambitious! Colin Whitworth had always in-

tended to change that impulsive will made after Jim's gallant exploit in Spain, and leave the property to Kitty. Here was a letter from Mr Benn urging him to do so. Mary had remembered that letter. She turned it over idly. A reply in Colin Whitworth's handwriting was duly set out on the other side. Aunt Mary fumbled for her spectacles. She read the letter; then she sat down with her limbs shaking.

'Shall I?' she murmured. 'I recollect my father telling me that a document like that— Yesterday I should not have hesitated. To-day it would be wicked folly. And he is so like his—mother.'

She dropped the letter back, and restored the volume to its place. Then she blew out the candles as if she had done something that needed the shelter of the darkness.

CHAPTER IV.



HE big music-room had been transformed almost beyond recognition. In the centre stood a huge easel with a partially finished picture upon it. Walter's two sets of old armour had been imported from London; a carpet had been laid on the floor; there were pictures on the walls and old furniture scattered here and there. Kitty's taste had provided the flowers and their settings.

'It's grand!' Walter exclaimed, with swelling pride. 'I used to envy Pettifer his studio, and wonder when I should have one like it. And now look at this!'

'Sir Walter Whitworth, P.R.A.,' Kitty laughed, 'as seen at home in the pages of the illustrated weekly papers. Here is the celebrated Flemish buffet, yonder the Lady Erskine by Hoppner. You are a lucky man, sir.'

Kitty coughed and dropped into a chair. She was looking terribly white and fragile. There was a dull, echoing pain at Walter's heart. Sometimes that dreadful trouble was forgotten; at others Walter fought against it with passionate rebellion. The atmosphere of the studio oppressed him; it was like a greenhouse.

'I am,' Walter sighed dubiously; 'I suppose I am. And if I were to say— Hullo!'

The studio door opened breezily, and a big man in a large-pattern tweed suit stood in the doorway. He was bronzed and bearded; he had a reckless, easy air, and a large cigar in his mouth. He looked just a little disturbed as he noticed Walter's companion.

'Why,' Walter cried, 'it's my father!—I thought you were in Mexico.'

'Just back,' James Whitworth said, with the contempt for distance of the seasoned traveller. 'Finished the job there; back in England looking for another. Pettifer told me of your good fortune, so I thought I'd run down and see you. As you're of age now, my authority over you ceases; but, unless I am mistaken, I am still more or less guardian to this young lady here.'

He held out his hand with a frank smile that most people found so taking. With his bright, breezy selfishness, James Whitworth was not an easy person to snub.

'I am sorry Miss Bentley is not here to receive you,' Kitty said coldly.

'I declare I had forgotten all about her,' Whitworth cried, as if the circumstance was one of the most natural in the world. 'To be perfectly candid, I expected to find Walter in bachelor quarters here. Otherwise—well, I treated Mary Bentley shamefully years ago, and, with all my faults, I'm not blackguard enough to—you understand. My dear young lady, you know all about the story, or the expression of your face betrays you. Upon my word, I really am most dreadfully sorry.'

In a vague kind of way, Kitty seemed to feel that James Whitworth was more sorry for himself than anybody else. Yet he was a brave man and loyal to his friends, and he had a perfect passion for little children. Kitty had heard that often. Instability and a desire for change were the alloys that had spoilt his character.

Kitty slipped away, leaving father and son together. Whitworth roamed restlessly about, puffing furiously at his cigar.

'What's the matter with that girl?' he asked.

Walter explained. He had a sympathetic listener. It was a chord that touched Whitworth. He would have parted with his coat to help anybody in sorrow or trouble. The romantic vein in his nature was tapped. Kitty was wonderfully beautiful, and Walter loved her.

'Never heard anything so sad, so pathetic,' Whitworth said huskily. 'That girl must be saved; she must go away. Change is everything in this matter.'

'Change requires money,' Walter said coldly.

'I see. And the poor girl hasn't got any. Also, you are quite sure that neither she nor Aunt Mary would hear of touching yours. Who's the doctor?'

'Mr Evans of Morton Cross.'

'What! that old ass? Biggest old humbug in the profession. Why, he was pretty well past his work when I left home. What's the course of treatment?'

'Perfect seclusion from draughts, a high temperature, and all'—

'I knew it. My dear chap, that poor girl is being slowly murdered. That old-fashioned way of dealing with consumption is as dead as Queen Anne. I'll go and see Partridge. He's got a place at Ambermouth yonder where he comes every week-end. I once saved Partridge's life on the Mosquito Coast years ago, and he'll do anything for me. We'll have that girl of yours about in no time. Fresh air—lots of it—bedroom window open all night all the year round, and, when she's up to it, a trip to St Moritz. Got a cycle of any sort about the place?'

The big man spoke in sanguine, strident tones; in his mind the desired end was already accomplished. It was the buoyant spirit that had lifted him beyond

the reach of many a peril. Walter caught a little of the infection.

'Dr Evans will permit no interference,' he said doubtfully.

'Won't he?' Whitworth said, with a resolute air. 'I'll see Evans presently. I'll open his eyes for him. Do you think I am going to stand by and see a lovely creature like that done to death? If you've got as much feeling as I have'—

He paused with just a touch of colour on his bronzed cheeks. A slight gray figure stood silently in the doorway. Her lips were parted; her hands were pressed to her side. Otherwise she gave no sign whatever.

'I did not think it possible,' she began, 'that'—

'I didn't do it on purpose,' Whitworth said. He stood there downcast and ashamed; all his buoyant manner had vanished. 'I swear I had no notion you were here, Mary. If I didn't know that you had forgiven me'—

'I forgave you long ago, James.'

There was a strange contrast between the two figures, the one so small and gray, so upright; the other big and loud, and yet bent as if caught in some shameful practice.

'I'll go away,' Whitworth said, with loud meekness. 'I'll take my blackguardly self off. I never cared much for any one, so I can't expect any one to care much for me. But I didn't know; upon my word, I didn't know.'

'I believe that,' Miss Bentley said in a low voice; 'I believe that.'

'I was never half good enough for you, Mary.'

'I knew that too. I always knew that you were not the man to make any woman happy for long. But that didn't prevent my loving you, Jim.'

There was no reproach in the speech, no anger or resentment, nothing but sorrow. The humiliation of the man was so complete that Walter was fain to come to the rescue.

'My father is greatly distressed by what I have told him about Kitty,' he said; 'and he is quite convinced that Dr Evans's treatment is all wrong. The modern cure is practically an open-air one.'

Miss Bentley stiffened visibly. She had all the prejudices of the old school to her finger-tips. She and the recreant Evans had not been doctoring the whole parish all these years for nothing. Aunt Mary's essences and herb-tens were famous. There was one noted cure of a stubborn rheumatism where even a great London doctor had failed.

'Nothing has been left undone,' she said. A little red spot glowed on either cheek. 'Dr Evans is very sound. The modern "cure" is murder. Expose my dear child to all kinds of weather; expose those delicate lungs to *air*! My dear Walter, I would sooner cut off my right hand. Kitty would be dead in a week. In this respect you will find me firm—quite firm.'

She drew herself up; her little foot tapped the floor imperiously. A great principle was at stake. Walter poured oil on troubled waters.

'But, aunt,' he urged, 'there have been some wonderful cures. The most famous physicians in the world are adopting the open-air cure. And Kitty is dying. Even your friend Evans gives her but a few months to live. We won't hurt his feelings, but we will get him to call Partridge in. It is our duty to try it.'

He spoke pleadingly, and Miss Bentley obviously flattered for a moment. Then she drew herself up resolutely again.

'I cannot discuss the matter further,' she said. 'I came to tell you that luncheon was ready. I am going to give James Whitworth the tulip-panelled bedroom.'

She swept out of the room with her head high in

the air, the gray silks rustling. But the offender had been forgiven; the pregnant information as to the tulip-panelled bedroom proved that.

'The best and kindest and dearest little creature in the world,' Whitworth cried, with a little click in his throat, 'but as absolutely obstinate as a loving woman can be. But I'm going to have my own way over this, Wat.'

'Indeed, sir; and how do you propose to get it?'

'Oh, I've thought out a way. Under my brother's will, I am guardian to Kitty until she comes of age. If necessary, I am going to enforce that authority. I don't often do a wise thing, but I'm pretty sure I'm about to do one now. Old Evans is going to have a lovely afternoon.'

PROGRESS OF STEAM NAVIGATION.



ORD INVERCLYDE, chairman of the Cunard Company, lately said that one of the things which trouble ship-owners to-day is that they never seemed to come to an end with the size of the ships, which is continually

being increased, as is also the power of the engines. The pioneers thought perfection was reached with paddles; the stage of paddles is passed, and so is that of single screws. Engineers are even now considering whether they can be satisfied with twin-screws. It has been suggested that some day they may find themselves with screws all round the ships. Again, turbine machinery seems destined to take the place of reciprocating machinery; and, if so, some shipowners already see their ships doomed for the scrap-heap. The two turbine passenger-steamboats on the Clyde have been very successful. Last year five vessels fitted with the turbine were added to Lloyd's Register: two warships, two Channel steamers, and one yacht. Then, in two of the new Allan liners the turbine is being introduced for the first time for the Atlantic passage. The Cunard Company are also making the experiment with one or two of their vessels. The Clyde, which was the cradle of the marine engine, takes the lead for output amongst shipbuilding centres; Newcastle comes next, then Sunderland, followed by Belfast, Greenock, Middlesbrough, and Hartlepool.

Our present stage of progress in steam navigation has been reached within less than a hundred years. This fact is recalled to us by the publication of a volume, *The History of Steam Navigation*, by John Kennedy (Charles Birchall, Liverpool). It is a fascinating and interesting page of our national history, engaged as we are in doing the chief carrying trade of the world. The steamship has been a good jackal to the British lion. By its aid we have swift communication with foreign countries, our choice of food commodities has been vastly increased, and we have been linked to our colonies and other countries by ties of self-interest.

The pioneers on the inventive side of steam navigation were Patrick Miller of Dalswinton, James Taylor, William Symington, and Henry Bell, all Scotsmen; and Fulton in America. Patrick Miller (1731-1815), an Edinburgh banker, spent some thirty thousand pounds in experiments of various kinds, including shipbuilding; his main idea being the construction of a ship with two or three hulls, propelled by paddle-wheels placed between the hulls, and worked by men from capstans on deck. As related in articles in this journal for March 9, 1833, and March 11, 1854, James Taylor is styled the 'originator of steam navigation.' Miller engaged in a sailing match with a party of gentlemen in the Firth of Forth. He embarked at Leith in his double vessel against a first-rate sailing-wherry. James Taylor, tutor in Miller's family, who was on board, took a spell at the wheels, but found the labour so exhausting that he told his employer that unless he could apply a more effective power his invention would be of no use. Taylor is said to have suggested the use of the steam-engine. Another account is that his friend William Symington made the suggestion. The bust to Symington in Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art, and his memorial at Leadhills, give him the credit of originating steam navigation. This is mentioned in the article on Symington in this journal for 1900. At all events, Symington was the practical man to whom was committed the task of fitting up the boat, twenty-five feet long, with an engine, for the first experiment, in 1788, on Dalswinton Loch, Dumfriesshire.

In the next experiment, on the Forth and Clyde Canal, a hitch took place, from the fact that James Watt said he considered Symington's engine 'an attempt to evade our exclusive privilege.' From this time Miller, for various reasons, dropped the experiments. Symington persevered, however, under a new patron, Lord Dundas. Instead of the clumsy chain and ratchet-wheel system, 'he employed a piston-rod guided by rollers in a

straight path, connected by a connecting-rod to a crank attached directly to the paddle-wheel shaft, thus devising the system of working the paddle-wheel shaft which has been used ever since that date.' All the trials of the *Charlotte Dundas* in 1803 were successful, the first steamboat fitted for practical use. Both Fulton, who brought out his *Clermont*, the first American passenger-steamer, on the Hudson in 1807, and Henry Bell, who launched his *Comet* on the Clyde in 1812, benefited by a close examination of the *Charlotte Dundas*. On this point W. S. Lindsay in his *Merchant Shipping* says: 'There can be no doubt, from existing drawings, that Symington's *Charlotte Dundas* was superior in mechanical arrangements to either Fulton's *Clermont* or Bell's *Comet*. But what Fulton and Livingston accomplished in the United States, Bell effected in his own country; each was, therefore, instrumental in the introduction, for commercial purposes, of the steam-engine.'

None of the pioneers seem to have realised the greatness of the revolution which was to follow on these initial efforts. Miller felt he had been squandering money unprofitably; Henry Bell never made money from the *Comet*, which plied between Glasgow, Greenock, and Helensburgh; and neither did Fulton from his *Clermont* on the Hudson. The widow of James Taylor received a small pension from Government; Symington died a disappointed man. Symington attempted to take out a patent for a different method of propulsion of which we have seen the sketches and specification amongst his papers. He also attempted to do what Watt was inclined to do in regard to his own engine—to prohibit Henry Bell's new steamer as an infringement of his rights. But the period of experiment was over. In 1813 there were three more steamers on the Clyde, one of which is believed to have visited Liverpool in 1815, when there were seven steamers on the Clyde. It was about this time that Cork and London received the benefit of steam navigation. The *Savannah*, an American steamer, was the first to cross the Atlantic from New York to Liverpool in 1819, en route for St Petersburg. She took twenty-six days on her first stage, and did not steam all the time.

From its very novelty, and the spice of danger in taking the first steamer round our coasts from Glasgow to the Thames, the first ocean voyage of a steamboat from the Clyde in 1815 is worth more than passing notice. There was a full narrative of this voyage in *Chambers's Journal* of 28th May 1857, under the title of 'Captain Dodd at Sea.' Captain Dodd had served in the navy, distinguished himself as an engineer and architect, and projected the Thames Tunnel; but, becoming a victim of intemperance, he died in poverty. He was entrusted with the task of taking the *Argyle* to London, a steamer which was launched on the Clyde in 1813, and plied for a year between Glasgow and Greenock. She was purchased by a London company to run between the Metropolis and Margate. The *Argyle*, renamed the

Thames, was a packet of seventy tons register, measuring in her keel seventy-nine feet, with sixteen feet of beam, and fitted with engines of fourteen horsepower; the paddles were nine feet in diameter; there were two cabins, one in the fore-castle, the other in the stern. In her waist was the engine, with the boiler on the starboard side and the cylinder and fly-wheel on the larboard. Her funnel, besides carrying off the smoke, also did duty as a mast. A gallery upon which the cabin windows opened projected on each side so as to form a continuous deck interrupted only by the paddle-boxes. Eighteen large port-holes were painted on the outside of the gallery, and two on the stern.

It was believed at the time that grave perils awaited any captain foolhardy enough to brave the perils of the open sea. With a crew of eight persons Captain Dodd sailed about the middle of May 1815, and at the outset narrowly escaped being driven on to the ironbound coast at Portpatrick. Dodd found it impossible to beat off in the teeth of the gale by the united power of steam and sails; he depended entirely on the engine, and laid the vessel's head to the windward, when she managed to make three knots an hour. He gained the Liffey, where the appearance of the *Thames*, as at every port of call on the voyage, attracted much notice. Some naval officers who saw her declared that she could never live in a heavy sea, and that there would be great danger in venturing far from shore. Mr and Mrs Isaac Weld, the first passengers to cross the Channel in a steamboat, went on board at Dublin. Mr Weld, in describing the motion of the vessel, said it differed essentially from that of a sailing-vessel; the action of the wheels at each side prevented her from rolling. The most disagreeable movement was felt when the waves struck the vessel on the beam; then the coverings which enclosed the wheels acted as buoys, and helped to keep her afloat. When the steamer was thus struck by the waves the noise, owing to the sudden compression of the air within the paddle-boxes, was frightful. At Wexford, as well as on the Welsh coast, the dense smoke from her mast-chimney caused the pilots to think she was on fire, and to start off to her assistance, with the hope of salvage; of course they were disappointed. The boat had a bad time rounding Land's End, and the rocks commanding St Ives were crowded with spectators. Thousands of people came to see the vessel at Portsmouth. On 11th June she was at the mouth of the Thames, having done the seven hundred and fifty-eight nautical miles from Dublin in one hundred and twenty-one and a half hours.

Victor Hugo, in *Toilers of the Sea*, gives an amusing account of 'Lethierry's Galley,' as the first steamer to run between Guernsey and St Malo was nicknamed. The chapels fulminated against the new steam-vessel as an 'atheistical construction;' the horns of the devil were seen in the fire-ship, which was named 'Devil Boat.' It was a flying in the face of Scripture to separate fire

and water. She is described as too short, round, and thick-set. She pitched very little, but she rolled a good deal, and the paddle-boxes were too high. The massive machinery encumbered her, and to carry a heavy cargo her bulwarks were raised to an unusual height. The engine was made at Paris; the vessel was built at St Peter's Port. The *Durande* prospered in spite of the outcries of the owners of cutters, which suggest the Clyde skipper quoted by Mr Kennedy: he piped all hands, a man and a boy, when a steamboat passed his slow-going sloop, and bade them 'kneel down and thank God that ye sail in the Almighty's ain win', an' no' in the devil's ain fire an' brimstone, like that spluttering thing there.'

It is impossible to give in detail the rise and progress of all the modern steamship companies, yet an exception must be made in favour of the Cunard Company. Mr Samuel Cunard, a shipowner of Halifax, Nova Scotia, has impressed his name and personality upon that pioneer Atlantic steamboat line, the Cunard Steamship Company, founded in 1840. The British Government had advertised in 1838 for tenders for the conveyance of the North American mails by steamers, instead of by the mail-boats of that date, which 'were wretched old Government ten-gun coffin-brigs, slow and uncertain in their passages.' The tender of Mr Cunard of Halifax was accepted, but being unsuccessful in raising the necessary capital at home for the founding of a mail steamship service between England and North America, he came over to Great Britain. In association with Mr Robert Napier, the celebrated Clyde engineer and ship-builder, Mr George Burns of Glasgow, and Mr David MacIver of Liverpool, he raised a capital of two hundred and seventy thousand pounds, and the Cunard Steamship Company was launched. At first the company was called 'The British and North American Royal Mail Steam Packet Company.' The names of the earliest vessels were the *Unicorn*, *Acadia*, *Caledonia*, *Columbia*, and *Britannia*. The four paddle-wheel steamships last-named had engines of seven hundred and forty indicated horse-power, and went at an average speed of eight and a half knots an hour. The last of the paddle-wheel steamers was the *Scotia* (1862). The first screw-steamer was the *Clina*, followed by the *Cuba* and others in 1864. In 1878 the company was registered under the Limited Liability Act, with a capital of two million pounds. When steel began to be substituted for iron in shipbuilding, the magnificent steamer the *Servia* was completed in 1881, fitted with the most modern appliances for comfort and safety. Of later vessels the *Etruria* made the passage from Queenstown to New York in five days twenty hours fifty-five minutes. It was in the *Lucania* of this fleet that the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy was first set up, and in October 1903 messages were transmitted over a distance of two thousand miles. An agreement was made by the Cunard Company in 1903 with the

British Government, by which the company was to build two new screw-steamers of an average speed of not less than twenty-one and a half knots, which, along with all other Cunard ships, were to be at the disposal of the Admiralty for hire or purchase when required. The number and tonnage of the vessels of this and other Atlantic lines are being increased, with every prospect of severe competition.

The largest steamship in the world, the *Baltic*, has been built by Messrs Harland & Wolff, Belfast, for the White Star Line (whose *Oceanic* has been called a Hotel Cecil afloat), and will be ready in summer. The decorations and appointments of this vessel are handsome and luxurious. There is accommodation for about three thousand passengers, besides three hundred and fifty of a crew. The grand dining-saloon, on the upper-deck, extends for seventy-five feet, occupying the full width of the ship, and has seating accommodation for three hundred and seventy people. There are twin engines and twin screws, and her whole equipment is such as to make her one of the finest and fastest vessels afloat. There are over four thousand ships of the German merchant marine of a tonnage of one thousand tons and more. The *Kaiser Wilhelm II.* and the *Kronprinz Wilhelm* of the Lloyd Line have hitherto held the world's record for speeds of twenty-three knots an hour. The *Deutschland* of the Hamburg-American Line is another of these monster ships. There is a world of difference between the four-horse-power little steamer *Comet* of 1812 and our present Atlantic liners, which more and more deserve the name of floating palaces.

One of the largest commercial houses in the world is that of Messrs Elder, Dempster, & Company, Liverpool, with its fleet of over one hundred steamers, which have done much in the way of forging the links of Empire, and in greatly increasing the prosperity of Jamaica and West Africa. This firm was founded in 1868 by Alexander Elder and Alexander Dempster, who were intimately acquainted with the African steamship trade, and who retired in 1884. That shipping Napoleon Sir Alfred Lewis Jones and Mr W. J. Davey are now the controlling partners in the firm. Sir Alfred Jones was born at Carmarthen in 1846, came to Liverpool in his teens, began low down the ladder, and through push, tact, and hard work has climbed to the top. Sir Alfred Jones has been described as a thick-set, smooth-featured, well-complexioned man, with iron-gray hair, a smart manner, and a serious and kindly face. As he is a thorough business man, the details of this vast concern move like a well-oiled machine. He is president of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, founded the School for Tropical Diseases, and was decorated in recognition of services to our West African Colonies. Many of the splendidly equipped fast cargo-steamers belonging to this firm were used as transports for troops and munitions of war during the progress of the conflict in South Africa. The firm has helped to save the Canaries and Jamaica from bankruptcy

by the development of an enormous fruit trade, including the now popular banana. There is a joke that Sir Alfred Jones proffers to visitors some of this palatable fruit with the words, 'Have a banana, the finest fruit in the world.' The firm owns the Hotel Metropole at Grand Canary, also coaling-stations at Las Palmas and Teneriffe. The fact that this firm sold a fleet of fifteen large ocean liners to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company caused considerable remark at the time. Besides the African Steamship Company and the British and African Steamship Navigation Company, Messrs Elder, Dempster, & Company maintain a mail service between Antwerp and the Congo. Their express service to the West Coast of Africa reaches Sekondi, the centre of the new gold-mining region, in fifteen days. The home port for the vessels engaged in the Jamaica fruit trade is at Avonmouth, Bristol.

The perfecting and adaptation of the turbine to marine purposes is due to the Hon. Charles Algernon Parsons, brother of the present Earl of Rosse, and son of the builder of the great Birr telescope. Three countries are specially concerned in its manufacture, for the patentee is an Irishman, the works are on the Tyne in England, while Messrs Denny of Dumbarton have had much to do in adapting the turbine to the passenger-steamer. A leading American engineer speaks of building up a great turbine industry in the United States. Another American engineer, named Curtis, has brought out a turbine in which the shaft is vertical, and not horizontal as in the Parsons turbine. It is a coincidence that the Hon. Charles Algernon Parsons should have a residence at Holeyh Hall, Wylam-on-Tyne, near which was the birthplace of George Stephenson the railway pioneer. The electrical and engineering works of C. A. Parsons & Company are at Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the marine turbine works are at Wallsend, where they cover twenty-three acres. The development of the turbine, whereby it has been made suitable for the generation of electricity and the propulsion of war and mercantile vessels, has been termed the most important and original departure in steam engineering practice since the compound engine was introduced. The turbine is purely rotary in its action, whether actuated by steam or water, the turning movement being equal and constant. The Clyde passenger-steamers *King Edward* and *Queen Alexandra* (1902) have been often described. The latter vessel did equal to twenty-five miles an hour on her trial trip. Of the torpedo-destroyers fitted with turbine machinery, the *Viper* and the *Cobra* were unfortunate. The *Turbinia* has done thirty-four and a half knots an hour. The *Queen* for the Dover and Calais passage, and the *Brighton* for that between Newhaven and Dieppe, have shortened the time considerably. The first of the two turbine Allan liners, the *Victorian*, will be ready in autumn, and she will be the largest and swiftest of this fleet. She is being fitted by Messrs Workman, Clark, and

Company, Belfast, in the most modern style for one thousand five hundred passengers. Great power is attained for forward and backward movement, and the reversing power is equal to the forward propelling power. There are three propellers.

The Parsons Marine Steam Turbine Company describe their turbine as a cylindrical case with numerous rings of inwardly projecting blades. Within the cylinder, which is of variable internal diameter, is a shaft, or spindle, and on this spindle are mounted blades projecting outwardly, by means of which the shaft is rotated. The former are called fixed or guide blades, and the latter revolving or moving blades. The diameter of the spindle is less than the internal diameter of the cylinder; and thus an annular space is left between the two. This space is occupied by the blades, and it is through these the steam flows. The steam enters the cylinder by means of an annular port at the forward end; it meets a ring of fixed guide-blades, which deflects it so that it strikes the adjoining ring of moving blades at such an angle that it exerts on them a rotary impulse. When the steam leaves these blades it has naturally been deflected. The second ring of fixed blades is therefore interposed, and these direct the steam on to the second ring of rotating blades. An important feature is that steam is used in escaping from a nozzle in the same way as the air which turns a windmill; this is called the impact or inertia plan. Also, the water which comes away from the turbine is pure, there being no internal lubrication.

In the light of what has been accomplished in less than a century, the prophecy made by Dr Lardner in 1835 at Liverpool reads rather drolly to-day: 'As to the project which is announced in the newspapers of making the voyage directly from New York to Liverpool, it is, I have no hesitation in saying, perfectly chimerical, and they may as well talk of making a voyage from New York or Liverpool to the moon.' Leaving the moon out of the question, British steamers have sailed in all the navigable waters of the globe.

AT FONTE AVELLANA.

In Italia peregrina.—*Purg.* xiii. 96.

SUNSET rose-pink gleamed on Catria's height,

While from the vale the shadow of the day
Crept slowly up the darkening slopes, away

To meet the purple coming of the night;

And, in the hush, the monastery white

Slept in its girdle of acacia spray,

That filled the dusky road with scents of May
Commingling in ineffable delight.

Through gray-green olive-groves a pilgrim came,

Who over Styx had journeyed with the dead,

His wondrous eyes dim with a dream's surcease.

Awe-struck, the Prior asked, 'What is thy name?'

'Dante,' in sweet, low voice he humbly said.

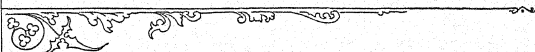
'What seekest thou?' The poet answered, 'Peace!'

JAMES BOWKER.



Chamber's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.



THE SCHOOL IN WILD LIFE.



It is quite a common thing for the bird-fanciers to take the eggs, say, of the rose-linnet and put them under a canary. There are those who would expect the song of their kind to come as naturally to the young birds as the flush on their breasts or as the pink-and-white blossoms and sweet odour to the dog-rose transplanted into the garden from the country lane. The breeder will tell you a different story. The cage linnet sits on the perch listening to its foster-parent. And when at some five weeks old the desire to try its own voice awakens, it imitates the canary—for all the world as an English child brought up in France would talk as the French do. Of course it cannot sing like the canary; its chords have been strung to the low and sweet melody of the linnet's song. Its range is fixed, but it does as best it can. One thing it does not try, and that is to sing what it has never heard. Its own song is for ever lost.

What is the cage but a school? And what does this show if not that the bird owes all it knows to its teacher? It copies what it hears just as we do; it picks up more quickly—that is all the difference. The singleness of eye and ear may well shorten the discipline of years into days or even hours. It evolves nothing; it supplies only the aptitude. If, as in this case, it is not on the road nature meant it for, and is therefore not so apt, it is helpless of itself to get on the right one.

The hint supplied by these captive birds interprets wild life. One goes out to look for a school in nature, and when he hears the young birds among the yellow whin-blossoms singing the linnet's song, he knows it is because the old linnet is singing to them. They sing it more readily, certainly better, than they would sing any other song—better than the alien linnet sings the canary's song. Their chords are strung for it; they inherit the aptitude if not the song.

Listen in the summer woods. The chaffinch's song is short, repeated, loud, almost clarion-like. The characteristic of the song is a wave or curl of

sound at the end. In these latitudes it sings from about the beginning of March till nearly the end of June. By the second week of April the young birds are out on the branches. The old cock caters, and in the intervals of feeding sings to them. Whether he means to teach them or not may be put to one side. I think he does. He chooses a perch close to theirs, nearer than any other bird, as if he would say, 'Pay heed to me.' If he flew to a distance, as he might do if he were simply pleasing himself, it is not easy to see how the young birds would pick out his song from the many others filling the wood.

A fortnight later they start on their own account. Then occurs an interesting duet. The old bird sings his song and then half-turns his head, as though to listen. After an interval of deeper quiet—for the robustness of the song seems to deepen the quiet when it ceases—a fainter imitation awakens, as of the young striving to follow. So, from morning to night, strong pipe and weak pipe alternate. After a week the pupil wanders more securely through the turns of the melody. In a fortnight it gets some of the clarion quality in—not much, as that belongs rather to a second season.

The chief difficulty is the curl or wave at the end. Only when they are sure of the undulating ground do they make the attempt to climb the hill. They go on alike that length, but part there. All try some finishing up, but not the same. It is funny to be present at the practice. Some of the differences persist. Lines are drawn among the chaffinches, according to the end they put to their song.

If we imagine the old bird not to be there at all, or not to sing in the intervals of feeding, but, say, the willow-warbler—found in numbers wherever chaffinches are—to be repeating his song on the next tree; then the listening young bird would practise what it heard, and try to tame the robustness of its chords to the plaintive melody of this second wood-bird; certainly it would never sing the chaffinch's song.

After the old birds have ceased, the young ones go on perfecting their newly acquired gifts. Many

of the late singers are birds of the year. There would thus appear to be three gradations in the songs of a season: the old birds singing to please their mates, the old birds singing to teach the young, the young birds singing to air and perfect their part. I notice that the young willow-warblers come in about the garden toward the end of August, when the song is no longer heard in the woods, and trill low, as they turn over the leaves of the rose-bushes for aphides.

One evening toward the end of last summer I passed along the shallow, winding course which a burn had cut for itself out of the bare scene. Patches of wood, here and there the great white-willow leaning over the current, bramble-brakes interlaced with long grasses on the slopes, attracted birds of diverse habits. The greenfinch was trilling softly its lesson in the deep shadow of the hawthorn-bush. The whitethroat was jiggling above its observant young in the bramble-brake. The sedge-warbler was croaking, over and over again, its long rigmarole of a lesson among the water-reeds. From all sides came half-songs, broken songs, songs with characteristic parts left out—songs, be it whispered, often a little out of tune. I found myself wondering what these songs meant; and then I knew that I was in a school at lesson-time.

The chief singer on that night was the yellow-hammer: he is increasingly the chief singer as the season waxes late. They seemed to be everywhere, unseen yet heard, piping from the hawthorn, from the whin, from the fence on the other side of the stream. Nothing but empty nests were there in all the place. The courting-days were past. And the first and surface impression was of an evening palaver, in which they were talking and answering all round.

The songs were not all the same length. Some of them were not complete. Every one knows a yellow-hammer's song. It is the essence of simplicity, and yet with an arresting character of its own. It stands out in grave contrast to the merryrodomontade of the whitethroat; a certain number of notes in a monotone end up in a single higher note of a different quality. So strange is this closing note as to puzzle even a musical ear to tell its pitch.

Some of these songs were complete; some were carried on the length of the closing note, to stop there; while others uttered a lessening number of the seven or eight monotones. It was easy to distinguish the robust pipe of the older birds from the less certain one of the young. This was not only a school, but a school of different grades; and with a little trouble I could separate out and concentrate my attention on one of them. In class number one the old bird was teaching the monotones. A moment or two of silence, and the young bird repeated as many as it could—some three or four, according to its ability. Say there were two young cocks in the nest, one might manage more or fewer than the other. So on through the lower classes.

These elementary lessons were all without the

final note. Therein lay the chief difficulty—the last thing to be attempted. A young bird was sitting on the maple-tree which half-shaded me. Obviously he was listening. I could see him with his head slightly turned to one side to catch the perfect song. He could go over the monotones to the full number, and had got to the critical stage. He was at the last note. The old bird went over it for him—clear, high, with that undefinable quality. It was enough to take the fingers to the ears or set the teeth on edge, the crude attempt at imitation, so shockingly out of tune and pitch it was, so vile a pencil-scraple.

Faintly from the distance, barely within earshot, came the song of yellow-hammers. Between the maple and the farthest bird were at least a dozen different groups, a vast school, and yet only a part of a mightier whole. I am assuming that the old birds teach consciously, and have given my reasons for thinking so. But if the young birds are only present at the palaver, as children at a talkee-talkie of their elders, listening and imitating, the lesson is the same.

Nest-building is not so easy to explain. The site presents no difficulties. The nestling chaffinch, reared in a fork of the spruce some twenty feet from the ground, when its turn comes will chose such another fork; and so will the willow-warbler down among the shadows where the wood-sorrel nods over the dried leaves of last fall. It will nest on the ground. Site and nest are one with birds like the plover, which simply scrape a hole or at most scatter down a few straws. And in colonies, like those of the rooks, there is no lack of teachers.

How does the young chaffinch learn to build such a lichen-adorned wonder of nest-architecture as that it was reared in? Something must be allowed for its natural sharpness. There are long summer days when the nestlings have little else to do between their frequent meals than look round the inside of their house. And for a fortnight longer they sit on some branch hard by in full view of the outside. Ere this time has passed, and while they are yet feeding the last brood, the parent birds may be patching up and rehanging the old nest or building a new one.

Apart from their own circle, the wood abounds with chaffinches. The cock and hen of the next family are picking up building materials from the wood-floor below or stripping the lichen from the trees around. The wood abounds with lessons, and is a great and busy school for the observant.

Nor do the nestlings when they are beginning to find the use of their wings keep to the same branch. They circle the wood, answering the call now from this tree, now from that. For hours they may sit looking on where a pair are building. The majority of the tree-nests—nine out of ten—are chaffinches'. Less aptitude than these young birds possess is needed to pick up a few hints, and when their own season comes they may still copy their elders.

There is only one thing which those who have

watched nature most closely will very seriously question: that the birds evolve a structure so skilful in design, so admirably fitted for the uses to which it is put, so strong and light, demanding the most careful selection of material, out of their own consciousness. There is a need for pupillage longer or shorter, and lessons being given or at least taken; hence the necessity for the young birds spending a time in school.

The matter of migration remains. It is that which appeals most forcibly to the imagination. Some theory or explanation might serve to clear the way. In this, as in other things, the simplest rendering is probably the best; and, where observation fails, a little common-sense or sane imagination may serve to bridge the gap.

Near the Arctic Circle a not very broad wave of emigration passes to and fro. On the approach of winter, when the first leaden snow-clouds gather, the birds go south, and they go because the snow will cover up their food. Many of them pause at the first open grounds, where they spend the winter, returning north when the snow disappears in the spring.

Here is an easily comprehensible motive for migration. May it not serve as a key to much longer flights? The only puzzle about it is why they return north at all, seeing that in many cases their winter home would make a very excellent summer home as well. There may have been a time before the snow crept so far down when they spent the whole year farther north, and being very much creatures of habit, they still return to the old home whenever the way opens. The tradition has never yet been weakened through disuse. I have no respect for such statements as that birds have a tendency to nest in the coolest part of their range. If for some reason the journey were abandoned till the last who entered on it had passed away, it seems to me unlikely that it would ever be resumed.

What of the longer ranges—of birds which leave the edge of the eternal snows and do not stop till they sight the coast of Africa? For a solution the mind goes back to the Ice Age, when the hard conditions extended so far that a winter in Europe, except in the extreme south, was as cold as within the Arctic Circle now. The agent and the motive remain the same; the difference is only in the length the birds were driven. For the rest, unbroken tradition and yearly practice should be a sane and sufficient account of the matter.

No more wonder is left in the going to and fro than in the confidence with which a man who visited some foreign part last year sets forth to reach it again this year. There may well be less in a creature of such quick perception—one, too, which can command a bird's-eye view from any height it chooses to rise to, far beyond our horizon. Probably the migrant is never out of sight of some coast or landmark with which it is familiar. We have yet to learn that a bird consciously embarks on the featureless sea, or when, through wind or

wandering, it does, that save by the merest chance it reaches the shore it was bound for or any other shore. Instinct does not serve it then, and the old birds are too wary for any risky experiment.

But we are told of a strange thing that brings all the wonder back again. The young birds of the year essay the journey on their own account. Having got their moult over before the parent birds, they stretch their wings south. If so, it is very imprudent indeed, and may account for so few of them coming back; for I imagine there is something in migration besides knowing the way, and that is knowing the weather.

There are those who have seen a flight of young birds—at least they thought the birds were young—well in advance of the old ones. They had already covered several stages of the journey, were on the direct line of migration, and proceeded on their way with every sign of confidence. I, too, have seen a flight of chaffinches which seemed to have come across the sea—rather a long and trying journey—light in the winter field; and in the absence of cocks they might have been all young. For the life of me, though they were just over the hedge, I could not have told how many old hens were among them. I remembered that the birds of the year were hard to distinguish, even at this little distance, from their mothers, and concluded that in their open passage they would be none the worse of maternal guidance.

I am of opinion that in no single instance do young birds start without leaders. They may or may not have the migratory instinct as a legacy, and show it in restlessness when the time for leaving comes. I should like to hear the experience of those who keep them in captivity. Much of that even they may borrow from watching the preparations of their elders. Between the migration and the luck to reach the other side there is a great gulf fixed.

The nightingale comes no farther north than Yorkshire. Many years ago a gentleman conceived the idea of introducing it into Scotland. So he got the eggs from about Sussex and substituted them for an equal number in a wild robin's nest in Caithness. In due time they were hatched. Without incident the nestlings were reared, and for many summer weeks young nightingales were seen flitting about the hedges.

Many of the more interesting details are awaiting: whether, for instance, the young birds tried to sing. If they did, we know it would not be the nightingale's song, since they never heard it. About the back-end they disappeared. The migrating fury may or may not have possessed them; perhaps not. One thing they had inherited from their parents, and that was a constitution not fitted to withstand a northern winter. That alone would be sufficient to account for their absence. If they tried to go they would be quite as likely to turn north as south, and quite certain to perish by the way.

One thing very noticeable in migrants is a love

of place. So far as we can make out, the same birds come to their old nesting-quarters year after year. Had these young birds survived it is likely enough that they would have returned to Caithness—much more likely than that they would have gone to Sussex. What knew they of nightingales that had not even heard their song?

If they had appeared they would have been a

disappointment to the good Caithness people, for they must have trilled like robins, where were robins enough already. It might have taught the lesson that to get an all-round nightingale so far north some other plan would have to be hit upon. If it was the song they were after, it must not be learned in a Scots school. Only the birds did not come.

THE CLOSED BOOK.*

CHAPTER XXI.—WE MAKE PRELIMINARY INVESTIGATION.



WYMAN, although mysterious and full of dark hints regarding the woman who had come so suddenly into my life, would, however, explain nothing definite. He tantalised me with prophetic utterances and warnings, but refused to explain all he knew.

'What I have discovered is a personal matter, my dear fellow—facts that concern myself alone,' he said. 'The conspiracy regarding The Closed Book is certainly a most extraordinary and far-reaching one; but if we are shrewd and fearless we may outwit these people, who appear to have found the secret just as we have—the secret of the existence of a valuable treasure.'

'I thought buried treasure only existed in books,' I remarked, recollecting *Treasure Island* and other such romances. 'Certainly I never anticipated that I should be actually engaged in a real treasure-hunt.'

'Nor did I, until I saw the gravity of the whole thing, and how deeply in earnest are these people.'

'They have no idea that The Book is again in my possession?' I asked.

'None whatever. The volume was stolen from Harper Street, of course, and they are puzzled to know into whose hands it has fallen. All the chief dealers in manuscripts in London—Quaritch, Maggs, Tregaskis, Dobell, and the others—have been warned that if the Arnoldus is offered them it is stolen property.'

'Well, it is not very likely that any of them will have the offer,' I laughed. 'It will be kept in a safe place now I have it in my possession again, you may depend upon that.'

Walter Wyman had turned over the many folios of my transcript, and was reading the portion concerning the hidden treasure of the Abbey of Crowland. I think the list of gold and silver objects so plainly set out appealed to him.

'We'll go back to Peterborough to-night,' he said, 'sleep at the "Angel," and visit Crowland, as it is now spelt, to-morrow. I've heard that the ruins of the abbey are very fine. It will be an interesting outing, if nothing else.'

'Before we go we had better take a tracing of the

unnamed plan,' I suggested. 'It may assist us, and yet it may, on the other hand, be a plan of an entirely different place. One thing is certain—namely, that it had been drawn there with some distinct object, just as the plan marked "Treyf."'

With this he agreed; and going downstairs, I obtained the packet containing the book from the hotel manager's safe, and together we carefully traced the rough plan in question. It was merely an arrangement of lines and numerals which told us absolutely nothing. Still, we both felt half-convinced that it must somehow concern the Crowland treasure, which was hidden from the king's men at the time the abbey was dissolved and destroyed.

Later on we walked together up the promenade, while on the way I endeavoured in vain to obtain some information from Wyman concerning Lady Judith; and at seven-thirty, after an early dinner, we left by the London express for Peterborough, arriving back at the old-fashioned "Angel" just before eleven. In travelling I carried the precious Arnoldus myself, fearing to lose it; but on our arrival I again transferred it to the hotel safe, with injunctions to the landlord to be careful of it, as its value was considerable.

Next morning was bright and sunny, and, taking a carriage from the hotel, we drove out to Crowland, a fen-village distant some seven miles.

Perhaps you may have visited it, an old-world, straggling place clustering about the time-worn, blackened ruins of the ancient abbey, a venerable pile which even in its present gaunt decay displays mute evidence of a long-past glory.

As we stood before its restored tower and great ruined, roofless aisles, where arches still remain that are the wonder of the modern builder, we could not help reflecting on the vicissitudes through which the grand old place had passed from its foundation, A.D. 713, as a memorial to the Saxon Saint Guthlac, down to its complete dissolution and overthrow by Henry VIII. Because of its isolation in that great marsh, it was for centuries a place of refuge, where the monks were engaged in a noble and great work, employed in prayer, writing manuscripts, building bridges, making roads, or constructing by degrees that noble monument to the glory of God, the great abbey, the nursing mother of Cambridge University, and the very

* Copyright, 1904, by William Le Queux.

centre of Christian life in the fens of Lincolnshire. Though those venerable aisles are roofless, and the wonderful Early English life-sized statues in the western front of the nave are blackened by age and crumbling to decay; though all trace of the original dimensions of the place are lost in the ill-kept and weedy churchyard surrounding it, the old pile is still one of the noblest buildings in England, wonderful in its station, unique in its beauty, and a valuable relic of Christian devotion, interesting to the architect, the historian, and the antiquary.

The guide-book which we purchased of the sacristan told us that the vast structure, consisting of the porch, western tower, and north aisle, with the ruins of the nave, did not represent one-fourth of the original abbey church. Indeed, the gray, time-stained building which we stood before was little more than the north aisle of the church attached to the abbey, and therefore conveyed no more adequate idea of the extent of the monastic building than the ruins of a domestic chapel will of the castle or mansion to which it was attached. At the time of the dissolution it was standing in all its glory, with the wooden roof of the now ruined nave richly gilt, the great windows full of fine stained glass, two grand organs, and an altar blazing with gold, silver, and gems.

The north aisle still remains roofed over, but uninteresting, to do duty as the parish church; but the magnificent nave is stripped, mutilated, and open to the four winds of heaven, for what sacrilege the commissioners of Henry VIII. did not commit in old Godfrey Lovel's day, Oliver Cromwell's soldiers completed when they stormed the place and shattered the remaining walls and windows in 1643.

Together we strolled into the space enclosed by the nave, wandering among the gray old ruins, where the quiet was broken only by the twittering of a bird. The morning was bright, with a warm sun; but its very light seemed to render the venerable pile, rich with deeds long since forgot, the more bare, solemn, and imposing.

We were alone, for the sacristan had returned to her cottage, allowing us to roam there at our own sweet will. Therefore, when we were in a spot where we thought we should be unmolested, I drew forth the transcript I had made of the old monk's record, and re-read it aloud to my companion in order that my memory might be refreshed, and that he should know the exact wording of what was written.

We smiled at the simplicity of the old Abbot John sending Thomas Cromwell a present of his fen-fish in the hope that he would be appeased and pass by the abbey without seizing it; yet, as I afterwards discovered, the original of that very letter is still preserved in the British Museum, and I have had it in my own hand, thus showing that old Godfrey must have possessed the entire confidence of his abbot.

In front of where I stood, let into the ruined wall and beaten by the weather, was a gray slate which I knew to be of fifteenth-century workmanship.

The incised marginal inscription, in Lombardic characters, read as follows:

'PETRE : PRECES : P : ME : PETRO :

PASTOR : PIE : P : ME.'

This, being translated, reads :

Peter (offer) prayers for me. Peter,

Pious Shepherd, (pray) for me.

In the centre of the slab was a floriated cross and the words, 'Orate p. aia Johannis Tomson.' In 1423 John Tomson gave ten marks for the building of the abbey tower, and it appeared that the marginal inscription was a prayer addressed either to the Apostle St Peter or to John Tomson's father-confessor, named Peter.

Those great bare walls and high pointed arches, gray and frowning, rudely broken, yet perfect in grace and symmetry, surely furnished a striking instance of the uncertainty of all human labours. In the day when the soldier-monk Godfrey lived there it was the seat of devotion and learning, the abode of luxury and ease, possessing riches in abundance, and vessels for its use of the most costly description; now, except in that portion fitted as a church, it scarcely afforded shelter to a rook or daw, and the last remains of its once almost unparalleled magnificence were mouldering silently and mingling with the soil on which they stood :

Whilst in the progress of the long decay,

Thrones sink to dust, and nations pass away.

We turned again to the old chronicle of the monk who had lived there and actually seen those massive walls torn down by Southwell's men; the monk who, with the abbot himself and his friend the Scotch monk Maxwell, had at midnight on the 1st of December 1538 concealed the greater part of the abbey treasures. They had taken the historic altar of silver that Henry, Emperor of Germany, had presented to the monastery, together with other magnificent jewels and pieces of plate, and hidden it, besides three iron-bound chests full of valuables from the treasury. Hidden where?

According to Godfrey's statement, Malcolm had kept watch at the south door while the abbot and himself had carried the three chests out and sunk them in the centre and at the deepest part of the fish-pond. They were hidden in the same pond as he had previously concealed the Borgia jewels in—namely, in the lake at a spot indicated, being one hundred and thirty-one paces south of the grand altar. The pond was never dry, it appeared, even in the hottest summer, and, like all other monastery waters, contained carp for Fridays. The Borgia treasure he managed to secure before leaving Crowland with his friend Malcolm Maxwell, but the abbey plate and jewels and the silver altar he had been compelled to leave, the two others who alone knew the secret in addition to himself, having died. He had recorded the existence of the treasure from a sense of religious duty, feeling that the Catholic Church should not suffer by entire loss of

such a magnificent property. His directions were by no means explicit, but in eagerness we resolved to investigate as far as possible.

Passing up what was once the nave, but where great trees now flourished and bushes grew in tangled profusion, we came to the high round-toothed arch and two massive piers which were all that remained of the central tower. Beyond, although the abbey church extended just as far eastward as the ruins ran westward, all had disappeared. There was no sign of the whereabouts of the grand altar from which to take our bearings. The whole of the eastern side of the church had been swept away, and converted into a modern churchyard.

'Perhaps the guide-book will tell us something,' Wyman suggested, and at once began to scan its pages, while we stood in the rank grass beneath the shadow of that magnificent arch which is the admiration of all modern builders.

Presently he pointed out to me the original measurements, showing that the nave had been one hundred and forty-four feet long by twenty-eight feet wide and seventy-five feet high, which, after careful comparison with other calculations, made it clear that the grand altar must have been situated eighty-six feet from the broken pier of the central tower where we stood.

We had fortunately purchased a measuring-tape in Peterborough; therefore, without delay, we marked out eighty-six feet in a direct easterly direction towards the open fen-pastures straight before us, and, looking round, discovered to our satisfaction some broken stone foundations hidden in the grass and weeds—evidently the lower stones of the grand altar mentioned by the monk Godfrey.

Some twelve feet farther on there were some similar moss-grown stones, which struck me as being the remains of the rear of the demolished altar; therefore from this latter point we determined to take our bearings.

We stood and glanced around to find the monastery fish-pond. Southward in the direction indicated, in the centre of a grass-field filled with mounds where old foundations had been overgrown, was a deep dip in the ground, a small pond

quite unlike the deep lake full of old carp that we had imagined.

'That's it!' I exclaimed, much disappointed. 'There certainly isn't much water there. I suppose we had better measure the hundred and thirty-one paces, so as to be certain that it really is the spot.'

'Come along,' cried my friend. 'Let us do it separately;' and, turning our faces to the south, we paced on, each counting silently, and being compelled to scale the churchyard wall in our progress.

At one hundred and nine paces, however, I arrived at the edge of what had no doubt once been a big pond, for the grassy hollow was some thirty feet wide and sixty long, divided into two, and in each remained a few feet of muddy water which the cattle drank.

The discrepancy in the distance puzzled us. Was it possible that the celebrated silver altar of Crowland and the three chestsful of treasure lay buried in the centre of the slime of that half-dried pond?

Surely the lake must have been of much larger dimensions in Godfrey's day; and, if it were, then the distance between its edge and the grand altar would not be so great.

I produced the tracing of the mysterious plan contained in The Closed Book, but failed to comprehend it in any detail. The shaky lines, intended to be straight, were mostly numbered, as though denoting paces distant. But there was no number 131 or 109 as I had found it; hence we were utterly mystified, and both inclined to believe that in imagining the plan to concern Crowland we had been mistaken.

We both stood at the edge of the muddy pond and glanced into its green, stagnant water.

Was it possible that the great treasures of that half-demolished abbey, whose high ruined walls and buttresses cast their shadows behind, had been hidden deep in the mud below by the same hand that had written The Closed Book, the hand that had envenomed its pages and thus preserved the great secret from age to age?

It seemed almost incredible in these matter-of-fact times, and yet we both felt confident that the treasure enumerated in the list lay cunningly concealed somewhere in that vicinity.

ROME AS IT IS TO-DAY.

SOME REMARKS ON HAWTHORNE'S 'ROME' AND ON PRESENT ROME.

By GEORGE PIGNATORRE, late British Vice-Consul at Messina.



WHEN Hawthorne penned his fanciful and fascinating tale of *Transformation* in the early fifties of the just defunct nineteenth century, Rome was still 'the poor old city,' he terms the once splendid metropolis of the ancient world; she was truly a maze of narrow, unclean lanes, a congeries of evil-smelling, squalid dwellings,

interspersed with gloomy, medieval palaces in sad disrepair. In short, Rome was an ill-drained, ill-lit, unsavoury old town, teeming with beggars, models, and thieves, and, to cap all, the acknowledged headquarters of the malignant malarial fever. Hawthorne has probably nowise overdrawn the picture of Papal Rome at the time of his visit, as he certainly has not darkened those salient traits of the Roman

character which are faithfully reproduced among the contemporary generation.

Even in those passages of its weird tale in which he may be suspected reasonably of unwitting exaggeration, as in his graphic and poetical description of the beautiful Borghese Park, 'where fever walks arm-in-arm with you, and death awaits you at the end of the dim vista' (a passage which has always been quoted for its exquisite beauty), we may rest satisfied that the truth was only exaggerated, not belibelled, albeit happily the claims of these glowing phrases of word-painting on the reader's attention rest henceforth on their literary merit alone. The squalid city of yore has changed since into the fine, well-built capital of a United Italy. Its population has doubled within the last forty years; with the entrance of the Italian troops into Rome through the breach of Porta Pia on the memorable 20th of September 1870, a new era commenced for Rome and Italy. Whole quarters have sprung into existence; the site of the vast Ludovisi Gardens, the Colian, Viminal, and Esquiline Hills, have been covered over with buildings; wide streets, spacious squares, broad pavements, have replaced in the new town the crooked alleys, small courts, and narrow, cobbled streets of old Rome: these exist still, though their area has been diminished, but are only or mainly visited by a few rabid antiquaries. Even the famous Triton Street is threatened with destruction by modern improvement, which its slushy centre and constricted slabby pavements have rendered urgently necessary, despite its picturesqueness, which is only rivalled by its slimy mud in wet weather. Its narrowness strangles traffic, and is a grievous obstacle to the free circulation of the endless train of carts, carriages, omnibuses, and now tramway-cars, which thread their way up or down or across this congested channel of communication between the upper and lower portions of the city.

Good hotels, boarding-houses, and furnished apartments of all sizes and suitable to all purses afford that comfortable accommodation which was lacking or overdrawn in Hawthorne's time. Artists are now boarded and lodged like ordinary mortals; they no longer dwell in marble halls or in the equivalent, surrounded by mediæval dust and dirt like Miriam, or in a lofty tower like Hilda. The foreign visitor is no longer menaced with fever, for malaria (thanks to greater cleanliness, better drainage, more space, and higher ground occupied by the new quarters) has practically vanished. The occasional cases of malarial or marsh fever which do occur are of a sporadic nature, and are generally imported from the Maremma or salt-marshes of other districts; and even the few imported outbreaks are limited mostly to the low-lying riverain parts of Rome, where a fouler atmosphere and deficient sanitary arrangements favour the fever-fiend. The best evidence of the present healthy conditions of the Italian capital lies in the official returns of the registrar, which show that the death-rate in Rome was lower than that of many other foreign and

Italian cities even in 1895. The figures were then as follows: London, twenty-one; Rome, twenty-two; Paris, twenty-three; Berlin, twenty-four; Vienna, twenty-seven; and Naples, thirty-five (its supply of excellent spring-water notwithstanding). The death-rate had fallen in Rome since then to eighteen per thousand in 1902. Nor are the changes in other respects less momentous. During the first half of the nineteenth century, and in a measure up to the seventies, when Hare wrote his admirable *Walks in Rome*, a great portion of Romagna, especially the deserted Campagna, had an evil repute which was certainly not wholly undeserved; nor were matters better within the city itself, which was infested by cut-throats and banditti, who lived in a most congenial atmosphere and thrived accordingly. The streets after dark were very insecure for all respectable persons, whether foreign or native; the police were powerless or unwilling to protect. It is only of very recent years that any improvement is observable in the maintenance of public order; it is only since the collapse of the papal autocracy that real efforts have been made to check the display of lawlessness in the capital, to ensure the safety of the citizens and of foreigners against the night-hawks within and the brigands without.

The withdrawal of the French garrison from Rome in 1870 put an end for ever to the existence of one of the most debasing and despotic theocracies that has ever enslaved the minds and bodies of a people. But let us not mistake; no sudden upheaval of a people, however spontaneous—as no single ruler, however great—can sweep away at once the baneful results of over fifteen centuries of almost continuous misrule and tyranny. The seeds of vice and crime planted and fostered by long ages of misgovernment were too deeply embedded to be easily torn up; and they are very apparent in the brutal, crafty Roman of to-day, whose sanguinary instincts will break out on the slightest provocation, and whose surliness is only matched by his cunning and superstition. Thirty years even of the most enlightened rule could hardly have raised perceptibly the moral standard of a people so long debased; and the present Italian Government, though a vast improvement on the late régime, and doubtless full of good intentions, is still very far from being perfect.

Nevertheless, the Roman, albeit intrinsically nearly the same as he was thirty or forty years ago, has been compelled to conform, outwardly at least, and particularly with regard to organised brigandage and nightly assassination, to the altered conditions of the times. The extension of railways, the organisation of the carbiner force throughout Italy, and the ever-waxing number of foreigners who make Rome their headquarters during their tour in Italy, or make the city their winter residence, are some of the causes which have contributed to this transformation, which is very marked in the additional security guaranteed to foreign visitors and residents; for, dependent as so many in Rome are for their

liveliness on the attractions the city now offers to strangers, every effort is made to maintain order and security, and not without success. Hence an Englishman may stroll about at any hour of the twenty-four with perhaps only the same risks as he incurs in roaming about the London streets; he is certainly as safe as he would be at home, and owing to his nationality and to the coin he puts into circulation, and, to be fair, also to a certain amount of self-respect which induces Italians to wish to stand well with strangers, he will be specially protected by the authorities, and any bodily injury to his person inflicted by violence will be promptly avenged. The Roman ruffian knows this, and refrains with commendable prudence and self-restraint from using his knife on an outlander against whom, moreover, he bears no grudge, and whom possibly some of his less truculent but equally dishonest *compari* may have already robbed politely as cicerones or as pickpockets.

But if Hawthorne and other worthies of the same period are no authorities on the actual conditions of public health and public security of up-to-date Rome, their estimate of Italian character is often remarkably correct. Thus Hawthorne, like Dickens, has made some very pregnant remarks which are true to the letter at this very day; and no one has excelled Hawthorne in his rich word-pictures of Rome, no one has depicted more vividly those beauties of art and nature which have combined for centuries to draw to the Eternal City all cultured minds. For these two reasons, if for no other, Hawthorne remains a text-book on Rome, and should be read by all who are desirous of understanding certain national traits and of fully appreciating the varied attractions of the national capital. Nor need those who now visit Italy, and especially Rome, be deterred from prolonging their stay beyond the usual winter season, which closes towards the end of April, by the fear of excessive heat, which is very bearable even to northerners up to the end of June, and is never continuously or for any length of time oppressive: sultry nights and mosquitoes are almost unknown in Rome, and the evenings are invariably cool. Perhaps the greatest surviving nuisance in Rome is the miserable chicanery and haggling which meet you at every step, the extortionate demands of porters and drivers who are the prosaic modern representatives of the bravoes and desperadoes of yore. Cabmen are especially obnoxious, and the only practical course to take when the driver insists on an overfare is either to make him drive you to the nearest police-station, or, if he refuse, to take his number and apply for redress at the proper quarter—which will be promptly given. This is the most prudent course, by which you avoid standing several volleys of abuse without being able to reply in a style befitting the occasion, and which is always the most advisable when ladies are concerned. Unfortunately in most cases travellers prefer to submit to extortion, and thus the system goes on unchecked; but, apart from this petty

cheating and double-dealing, there is, I repeat, nothing to fear from malefactors or malaria. To quote an instance in point illustrative of the greater respect paid to the persons of foreigners. Some three years ago a Scotsman named Hamilton was assaulted in a most dastardly manner by a man to whom he had declined to sell ice at a certain price, and who for this sole reason gashed the Scotsman's cheek with a razor with the view of disfiguring or marking Mr Hamilton for life—a favourite mode of vengeance corresponding to the vitriol-throwing in France. Though even this savage and cowardly aggression on an unsuspecting man might have been leniently viewed by a sympathetic jury as an act of revenge for a grievous wrong, and doubtless the assailant bore a deep grudge against Mr Hamilton, on whom he had merely wreaked his vengeance in the customary way; still, grudge or no grudge, he was made to feel that such misdeeds are punished as they deserve when committed on Britons. Notwithstanding sympathetic jurymen who durst not give way to their feeling, or indulgent judges, he was convicted and condemned, to the great surprise of his friends, to four years' imprisonment with hard labour, instead of as many months to which he might have been sentenced had he gashed a national face with his national razor.

Organised ruffianism having disappeared and endemic malaria having followed suit, there is no valid reason against a foreigner making a prolonged stay at all seasons of the year, or selecting that particular season which he may happen to prefer from motives of health or taste. Rome presents such a variety of attractions suitable to all pursuits and to all characters that every season has its charm and every point of view a particular interest. In the first place, Rome is no mere ancient, half-buried town of tombs or palaces like Thebes or even better-known Athens; it is not a mere medieval city like Florence, Pisa, Venice, or Perugia; it is not either and solely a bright new capital like Berlin or Melbourne. It is a blending of all three characteristics. Rome is at once a renowned city of antiquity whose noble remains fill us with wonder for their size and magnificence; a wonderful medieval town, with its frowning, gloomy old palaces, its wynds and battlements, together with the broad streets and squares of the new town. To crown all, Rome enjoys the blessing of a climate which has few rivals even in the sunny South. Its winters are clear, windless, and mild; its summers less oppressive and less enervating than those of most other Italian towns; the mornings, evenings, and nights never sultry, and often very cool and pleasant, and, above all, exempt from that universal mosquito-pest which prevails for so many months in Sicily and Naples down to December. The fall of the year and early spring up to the beginning of June are the most delightful seasons, and foreigners are beginning to realise the fact. The cloudless, deep-blue skies and windless sunny days are only matched in my experience by some of the warm winter days

you may occasionally enjoy in Attica or in the Ionian Islands. Our American cousins, with their customary acuteness, having arrived sooner at the right conclusion, come over in shoals at all seasons of the year, many preferring a relatively cool, mosquitoless, and almost flyless summer; for, strange as the fact may appear, both these interesting insects, whether they were included, as is asserted by some, in the excommunication specially launched against the more practical if less malevolent locusts, or whether they have all become professionals as malarial mosquitoes or flies, the fact remains that they seem to enjoy the Pontine Marshes and the suburbia better than the city itself.

The spring and autumn, though the two best seasons for visitors, are not equally so. The former is superior on account of its greater brightness and longer days. That those extremes of heat and cold observable in other cities not only of foreign countries but of Italy itself are absent from Rome will appear from the following figures showing the average range of the thermometer in some of the chief Italian towns:

In Rome the winter temperature is 46°58', in

summer 74°58'; in Turin the winter temperature is 33°6', in summer 71°24'; in Milan the winter temperature is 35°42', in summer 71°96'; in Venice the winter temperature is 39°38', in summer 74°12'.

In conclusion, I wish to state that although merely expressing my private opinion on the actual conditions of public security in Italy, I have also repeated it in an official form during my tenure of office, and these opinions are to be found under the heading of 'Public Security' in my yearly reports from 1891 to 1900, and are quoted and accepted in the Blue Book as the most likely hypothesis. The character I have given is simply typical of the ordinary and more salient traits of the modern Italian, and only differs in degree in its aptitude for good or evil. Moreover, notwithstanding the greater civility, good-nature, and orderliness of the Messinese as compared with the Roman, these undoubtedly good qualities do not affect materially the public security of the provinces, which is maintained by the same causes as are operative in Rome, thus rendering wanton outrage and personal aggression of very rare occurrence.

AUNT MARY.

CHAPTER V.

DR ROBERT EVANS partook of his breakfast with the meek and contrite air of a man who knows that he thoroughly deserves the lecture to which he is being subjected. Usually the doctor was accounted rather a terrible person, except to his housekeeper. The rest of the world he rather bullied. He was a small, round, bald man, exceedingly neat and clean-shaven and old-fashioned. His knowledge of archaeology and entomology was international; beyond that, his fellow-practitioners whispered that Evans was an old woman, and he was darkly suspected of such exploded practices as cupping and bleeding.

The doctor had personally attended a call in the middle of the night, a thing absolutely forbidden by the housekeeper, Mrs Allnutt. In vain the little man pleaded that his assistant was quite tired out, and that it was an urgent case.

'Don't tell me,' Mrs Allnutt replied vigorously. 'If you ain't wise at seventy-one, when do you expect to be? And, of course, to make matters worse, you must go off without your flannel waistcoat.'

'Bless my soul! so I did,' the doctor said meekly. 'I'm very sorry.'

'Yes; and it's still sorer you'll be when you're lying in your grave with pneumonia,' the housekeeper went on relentlessly. 'Here's Miss Bentley coming up the drive to ask your advice about something or another. She'd get a deal more sense if she consulted my scullery-maid, I'm thinking.'

With which parting shot Mrs Allnutt went out

and Miss Bentley came in. Dr Evans wiped his heated face hurriedly. The mingled distress and relief of his features conjured the ghost of a smile to Aunt Mary's lips.

'Mrs Allnutt is in a militant mood to-day?' she suggested.

'A most excellent woman,' Evans said hurriedly, 'and absolutely devoted to my interests. The fact is, I was called out last night and I forgot to put on my—er—um. There's a meeting of the Field Club at Ambermouth this afternoon, and Mrs Allnutt insists—I mean suggests—that I should not go. But there! How is the patient?'

'The patient is no better and no worse. Dr Evans, my dear old friend, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but isn't it just possible that you have made a mistake in your treatment of the case?'

'Bless my soul! no,' Evans said. 'Why?'

Miss Bentley gazed absently round the room. Her eyes were turned from a large case of butterflies to the cleanly pink of Evans's cheeks.

'James Whitworth is absolutely certain of it,' she said.

'James Whitworth! My dear Mary! You don't say—you don't really say—that fellow is at Grey Gables?'

'Indeed he is, Dr Evans.'

'And knowing that you were in the house all the time?'

'He was ignorant of that. He was quite distressed about it. And, with all his faults, I never knew him to tell a lie.'

'Um!' Evans muttered, with plentiful lack of enthusiasm. 'You were very angry with him, of course. You informed him that it was impossible for both of you to stay under the same roof. After that he withdrew, with many apologies. Of course that is exactly what happened.'

'Dr Evans, if you are going to be sarcastic I shall ring the bell for Mrs Allnutt.'

'Don't; please don't. There was another alternative. It was to make Jim Whitworth welcome, and give him the tulip-panelled bedroom.'

'That's exactly what I did do,' said Aunt Mary, pinkly defiant.

Dr Evans replied, with shameless change of port, that he should have been frankly disappointed if Aunt Mary had acted otherwise. She was the kindest and dearest woman in the world; also, Walter Whitworth was a fine young fellow.

'But I am quite right as regards Kitty,' he said firmly. 'I stick to my guns there.'

'And I entirely agree with you,' Miss Bentley replied. 'There must be no change, though James Whitworth insists upon it.'

'Oh, he insists upon it!' Evans said blankly. 'Why?'

'Because he says your treatment is all wrong. He declares you to be old-fashioned and hopelessly out of date. He wants to have all the doors and windows open. Kitty is to have a bedroom in the corridor.'

'And he'll get his own way, too,' Evans growled. 'He always did have his own way—confound him!—ever since he was a boy. Does he want to murder the girl? Not that he cares a scrap about that so long as he gets his own way. I tell you that open-air cure is a dangerous fad. I never saw anybody who benefited by it. Didn't we cure Lucy Stiles exactly as I am trying to cure Kitty?'

'James says the Stiles family merely have weak lungs.'

'Much he knows about it! But I am firm; I am resolute. Once roused, and James Whitworth will find me a difficult man to deal with'—

'And he wants you to call Dr Partridge into consultation.'

Dr Evans's jaw dropped. If he was a man of iron will and resolution, his looks very much belied him. Dr Partridge belonged to the modern neck-or-nothing school that Evans heartily despised; but then more than one poor body clad in the purple had passed through the hands of that eminent specialist with magnificent results. It was all very well to pooh-pooh the methods of the great surgeon who made Ambergmouth his holiday-resort.

'It appears that James once saved Dr Partridge's life, Mary went on; 'but that has nothing to do with it. I want you to stand firm'—

'To the last ditch, my dear Mary.'

'James is coming to see you. You have only to be resolute.'

'Oh, he is coming to see me? And I have only to be resolute? My dear Mary, if you had put your

foot down firmly at first you might have saved me—I mean after that there would have been no more to be said.'

'My dear doctor, James Whitworth is not shaken off so easily. You know his ways.'

Evans nodded. He did know those ways by painful experience; and however elaborately he might lay his plans, Whitworth was certain to carry his idea into effect.

'I shall convince him that he is mistaken,' he said.

Miss Bentley sincerely hoped so. All the old-fashioned prejudices in the little gray body were aroused. It was easy to see that she belonged to a bygone generation. Change, reform of any kind, was absolutely painful to her; and she was sincerely impressed with the idea that any alteration in the treatment of Kitty would only hasten the end.

'I'll do all I can for you,' Evans concluded, 'if you'll send that impetuous fellow here'—

'Mr James Whitworth to see you,' Mrs Allnutt said as she entered the room with no suggestion of ceremony. 'He is in the consulting-parlour, and he's just as good-looking and impertinent as ever he was.'

The woman's face glowed with pleasure; she might have been a mother who had announced the return of a favourite son.

'Now, what do you think of that?' Evans cried indignantly. 'That woman in my hearing scores of times has rowed and declared that if ever Jim Whitworth came this way again she'd throw a bucket of dirty water over him. And she's as pleased as Punch.'

'I'm afraid it will be a trying interview,' Aunt Mary said, gathering up her skirts for flight.

'Oh, it will,' Evans said with pathetic melancholy. 'I will be firm—firm!'

CHAPTER VI.

THE wind had gone round to the west; there had been rain during the night, so that the beds of hyacinths gave out a subtle perfume. The jonquils were nodding in the borders; under a lichen-strewn apple-tree was a carpet of yellow daffodils. It was so mild and warm after tea that Kitty had begged for a little turn outside.

She was walking up and down now, leaning on Walter's arm. In the strong flush of sunshine she looked terribly white and fragile. She had to walk slowly, to pause every now and then with her hand on her heart. The exertion of breathing parted her lips and showed the little white teeth within. Just for a moment Walter looked across to the wide sweep of landscape beyond the garden, but he could see nothing but a blurred gray mist. It seemed so hard, such a useless mockery without Kitty.

'You are not so well to-night,' Walter said gently.

'I don't know,' Kitty replied. 'I fluctuate so terribly. This morning I felt splendid, as if new life came to me. I was going to have a long day at the organ, my mind was full of lovely melodies, my oratorio was to grow apace, and your father actually found me two of the fugues that Uncle Colin left unfinished. Then the room seemed to grow suddenly oppressive, and I could only lie down all the morning.'

Walter nodded in sympathy. He had worked all the morning in an atmosphere that seemed to take the life out of him. For Kitty's sake he had endured it. And if old Dr Evans proved to be wrong after all!

But Walter did not dare to think of that; the mere suggestion set his heart beating painfully. No; he must brace himself up for the inevitable. Kitty would be with him for a few months longer; then she would pass away into a beautiful, tender memory. He would work, and forget the past in his labour. Yet he would cheerfully have forfeited everything and started again with nothing but hope and ambition to know that the girl by his side would be with him always.

The little gray figure of Aunt Mary came into the porch presently, and gently reproached Kitty for her imprudence. She begged for one more turn round the garden, for the evening was mild and balmy, and the air eased the pressure on her lungs. A big figure in a loud check loomed over the little shadow in the gray silk; there was a smell of a cigar on the air.

'If you would keep this poor child out in the fresh air for a month right away,' James Whitworth said in his strong, confident voice, 'she would be well on the way to recovery. If something isn't done I shan't be able to stay here.'

'We are not disposed to hamper you,' Aunt Mary said coldly.

She stepped out on to the gravel with her head in the air. Whitworth walked mildly by her side, whistling softly to himself. Presently the small gray figure shrank a little and the clear face began to flush.

'I am sure I beg your pardon,' Miss Bentley said. 'I am very, very sorry. I can't imagine how I came to say such a thing.'

'Never was there a woman like you in the world before!' Whitworth cried. 'And what a blackguard I have been! It would have been less cruel to knock me down out of hand. But I should never have made you happy, Mary.'

'I don't think you would, James. But a woman in love rarely thinks of those things; and the past is buried.'

'And flowers grow on its grave, planted and lovingly tended there by you, Mary. I hurt your feelings just now, and I'm sorry for it; but I honestly meant what I said. I am a man of action. I simply can't sit down here and see that poor girl die without doing something to avert the tragedy.'

'Everything possible has been done. If loving care counts for anything'—

'Then Kitty would be the strongest girl alive; but everything possible has not been done. I say that Evans's treatment is entirely and utterly wrong. With the very best intentions, the poor child is being slowly done to death. My dear Mary, I have seen cases of that kind cured.'

'Not similar cases to Kitty's,' Miss Bentley said with gentle obstinacy.

'There you are! You won't be convinced. I have known men in South Africa who have come out as a last resource to see what open air will do for them. They came with death written on their faces. A few months later and—well, you should see them!'

'Tom and Albert Cotton went to Canada for the same reason, and they were both dead before they had been there a month.'

'Because they waited too long. You can't expect Nature to perform miracles. Kitty has not gone too far. If so, she wouldn't possess so much nervous energy. That fine spirit of ambition would have been quenched long ago. I love that girl as I love my boy. It is only since I came down here that I have realised how shamefully I have neglected Walter. I met two big painter fellows in London the other day, and they were loud in praise of my boy. Now that he has money behind him his fortune is made. I've nothing of my own, but I shall not touch a penny of his. And I thank God for giving my boy the great and glorious chance. By every moral right the money ought to have gone to Kitty. Up to a certain point my brother intended her to have it.'

'He never really changed his mind,' Aunt Mary said quietly.

'I suppose not. It was that affair in Spain. It was nothing wonderful either.'

Whitworth put this aside with contempt. His sanguine nature was full of Walter's future. It seemed to dominate all his ideas, to rob him of all the selfishness that had ever been his besetting sin. And he was going to save Kitty. Walter's good fortune would be as nothing unless he had Kitty by his side. He did not care a jot for the opinion of a thousand of the Evans type. He had seen Evans that morning, and he had very soon put that individual in his place.

'All the same, I shall not allow it,' Miss Bentley said. 'I cannot. If Kitty came to premature harm I should feel like a murderess.'

'Well, it's going to be done,' Whitworth said coolly, 'and the sooner you make up your mind to it the better. Those young people have gone in, I see. Come along—I promised Kitty to overhaul some more of that old music for her.'

But Miss Bentley elected to remain outside. She was anxious and disturbed. She was going to fight for her old tenets to the last gasp. At the same time she fully realised the strong mind that was bending her. In her heart of hearts she knew that

sooner or later she would have to yield. But when the little woman in gray felt that she had right on her side she could go far.

Still, she was troubled and uneasy. All that James Whitworth had said came back to her now: his sanguine hopes, his new-found pride in his boy, his breathless, eager interest in Walter's career. And he had spoken with tears in his eyes of Kitty. Aunt Mary's love for James Whitworth was dead and decently buried years before. She had forgiven him as she had forgiven everybody, but she had never respected the man quite as much as she did to-day.

The mellow notes of the old organ stole into the garden. Walter was singing. Out of the mists a rotund figure absurdly wrapped up loomed largely by the side of the little lady in gray.

'Dr Evans!' Miss Bentley cried. 'Why, what does'—

'Had to,' Evans said with resignation. 'Mrs Allnutt insisted upon it. Otherwise she would have assuredly spoilt my dinner.'

'And so you braved her wrath to come and see me. That was very good of you.'

'Not at all; not at all,' Evans gasped. 'Do you think anybody could see from the road if I took this muffler off? I was anxious in my mind. I had a most exhausting interview with Whitworth to-day.'

'I was afraid of it. Still, so long as you were firm'—

'But, my dear lady, I wasn't. To begin with, I was dignified. I sheltered myself behind my superior medical knowledge. I said I was quite prepared to answer any questions, but I could not—I really could not—open a discussion upon my treatment of the case with a mere layman.'

'And what did he say to that?'

'He laughed, simply laughed in my face. He implied that I was a greater ass than he had taken me for. My views on butterflies and on old Gothic architecture he respected. And then he bullied

me. He actually called in Mrs Allnutt to back him up. Oh, it was a dreadful time!'

Dr Evans wiped his heated face from a fine perspiration not entirely due to the closeness of the evening. Aunt Mary was duly sympathetic.

'So long as the argument was general it didn't matter,' she said.

'But, my dear Mary, the argument was not general,' Evans cried. 'That man has been reading up his facts. He quoted cases against me. He seemed to know all about what the new school call the consumptive bacillus. Then I really had to stand upon my dignity, and ask him by what right he interfered on behalf of Miss Evershed.'

Miss Bentley drew her breath quickly. A more observant man than the doctor would have noticed her trembling agitation.

'And what did he say to that?' she murmured.

'Why, as her guardian. Under the will of Colin Whitworth, you know. Of course he had me there, and he was not slow to see his advantage. Never was there such a man before. I never meant to yield; I was going to be quite firm. And yet, before I knew what I was doing, I had actually promised about Partridge.'

'Oh, indeed,' Miss Bentley murmured. 'And, pray, what was the promise you made?'

'Why, to see him in consultation, of course. Naturally, I shall have to be exceedingly firm with Partridge. It will be my duty to point out to him that, with all his great skill and with all his wonderful cares, there are cases where humble men have made a critical study of patients.'

Miss Bentley cut this tirade short coldly.

'You have made a great mistake,' she said. 'Dr Partridge may come—indeed it is inevitable now; but nothing shall induce me to follow a different course of treatment. And if it comes to the worst, I shall be able to prove that— But I am talking nonsense. Good-night, Dr Evans.'

She turned on her heel and walked slowly and thoughtfully towards the house.

EARLY IRONWORKS IN AMERICA.



MOVEMENT is under way among the iron manufacturers throughout the United States and members of the Leonard family of New England to erect a monument which will be one of the most notable memorials of the United States, since it will celebrate what may claim to be the oldest successful ironworks constructed in America. Initial steps in the project have been taken by the Old Colony Historical Society, and the design prepared by Mr Charles H. Niehaus of New York. The monument will be of granite, while the fixtures illustrating the primitive story of the ironworkers and other cognate subjects will be cast in bronze. The

monument is to be erected at Taunton, Massachusetts, the site of the ironworks referred to.

The followers of Raleigh discovered ore-beds in North Carolina in 1585; but nothing was done to develop the deposit, although a report of the discovery was made to the mother-country. A year after the Jamestown Colony was founded in Virginia (1626), one of the company's ships left that place with a cargo not only of lumber but Virginia ore, which was smelted in England—the first iron manufactured from raw material procured in America. This fact encouraged the construction of several plants by English companies in the south; but owing to various misfortunes none were operated longer than a few years. In New England, however, the

ore-beds were exploited at various points, the deposits along the Saugus River attracting special attention. The ironstone was known to exist as early as 1628, and in 1642 specimens were taken to England, which resulted in the formation of 'The Company of Undertakers for the Ironworks,' consisting of eleven English gentlemen, who advanced one thousand pounds to establish the works. John Winthrop, junior, had previously gone to England, and he appears to have assisted in securing the organisation of the company, becoming a member of it, as did others of the colonists. Mr Endicott of Salem, in a letter to Governor Winthrop dated 1st December 1642, says: 'I want much to hear from your son's iron and steel.' Thomas Dexter and Robert Bridges, both of Lynn (Mass.), were among the original promoters of the enterprise. A foundry was erected on the western bank of the Saugus River. The village at the foundry was called Hammersmith by some of the principal workmen, who came from Hammersmith in England. The ironworks are said to have been located near the site of the present woollen factories in Saugus Centre, not far from Lynn, where large heaps of scoria are still to be seen. This iron-foundry was undoubtedly the first to be established in America.

The metal industry has since developed into very large proportions in this section of the United States, for in and about Lynn are foundries as well as wireworks, nailworks, and other plants of a smaller character. There is no question but that the industry at Lynn included not only the foundry but the refinery forge. The term foundry was long a synonym for furnace, castings being made directly from the furnace. This usage continued in America down to about the middle of the last century. That the furnace was in operation in May 1645 is certain, and that the forge was in operation in September 1648 is equally certain. These dates may be accepted as definitely determining respectively the first successful attempts in America to make 'sowe iron' and other castings in a blast-furnace, and to make bar-iron in a refinery forge from 'sowe iron.'

Joseph Jenks, who became the founder of a noted New England family, was a machinist at the Lynn works who had come from Hammersmith, and a man of much skill and inventive genius. He prepared the moulds for the first castings that were made at Lynn. 'A small iron pot, capable of containing about one quart,' was the first article cast at the furnace. It has been handed down in the Lewis family ever since. It is of the old dinner-pot pattern, and although holding only a quart, is heavy enough to make about three in the hands of the modern founder. The first iron utensil cast in America is now in the possession of the sons of Alonzo Lewis, residing at Lynn.

Joseph Jenks in 1647 purchased from Richard Leader the privilege of building a forge at the Lynn ironworks for the manufacture of scythes and other edge tools. This enterprise was also successful.

In 1652 he made at these ironworks for the Mint, which was that year established at Boston, the dies for the first silver pieces coined in New England, known as 'pine-tree shillings,' and in 1654 he built for the city of Boston the first fire-engine made in America. In 1655 the general court granted him a patent for an improved scythe. Mr Hawkes says of the scythe which he invented: 'This improvement consisted in lengthening the blade, making it thinner, and welding a square bar on the back to strengthen it, as in the scythe to-day. Before this the old English blade was short and thick like a bush-scythe.' Jenks died in 1683.

The Leonard brothers, who have been called the pioneers of successful ironmaking in New England, acquired much of their experience at Lynn, although they were forgermen in Monmouthshire, England, before coming to America. Undoubtedly the family name is the most noted in the annals of American iron industry. A well-known writer has said: 'Where you can find ironworks, there you can find a Leonard.' The first plant of which the Leonards took charge appears to be the one which is claimed to be the oldest successful iron industry in the colonies. This enterprise was undertaken in 1652 by a company composed of citizens of Taunton who employed Henry and James Leonard as practical ironworkers. At a town meeting at Taunton, held 21st October 1652, 'it was agreed and granted by the town to the said Henry Leonard and James Leonard his brother, and Ralph Russell, free consent to come hither and join with certain of our inhabitants to set up a bloomery on Two-mile River.' The works thus projected were put in operation in 1653. Thomas Leonard and his brother James succeeded their father in the works, and the family name was connected with the Taunton forge for many generations. Bar-iron was made directly from the ore, the works turning out from twenty to thirty tons annually. In 1793, nearly a hundred and fifty years after the fires were first lighted, Taunton forge was in operation, being kept in good repair. In 1851 it was reported that it was running full blast, although it had been in constant use for over two centuries, except when it was necessary to shut it down for repairs and improvements. It was still held as the property of the Leonard family, being owned by Theodore Dean, a direct descendant of the Leonards. During the latter part of its career the plant was devoted largely to the manufacture of anchors, and hundreds of vessels sailing out of New England ports were equipped with anchors bearing its stamp. Until 1865 it was being utilised, and at that time contained four forge fires and two hammers. The buildings were unassuming frame structures situated on the border of the sheet of water from which power was secured by the mill-race. The works were notable for the quality of the iron produced.

The statement made of the Leonard family that they were found wherever ironworks were established was made on good authority, as the history of

the metal industry of New England shows. Henry Leonard was the founder of the ironworks located at Raleigh village, twenty-five miles north-east of Lynn, in 1668. Later the works were managed by his sons. Henry Leonard was also identified with the Braintree works, where pots, mortars, and skillets were cast. James Leonard built the Whittington ironworks on Mill River in 1670. He was senior forge-

man, while his sons, who had learned their trade at the Taunton plant, worked the forge. The Chartley works (1698), constructed on Stony Brook, in what was called the Taunton North Purchase, were promoted by Thomas and James Leonard, and afterwards owned by George Leonard. Zephaniah Leonard was identified with the Hopewell plant, built on Mill River in 1740.

SETTING THE CLOCK BACK;

OR,

THE REJUVENATION OF PROFESSOR WENTWORTH.

By Mrs ISABEL SMITH, Author of *The Romance of Mutby Workhouse, A Renegade, &c., &c.*

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE Professor sat in his study 'in musing mood,' and his meditations were not cheerful. He had just remembered that it was his birthday, and when one is on the shady side of fifty, birthdays are not particularly conducive to cheerfulness of spirit. Two or three trivial things had also conspired to impress his advancing years upon the Professor. He had had his hair cut that morning, and the hairdresser had brutally called his attention to the increasing number of gray hairs on the Professor's head. 'If you go on like this, sir,' he said, 'you will soon be quite white. You had better try a little of our celebrated Restorer.' But no, the Professor would have none of such adventitious aids; if he were to be white, he must be white.

Then on his way home he had encountered a medical friend, and to him confided that he was half-chinking of trying a bicycle; but instead of the encouraging commendation he expected, the doctor, with the modern medico's unflinching frankness, advised the Professor not to forget his age!

To crown all, when he reached the rather dreary house near the college at which he was Hebrew and Greek Professor, he found his study fire had been allowed to go out; and on his complaining to his housekeeper, she had promptly replied, 'Oh, sir, it's you who feel chilly this lovely spring morning; but then, of course, sir, you're not so young as you were, but getting up in years like myself!'

All these were little enough vexations, but it only takes a small blister to irritate one, and these, added to the fact of the Professor's birthday, had considerably depressed him.

He was suddenly roused from his sombre reflections by a ring at the front-door, and the next minute the maid brought him a card inscribed: 'Mr Horatio Merrymouth, Bully-Wang, Nr. Melbourne.'

'Mr Horatio Merrymouth!' he repeated blankly. Then recollection came rushing over him. 'Why, it must be old Rats,' he cried, going back at a bound to his school-days. 'Show the gentleman in at

once, Mary.' His hand quite trembled. Old Rats! he had not seen him for—well—no need to add up how many years—it was a great many.

'Hallo, Wentworth! Hallo, "little Billee!"' cried a stentorian voice on the threshold, and in came a big, burly man with curly, grizzled hair and an eye as keen and bright as a hawk's. He nearly crushed the Professor's hand in his mighty grasp. 'Do you recollect me?' he continued, a little huskily. 'Do you recollect Rats, who went to Australia soon after he left school? How are you, old fellow?'

'Oh, oh, very well,' faltered the Professor; 'but I feel rather staggered at seeing you so unexpectedly. But very glad—very glad!' he added.

'Why, you've grown smaller, Wentworth, haven't you?' said the Australian, eyeing his friend critically.

'You've grown—er—bigger,' returned the Professor, looking up enviously at the Australian, whose attire bore the stamp of Antipodean taste—a vivid green-and-yellow necktie, startling waistcoat, and tweeds with enormous checks.

Rats laughed good-humouredly, and the Professor went on. 'Well, you must stop and have dinner with me, Rats. Fortunately I have no lectures on to-night, and I am free. Excuse me one moment;' and he hurried out and interviewed his housekeeper, who received his orders grimly, inquiring, with quiet sarcasm, how he supposed his modest outlets would suit the visitor. 'For I've heard as these colonials will think nothing of a couple of pounds of rump-steak at a sitting,' she said.

'Get it, then; get it. Steak does not take long to cook, does it?' replied her master, looking half-appealingly at her out of his near-sighted eyes.

'I suppose I must do my best,' was the reply, accompanied by an injured sigh, and the housekeeper bustled off.

After dinner the two friends sat long over a bottle of the Professor's choicest port (a luxury he seldom indulged in when alone), talking over days gone by. Rats appeared to have got on in the world; he had a wife and family, and was generally flourishing.

'I've worked hard, you know, my boy; I've worked hard to get it all,' he said.

'I have worked hard too,' said the Professor, 'in a different way, and it does not seem to have suited me as well as you.'

'Ah, you live a too sedentary life,' replied the visitor emphatically; 'you don't get enough air and exercise. Why should you spend your life "poring over miserable books," as the poet says? You should go out.'

'Oh, in my leisure I prefer to study,' replied the Professor.

'Stuff and nonsense! Study nature. A good kangaroo-hunt would do you all the good in the world. I wish I could have had you a couple of years up at the station. I'd have made another man of you.'

The Professor sighed. 'It is too late now,' he said.

'Too late for what? To improve? Fiddlesticks! Pull yourself together, "little Billee." Have you got a bike?'

'No. I did rather think of it, but my doctor told me this morning when I mentioned it to remember my age, so I don't think he quite approved.'

'Rot! That's just what you want to forget. You learn to bike, Wentworth, and I'll stake my bottom dollar that in another month you'll feel ten years younger at least.'

'I think I will,' said the Professor. Already he felt cheered up.

'And did you never have a hobby when you were young? A man only half-lives who has no hobby.'

'Well, yes. I used sometimes to take brasses,' replied the Professor.

'Humph! Brasses! That's rather a mouldy sort of recreation,' said Rata. 'However, it's better than nothing. By all means take brasses. It'll send you out of your own house at any rate.'

'I will,' said his friend quite enthusiastically.

'And another wrinkle, Wentworth: just throw off the idea that you are getting old, and determine instead that you'll get young.'

The Professor smiled and shook his head sadly. 'I am afraid that's impossible,' he said. 'There is no elixir of youth to be obtained.'

'Isn't there? Have you ever tried the effect of a strong will? Have you ever *willed* you will be this, that, or the other, and found that you became what you willed? Now, why not will that you will be young? Tell me that.'

The Professor looked up at the burly Australian glowing with health and vitality, 'with muscles and sinews of iron,' and then down at his own shrunken figure, and heaved a prodigious sigh. 'Ah! if it— it were—practicable,' he said wistfully; 'but you cannot take away the years.'

'Can't you? Doesn't the Scripture tell us "all things are possible to him that believes," and isn't old age in a very great measure a matter of temperament alone? Are we not all of us more or less just as old as we feel? Will you will to be young again: say, thirty while you are about it? A great difference between thirty and sixty? So much the better. But

you aren't sixty yet, and at our age, my boy, we make the most of a year. Besides, as my poor old governor used to say, it's no use crossing a bridge until you come to it. *Set the clock back*, Wentworth—that's what it is after all; and if you can (it will help the cure), get into a little old society.'

'Old?'

'Yes, old! You are always with young men in your classes, and no doubt they look upon you as an old fogey, and you have got to meekly accept their verdict. Go to some folks older than yourself, and in their eyes you will still be young.'

The Professor smiled acquiescence. Already he felt as if his youth was beginning to be renewed.

CHAPTER II.



THE very next morning the Professor commenced his bicycle lessons. With figure inclined obliquely and affectionately towards his instructor, and hands grasping the handle-bars with a despairing grip, he patrolled up and down a secluded lane at the back of his house, while his housekeeper watched him from an upper window, and murmured, with a pitying smile, 'Poor old gentleman!' It took him a long time to master the machine, but the exercise and the fact of having a new interest did him so much good that his tutor's frequent remarks to the effect that he could not expect to learn as quickly as a young man did not depress him.

In the early summer he could ride anywhere; and, reviving his old hobby of taking brasses, he coursed the countryside with heel-balls and transfer-papers in search of these treasures of the antiquary. On one of these occasions, at a little out-of-the-way church, which probably owed its richness in brasses to its secluded position, he found a young woman of a kindred spirit with himself in possession of a Crusader's tombstone.

Mutual amenities followed, and before the Professor left the musty old church they had got to be quite like old acquaintances.

He rode home full of anticipation of the morrow, when more impressions were to be taken.

'If I were only a young man,' he sighed as he neared home and thought of his desolate hearth. Then he remembered his promise to his old school-fellow, and cheered up. After all, was he not thirty in spirit, with only occasional lapses into fifty-eight?

There was a letter awaiting him at his home. It was from an octogenarian uncle who lived somewhere in the suburbs of London, and ran as follows:

'PALL MALL CLUB, June 6th, 19—.

'MY DEAR WILLIAM,—The lease of my house in which I have lived for fifty odd years is now expired, and I am anxious to find another to my liking. In the meantime, can I come and stay with you for a few weeks? I shall be no trouble; I am outdoors

most of my time, and have my own amusements when in.—Your affectionate uncle,

'HENRY WENTWORTH.'

The Professor felt rather taken aback. Like all old bachelors, he had a rooted dislike of things being put out of their ordinary course. But he could not be so unkind as to refuse his uncle; and, after he had written off to welcome him, recalled as the reward of self-sacrifice that a little elderly society was to form part of the scheme of his rejuvenation.

Uncle Henry duly arrived, accompanied by three dogs, a parrot, two Japanese guinea-pigs, and a tame rat. He was a jovial, hearty old fellow, on the upper side of ninety, and as full of spirits and energy as a youth.

'Why, William my boy, how gray you have got!' was his greeting to his nephew, who stood watching the unloading of the pets with mute dismay. 'You've no business to be gray at your age,' continued the old gentleman, and the novel assertion quite took away the vexation the Professor was experiencing at the idea of his house being turned into a private menagerie.

'Oh, I'm not very young, uncle,' he replied, smiling.

'Nor very old, are you?' retorted his uncle blithely. 'Look at me, Bill, as lusty as a trout and as brisk as a four-year-old. Not young! Well, then, all I can say is, you ought to be.'

The Professor felt ashamed of his chimney-corner ways before Uncle Henry had been twenty-four hours under his roof.

The old gentleman was so cheerful and active, so full of solicitude for the welfare of his live-stock and of interest in up-to-date affairs, that his nephew realised as he had never done before what an old fossil he had been all these years.

'Fancy your having had to take to glasses,' remarked Uncle Henry one day. 'Sad thing for a lad like you.'

He wrote a clear, clerkly hand himself without the aid of spectacles. 'But you pore too much over your studies; that's what it is, depend upon it. What a pity you haven't got some pets to amuse you! Why, you haven't even got a dog or a cat, have you?' he added pityingly.

'Not even a dog or a cat,' replied his nephew.

The old gentleman was up at unearthly hours in the morning, trotting about all day, in and out, seeing after his *protégés*. And the Professor was not surprised that his housekeeper gave him notice very soon. Nor was he so dismayed as he would have been a short time ago.

The bicycle progressed amazingly. Now and then Uncle Henry would come to the gate to see him start, and say warningly, 'Don't overdo it, Bill. Don't overdo it. You young fellows are so heedless. Take it steady;' and the Professor, who had been persistently willing himself to be thirty years of age, would wave his cap jauntily and spin along with spirits light as air.

Already Rat's cure was working wonders.

'William, my boy,' said Uncle Henry one day when he had been dilating on the advantages of a new house he had taken on a lease which suggested a patriarchal length of days—'William, you should get married. It must be precious dull for you when I am not here.'

'It is rather,' was the reply.

'Choose a nice wife, laddie; but take time and consider, and I'll come and dance at your wedding. Seems to me you haven't lived out half your days, poking along here by yourself.'

'I don't think I have either,' replied the Professor, and he went quickly to oil his bicycle previous to brass-taking expeditions in the country.

Uncle Henry left soon after with all his appurtenances, and his nephew felt the house very dull without him. He went brass-hunting more assiduously than ever, and one day on his return was met by his housekeeper with a request to speak to him.

'Certainly,' answered her master, who looked twice the man he did when his old schoolfellow discovered him moping in his study. His eye was clear and bright, his complexion ruddy, and he had a general air of alertness.

'I've been thinking, sir,' said the housekeeper respectfully, 'that now that your uncle and all that "happy family" of his is gone, I might stop on if you was willing.'

'Thank you,' said the Professor. He stroked his chin thoughtfully and grew exceedingly red. 'You are very good, Mrs Pickforth; but I shall not require your services. The fact is,' he added, coughing rather nervously, 'I am about to get married.'

'I'm sure I wish you joy, sir!' replied the housekeeper, curtsying. But as she turned away in dudgeon she muttered, rather louder than she intended, 'There's no fool like an old fool, after all.'

The Professor heard her; but as he unrolled his latest impressions of a sepulchral brass that had taken an extraordinary time to accomplish, he smiled happily to himself.

Whatever he had been in the past, he knew he was a wise man now.

MEMORY AWAKENED.

As a deep cavern'd pool that the great sea
But rarely reaches with its incoming spray,
My thoughts of thee are still, from day to day,
Emotionless and calm, from anguish free.
But, lo! one starlit night in early spring,
With awful fury rush the crested waves,
Filling the shallow pools in hidden caves
And rocky barriers fiercely conquering.
Thus surging in upon my quiet breast
Come memories of passion and of pain,
Of throbbing joy, of anguished prayers in vain;
Hopes that enraptured, terrors that oppressed.
But after tumult comes a blessed rest,
The waters sink, and there is calm again.

HOPE LETHBRIDGE.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

TALKS WITH GIRLS.

By KATHARINE BURRILL.

THE GARDEN OF FRIENDSHIP.



HAT will you plant in your garden?

If you have just left school it will probably be a vast wilderness of Forget-me-nots, very pretty, very sentimental, and—very unlasting. If the soil is well prepared for real

Friendships, you can look out for a few good-growing, hardy, reliable plants to take the place of the poor little Forget-me-nots when they, their 'Mizpah' rings, their undying devotion, and their interminable letters written on exercise-paper, fade and fade, and finally dwindle into a Christmas card once a year if you can remember where they live! You cannot remember Sally's married name; but what vivid recollections you have of the day when you were told that you could neither stay with her nor invite her to pay you a visit! The Olympians had so decreed it, and like wise Olympians kept their reasons to themselves. How inconsolable you were; how you wept; how intensely you loathed the Olympians; with what even greater intensity did you love Sally! If only misplaced affection and wasted energy could be stored up and let out in judicious quantities when we wanted them! If we could only tap a keg of energy, and say, 'Please, let me have the amount of force I expended in misery the day I was not allowed to go to tea with the Perkinses!' Did you ever have an extra day and when you did not want it? If you sail across the world by Cape Horn you will have a day at sea over and above what you bargained for. Like most things in this life, it comes just when you least care for it. But ever afterwards, when working hard against time, or packing up to go to the country, how vainly you will long for that one extra idle day!

I suppose affection really is not misplaced nor wasted even if lavished on what appears to be an unworthy object. The old lady who sat up for several nights with a sick parrot undoubtedly sacrificed her own comfort and her nights' rest, and it is

certainly better to love a parrot, a pug-dog, or a Persian cat than to care for nothing at all. Every time you think of others and care for others you are educating your own heart in the art of Loving; so, after all, schoolgirl friendships are not without their uses. Indeed, some of them last through a lifetime, and instead of the little Forget-me-not patch dying and being rooted up, it strengthens and grows till it is a great, tall plant. A great deal is said nowadays in favour of schools where girls of rather different social standing mix together, though no one would care to see a return of the 'Select Seminary for the Daughters of Gentlemen,' I rather doubt it being a good thing for girls to make great friends *in school* and not to be able to continue their friendship *out of school*. A friend of mine who *did* go to a school where, though the education was excellent, the company was varied, well remembers the tortures she suffered when told a certain child could not come to tea. Alas! she had given little Miss Snips the invitation without consulting the powers that be. What was to be done? Covered with shame and humiliation, not daring to say that the invited one was even now almost at the gates, the unfortunate child tore down the avenue, and when little Snips, gorgeous in curled ringlets and its party frock, appeared ('all eager for the treat'), gasped out, 'Oh, please, please, go away! Oh, do go away; you can't come to tea!' After more than twenty years that afternoon is a miserable memory. Childish sorrows are very real at the time, and when later the Snips Family left the neighbourhood for Australia, my poor friend was again most unhappy, quite thinking the departure on a perilous voyage for a strange and far-off land a direct outcome of her frustrated hospitality. Had these children been as friendly in their homes as at school this tragic episode could not have occurred.

When you tell a girl she is not to make friends with this or that school companion because she is in a different social position, or not in the same

'set' (hateful word!), you lay an early foundation of snobbishness that may take years to eradicate. Girls, especially little girls, are only too ready to be snobs: It's a harmless, honest form of snobbery, chiefly connected with clothes, none of the subtlety of advancing years about it; Lady Adeliza in a shabby hat is not nearly so impressive as Miss Grits the grocer's daughter in a 'confection' of velvet and feathers. If any girl feels particularly uppish and pleased with her *hochwohlgeboren* little self, let her read Hans Andersen's story, *Children's Prattle*. Perhaps in the future she would remember that it was not the well-born daughter of the Chamberlain, nor rich Miss Petersen—nay, not even the daughter of the author who could 'put everybody in the newspaper,' who became great and famous, but the little boy who was 'so poor and mean' that he could only peep at the happy, gaily dressed children through a chink in the door. We never know what we miss by being too grand, nor how often we flatter nobodies in the parlour and leave Thorwaldsen standing in the passage. Listen to what Mrs Chapone says about friendship—Mrs Chapone, the correspondent of that Semiramis of Hammer-smith, whose parting gift to her pupils was the 'Dixony': 'In the choice of your friends, have your principal regard to goodness of heart and fidelity. If they also possess taste and genius, that will still make them more agreeable and useful companions.' I rather doubt genius being a 'useful companion'; Pegasus is an uncomfortable animal for an ordinary stable, though of course it is most agreeable if a genius takes any notice of us. However, we are not to look out for genius and taste first; there is something else that matters more, something that will last when the other things fade away.

A fair face will wither, a full eye wax hollow,
But a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon—
Or rather the sun and not the moon, for it shines
Bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly.

Many charming, brilliant acquaintances you may have—the tulips and hollyhocks of your garden; but remember to have at least one good-hearted friend, honest, upright, and true, who 'never changes,' who will stand by you in a rainy day and rejoice with you when the clouds disappear and the sun shines out once more.

I sometimes think it is easier to find a sympathising friend than a rejoicing one. People are more ready to produce the Walrus's pocket-handkerchief than to take down the fiddle and the bow and accompany our Peasans of joy and thankfulness. It is wonderful with what equanimity we can support the troubles and sorrows of other people. When Dame Fortune, after persistently passing your door, comes to *them* with both hands full, it is just a little difficult to be in an entirely jubilant frame of mind. 'Wretched Meritorious B.' can hardly help being slightly envious of 'Happy Undeserving A.' I think your real friends show up better when your luck is good than when it is bad.

There are some people who seem to adore you as long as the world is kicking you. Get upon your feet, no longer want them to shake their heads over your misfortunes, and they seem to have nothing left to say. Fair-weather friends have a bad name. Poor dears! they are not nearly so aggravating as the friends who are only really happy when they are holding an umbrella over you. They are like those other excellent people who are always telling you how they stood up for you. 'I wasn't going to hear you run down, dear; I said you were my friend, and I should stick up for you. You can't help losing your temper, I know; but I wasn't going to let those Brooks girls say so.' Well-Meaning takes her departure quite pleased with herself, and leaves you, if you are at all human, foaming at the mouth.

Then she said, 'If you had heard me yestereve, I'm sure, my friend,
You would say I am a champion who knows how to defend.'
And she leaves me with the feeling—most unpleasant, I aver—
That the whole world would despise me if it had not been for her.

You ought never to repeat an unkind thing, but if you hear something kind and pleasant and nice, then certainly tell people. It's very grand to say you do not care what any one thinks of you, or whether you are liked or disliked. Certainly, if you prefer it, climb on to a nasty, cold, lonely pillar, and sit proudly on the top by yourself, but—it's a chilly performance! Much better join the circle of Good Folks round the fire, be pleased if they welcome you, and make them like you. I have the very greatest sympathy with Old Man Kangaroo who wanted Ngong to make him 'popular and wonderfully run-after by five this afternoon.' Did we all tell the truth, I believe every single one of us wants to be popular and liked and made much of; some of us may even go the length of wishing we were 'wonderfully run-after.' Alas! I do not know Ngong's address, and it is already half-past four! We all know The Miller of Dee was jolly, and that he sang from morn till night; probably that is the reason he had the place to himself, for the poem does not tell us *how* he sang. I never think it was his want of friends that made him so fearsomely cheery; he particularly tells us that he never expended a groat on lawyers, doctors, or surgeons. Think of it: no doctor's bills! No wonder he was jolly! Small blame to him that he was blithe and gay. A friendless, *unhealthy* Miller would have been a very different thing! Besides, he may have felt rather lonely on long winter evenings; only, of course, having once taken up the 'Care for Nobody, no not I,' attitude, he had to stick to it; the more he longed for some one to come in and have a pipe with him the louder he would shout and sing, just to keep up his reputation.

Young girls are much given to falling deeply in

love with women years older than themselves. They *schwärm* over them, copy their dress and manners, and as far as they can—poor little faithful Copy Cats—make themselves look like the object of their enthusiastic admiration. An immense responsibility lies with the woman who has inspired this affection. She is generally a clever woman, for the stupid rarely collect a crowd of satellites, and she may influence young admirers for great good; on the other hand, she may do them infinite harm. In the dear, far-off 'salad days,' when our judgment is so extremely green, we are rather apt to be attracted by the tawdry, the meretricious, and the flashy. We drink in everything the adored one says as absolute truth, and we are so immensely flattered by the 'booster lady' (our first-loves are always beautiful!) taking any notice of us that we are ready to go through fire and water for her. We tell her so, seated at her feet in her comfortable drawing-room, almost wishing that the house would go on fire or the pipes burst that we might prove our devotion. The day she asks us to call her by her Christian name we are so uplifted that we tread on air instead of solid Macadam.

As a general rule parents and guardians look upon all this with a good deal of disfavour. Sometimes they are right and sometimes wrong; at the worst it is only silly, and girls must have somebody to 'enthuse' over—only, please, Girls, don't turn your dearly loved friend into a Missis Harris. Of all people she is the most tiresome; no wonder that in her exasperation Betsy Prig arose and said she did not believe there was 'any such person.' Nearly every one *has* a Missis Harris; but do keep her a little in the background; people get so very tired of hearing one person continually quoted: what they said, what they did, what they wore, even down to what they had for dinner. Some people have a *smart* Mrs Harris; then whatever you do she goes one better: you have a velvet gown, she has velvet; you set up a one-horse brougham, the Harris family have bought a pair and 'a barouche-landau;' you contemplate a week at Brighton, Mrs Harris has gone to Monte Carlo! Save me not from my friends, but from my friends' friends. It must have been a very amiable Frenchman who wrote, '*Les amis des nos amis sont mes amis*.' Don't expect everybody to love your particular friends as much as you do yourself. I have seen the saying somewhere that if you want to have a friend you must be a friend. Is it easy to be a real good friend? It means thinking of your friend before yourself, and it also means taking a certain amount of trouble. Many people lose their friends because they are either too lazy or too stupid to write letters. I can quite imagine a friendship being broken by book-borrowing. Oh, the books that are never returned, what a big, big shelf they would fill! A certain haziness and mistiness—to call it nothing worse—about money matters may 'lead to a breach.' Absolute accuracy about even stamps should be taught to every girl. If she borrows a

penny, make her pay it back; you may give her a shilling next day if you like, but that particular penny should be treated as a business transaction. If you can afford it, give money to your friends should they really require it; don't lend it—'for loan oft loses both itself and friend.' Polonius was a 'rash, intruding fool;' but he talked good sense. 'Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.' I sometimes wish girls were not so very talkative and given to pouring out confidences indiscriminately. It does not matter when it is their own twopenny-ha'penny secrets and silliness; but very often they talk of family affairs, home troubles and difficulties, things which they have no business to speak of unless to a really old friend, one of those whose 'adoption tried' makes us 'grapple them to our souls with hooks of steel.'

There are old friends whom we love more as the years go on; the oaks in our garden against which we can firmly lean, knowing they are goodly trees that will neither bend nor break. But we must be oak-trees also; we must love our friends really and truly, love them through thick and thin, through good report and evil report, feel towards them as David Copperfield felt towards Steerforth. I know Steerforth was a very ordinary stage-villain, that his conduct to poor, flute-playing Mr Mell was that of a cad; and yet—and yet—isn't it rather pathetic? 'Daisy, if anything should ever separate us, you must think of me at my best, old boy!' Think of me at my best: is not that what we want every one to do, to think of us when we were touching the heights, not when our feet were in the mire? Ah! let us think of the best in people, and believe that in every one, sometimes hidden, sometimes overgrown with weeds, there is a best—a lingering flash of that glory we bring with us 'from God, who is our Home.' And when we love, let it be with no reservations but with our whole heart. Let us say with David, 'You have no best to me, Steerforth, and no worst. You are always equally loved and cherished in my heart.' The day came, we know, when Copperfield was very glad he had made that answer. Surely, surely we are always glad and thankful when our last words have been those of love and friendship. And, oh! why—why, in this little life should they ever be anything else? 'Be Pitiful, be Courteous,' be very, very loving. Give all the time of your best—your sympathy, your love, your consideration, yourself. I once read somewhere a little Booklet called, if I remember rightly, *Respect the Burden*. We all carry Burdens, a load on our shoulders that can be seen, or a load in our hearts that can not be seen; of your charity give us a smile and a kind word.

In your beautiful Garden of Friendship that you all wish to have, find room for the common little weed-plants that no one takes any notice of, that are gasping and dying for one little drop of the water of gentle kindness and encouragement. It costs so little to be kind to people; if you even

smile instead of frowning it means a great deal. 'A Happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note.' Be happy and make others happy. If you are lucky enough to make friends easily, spend a little time with the people who are difficult to know and who are shy and diffident. Such a big heart sometimes lives in a very dull, shy body! If your friends are to mean a great deal to you, you must mean a great deal to them; you must be worth loving before you are loved. Sometimes people care for us whom we can't be bothered with; you cannot make friends with every one, but don't repulse them unkindly. Surely you can spare them a few minutes.

Sad as it may be to think of, there are those who were once friends whom we no longer care for. You cannot help it. People grow away from each other; their outlook becomes wider, their sympathies greater; how can they still feel the same to the small-minded? The narrow views, the hopeless impossibility of making people understand! You wonder how you ever could really have been friends. It is no pleasure to meet; you have nothing in common; your patched-up affection does not ring true; you can be very kind, glad when good fortune comes to them, but—you cannot love them.

What shall we do with our dead—
The dead who have not died—
Who meet us still in the very paths
Where they once walked by our side?
Not those that we love and mourn,
At rest on a distant shore,
But the lost yet living women and men
Whom we loved—and love no more.

There are shroud and flower and stone
To hide the dead from our sight;
But these are the ghosts that will not be laid,
They come 'twixt us and the light;
And the heaven loses its blue,
And the rose has worms at the core,
Because of the living women and men
Whom we loved, and love no more.

To think of any one you no longer love is sorrow indeed. How different the feeling we have for those whom we still love so dearly, so truly, though we can no longer shake the kind hand nor hear the kind voice! We cannot always mourn, but I do not think we forget. There are some of the dear dead friends who are always with us; who help us with an invisible presence as truly as they did when they were here. Do they know when we are battling with the waves or when we are safe in calm waters? I like to think they do, and that in all their happiness they spare a thought for the Toilers in the Plains. Sometimes it takes twenty years for the young to realise what they have lost, and then the dear, great-hearted, patient men and women we were not old enough to understand grow very near and very dear. We cannot always go to their graves with wreaths of flowers, and they would not wish us to always weep—but—we can remember.

You come not as aforesaid to the headstone every day,
And I who died I do not chide because, my friend, you
play,
Only in playing think of him who once was kind and dear,
And when you see a beauteous thing, just say 'He is not
here.'

THE CLOSED BOOK.*

CHAPTER XXII.—WHAT HAPPENED AT CROWLAND.

THE long hollow in the field, with the small quantity of muddy water in the bottom, was by no means the kind of place where one would expect to find a treasure concealed.

The fields around that neglected churchyard were uneven, where the foundations of the monastic buildings were now overgrown with rank grass and nettles, and in the centre was this hollow where undoubtedly the pond had once been.

Facing us there ran across the eastern boundary of the field a line of beeches, and then, beyond, the broad, bare, misty fenland, treeless almost as far as the eye could reach, flat, inhospitable, and uninteresting. Like the Maremma, with which I was so familiar in Tuscany, there lay over everything a light mist—that miasma which in Italy is so deadly to the peasantry—and yet even more barren and more cheerless was it than the wide

marshes on the road to Rome. The old windmill, with broken sails and roofless outbuildings, stood forth, the most prominent object in that flat, unbroken landscape, a pitiful relic of the days when it paid to grind corn, before the advent of steam machinery; while clustered on the north side of the abbey were rows of old-fashioned cottages, mostly built of the stones of the monks' houses thrown down by Cromwell. The quiet old village of Crowland is still far from the railway, and modern progress has therefore been slow in reaching it.

As I stood beside that weedy hollow with my companion, I was bound to admit that although old Godfrey Lovel might have inhabited the monastery for eighteen years or so, and that although his chronicle might be proved to be correct on comparison with contemporary history, yet his statement regarding the distance of the fish-pond from the grand altar was incorrect.

Walter pointed out that we had measured from a spot where we merely surmised the altar to have

* Copyright, 1904, by William Le Queux.

been, and therefore we might have mistaken the distance. Nevertheless, we gazed about us in uncertainty. We alone knew the existence of treasure there, being in possession of a secret lost to the world ever since the year of grace 1538.

Was not that in itself sufficient incentive to cause us to make a search?

'This is evidently where Godfrey Lovel hid the Borgia jewels,' remarked Walter Wyman, referring to my transcript of the secret record, which he held in his hand. 'But he apparently dragged the casket out of the pond on the night before his departure for Scotland.'

'Leaving the abbey treasure still hidden,' I added.

'Certainly,' he said. Then rapidly referring to my transcript, he added: 'As far as I can make out, the silver altar and the three chests full of treasure hidden from Cromwell's men were not placed in the same lake as the Borgia jewels. Old Godfrey was clever enough not to suggest that, fearing that the casket he himself had secreted might be discovered by some prying person. You see he says that the abbey plate and jewels were buried "at the opposite end to where, through many years, my own treasure lay well concealed." Again he says: "Once I heard rumour that Southwell intended to pump out the lakes." He speaks in the plural, thus showing that there were more than one fish-pond at this place. Of course, they've since been filled in, and this ground made comparatively level over the old foundations.'

I glanced at the passages he referred to, and saw that his surmise was correct. There were certainly more than one pond there in Godfrey's day, and although the Borgia jewels were hidden in the water one hundred and thirty-one paces south-east of the grand altar, yet the record did not actually allege that the abbey plate was submerged in the same lake, but at the opposite end. That would be south-west of the grand altar.

I pointed this out to my friend, and, both turning at the same moment, we saw the glint of sunshine upon water at the opposite corner of the rough and broken field, level with the clock-tower, and abutting upon the road which skirted the village itself.

Together we eagerly approached it, first, however, returning to the spot where we had fixed the whereabouts of the main altar, and counting the paces towards it. I counted them as one hundred and twenty-nine, while Walter made them one hundred and thirty-two.

The pond was big, full of dark water, and weedless, showing it to be of considerable depth. It had escaped our notice when we entered the abbey grounds, and we both saw that although it was now bounded on one side by the high, black tarred fence of a cottage-garden, and at the end by some red-brick farm outbuildings and hay-ricks, it had nevertheless once been of considerable dimensions—undoubtedly the fish-pond of

the monks from which they caught their Friday fare.

Once it had undoubtedly been well kept and cared for, but to-day the cattle grazing on that weedy ground drank from it, for round the mud were prints of hoofs.

'This is it, no doubt,' exclaimed Wyman, again referring to the record. 'You see it says "the pond was deep and dried not in summer, being fed by several springs." This one is of fresh water, while the other is stagnant. If the treasure has not already been found, it is most likely sunk deep in the mud here.'

We both gazed upon the unruffled surface of the water glittering beneath the sun, wondering in which part had been the centre of the original pond. At present the pond was not more than twenty feet across and perhaps fifty feet long. Its previous dimensions had, of course, been much greater, for it must have extended nearly the whole length of the abbey if, as seemed so probable, the depression on the east side of the field had been in connection with it.

Of course, we had at once seen that the abbey and monastic buildings had originally spread over all the fields southward, eastward, and northward; but we had here sufficient evidence of the existence of the ponds, the hiding-place of the treasure.

A flock of rooks were lazily circling around the tower, and as we stood there in silence at the edge of the pond the deep-toned abbey bell rang out the hour.

'I cannot see how we can search here without its being known,' Wyman remarked at last. 'How are we to pump out this pond and dig out the mud secretly? Why, the whole village would be here in half-an-hour if we attempted it.'

'I am quite of your opinion,' I answered. 'And I would point out further that until we are aware of where the centre of the pond was it is no use searching at all. My idea is that the spot where the treasure lies is not beneath the water, but in another place midway between here and the other pond—a place that has since been filled up with the debris when the abbey was destroyed. As you see, the ground has practically been levelled, yet at one time nearly the whole of this field was a deep pond. Recollect that there were sometimes as many as seven hundred monks here; therefore they required good-sized fish-ponds. No; I feel confident that if we ever do discover the treasure, we shall find it somewhere about the centre of this field.'

'Which means that we've a lot of excavating to do, and that we must disclose our secret to the whole countryside—even if we were successful in obtaining permission from the lord of the manor, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, or whoever owns the land.'

'It means all that,' I said, 'and more. It means that if we do go to work without knowing the exact spot where old Godfrey and the abbot con-

cealed the silver altar and the three chests full of plate we may continue our investigations until Doomsday, and achieve nothing except the inevitable reputation of having made arrant fools of ourselves.'

'But how can we know the exact spot?' inquired Wyman, who was nothing if not practical.

'By this plan, most probably. The other plan undoubtedly refers to Threave Castle, in Scotland; therefore, what more likely than that this one should record the exact spot where the chests were submerged?' and I glanced at the tracing of the roughly drawn diagram with its crooked lines and puzzling numerals. 'If we could only discover the key!' I added wistfully.

'I think it would be wise, seeing that we can carry our investigations here no farther at this point, to ascertain who is the proprietor of this land and other facts for our future guidance. I notice that the writer of this guide-book is the rector, the Reverend Henry Mason. Why not call on him and make some antiquarian inquiries?'

To this I at once assented, and a quarter of an hour later we were seated in the rector's cosy study under the shadow of the abbey walls. He was a short, elderly, spectacled gentleman of very affable manner, and full of information upon the subject which interested us.

Finding us interested in the history of the abbey, he produced from his bookshelves several rare volumes, including Felix's *Life of St Guthlac*, Histories of Crowland by Gough, Nicholls, and Canon Moore, and a volume of Cole's collection of manuscripts which contained many notable extracts from the abbey registers. These interested me most of all; and while Wyman chatted with the rector I scanned the pages, finding references to the silver altar and the golden cups and chalices of which we were now in search.

My friend made some casual inquiries regarding the field which we had just been over; whereupon the rector said:

'The old fish-ponds were originally there, but have since been filled in with rubbish and fallen stones. Traces of the ponds, however, still remain. You may, perhaps, have noticed them. In that field, too, at the beginning of the century, a fine silver cup was dug up by a workman while getting out some of the old stones with which to build a cottage. It was claimed by the lord of the manor, and is now in the possession of the Marquis of Exeter at Burghley.'

'There may be some more,' I suggested, laughing.

'More than likely,' replied the clergyman. 'According to a popular legend, a great treasure is buried somewhere hereabouts, but no one has yet been able to find it.'

'Have they tried?' I asked.

'Oh, of course, the place must have been searched and dug over many times without success,' was his response. 'Not, of course, of late. I have known

Crowland for the past sixty years, and no search has been made in my time.'

'Whose permission would have to be obtained if operations were commenced on a serious scale?' I inquired, as though suddenly interested in this popular legend.

'My own,' was his response. 'The paddocks outside the churchyard wall are my private property. The last time search was made appears to have been in 1721, for in the register there is an entry of nine shillings having been paid to four men for digging in search of the supposed treasure. A note is added that nothing was discovered of any great value.'

'Well,' I said, 'the legend is certainly interesting, and I for one would like to make investigations some day, if you would allow me.'

'You are quite welcome, providing you replace all that you excavate,' he answered. 'Of course, it will require time, money, and a good deal of patience. Besides, it will not do for the villagers to know your object, otherwise you'll have a constant crowd of onlookers. When would you suggest making a start?'

'Ah! I must consult with my friend Captain Wyman here,' I said. 'At present I have a good many engagements. A little later—perhaps. But, of course, this is in strictest confidence.'

'Very well, Mr Kennedy,' he said. 'If you really intend to investigate in earnest, I shall be most happy to render you assistance.'

We remained with him a short time longer, and then walked back to the George Hotel, a small, old-fashioned place, where our driver had put up the horse, and took luncheon together in a cosy, old-fashioned room overlooking East Street, the narrow thoroughfare leading from the curious triangular bridge to the abbey.

This hotel was, we found, one of the very few in England which had not been spoilt by modern progress. The dishes were excellent country fare; but the one fact that impressed itself upon us was that the plate on the table was all early Georgian silver.

As far as we had gone everything had turned out well. The local legend appeared to bear out what was written in *The Closed Book*, and the fact that we had made a friend of Mr Mason, the rector, was also highly gratifying.

We had been consuming cigarettes with our glasses of old port—served in the old-fashioned style on the bare polished table—and I had risen to glance out through the wire blind into the sunny street prior to going forth into the ruins again, when of a sudden I heard the voice of some one approaching, and next instant two persons passed the window, and were lost to view almost before I was aware of their presence.

But in that moment, as they passed, I recognised in one—tall, thin, and gray-haired—the Earl of Glenelg, and in his companion—short, ugly, and hobbling—none other than Francesco Graniani, the

hunchback of Leghorn, the man whose strange connection with The Closed Book was such a profound mystery.

'Look!' I cried to my companion. 'Lord Glenelg has passed with the old hunchback antique-dealer who first told me of the existence of the Book. Why are they here—why has Graniani travelled all the way from Italy if not to seek the abbey treasure?'

'If you're not mistaken, Allan,' answered my friend, jumping up and joining me at the window,

'then you may be certain that the missing page from the Book contains directions for the recovery not only of the casket up in Scotland, but of the hidden gold here. They have no idea we are here, that's evident. But that they know more than we do is equally clear.'

'But why is Graniani over here?' I queried.

'He has been brought over, no doubt, because he possesses some key to the hiding-place. The whole affair seems to grow more and more bewildering.'

ONE ASPECT OF THE RUSSO-JAPAN WAR.



HERE can be little question that most prominent among the criticisms passed upon the situation in the Far East is the one that may be summed up in this question: What ultimate advantage does Japan stand to gain? And to those who know the Far East the inquiry is none the less sapient because they recognise that the Japanese Government had really no choice but to fight for pre-eminence in Korea, since that is an imperative factor in mere existence for the people of the Island Empire. Nevertheless, the problem does present difficulties. If Japan should prove victorious on land as she has, so far, done at sea, or even, attaining the seemingly impossible, succeed in hurling Russia out of Manchuria—what then? The defence of the extensive Manchurian and Korean frontiers would necessitate the maintenance of the army at full fighting strength, because Russia, working on interior lines, would, when her preparations were complete, be still able to pour a far superior force upon her opponent. Japan's none too elastic finances could ill afford so prolonged a strain as this continual provision for her whole army must entail.

The point, therefore, of real moment in the Far Eastern struggle is future rather than present, though in the clash of arms and the roar of guns this is not easy to realise. What does Japan look to gain eventually? The answer is known to Russian diplomatists for the simple reason that, following the long-established but oft-neglected rule that in the making of history measures count for less than men, they have made it their business to understand the men in whose hands lie the shaping of destiny.

It is many years, in fact before the war of 1894, since the idea of a China-Japanese alliance first found its way into the unpublished, but not altogether silent, programme of Japan. In the lifetime of the retrogressive and pro-Russian Li Hung Chang it was clear that no such policy could reach fruition. And when that veteran on his deathbed dictated a message to the Empress recommending her to appoint Yuan Shih-Kai in his stead, there were not wanting those who believed the Japanese alliance to be

indefinitely postponed. For at Tokio it was remembered that Yuan, then Chinese Resident at Seoul, had urged upon his Government to send troops to Korea at a time when Li still hoped to stave off war by compromise and negotiation. But this very natural fear soon disappeared as Yuan in his new position began more and more to give evidence of the disinterested patriotism which would have none of Russia's bribes, and to indicate with increasing precision his own progressive views and his intention to act with the great Viceroy for the reform of China. The remarkable ability which advanced Yuan to his present exalted position as first statesman of the Celestial Empire at the unprecedentedly early age of forty-eight is all too little appreciated among Englishmen. Combined with tact of such high order that he was able to retain friendly relations with the late reactionary leader Yung-Lu, with the faction of that unprincipled scoundrel Li-lien, and also with the Yangtse Viceroy at one and the same time, this ability has advanced Yuan to a position of power and influence in the Far East greatly exceeding that wielded by any other single individual. At the present time he possesses the complete confidence of the Progressive party, the friendship of that somewhat uncertain old lady the Dowager Empress, and the trust of the young Emperor, who may one day become a real factor in the problem. What is hardly less important, though very much less appreciated, is the influence which he is said to have acquired with the little-known tribes and brigands of Manchuria, whose doings under Tulensan, the De Wet of the East, are likely to become presently an even more considerable thorn in the Russian military side than they already are.

Now, this account of Yuan Shih-Kai, though apparently in the nature of a digression, is really entirely germane to the initial question: What does Japan look to gain eventually? She looks to alliance with China against the Power whose aggressions constitute an increasing menace to them both. In the character of the Chinese statesman she finds the strongest encouragement for the fulfilment of a policy which unlucky circumstances and adverse

personalities have hitherto combined to postpone. Something like eighteen months ago—more rather than less—Japan's leading journalist, Motosada Zamoto, was at pains to place before his countrymen the arguments which went to show that China might prove the most useful of all allies in the not distant future. He dealt chiefly with the indications of Chinese revival, because the general public of Japan, taking its cue from European opinion, was inclined to suppose the Chinese Empire a hopelessly effete and decaying Power, devoid in any case of the capacity for recuperation. Mr Zumoto's article attracted no attention at home, and even in the Orient was passed over among Europeans as an interesting, thoughtful disquisition indeed, but of no immediate concern, and a trifle over-optimistic. But the points it emphasised are worth recall. They may be grouped under four heads:

1. The growing ascendancy of Yuan Shih-Kai the reformer, which tended to shake the Chinese Government out of its dependence on Russia.

2. The creation of 'the army of Yuan,' some twelve thousand strong, which proved what a single masterful administrator could make out of Chinese 'braves' in a short time. This body of troops, now stationed in northern China, is regularly paid, properly equipped, disciplined on European lines, and very fairly efficient. Most remarkable of all, corruption seems unknown.

3. The experience of Japan herself of the impossibility of stopping short at modernising military things. Western methods entering by that route, perhaps by reason of necessity, inevitably compel progress in allied directions, till in ever-widening circles they touch the whole national structure. Mr Zamoto was careful to point out that but for faith in the universal application of this theory, Japan would be the last nation to encourage the westernising of the Chinese army, which, unchecked by other civilising agencies, would only become a serious menace to Japan.

4. Educational reforms. White people are apt to underrate the progress that is being made in this direction. The bulk which has to be leavened by progressive ideas is so enormous that the results, after a decade of effort, remain almost imperceptible. Nevertheless, gather together all the isolated steps actually taken, and it will be seen that way is really, if slowly, being made. Western science, arts, and literature are included in the curriculum of Peking University and the 'temporary' schools. Japanese and other foreign instructors and textbooks are increasingly employed. Admission to the Civil Service, once rigidly closed to all but the classic *literati*, is now open, though grudgingly, to the graduate who passes moderately in the classics and brilliantly in modern knowledge. These things, it is true, amount to comparatively little; but they do indicate educational reform among a people who, it must be remembered, are, though slow-moving, particularly intelligent.

These facts form the basis of the Japanese opinion that China will presently become an eminently desirable ally. Towards the accomplishment of that end the Island Empire hopes and expects to be entrusted with the reorganisation of the Chinese army and navy.

This plan is favoured by Yuan Shih-Kai, who employed a few Japanese officers in the training of his before-mentioned special force; but the fact that Russia, all-powerful in Manchuria, would actively oppose any such scheme has hitherto paralysed his efforts. By the war, therefore, Japan, in causing Russia to 'lose face' with the Chinese, has weakened this objection, and by the exhibition of her own prowess has emphasised her capacity to assist China. Neither lesson is thrown away; while at the same time the authority of Yuan, who has always favoured Japan rather than Russia, is considerably augmented by what is accepted as proof of his prescience.

Given a Japanese-trained Chinese army of practically unlimited numbers, the policy which dictated the advantage of alliance with the Continental Empire becomes fairly obvious. If the Mikado's Ministers succeed in fulfilling their expectation of compelling the retrocession of all or a part of Manchuria, the boundary will be held by an efficient Chinese garrison when the army of Japan returns to its own land. Peace would never be assured if Cossack and Japanese continually faced each other across a narrow dividing line; but the irritation would be obviated if a third party occupied the place of the victors. The two Oriental nations have immense advantages, both political and commercial, to offer each other by alliance, a fact long ago recognised by Japanese statesmen and leaders of public thought, though Mr Zumoto was perhaps the first to familiarise the man in the street with this ideal. The advent of Yuan Shih-Kai has done the rest. Russian diplomatists have all along realised that in this remarkable man they were dealing with the one individual able both to understand the possibilities of the Japanese *rapprochement* and to master the many Chinese factions, which, mutually opposed in all else, were united in the one theory that Russia was the friend, not Japan.

Half the success of the Czar's diplomacy arises from the intimate knowledge acquired by His Majesty's representatives and agents of the men with whom they have to do. This point, previously emphasised, has been but recently comprehended by the Japanese; but, with their usual adaptability, they already recognise the personal equation in foreign politics at something much nearer its true value than do European diplomatists, and the present promising relations with China is the result.

It is quite true that if Russia wait to retrieve her position till her military preparations are perfected and genial summer is on her side, Japan by sheer weight of the enemy's numbers may find it impossible to retain on land the advantage

she will be able to keep at sea; but with the prospect of other developments, such as the determination of China to garrison her own country of Manchuria (which would not, of course, be a declaration of war against Russia), the end of the struggle may be awaited by the friends of Japan

with less anxiety than the Continental press thinks possible.

Incidentally it may be remarked that no man knows better than Yuan that it is not always necessary to act if the power and the will to act when necessary are assured.

AUNT MARY.

CHAPTER VII.



HE family party at Grey Gables had assembled in the studio. James Whitworth could smoke his strong cigars there without let or hindrance. He was the kind of man who liked plenty of space.

The candles were lighted on the organ; a large shaded lamp stood in one of the high window recesses; another one glowed on a big oak table. There were flowers everywhere. The artistic beauty of it all—the mellowed oak, the pictures, the carved rafters, the slender figure before the organ—appealed to Whitworth with a strange new force. For the first time in his life he realised what home meant.

And the life and light of it was Kitty. It would all be as the earth without the sun when she was gone. She looked so bright and well this evening! It seemed hard to realise that the red of her cheeks was the flag of death. James Whitworth swallowed a hard lump down.

The soft melody died away in the carved rafters. Miss Bentley declared aloud that Kitty had played enough.

‘But I feel so particularly well and strong to-night,’ the girl pleaded.—‘Uncle Jim, where is that fudge you promised to find for me?’

‘My dear child, I am one of the finest promisers in the world,’ Whitworth cried. ‘I’ll go and look at once.’

He went off in his bustling, imperious way. A solitary lamp glowed in the dining-room. Colin Whitworth’s musical library lay dully behind the brass trellis-work of the bookcase over the Dutch bureau. With characteristic energy Whitworth tumbled a score of the bound manuscripts on the table. It was also characteristic of the man that he found what he desired. As he bundled the volumes back again a paper slipped out of one of them, a letter in the neat handwriting of his dead brother.

There were words here and there that he could not fail to see. Whitworth’s face was very grave as he read. Then he carefully placed the letter where he had found it, and made a mental note of the volume. He puffed mechanically at his cigar, utterly unconscious that it was extinguished.

‘Well, here’s a pretty discovery!’ he said, addressing a stately Romney on the opposite wall. ‘Here’s a puzzle for a Puritan! Well, the truth

must be told, cruel blow as it will be to poor Walter. Still, that lad is certain to make his way in the world. And if I tell the truth? Stop.’

He frowned hard at the serenely unconscious Romney.

‘Stop. If ever there was a case of the end justifying the means, it is here. If I speak now, I lose my grip on Mary and Kitty. The dear little gray lady will be in a position to defy me. And Kitty? Well, Kitty must be saved. Yes, I’m pretty sure I’m on the side of the angels in this business.’

He sauntered back to the studio, dangling the faded manuscript in his hand. He did not look in the least like a dark conspirator. With a pleased little smile Kitty began to play. Aunt Mary, by the light of one of the big lamps, was knitting industriously. Whitworth drew up a chair to her side.

‘Why are you looking so preternaturally grave?’ he said.

Aunt Mary’s lips moved for a moment. She was counting her stitches. Whitworth had to repeat the question before he got any reply.

‘I am in great trouble,’ she said. ‘Dr Evans came up just before dinner. I find that you have been bullying him unmercifully.’

‘Nothing of the kind. I went to his house to-day, as I told you I should, and gave him a piece of my mind about Kitty. He was disposed to be obstinate, but I soon knocked that nonsense out of him.’

‘You found him very firm?’ Aunt Mary asked, with a slight smile.

‘I found him very pig-headed. But, of course, he hadn’t a ghost of a chance with me from the very first. He consented to a consultation with Partridge. I’ve written to Partridge to come over here to-morrow afternoon, being Saturday. By this time to-morrow we shall have started the new treatment.’

Whitworth spoke as if the whole thing was settled. He might have been the head of the universe. The little gray lady’s lips grew rigid.

‘I think not,’ she said. ‘Of course, I shall be deeply interested in hearing what Dr Partridge has to say. But I go no further. From the bottom of my heart, I firmly believe that the best possible means for prolonging Kitty’s life are being taken. To make a change now would be nothing but murder. James, I am forced to forbid it entirely.’

'Then you push me to extremes,' Whitworth replied. 'The happiness of two people is at stake. I don't want to be brutal; I don't want to remind you that our little Kitty is doomed to die, because you already know it. The whole thing is in the nature of a delicate and dangerous operation on an expiring patient. If it is successful, she lives; if not, then she dies in any case.'

'You are too strong and wise for me, James. But I object. If God wills it'—

'Well, the retort to that is obvious to any one besides an illogical woman. Now, listen to me, Mary. A few years ago my brother made his will. For the moment his heart was soft to me because he was pleased to consider that I had done a creditable action. He left everything to Walter, and I was to be his trustee till he came of age. He is of age now, and his own master. But Colin also left me guardian to his dear young relative Kathleen Evershed. That puts you out of the count, Aunt Mary.'

Miss Bentley gasped. The smooth melody of the organ softened the voices. The cruel power of the man was gradually unfolding itself.

'You can't do it,' she said. 'There is no reason why. I can prove to you by— James, James, you are never going to use this cruel advantage?'

'Indeed I am. Call me a brute if you like. It is the only way possible to save the life of that dear little girl opposite. It seems a brutal thing to do after you have so carefully tended her all these years; but I must be firm.'

'I am quite certain that Dr Evans'—

'Will throw you over. Indeed, he has practically done so already. Partridge will turn him inside-out in ten minutes. Try and discount your disappointment, Mary. When that conference comes to an end to-morrow, Evans will be against you. He may be pompous, but he will be plastic.'

Aunt Mary urged her case no further. She knew the resolute nature of her opponent. Her lips were tightly pressed together; she had all the aspect of one who is conquered. And yet her lips were tightly pressed together to guard the secret that struggled for words and freedom behind them.

She was not quite sure yet whether she ought to speak or not. She could not fight off the impression that James Whitworth was acting for the best. There was a terrible element of doubt as to whether he was right and she criminally wrong. But the old-world prejudices of the little gray lady were not to be swept aside like that. And she had a terrible weapon behind her.

Should she unmask her battery? The silver-throated organ had ceased; Walter was talking to Kitty, who looked up radiantly into his animated face. He was speaking of Rome and the wonderful things he was going to do there.

A few words and Aunt Mary could have stripped the happiness from that glowing young animated face, she could have tumbled down the house of cards. But for what end? Merely to bolster up

what might prove to be a stupid prejudice. And before long Kitty would be no more. Aunt Mary's lips closed together; the secret was conquered.

'Really, it is dreadfully late,' Kitty cried. 'I can only justify myself by saying that I feel so well this evening, I am afraid that when Dr Partridge comes to-morrow he will decline to regard me as an invalid.'

'So you have heard all about that?' Aunt Mary asked blankly.

'Walter told me. I promised him I would not get excited. But, all the same, it has given me hope. If you only knew how I want to live, what a pleasant world I find it now'— She stopped and smiled unsteadily.

James Whitworth huskily proclaimed the fact that he must have caught a cold somewhere. Walter looked steadily at a picture that he could not for the moment see.

'Go to bed,' Aunt Mary said with amiable ferocity. 'Don't you see it's nearly eleven? We are all silly people together, and I am the silliest of the lot.' She took her candle from the old chest in the hall and marched stiffly upstairs. The silent tears were running down her cheeks. She was beaten and baffled, and yet she was not in the least angry. Nobody could possibly have believed it, but Aunt Mary looked as if she had been doing something to be ashamed of.

CHAPTER VIII.



PLUNGING horse in a high dogcart cut up the gravel in front of Grey Gables, and a jolly-looking, well-built man clad in tweeds stepped out. He looked more like a prosperous gentleman-farmer than anything else, only there was something about the keen eyes and clean-shaven lips that suggested a successful barrister. But he had a very pleasant month, and the gray eyes had a twinkle in them. Dr Partridge brought an air of cheery confidence with him; he was a good doctor to have in the house. Day in and day out he grappled with death, but ever with a smile on his face and a serene confidence in the future.

'Well, Whitworth?' he said breezily.—'Miss Bentley, this is a pleasure I have tried to anticipate for a long time. Do you know, that fellow Whitworth once saved my life.—Dr Evans, I am very glad to meet you. I am taking up entomology. Would you mind imparting some of your learning to a willing pupil?'

Evans went over to the enemy at once under the eyes of Aunt Mary. James Whitworth caught her suggestion of disdain, and winked openly. For the next hour or more the local practitioner did no more than look wise, throwing in an occasional 'Um' and 'Ha!' as dignity required. Walter and his father paced up and down outside for the best part of the hour. It was a trying time, but it came to an end at last.

In the dining-room Partridge was telling a professional story. Kitty was laughing merrily at it with not the slightest sign of the fluttering fear that had poisoned her a while ago. The thick silk scarf had gone from her neck; the three latticed windows were wide open.

'Got a good report?' Whitworth asked with a fine assumption of indifference.

'Of course we have,' Partridge cried. 'Part of one lung is gone, and the other is badly affected; but that's nothing, bless you!—nothing at all. Still, I'm glad that my friend Dr Evans decided to call me in. He quite agrees with me that there must be a change of treatment. Before the summer is over Miss Evershed will be a different girl. I'll pledge my professional reputation on that.'

'Dr Partridge is right,' Evans murmured—'absolutely right.'

'The great thing is plenty of fresh air. Wet or dry, rain or shine, Miss Evershed must be out in it all. She must always be in a room with the windows open; night and day this must not be neglected. Late in the autumn she must go to St Moritz and stay there till the spring. And if she doesn't come back then absolutely cured, why— Well, I'm quite sure she will.'

'We are absolutely convinced of that,' Evans said crisply.

Partridge bowed himself out cheerfully, taking the plastic Evans along with him. The little man was none too loath to escape the cold, displeased eye of Aunt Mary. Never had an ally so basely deserted his consort before. From the very first he had made no show, no kind of fight at all.

'It was absolutely disgraceful!' Aunt Mary cried.

'It was amusing,' Kitty laughed. 'Dr Evans's dignity was splendid at first. Then that subtle stroke about the butterflies finished him completely.'

The girl laughed unsteadily. Her eyes were gleaming with unshed tears. Outside, the sun was shining gloriously; there was a cool touch in the air. The reprieve had come, and their hearts were overflowing with gladness. Walter would have said something to Kitty, but she put him aside.

'Not yet,' she whispered. 'I cannot grasp it all yet. Go into the garden and wait for me. To think that I shall always be able to breathe the air in future! I must be alone in my room for a time, Walter. I am going to have a good cry. And then—I am going down on my knees!—'

She turned and was gone. Walter fumbled his way into the garden, across the neat geranium-beds, without the least idea where he was going. Aunt Mary watched quite unmoved the desecration that at any other time would have stirred her to the depths. With an assumption of indifference, Whitworth was trying to light a cigar. It was a long time before either of them spoke.

'Dr Evans'— Whitworth began. 'I fancy that Dr Evans'—

'James,' Miss Bentley said formally, 'I beg you not to mention that man's name again. In future he and I must be as strangers.'

Whitworth smiled, a slow, exasperating, irritating smile.

'At least, I am very angry with him, James. He was either right or wrong. And the way he deserted me was simply abominable.'

'My dear Aunt Mary, are you sorry or glad that he has deserted you?'

'James, may God send the day when I shall be glad! Fate has taken the matter out of my hands; though, if I had been perfectly honest, I might— Still, they say Dr Partridge is a great man. It will be an anxious time for me. But that St Moritz trip is out of the question.'

'Why? When Walter and Kitty are man and wife—'

'They will not be so until Kitty is pronounced absolutely cured. And this St Moritz business is part and parcel of the cure. I am absolutely poor, and Kitty is poorer still.'

Whitworth was laughing quietly to himself.

'I shall find a way,' he said. 'When you discover the part that I have been playing in this business you will cut me off with a shilling. At the same time I am going to show you how this trip can be accomplished without loss of dignity to any one. My dear Mary, you would be the happier for the loss of your stiff-necked prejudices.'

Aunt Mary made no demur. She was crying softly to herself. She had been baffled and defeated in all directions; but there was a warm feeling at her heart to which she had long been a stranger.

'I am going to my room,' she said. 'I am not quite myself.'

'Ditto to that,' Whitworth murmured as he looked dubiously at the cigar that he had tried to light in the middle. 'I fancy that a five-and-twenty-mile walk would be about the best cure for my distracted feelings.'

Kitty came down into the garden presently. Her eyes were red and swollen; her cheeks were flushed with the marks of recent tears; but the dark shadow was no longer there. She was going to live and be happy, to be strong and well and buoyant like others of her years; the whole shining world lay before her.

A great weight seemed to have rolled from her shoulders. She had something more than hope to carry her forward. In the kitchen-garden, where the apple-blossoms glowed pink and tender, Walter was patiently awaiting her.

The days were running their smooth course along. June had come and gone, and the first virgin green of the trees had departed. And as the days passed, so had the white, wan shadows fallen from Kitty's face; the languor had departed from her limbs; there was a healthy flush on her cheeks.

The new cure was progressing splendidly. Long before the summer was over Kitty was walking

with the best of them ; she could sit at the organ now without the slightest sense of fatigue. She slept peacefully as a child ; the distressing cough was no more than a painful memory.

Autumn had come at last with a touch of frost, followed by warm weather. And still Kitty was going back from the shadows in the valley. Dr Evans openly plumed himself upon the success of the experiment, much to the indignation of Aunt Mary, who had long ago made her peace.

'It's positively shameless of Dr Evans !' she said. 'To hear him talk, any one would imagine that he and not Dr Partridge was responsible for the change.'

'All the same, Kitty is not quite so well to-day,' Whitworth replied. 'I am afraid she is feeling the fog. A year hence it won't matter at all. I telegraphed to Partridge to-day asking his advice.'

Aunt Mary waited anxiously for the reply. It came at last :

'No cause whatever for alarm. In present state of case, dry air essential. Take patient to St Moritz at once, and stay there till April.'

Aunt Mary frowned at the offending telegram, and dropped it amidst the confused artistic litter of the dinner-table.

'It is out of the question,' she said. 'There are no funds. I know what you are going to say, James ; but I can't hear of it.'

She swept majestically out of the room towards the studio, where the young people had preceded her. With a slow smile, Whitworth crossed over to the music library above the Dutch bureau.

'Now to explode my little mine !' he murmured. 'It will come in quite dramatically at this point. Now, where did I put that letter ? I'm certain it was in Fugue 45 of this volume. I'm sure'——

He paused, and dropped the ubiquitous cigar from his lips.

'Gone !' he cried. 'Stolen ! Is it possible that—— No, she could not do such a thing !'

PHOTOGRAPHIC PROGRESS.



PHOTOGRAPHY may be truly described as the favourite pastime or hobby of the times, and one which is unique in attracting the attention of all classes. Its popularity is due, in the first place, to the great convenience presented by the dry-plate and film system, the introduction of which caused quite a revolution in the manner of taking camera-pictures about twenty years ago ; in the second place, to the easily manipulated apparatus which has been placed on the market by manufacturers. In the old days, when the photographer was encumbered by heavy apparatus, glass plates, a supply of water, and bottles innumerable, there was much to learn before a man could produce a picture worth looking at. He had to serve an apprenticeship and learn his business step by step. At the present time a photographic aspirant applies at a shop for a camera and a roll of sensitive film, and after five minutes' instruction, which resolves itself into directions to turn a certain handle here and press a button there, issues forth a full-blown sun-artist. He turns his little camera in every direction and takes 'snap-shots,' as he calls them ; and it is quite possible, especially if he has a steady hand and a not wholly untrained eye for artistic effect, that he may at his first venture produce a passable picture.

Those who are quite ignorant of photographic matters may be under the impression that a visible picture is produced there and then when the fateful button is pressed or the lens uncovered by some other mechanical device ; but it is not so. The sensitive film undergoes no alteration which can be discovered by the eye ; the change is quite an

invisible one, and has to be made evident by the operation called development ; but even in this, which used to be regarded as a somewhat difficult chemical operation, matters have been reduced for the benefit of the amateur photographer to the simplest possible terms. He buys a bottle of ready-prepared developer, swills it over the exposed plate as it lies in a dish under the light of a ruby lamp, and watches the appearance of the image as it automatically peeps forth on the sensitive surface. From a negative thus easily obtained he can by equally simple operations, conducted either by daylight or gaslight, secure as many prints as he may require to distribute among his admiring friends. Sometimes he may have secured a curiosity in the way of a photograph, something unusual or the representation of some episode of common interest which may be worth sending in for the prizes offered by certain manufacturers and others for specimens of work taken by the aid of goods in which they deal. Should he win a few shillings in this way he is apt to be as proud of the distinction as a soldier is of his hard-won medal.

If an experienced photographer were asked whether this kind of pastime contributed in any way to the progress of photography as a branch of science and art he would laugh at the idea. Many of the people who take up photography do so simply as an amusement ; it does not with them reach the position of a hobby, for a hobby is generally ridden to death, and its follower gets all he possibly can out of it, and very often this includes a valuable stock of fresh knowledge. The man or woman who rides the photographic hobby-horse will insensibly acquire a knowledge of optics

and of chemistry which, if followed up, may prove eventually to be somewhat more than superficial. The ordinary snap-shotist has no such aim. His camera is a toy, which he has bought because other people have them. When some other toy presents itself he will put his camera on the shelf and buy the new thing.

To meet the modern demand for photographic apparatus which shall be light in weight, extremely portable, pretty in appearance, and requiring in its operation the least expenditure of thought or trouble, inventors and manufacturers have put their resources together with the happiest results. A modern camera designed for the use of a tourist bears very little resemblance to the square mahogany box-like contrivance which was called by the same name. The camera-makers of a bygone period were masters of beautiful cabinet-work, and each instrument would receive the personal attention of the man whose name it bore; and it was a hand-made thing. A very different rule prevails to-day, for the business of camera-making has changed in its methods like nearly all other manufacturing trades. New materials, new metals and alloys, the introduction of machinery for working both wood and metals, have wrought extensive changes, and the new products are totally unlike the old ones. In former times a camera-maker would probably make a dozen instruments at one time, and they would be made of much the same pattern as had prevailed for some years, although little improvements would doubtless be introduced here and there. To-day, if a manufacturer be shown a new pattern or design of instrument, his first thought is to calculate the expense of laying down plant to turn out its various parts automatically. The outlay on these tools may run to several thousands of pounds, so that he must rely upon an output of hundreds of gross to repay him; and he must sell his goods at a moderate price, bearing only a small profit on each instrument sold, for keen competition meets him at every turn. Beautifully made cameras from Germany and America flood the British market, and the native manufacturer, whilst undoubtedly he has profited by foreign patterns and methods, finds it difficult to hold his own.

Let us examine one of these modern instruments and compare it with what used to be called a camera. It is, to all appearance, a flat leather case which can easily be carried in an outside coat-pocket. But it has a leather handle at one end by which it can be held if preferred. Touch a spring at its side, and a little door opens, which, pulled forward, becomes rigid and forms the floor upon which a bellows-bodied box can be drawn out. By this simple action the camera is made ready for taking a photograph. At the forward end of this floor, or baseboard of the camera, is an ivory scale upon which is marked the length to which the camera must be drawn out to take pictures in good focus at various distances, from ten

feet to one hundred. At the same time the details of the picture in front of the camera can be seen in miniature in a tiny appliance at the top of the camera, called a view-finder. At the back of all is concealed a long ribbon of sensitive material, which by a few turns of a handle can be unrolled, so that picture after picture is taken upon the successive portions of it which are brought under the influence of the lens. As to the actual operation of taking the picture, it merely consists in the touch of a button or trigger. One button secures what is called an instantaneous exposure; another controls a time-exposure, one touch opening the lens and another closing it.

So the tourist on photography intent, by the help of this little instrument no more than two pounds in weight, can secure a dozen pictures; and if he carries in his pocket an extra spool of film, which can be exchanged for the exhausted one in daylight, he can take a dozen more. He can send the film so exposed to the dealers to be developed, or he can by the help of another piece of apparatus develop it for himself. There are machines by which a long length of film can be so turned about in the developing fluid that uniform results are brought about. One of the most recent of these can be manipulated in daylight, so that there is no need for the operator to retire to a dark room or use a red light.

As we have indicated, what is generally known as snap-shooting is not conducive to good photography. This is not due to any fault in the apparatus, but rather to the careless work which easiness engenders. Under the old conditions the worker had to think for himself and even prepare his own plates. Under the new he finds that others have done all the thinking for him, have manufactured plates or films ready for his use; he merely has to point his camera in a certain direction, touch a stud or button, and the thing is done. If any one were wishful to take up photography as a serious study, possibly to help him in some other branch of work, we should advise him to obtain a camera of the old-fashioned—not too old-fashioned—pattern, and to make himself master of it. He will then obtain a knowledge of the why and wherefore of its various movements, and will learn much that is valuable regarding the working of a lens under varied conditions. The snap-shotist does not care a rap about such things; he wants to obtain pictures with the least possible trouble; and as to the mystery of their production, it is a matter of no moment to him. His camera is a toy, and a toy is designed to amuse its possessor; he must be amused with it, or he will throw it away and take to something more attractive.

We must not place all amateur photographers in the same category, for among such workers may be found serious students who have helped to introduce valuable improvements into the art-science which they love. All the great advances have, in fact,

been made by amateur photographers. The greatest improvement ever known to photography, the substitution of the dry plate for the wet one, was certainly due to amateur labour. Any one taking the trouble to turn back to the photographic literature of that time would find that the great change was foreshadowed by experiments made with all conceivable substances for holding the sensitive salts in suspension. At last gelatine came to be tried, and it was only after several amateurs had adopted it, and demonstrated its wonderful possibilities, that the professional photographer was, as it were, forced to follow suit.

In the use of celluloid as a support for the gelatine image instead of glass the amateur worker stands almost alone. Celluloid is so much lighter and less bulky than glass that it at once commends itself to tourists and those whose photographic work is out of doors. The professional man in his studio still prefers to use glass plates, which are much cheaper than films, and which possess some advantages which he values. There are other descriptions of films in use besides those of celluloid, and some of these are very highly spoken of. One has the curious property of expanding when wetted to nearly double its former area, and this virtue is much valued by those who, working with a small camera, wish to enlarge their pictures by an easy method. The same result is secured by the cresco-fylma system, in which a solution of fluoric acid is made to detach and expand a gelatine film so that it can be transferred from its original glass plate to a larger one. Enlargement by optical means is also within reach of the amateur; and such enlarged pictures, which can be readily toned by chemical means to a rich brown or red colour, are now made by many, and often find a place on the walls of photographic exhibitions.

The question of permanence is one which has been a serious consideration ever since photography was practised, and the old complaint that camera pictures are ephemeral productions has ceased to trouble workers since the carbon process and the platinum method of printing have placed in their hands the means of securing pictures which are as lasting as the paper upon which they rest. The platinum process has long ago earned the confidence of photographers in this respect; but the carbon method is perhaps not so much practised by amateurs because the impression has existed that its employment is fraught with too many difficulties. This is in reality not the case now that manufacturers supply reliable tissue, ready prepared and sensitised for use, in small quantities suitable for the amateur's needs. By this system a permanent picture in any colour can be obtained, and there is no inherent difficulty in executing the work.

Amateurs far more than professional workers are interesting themselves in the production of photographs in the varied tints of nature, and processes are now available by which such pictures can be

obtained both on glass and on paper. Some of these three-colour methods are most attractive; but we must confess that this particular branch of photography is at present in its infancy. The conditions under which the pictures can be obtained are now well understood, and earnest workers have devoted much skill and study to their production. Professional men have mostly turned their attention to the application of the trichromatic method to the printing-press; but as yet, for reasons it is not necessary to enter into here, it has by no means superseded chromo-lithography, to which we owe the coloured poster, the picture post-card, &c. The principle upon which the three-colour method depends is briefly as follows: Three negatives are taken of the original object, each through a differently coloured screen of glass. Positives from these are obtained, and, after being each stained with a suitable aniline dye, are placed together, and the commingling of the three colours reproduces the tints of the original. The process in no way solves the much-discussed problem of photography in the colours of nature; but it can be said that the intensity of the colours used depends wholly upon the action of light. The method as at present practised is open to improvement; but cameras are already made which will take the three negatives simultaneously by the action of one lens. The process is now used by scientific men for the preparation of lantern-slides of natural objects, which before its introduction had to be coloured by hand in a more or less unsatisfactory manner.

Improvements in lenses have kept pace with other advances in the manufacture of apparatus, the most notable being the introduction of the telephoto lens, which gives a much-magnified image of a very distant object. Modern lenses are also made, the component parts of which can be separated so as to give pictures of different foci. One lens can thus be made to do the duty of three; and this, of course, tends to reduce the weight of apparatus carried and to simplify the work of the photographer.

The dry plates which twenty-five years ago were being made experimentally by a few amateurs now represent a very important industry, and there are several large factories each of which has an output which hardly keeps pace with the demand. This was, perhaps, not the case in a summer like that of 1903, in which the wet days far outnumbered the dry ones, and when, therefore, photographic operations were to a large extent impossible. But in a normal season these factories are at work night and day to supply both professional and amateur workers with their first requisite. Most of the factories also coat celluloid films, for which, as we have seen, there is an enormous demand on the part of those who take up photography as a mere pastime and by tourists whose first consideration is reduction of weight in their impedimenta. A large proportion of these plates and films are orthochromatic—that

is to say, they reproduce colours in their true tonelation to one another. The factories also do a very large business in the preparation of different kinds of sensitive printing-paper for the use of photographers, of which many kinds are made. The most generally used is P.O.F., which means printing-out paper—that is, paper used for ordinary printing in daylight, and made with a coating of sensitive gelatine like the plates and films, only much slower in action. Another paper of somewhat

similar character is made for printing by gaslight; but in this case the image is coaxed out by development. Bromide paper is another variety, used mainly for enlarging purposes.

Altogether, we may say that the modern photographer, whether he be a professional or an amateur, is extremely well catered for by various manufacturers, to whom is due in great measure the popularity which this most fascinating branch of pictorial art has attained.

OLD SURVIVALS IN ATTIRE.

IN these days we, meekly and often with some small sense of stupidity, acquiesce in the charge which is so frequently brought against us that in the matter of our dress and the niceties of our attire we are as fickle

as the wind, that we invent a new fashion one day and are ready to change it on the morrow; and yet we maintain, on the other hand, that we have a very good reason, so practical are we at all times, for all that we do, and are prepared to allow each item among our habiliments, general and special, to give a reason for its existence. So, then, it will be to the point to take stock of a few of our garments and see to what extent they are really capable of supporting the position taken up. And, to be fair, we will leave out of our consideration a few such sartorial paradoxes as the silk hat, for the which its greatest admirers have a difficulty in finding any excuse save the somewhat feeble one that a gentleman with one upon his head always looks a gentleman, and even the man who has to strain the definition in order to make it fit him has a fair chance of passing with a foot or so of glossy black silk surmounting him, and other things to match.

The two buttons at the back of the waist of every frock and tail coat worn by man to-day will serve as a fit illustration of the assertion that in the matter of dress we know not what we do. Every man would notice the omission at once, and register an immediate complaint, if his tailor sent him home a new garment minus those buttons; but it is ten to one that without such an omission he would hardly know that they should be there, and there is certainly not one man in a thousand now who can tell how they came there or what purpose they serve. Your portly city man, then, with something of the Falstaffian bravado and conceit about him which in these prosaic days he has little opportunity of displaying, will be glad to know that these buttons are affixed to his coat for no other purpose than that his sword-belt may hang securely upon them and not slip along his smooth coat to the ground. This at all events was their original purpose when they were first stitched on to our garments more than two hundred years ago; and,

though we no longer carry swords to guard our honour and shield us from attack, neither the tailor nor his customer has been willing to reject these little tokens of the martial spirit which still lingers in our breasts. But having this little display in mind, it is odd to reflect that on the only occasion on which the ordinary city man ever has any use for the steel, which is when he participates in a bout with the foils, he puts on a dress which makes no provision in the way of buttons for the upplunging of the weapon.

Nor can many of us who affect the spat as a covering for our boots tell why we do so, especially as the plea of extra warmth is so weak that it is seldom urged. The spat is a fashion—there can be no doubt about that. How, then, did it come about, and why does it survive? We got the spat from the Highland soldiers, and unconsciously we wear it still in token of our vast admiration for their bravery in general and for the display of it in the Indian Mutiny in particular. When the news came to England of the gallant deeds of these men at Lucknow and elsewhere we were all in a moment anxious to imitate them in some manner which, as according to the old proverb, would sincerely flatter. The kilt was palpably impossible in our English towns and cities, and in a scrutiny of the Highland dress there was nothing so suitable for adoption—so it seemed—as the spat, and so the spat we took. For a time it was quite the rage in the city of London. Every man and every youth made his display of them, and even when the novelty and the remembrance of its origin died away the wearing of the spat continued to this day.

There is a little of English history, again, in the costume of our sailors; some of the most glorious pages of it are written, as it were, on the costumes of every tar in the Royal Navy, though there are few indeed of the officers who are aware of the fact. The black kerchief which the sailor knots about his throat was worn for the first time as mourning for Nelson. Such mourning was not to be quickly or lightly discarded in the navy, and so it was retained from week to week and from month to month, till in the end it became an established custom, and it was thought better not to discard it.

Jack's broad blue collar is older than the famous Admiral, and was worn at the time when sailors plastered their hair into a stiff pigtail with grease and powder; but Nelson and his glory come in again in the bright stripes around this collar, the meaning of which must occasionally have puzzled the close observer. These stripes commemorate the great victories of Trafalgar, Copenhagen, and the Nile.

It puzzles us often, too, to know how it is that for so many different occasions black is considered to be the most fashionable shade for our masculine attire, and not merely fashionable but the only proper one, for which in our society there is no alternative. It may be argued, as it is with the silk hat, that it is so severely respectable; but, if we could accustom ourselves to the idea, the same might be said of white, which would have the advantage of being much less gloomy. Clearly the black is an old fashion; and as for its application to evening-dress, in which it is most of all *de rigueur* now, whilst there was a time when our ancestors might tastefully dress themselves in almost all the colours of the rainbow for the evening, the adoption of black simply came about through a paragraph in a celebrated novel, and it is the latter we have to thank for the fact that we are not now permitted to wear aught but the most solemn garments at the time when we feel, to say the least, more satisfied with all about us and the world in general than at any other period of the day. Bulwer Lytton's novel *Pelham* was the culprit, and it is a letter in this book, purporting to have been written by Lady Frances Pelham to her son, that set the fashion. Lady Frances writes: 'A *propos* of the complexion, I did not like that blue coat you wore when I last saw you. You look best in black, which is a great compliment, for people must be very distinguished in appearance to do so.' The man of the day read these lines and weighed them carefully, and what more natural than that he should straightway come to the conclusion that black was the one shade which for evening wear suited him perfectly? As soon as he could, he discarded all his colours and took to it, every man of him.

And why should the clergy always be in black, or at least the rank and file, when their attire might be made so much more to resemble the beauty and purity of a religious life? Martin Luther himself set this fashion, from which there has been no breaking away. When he cast off his monk's clothes the Elector of Saxony sent him a piece of black cloth, black at the time being the fashion of the Court. Luther had a suit made of it, all his pupils followed the example set by their master, and from that day to this black has been the clerical shade. In this connection it is appropriate to mention that the red hat of the cardinal traces its origin back to the Council of Lyons in 1245, when Pope Innocent IV. granted this striking headgear to his cardinals that they might hold it as an emblem that they were always ready to shed their blood for the Church,

which was then passing through an anxious period.

Again, nobody can deny that the majesty and dignity of the law are fairly indicated by the wigs of judges and counsel. But they are strange survivals of fashion, all the same. Once upon a time the velvet cap, the three-cornered hat, or the coif sufficed the judge for wear upon the bench; but in 1660 the periwig was introduced from France, and both judges and doctors, appreciating its points, at once adopted it. The judges would never let it go again; but what a terror would be added to the visits of the doctor in these days if he had been so faithful to the fashion! The barristers wanted to copy the judges at once; but the latter resented such a thing, and it was a long time before they were permitted to wear the wig.

A *propos* of the judges, it must be mentioned that the black cap which they don is absolutely the very oldest survivor of fashion, for it comes from the text 2 Samuel, xv. 30, where it says that David wept, and had his head covered.

The butcher and his boy wear the blue smock because the Guild of Butchers adopted this colour in the Middle Ages, when all trades had their distinguishing colours. The fact that blue was the cheapest of dyes at that time may have had something to do with the choice.

So we see how from the highest to the lowest there are some quaint survivals in our attire, and that we are perhaps less matter-of-fact in such concerns than we imagined ourselves to be.

THE STATUE OF MEMNON.

I SAT beside the lordly Nile,
Its pulses beating through the dark;
I watched the ibis, stayed a while
To catch swift twilight's music. Hark!
'Mid changeful tints—blood-red, pale-gold—
Tithonus stirs, Aurora gleams;
'Tis daybreak, and his song half-told,
Now Memnon's magic stills his dreams.

What mean these waves of gorgeous song,
Re-echoed from another world?
Why wait we when our journey's long?
Why linger with our sails unfurled?
Life points us onward, but we stay;
Mysterious murmurs still we hear;
For Memnon's harp-strings blithely play
The waking notes we hold most dear.

When bright day draws toward grateful night
We seek again the hero's tomb,
Low, mournful, sweet—these strains delight,
Fresh born from Harmony's rich womb.
These melodies still soothe the heart,
Bring back old battles fought round Troy,
Even and morn to fresh life start,
And fill the stranger with deep joy.

M. G. WATKINS.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.



RUSSIA'S DRINK MONOPOLY.

By J. BLAKE HARROLD.

THE almost entire disappearance of the importation of clarets and other foreign wines (excepting, perhaps, champagne) into the Russian Empire—a disappearance due in great measure to the Customs tariff now in force, which, so far from being merely protective, has become practically prohibitive—draws attention to the derangement of a trade through Government competition.

What may be termed the financial-social policy of M. Serge de Witte, the founder of the Government *vodka* monopoly, which has practically killed all competition in the Russian Empire, was a great departure from the fiscal methods of other countries; and whether it has been successful or not is even now a matter of dispute. His objects were, first, to increase the national revenue, which was then a matter of the utmost importance; secondly, to regulate the liquor consumption of the empire. The first object has undoubtedly been effected, and the second is in a fair way of being, if it is not yet quite, realised.

When it is considered that the Russians, as a whole, have but two drinks, tea and *vodka* (spirits), it can be easily seen that it is quite possible for the Government to check excessive drunkenness by controlling the manufacture and sale of the one intoxicant—a course which would be impossible in this or any other country; and to more clearly understand how such a check is possible the present social conditions in the empire of the Czar must be described.

There are now in reality but two classes in Russia: the aristocracy, who are a very small percentage of the population; and the peasant, who before 1861 was merely a serf or slave, but who is now a full-blown citizen. The nobility are impoverished, and are now for the most part broken and ruined, with no hope of a change in the future. The democratic tendency has so developed of recent years that the nobles have no longer the monopoly of the highly paid official posts; for, with a very few exceptions, the highest posts in the land are

now equally open to the peasants and to the members of the nobility. The Russian peasant still commands, as in the past, much sympathy; but it is very questionable whether he deserves it. The Russian peasant is everywhere. In other countries one goes to the village to find the peasant; in Russia one cannot get away from him. He works in the factories, docks, and at any trade in the towns. But he does not change; he is still a member of his village, although from choice or force of circumstance he may work in a town. If he stays in his village his children can be taught in the village school. If they migrate to the towns he looks after their lands; their wives live in his house and are under his authority, and if his sons do not contribute to their support he can force them to return and work in the fields. If the family is provident it can often combine and purchase the estate of an impoverished noble. The children, if studiously inclined, can gain scholarships and enter the universities. They can become officers in the army, debarred only from certain expensive regiments where caste is still strong. The examples of Gorky the novelist, almost as renowned as Tolstoi; of Theodore Schaliapin, the greatest Russian singer; of Kovelin and Effimoff, scientists, &c.; and of many others, all of whom are sons of peasants—slaves until 1861—show to what heights members of peasant families have risen. Although the average peasant works hard and for long hours, yet holidays are numerous. These are all unfaithfully observed, and often an extra day or two are taken, even if their work suffers. These holidays are often simply times of drunken orgies; and it will be shown below what action the Government has taken to stop this national disgrace. No other peasants in the world, perhaps, have so many advantages. If they keep from *vodka* none need be poor. In winter the peasant has his own wood, and need never be cold. If no work is obtainable in the towns he can return to his home. The peasant is, to start with, a small landed proprietor. The Government does much to aid him in many and often diverse ways.

APRIL 30, 1904.

For instance, he can use hospitals and enter many theatres free of charge. He is adaptable and intelligent when he likes; but he is generally lazy and dirty in his person, and has too great an appetite for *vodka*, for which he is often willing to barter his all. To restrain this latter failing as far as possible was one of the reasons which caused the Government to take over the control of the liquor-trade.

Vodka is generally made from potatoes, though sometimes from maize or wheat; and after the first process of manufacture contains about 85 per cent. of what is termed 'raw absolute spirit.' By the next process this is rectified, which brings the percentage of the raw spirit up to about 95 per cent. M. de Witte's scheme was for the Government not to take over the spirits until after they had been distilled and rectified by private firms, who would have their output limited by the Government demand. The rectified spirit would then be sent to the Government factories, and there thoroughly purified and diluted. Such an enormous undertaking could not be carried out at once over the whole of the Czar's dominions, and it was decided to experiment on a small scale at first. So in 1895 the old excise laws were repealed in certain eastern governments or provinces, where Government factories and retail shops were started, and all legal trade in *vodka* and other spirits was taken out of the hands of private persons. In 1896 this system was established in the southern, western, and south-western governments; in 1897 in the north-western; in 1898 in the northern (including St Petersburg), and in Poland. On 1st July 1902 it was established in Western Siberia, and will be gradually continued over the remainder of Siberia in 1904. The introduction of the Government monopoly in country districts, where the retail shops are far apart, has led to some illicit distilling; but it is ruthlessly stamped out as far as possible, and comparatively little is now carried on.

The Government has at present about four hundred factories, all built to much the same pattern, and managed on the same principle in the most up-to-date methods. Each factory employs about three hundred men and four hundred women. The men are paid from seventeen to thirty-five roubles a month, and the women from fifteen to twenty-five—generous wages when one considers the standard of living. The employes are well looked after: they can obtain a dinner on the premises, consisting of soup, *kvas* (a drink made from black bread), tea, and meat, for the sum of ten copecks (twopence halfpenny); they receive free medical attendance, the loan of books from the library, and other benefits.

The work in each factory is divided into departments. In the first the raw spirit is received, measured, and poured into huge tanks holding some thousands of gallons each. Then the spirits go through other departments, where they are mixed with water, purified by means of charcoal to reduce the percentage of amyl—the poison present in

strong liquors—to as small an amount as possible; until finally the finished *vodka*, which is practically colourless, and contains 60 per cent. of water, flows into the bottling-room. This is the particular feminine department, for the whole of the female employes work at washing, filling, and sealing the bottles, and in printing and pasting on the labels. Not a drop of *vodka* can be legally sold in Russia which is not inside a bottle bearing the Government label and seal, on which is impressed the Russian double-eagle. The bottles are of all sizes, the smallest selling for three-halfpence, of which the halfpenny is returned for the 'empty.' Two qualities are manufactured, and the colour of the label on the bottles denotes the difference.

In addition to the factories, the Government has now some thousands of retail depôts established for the sale of *vodka* and to abolish the old drinking-saloons, or *traktirs*, where excessive drinking was encouraged. These shops are very bare and uninviting, with no place where the customers can sit down, as drinking on the premises is absolutely forbidden. They are closed at night; and, to stop as far as possible the drunken orgies in the holiday-times, they are then open but for a short while. It must be remembered that, with Sundays, the holidays take up about a fourth of the year. When a man is absolutely drunk no liquor must be supplied to him. The strangest fact, perhaps, about these depôts is that the majority in the large towns are managed by women, who have proved themselves to be generally more reliable and honest than the men. These women are paid (in addition to lodgings, fuel, and light) from seven to nine hundred roubles a year, and the situations are much sought after. A large number of collectors are employed to gather in the accounts from these depôts and from the few remaining licensed taverns.

Whether the second object aimed at by M. de Witte when he introduced this monopoly has been accomplished is still a moot point, although on the whole the evidence available seems to indicate that the plan has been successful. The Russian peasant is generally supposed to be always more or less in a state of chronic drunkenness; but this is not so. It is an undoubted fact that more liquor is consumed per head in England than in Russia. The effects, however, are not so apparent, because the Russian is often for weeks a total abstainer; but when he does drink, he drinks to excess and remains drunk indefinitely. That is the main difference: the Russian does not drink more on the whole, but he drinks more at a time. The great holiday seasons of the year, when whole communities drink to excess, have given the Russians the unenviable reputation of being the most drunken people in the world.

These holidays are, as before pointed out, unfailingly observed. No one will work if he can help it. Although the delay of a few hours may in harvest-time be fatal to the crops, and their owners (if sober themselves) recognise it, yet they

are powerless to hire any help. Still, sometimes out of 'neighbourly kindness' a community will assist one of their number who is in urgent want of labour—if they can have as much *vodka* as they like free of charge. Both men and women then drink to excess; but, strange to say, while the latter drink as much as the men, they very seldom become intoxicated. By closing the depôts in holiday-times the Government hoped that the peasant would buy his amount of *vodka* and drink it quietly at home instead of indulging to excess in the public taverns. It is said that in districts where the monopoly has been longest established the drunkenness is less and the people's savings in the Government banks are larger, and that there is less absolute ruin; for, as no credit is allowed, the peasant cannot, as formerly, obtain drink on the security of his capital—say a cow or a horse—when his ready money is exhausted. In many places the peasants, on hearing that the monopoly was to be established, spent all their available means in buying up large stores of the *vodka* from the licensed houses—a characteristic attitude of a nation which is entirely subjected to and very suspicious of a Government's parental control!

One point the Government has placed to its credit: it has replaced a spirit which, when manufactured privately, was generally poisonous by one absolutely pure, and at a lower price—a doubtful advantage in itself, for the peasants are recognising that the impress of the double-eagle on the seal of the bottle is an absolute guarantee of the quality and purity of its contents.

Also, in the governments where the monopoly is in force temperance societies, which are encouraged by the Government, are being formed; and since 1898 they have been financially aided by grants from the *vodka* revenue, for out of the enormous

amount of over two hundred million roubles annually received from this source about five million are given to these societies. With this, and with money derived from other sources, tea-rooms and cheap temperance restaurants are opened, libraries and evening schools are formed, and some hundreds of places of amusement such as theatres and dancing-halls and tea-gardens are conducted. One of the most famous of these establishments is the People's House—or, as it is called, the Narodny Dom—in St Petersburg. This is a large building, with spacious grounds, which was originally erected for an exhibition, and now belongs to one of these societies. Admission to its attractions—concerts and theatrical performances, with various other entertainments—can be obtained for ten copecks (twopence halfpenny), and here all classes meet, from the *monnik* to the rich merchant; and better seats can be hired on payment of an extra twopence halfpenny or more by those who wish for greater comfort. These large pleasure-houses, where healthy amusements can be obtained for such a very modest outlay, could not probably exist without the Government subsidy. The benefits they give are obvious; and as these places practically depend for their existence upon, and certainly in great measure owe their origin to, the *vodka* monopoly, they provide a good argument towards its continuance.

[Since this article was written it is rumoured that owing to the amount of theft practised in this department and to its management proving too costly, the Government is considering the question of supervising in future the depôts and distilleries only and entrusting to dealers the sale to the public, thus saving the cost of the numerous 'brandy bars.' Since the beginning of 1903 two hundred bars have been closed in St Petersburg alone, as the profits did not cover expenses.]

THE CLOSED BOOK.*

CHAPTER XXIII.—TACTICS OF THE ENEMY.



ALTER WYMAN, a thorough-going man of the world, was quick of resource. Indeed, it was his shrewdness and clever ingenuity that had more than once extricated him from a tight corner during his long journeys of exploration. More than once had he carried his life in his hand on that perilous trip from the Albert Nyanza up to Darfur and Kordofan which he boldly undertook for the Intelligence Department of the War Office prior to Kitchener's march to Omdurman; and more than once it was his quick foresight and promptness of action that had saved him.

The picture of health, he was an ideal British officer, well set up, well groomed, and well clad; and

as he stood there in a suit of gray tweed and wearing a Panamá hat, a thoughtful frown crossed his merry countenance reddened by African suns.

'I'll tell you what it is, Allan, old chap. We ought to ascertain how the enemy intend to start their campaign. There's something decidedly funny about your old Italian hunchback being over here. Are you quite certain you've made no mistake?'

'Absolutely. Graniani has gone past with the Earl.'

'But the latter is believed by every one in town to be still in India. His own servants must, of course, be in the know, but the whole circumstances are suspicious. Now, the hunchback doesn't know me; therefore I shall have a much better chance of following them than if you came. They mustn't know that you are here.'

* Copyright, 1904, by William Le Queux.

'No. Go and see what their game is. I'll remain here and wait for you. They've evidently gone through into the abbey, and will be poking about there. Keep a sharp eye on them, and we may learn something from their movements.'

'All right,' he answered, and without another word went out, closing the door after him.

The maid came in and cleared the table. Then I was left alone standing at the window, the wire blind of which fortunately prevented me from being seen from the street.

An hour passed, tolled out by the musical bells in the tower, but my friend did not return. Something important was happening, no doubt.

To pass the time I took from my pocket the transcript of the old record, and again read it from beginning to end. It was a strange chapter of personal history—very strange.

I made a note of various books to obtain in the reading-room of the British Museum in order to verify the statements both regarding the doings of the Borgias and the events in Galloway in the middle of the sixteenth century as recorded by the old chronicles. My own antiquarian tastes told me that in order to properly pursue this investigation we must be armed with historical facts and data, and that in all probability these might be obtained either at the British Museum or at the Record Office. In the history of the Borgias I had been interested for years, and had read many works dealing with that celebrated family of prelates and poisoners; but of the history of Galloway I confess that I was in almost total ignorance.

True, I had been in Galloway shooting with my old friend Fred Fenwick of Craillloch, when my eyesight was better than it now is, on several occasions, and had admired the wild beauties of the country—a district of hills, streams, and lochs, and full of charming spots as beautiful as any in Scotland. I had crossed the purple heather of Lochenebreck, had traversed the giant solitudes of Carsphairn and the boulder-strewn plains of Dromore, and had shot grouse at Shirmer's (the locale of my friend Mr Crockett's charming story *The Lilac Sunbonnet*), and fished the Dee for salmon at Tongland Bridge and in the murmuring Garpal where it runs over its gray rocks through the deep wooded glen in front of Fred Fenwick's fine old mansion of Craillloch; yet as to its historic associations I had never before had occasion to trouble myself.

I knew the titles of several books which, however, I thought might assist me, and put these down for reference.

But through it all—indeed, through all the day—thoughts of Judith Gordon, that beautiful yet tragic figure that had stood close to me on the cliff beside the summer sea, haunted me continually.

That she had reached Saxlingham I had no doubt, for I had left her in good care; yet I could not forgive myself for my carelessness in not removing those gloves before taking her hand. Yet, indeed, it had never occurred to me that the gloves

could absorb venom from those faded and forbidden folios.

Sitting there impatiently awaiting Walter's return, I reflected upon her attitude towards me, and saw that she held me more in terror than in abhorrence.

You may dub me a fool for this piece of folly of the heart. Nevertheless, I tell you that, past master as I was in detecting feminine arts and wiles, this was no mere idle fancy based upon a sudden admiration, but a deep and genuine attraction, such as men experience only once in their lives.

I had never lived before that hour. All my days—those long, weary, youthful days of work and worry in London, and those years of lazy, idle lotus-eating by the Mediterranean—had been passed in striving and in longing, and my ideal had ever fled from my grasp, leaving me tantalised, athirst, unblest. But everything had now altered. Here, in the midst of this storm and stress of mystery, one woman had suddenly come to me, and I had stood by her side enchanted. I was not sorry now that the plenitude of happiness had so long been denied me; I was glad that fate had kept me unsated.

And Walter Wyman had warned me against her by mysterious hints, as though he were aware of the existence of some barrier to my happiness!

But these pages are simply pages of record, not of argument.

Could my old friend's warning be founded upon actual knowledge? It seemed impossible; nevertheless, I knew full well that Walter Wyman was a man who did not lie, and, further, that he was my friend. What could I think? What would you have thought?

When Walter re-entered the room, his clothes dusty and his face perspiring, I saw from his countenance that something curious had occurred.

'I've watched them the whole time,' he said breathlessly as he closed the door behind him. 'They've put up at the "White Hart," opposite the old bridge, and have been over the fields round about the ruins with a plan drawn on tracing-paper. They evidently know what they are about, for they haven't been in the ruins proper at all, fortunately perhaps for me, for I concealed myself there and watched all their movements. The old hunchback speaks English quite well.'

'Speaks English!' I cried, surprised. 'Why, in Leghorn he always feigned ignorance of any single word of English.'

'For his own purposes, no doubt,' laughed my friend. 'Ten minutes ago I overheard him talking English with his lordship quite fluently. It seems as though this old Italian has a plan—a tracing no doubt—and from it they are locating the whereabouts of the treasure. They have a measuring-tape with them, and have taken a lot of measurements, all from the southern buttress of the central tower. Their measurements, however, extended

much farther than ours—indeed right away into the field beyond the one where are the remains of the fish-ponds. You recollect where a footpath crosses, and which, it appears, leads to a place called Anchor Church House, whatever that may be. Well, they measured, took angles by the buttress of the tower, and here and there stuck into the grass little pieces of whitewashed wood like labels gardeners use. They've evidently been marking out the ground in a long oblong patch, and both were exceedingly careful that their measurements should tally exactly with what was given upon the plan. Lord Glenelg went about sounding various spots by tapping the earth with his cane. The latter, I discovered, was a bar of iron painted dark brown, and hooked to represent a walking-stick—a clever contrivance to escape attention. He evidently expected to find some hollow spot.'

'But that is not borne out by the record left by old Godfrey, is it? Why should they expect to discover a hollow?'

'Ah! that's a mystery,' he responded. 'I merely tell you what I've just seen—namely, that they have some plan from which they are working in a slow, scientific, and methodical manner, not in our field, but in the one beyond, in what I've ascertained is called the Great Postland. They have a compass with them, and have taken proper bearings.'

'Well, they'll have to get the permission of the owner of the land before they can dig, that's certain. I wonder to whom it belongs?'

'To the Church, no doubt. If we warn our friend the rector we'll no doubt be able to stop their little game, at least for the present,' remarked Walter. 'Unless, of course, the magic of an Earl's name carries more weight than ours. Recollect that Lord Glenelg is a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries and a well-known archaeologist.'

'But why is he investigating a spot that is not mentioned in *The Closed Book*? I queried. 'This seems to me an independent search altogether.'

'Perhaps; but it is directed towards the same end—namely, the discovery of the abbey treasure. Yet, where the hunchback obtained his plan is certainly a mystery. They marked out an oblong on the grass about twenty feet long by ten feet broad, and then gauged the centre of it. At the exact spot the old Italian placed a piece of newspaper under a big flint which he found on the footpath, and then took up the whitened pieces of wood with which he marked the ground.'

'And then?'

'They went back to the inn together, and as soon as they were out of sight I cut down a big bunch of nettles at the spot with my stick, and then moved the stone and bit of newspaper about fifty feet westward.' He laughed.

'So, if they make any attempt at investigation, they'll be entirely out of it,' I remarked with satisfaction.

'Of course. We don't intend that they shall make any find, even if they possess the missing leaf from *The Closed Book*, which seems more than possible.'

What possible connection there could be, first, between old Graniani and the Florentine Prior, and, secondly, between the Earl of Glenelg and Graniani, was to me an entire enigma. Every one knew the Earl to be a man who had made archaeology a profound study, for he was author of the standard work upon mediæval domestic architecture, and possessed at his seat, Twycross Hall, in Staffordshire, a very fine library of early printed books, including a splendid copy of Caxton's *Mirror of the World* and of *The Boke of the Hoole Lyf of Jason*, besides such treasures as *The Booke named Corydale*, *The Praeffyttable Boke for Manne's Soule* (1490), and a copy of the first book printed in England, purchased at the Perkins sale; truly a magnificent collection, and unique, as every bibliophile is aware.

I listened to my friend's description of how, concealed behind the crumbling ruins, he had watched intently every movement on the part of these two men so widely different in social standing and even in nationality. His opinion coincided with mine that they had returned to the inn to await the darkness before setting to work to excavate; whereupon the question arose as to whether it were best to warn the rector of their intentions, or to allow them to proceed and watch the result.

To me it seemed probable that his lordship, patron of twenty odd livings as he was, would not deign to ask permission to make the search, but just make it in secret as he felt inclined. Certainly, neither of the pair had any idea of my presence there, or they would never have gone openly to work to take those measurements. As matters now stood, we had the spot marked, while the scene of their investigations had been transferred some distance away. Even if the treasure were concealed in that farther field, they certainly would not secure it.

'Well, is it worth while seeing Mr Mason and making an explanation to him?' I asked. 'For my own part, I think not. We have only to watch their failure.'

'And if they have retained the missing leaf they may post up to Scotland and forestall us there,' my companion remarked dubiously. 'Without doubt the search about to be made here is the outcome of the curious conspiracy which is puzzling us.'

'But why did the Prior and his accomplices sell me the *Arnoldus* if they wished to retain it in their possession?' I asked. 'Why did Graniani follow me to Florence, and watch me through the church window? Why did my servant Nello warn me against possessing the forbidden volume, and why did that dark-eyed woman, the confidante of the Prior, steal it and carry it post-haste across

Europe, transferring it in Paris to a second woman who carried it to London? To me the whole thing is an enigma.'

'And to me,' Wyman admitted. 'This is certainly no ordinary affair. We have, however, at present

to remain in patience and watch in secret the development of events—a development which I feel confident will bring with it some almost unheard-of revelations.'

(To be continued.)

THE HERON.

By Captain J. H. BALDWIN.



T is a matter of regret to all lovers of ornithology that so noble a bird as the heron, once common throughout the kingdom, has now become scarce—even rare—in some parts of the country; and certain it is that but for the public spirit shown by some of our noblemen and landed proprietors in still preserving the bird, and keeping up heronries in their parks or private grounds, it would soon become extinct like the great bustard, the ruff and reeve, and many others. Some of the old heronries have disappeared altogether; others, though still existing, are frequented by fewer birds. It is the old story. Gamekeepers who have charge of trout-streams in these times of dry-fly-fishing, unless strictly ordered not to destroy herons, will assuredly take every opportunity of shooting them; and this is hardly to be wondered at, for it cannot be denied that a pair, or even a single heron, constantly frequenting a trout-river, does mischief, and, if permitted to continue for any length of time unchecked, will assuredly thin out the stock of fish. Moreover, the heron is a provoking bird to those in charge of a preserve, for having once discovered a spot where he can fish successfully, the bird will return again and again in spite of being scared away by man or dog. I am also inclined to think that the heron prefers a tender young trout for his dinner to 'leathery' tench or coarse roach, and this is not to be wondered at.

During the spring, from the middle of March or early in April, when herons congregate and begin putting their nests in order, the birds do not wander far away from the heronry; and when the young are hatched the parent birds are kept continuously at work providing food for their ravenous progeny. This continues till late in the summer. Having reared one, often two broods of young ones, and taught them how to provide for themselves, the old birds throw off family cares and take long flights to some out-of-the-way spot—the banks of a river—where they can remain undisturbed. The heron loves the wilds, there to be alone, far from the haunts of men and noise of cities, where graceful willow and drooping birch shadow the stream, the stillness only broken by the wild cry of the curlew passing overhead, the harsh *orez, orez*, call of the landrail from the water-meadow, the gentle warble of the little sedge-bird hidden among the reeds, the distant plash of a leaping trout, and the sweet

murmur of the brook, ever gliding over its pebbly bed, reminding us of the poet's charming lines:

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

Here the bird will stand motionless, often balanced on one leg, patiently watching for an opportunity for hours together, the long, graceful neck carried bent between the shoulders, the head drawn back till the sharp-pointed bill almost touches the flowing breast-feathers, the keen eyes ever fixed on the moving water. No living creature beneath the surface, however deep down, can escape that watchful gaze; and presently the chance comes, in the shape of a hapless young trout or grayling, too eager in pursuit of a floating fly and unaware of danger until within reach of his deadly enemy. The heron makes a sudden, unerring stroke, with lightning rapidity clutches his victim, raises his head, by a quick movement turns the little fish head downwards, and swallows him.

Some of our best-known writers on ornithology, when describing the heron's manner of fishing, have used the word transfix only, or piercing through, when relating how the bird makes a stroke at a fish. I cannot help thinking that the above wording is unfortunate, even misleading, for if he is carefully watched it will be found that the heron seizes or 'snaps up' with his *opened* beak small-sized fish, only using the point of his bill to despatch larger prey. If carefully examined, the inner edge of the heron's bill will be found to be slightly serrated, evidently intended by nature to enable the bird the better to *hold* fish. I may also mention that the heron is furnished with a 'roughed' middle claw, also given to him to pin down slippery eel or wriggling frog.

Most anglers will now and again have noticed, when fishing trout-streams frequented by herons, dead fish, generally of large size, lying on the bank, bearing the unmistakable 'bayonet' wound caused by the heron's bill through the body, generally just behind the gill-cover, and it has puzzled many observers to account for this wanton waste of food on the part of the heron. The only excuse or explanation I can give is that I believe the bird, having in the first instance been tempted to strike a large-sized fish coming within reach of his bill, has later discovered the prize to be too large to swallow,

and in consequence has cast it on one side. I know of more than one instance of a heron having been found lying dead, choked by a fish—in one case a carp, in another an eel—which the bird had endeavoured to swallow. Herons are also frequenters of marshes, but, in place of remaining motionless in one spot as when fishing, the crafty bird slowly keeps on the move, beating for game, so to speak, and skirting ditches, where frogs and water-newts abound. These latter harmless tritons have an unfortunate habit at certain times of the year of lying motionless on dead pools of water, enjoying the warmth of the sun, or rising with a wriggle from the depths to the surface, and going down again, offering an easy chance to their enemy. Lizards, field-mice, even slugs and lob-worms, are snapped up. Toads, I have been informed, the heron leaves severely alone, and probably this is correct, for many birds—even snakes—will not meddle with this 'unsavoury' reptile. Those diminutive 'balls of fluff,' young water-hens, are considered a *bonne bouche* by the heron; and from the anxiety and distress always displayed by a pair of old lapwings when the great bird alights in a field where they have young ones, it is evident that the parent pewees rightfully distrust our long-legged friend.

It has been noticed that herons will regularly frequent certain rivers, lakes, or canals after their usual prey, but that other waters, though teeming with fish, and to all appearance quite as likely fishing-ground, are almost, if not altogether, neglected. I think that the reason for this apparently strange behaviour on the part of the bird may be explained in this way: herons are all waders, but never in my experience *deep* waders. As a rule they will only walk out on to a shoal or sandbank till the water at the most reaches the height of their knees, and *no further*; and I think it will be found that rivers or canals with steep, abrupt banks, or where there are no shallows at the margin, are avoided by the heron because they are unsuited to his manner of fishing.

Heron generally build their nests on the tops of some group of Scotch firs or giant elms, or they select some broad horizontal bough, but generally on the outside of the trees—seldom with any sort of cover above. Some writers have described the nests as of large size, while others have expressed themselves to the contrary; but I think that the reason of this difference of opinion is not far to seek. A *new* nest is only a slight platform built of sticks and lined with dry grass, flags, and the like; but, if not blown down by the wind during the winter gales, the following spring this same nest is put into repair by numerous additional sticks and with a second lining. This same system of repairs will continue for many years in succession, till the structure reaches a large size.

The birds are much given to building their nests on trees growing on islands in lakes, and it is not difficult to understand their reason for doing so. A

certain amount of danger is avoided by inhabiting an island, and probably the water surrounding the colony will contain their chief food-supply. The eggs, generally three or four in number, are of a lovely light-blue-green tint. The young when hatched are helpless, and a considerable time elapses before they can take wing. I remember when a boy I always thought that herons, flamingoes, and other long-legged birds, when seated on their nests, allowed their legs to dangle or hang down through holes in the structure; and I recollect my curiosity, on first visiting a heronry during the nesting season, to see for myself whether the above was a fable or the contrary, and how by a single peep my mind was set at rest when I observed several old herons on their nests with their legs tucked under them after the usual manner of birds.

It is a well-known fact, which I have witnessed several times, that a wounded heron with only a crippled wing, when driven to bay, is dangerous to a man or dog approaching him, as he strikes out furiously with his formidable beak at the face of his antagonist, often inflicting severe wounds. Retrievers, we read, have lost an eye from the blow of a heron's bill, but I regret to say that under ordinary conditions of life I have found the heron to be anything but a brave bird; nor in any sense can he be called courageous, for I have known him to be harassed and bullied by winged enemies much smaller in size, even to quitting his nest and allowing the contents to be harried rather than show a bold front and fight for the protection of his home. I well remember witnessing a case in point. Many years ago I resided in the wilds of County Kerry, in the south-west of Ireland. I was in the habit of occasionally visiting a highland loch, named Cloon, for fishing. In this lake there was a single beautiful island, in which grew a dense clump of hollies, and on the top of these trees, and at a height of only eight or ten feet from the ground, a small colony of herons had established themselves. It was in the month of April. I had visited the heronry in the forenoon, and later in the day was trolling for salmon at a distance of only a few hundred yards from this island, when my attention was attracted by loud cries from the direction of the heronry, and on looking round I saw a pair of hoodie-crows (birds that breed in that part of the British Isles) chasing, buffeting, and bullying five or six old herons which they evidently had first driven from off their nests.

After closely pursuing the herons to a considerable height, where the latter remained ignominiously circling round and uttering their harsh *quarrel* cries of alarm, the villainous pair of marauders dived down to the unguarded nests, and presently deliberately flew across to the mainland, each with a heron's egg in his bill. Again, when recently staying at Penshurst, where formerly a strong heronry had been established, I was informed that the herons quitted the spot many years ago in

consequence of jackdaws, as also rooks, constantly interfering with and bullying them, the jackdaws carrying off the eggs with impunity.

In former times, more especially during the reign of James I. and his successors, hawking the heron was one of the favourite sports of the day. Herons were termed 'royal' birds, and were strictly preserved. We find that herons always appeared on the banqueting board, and any one killing a heron became liable to a severe punishment. Hawking has nowadays almost died out in this country; but many years ago, when quartered with my regiment in the Agra and Aligarh district of Northern India, and out with my gun, I several times came across parties of native gentlemen, mostly Moham-medans, engaged in hawking. In those days most rajahs and men of position included a falconer with his assistants in their retinue, and the falcons used for killing game, herons, and the like were most admirably trained for the purpose. A large-sized hawk, called the *bhyrie*, was generally used for wildfowl, the bird much resembling, if not identical with, our peregrine; and, just as amongst our forefathers, the hen falcon, always the larger in raptorial birds, was chiefly flown at the heron, while the male falcon, the tiercel—the ladies' hawk in olden times—was reserved for smaller game. The native falconers fully recognised the heron as one of the best birds for affording sport. The usual way of proceeding was to quietly approach some lake or *sheet*, as these swamps are called in India; and, unlike the old method of English hawking, a falcon was first let loose to circle overhead, and then a few beaters were sent to rouse the game. Probably the first to rise above the cover would be a flight of heavy duck. In an instant the *bhyrie* would dart after them, endeavouring to approach from below and force the birds to ascend in the

air, when the falcon would follow, and if once he could rise above the fugitives he would probably dash one of them to the earth by a single blow of his powerful talons—the *hind-claw*, not the *bill*, as is often imagined, being brought into play. Presently a heron would be roused from the reeds and slowly fly up in his usual lethargic manner. But immediately he became aware of the approach of his enemy the *bhyrie*, the bird's whole manner changed in marvellous fashion; from a slow-moving, sluggish creature he instantly became surprisingly active, circling round and round, and rapidly ascending in spiral turns higher and higher in the air—a beautiful sight to watch, the bird endeavouring by every means in his power to keep above his oppressor!—till often the pair reached a great height, but generally speaking with one result. The heron would tire and the falcon obtain the upper hand and make his stoop, not striking the heron as he would a wild-duck, but clutching his prey; and the pair, a mass of writhing feathers, would slowly come down to the ground. Then we all rushed up, the falconer in front, knowing full well the danger his favourite would be in from his powerful antagonists. Often valuable hawks have been struck dead, pierced through the body by a single blow from the heron's bill.

I may, however, mention in conclusion that native falconers, when I asked them whether there was any danger to their birds from the heron's bill when they were *high up in the sky* and the two were at close quarters, invariably replied in the negative, asserting that until the two, locked together, reached the ground the heron never made an attempt to strike his opponent. Though contrary to popular opinion and to representations by our artists, I believe the above to be the truth.

AUNT MARY.

CHAPTER IX.

HERE,' said Whitworth, 'is a most abusive letter from Partridge. He wants to know why Kitty is not at St Moritz.'

There was just a faint suggestion of malice in the speaker's tone; but Aunt Mary quite overlooked that. She had appeared dreadfully troubled and worried the last few days. Kitty had not been nearly so well, either.

'I cannot see my way to it,' she cried. 'It will be dreadfully expensive. If it were somewhere in the direction of Cornwall, for instance.'

'St Moritz is not Cornwall,' Whitworth said sapiently.

'But, James, it will cost quite two hundred pounds. Where is the money to come from?'

'You don't want any money. You must both go

to St Moritz as Walter's guests. I shan't be there, because I'm off to Brazil in a day or two. And a good thing, too, seeing that I am down to my last few pounds.'

Aunt Mary protested that the idea was indelicate. She believed that such things were done in modern society. She had heard of dreadful cases where poor brides owed their trousseaux to wealthy husbands.

If Walter and Kitty were married it would be altogether a different matter.

Miss Bentley spoke slowly and with disdain for modern innovation. Whitworth was half-amused, half-inclined to respect her prejudices. But something would have to be done, and he said so bluntly.

'I fancy I have found a way,' Miss Bentley said presently. A pink spot burned on either cheek. 'I

am going to Ambermouth presently, and when I return I shall be able to speak more definitely.'

She went off presently in her best gray silk and her sable cloak that had come down from a bygone generation, and wearing a black bonnet of the severest Puritan style. It was no shock to her pride that she travelled to Ambermouth in the carrier's cart, which she graced as if it had been a barouche-and-pair.

A little later James Whitworth swung into Ambermouth with his long, free stride and his easy air, and made his way without the slightest regard for appearances in the direction of the side-door of a jeweller's shop over which hung the familiar trident of brass balls.

He swaggered into one of the dark little closets of the pawnbroking department as if he had visited his bank for the purpose of drawing a large deposit. 'Diamond ring,' he said, 'repeater watch, chain. I've had eighty pounds on the ring alone lots of times. I want a hundred and fifty pounds altogether. Look sharp.'

The keen-eyed man behind the counter gave a searching glance at the valuables. Then he nodded cheerfully. An assistant was attending to a customer in the next box. He came along to the manager with a diamond-and-ruby frame inside of which was an exquisite miniature.

'Lady wants a couple of hundred on this,' he whispered hoarsely.

Whitworth fairly gasped. The miniature in the lovely setting was quite familiar to him. The manager of the establishment shook his head.

'Not worth it,' he said. 'Probably fetch more money at Christie's; but too risky for us to advance more than a hundred upon.—Your name, sir? James Whitworth? Will you have the money in notes or gold?'

Whitworth elected for notes, which he carelessly stuffed in his pocket. He strode into the street and waited with confidence for the coming of the person he expected to see. A moment later and Miss Bentley emerged with a face of crimson and eyes full of tears. What an effort it had cost her to enter a pawnbroker's she alone knew.

'What were you doing in there?' she asked indignantly. 'Such a disgrace for Walter! Just think if anybody had seen you!'

She had quite forgotten herself; she was always thinking of other people.

'So I have found you out!' Whitworth said coolly. 'There's pride for you! My word, if anybody had recognised you coming from that place! Mary Bentley in a pawnbroker's! The mind reels at the mere suggestion. Mary, I think you are the best and dearest little woman in the world.'

'Don't!' Miss Bentley faltered. 'If you only knew what I have endured! But I was shocked to recognise your voice.'

'Were you? My dear girl, I am quite used to it. Nobody has more ups and downs than a mining-engineer. My last job was a short one, and

I had been out of collar for months before this. Now that I am off to Brazil I need money. Now, which is best—to go sponging on friends who may never be repaid, or raise money honestly on your own property? I am glad of the accommodation; the pawnbroker has done an excellent stroke of business. There is nothing to be ashamed of.'

Aunt Mary shook her head sadly. The pawnbroker represented to her the last signpost on the broad road to ruin. She little realised how often the prosperous of to-day have availed themselves of that friendly aid.

'The miniature was worth the amount you asked,' Whitworth said dryly. 'You may flush and tremble, my dear Mary, but I never admired you quite so much as I do at this moment. It must have been a dreadful thing for you to violate your feelings in the way you have. But I'm glad you didn't part with the miniature of Marie Stuart, because there is another way out of the difficulty.'

'What do you mean by that?' Aunt Mary asked, trembling violently.

'Never mind for the present. When we come to have an explanation presently, we shall both have something to confess. And yet I am sure that the recording angel will drop a tear on our indiscretion as he did on that of Uncle Toby.'

There was a suggestion of fear in the eye that Miss Bentley turned on Whitworth. He was whistling, with his hands stuck deep in his pockets, whilst his companion fairly trotted along by his side.

'I'm walking too fast for you,' he said. 'We'll have a cab home.'

'Always so fearfully extravagant,' Aunt Mary gasped.

'Not a bit of it. Pocket full of money and a good appointment before me. You have to-day seen an object-lesson in thriftiness. I don't care a rap for a gold watch, and diamond rings for men I abhor. But in a moment of prudence I bought both. What is the consequence? I am in a position to raise a large loan on strict business lines without being under an obligation to any one. I've got to send off a telegram to Partridge saying that you start for St Moritz on Saturday.'

'But, my dear James, so far as I can see— Eh, what an impulsive man he is!'

'Well, that's done,' Whitworth said cheerfully as he came down the steps of the post-office. 'You think you are not going on Saturday? My dear Mary, unless something entirely unforeseen occurs, the journey is inevitable. Oh! you designing, wicked woman, I have found you out at last.'

'I have done nothing to be ashamed of, James.'

'Of course you haven't. You have acted magnificently. At the same time, a judge would say some severe things to you if he knew as much as I do. Here's our cab.—Grey Gables, Anscombe, driver.—Mary, will you answer me a question?'

'Certainly, if the answer is not too difficult.'

'Nothing of the kind,' Whitworth said. He bent forward with a mischievous look in his eyes. 'All

I want to know is what you have done with that letter you found in the third volume of Colin's manuscript music compositions.'

CHAPTER X.

KITTY and Walter were seated with their heads close together by the organ. Whitworth had just airily proclaimed the fact that he would be off in the morning, and that it was rather a good thing, seeing that the others were leaving for St Moritz on Saturday.

'That is, if Aunt Mary can get ready,' he concluded.

'I shall be quite ready,' Miss Bentley said, as if the words hurt her.

'Then come along with me,' Whitworth cried. 'We'll go into the dining-room and work out the whole thing. A seasoned traveller like myself can put you up to all the tips. Come along, and leave these young people to themselves.'

Miss Bentley followed slowly. Her face was pale and her eyes heavy with tears. Whitworth carefully closed the dining-room door.

'Now, where is that letter?' he asked curtly.

Very slowly Aunt Mary took a letter from her pocket. Her face flamed scarlet.

'James,' she whispered, 'I did it for the best.'

'God bless the woman! I know you did,' Whitworth burst out. 'I suppose you found out quite by accident, and decided that it was best to keep the secret. And yet you knew perfectly well that it would have ousted Walter from here.'

'Yes, I knew that. When my father was going blind I did all the work of his office for him. I am more than half a lawyer myself. If I had mentioned this letter'—

'Walter would never have come here at all.'

'Oh yes, he would, James. You see, I never found the letter until after Walter came here. I meant to be cold and polite to him, but he won my heart from the first. And when he called me "Aunt Mary" and kissed me I was conquered. I said he was like his mother. But that wasn't the truth. The reason why I took to him was because he so reminded me of you when you were his age.'

Whitworth rubbed his right eye violently. He took Miss Bentley's hand and carried it to his lips. His voice was just a little unsteady. 'Always the best and dearest of women!' he murmured. 'Always.'

'James, don't be foolish,' Aunt Mary said, crying softly. 'The boy went straight to my heart. Then, when I was looking for some music for Kitty, I found the letter. It was from Colin to Mr Benn, but when written I can't say. Perhaps it was written before the will was made—the will in Walter's favour, I mean—in which case'—

'It was written after the will in Walter's favour, as I shall prove to you presently. Now will you read the letter aloud?'

It was a letter written on a sheet of business paper and headed 'Grey Gables, Wednesday,' without further heading and minus a date:

'MY DEAR BENN,—I have given your letter my careful consideration, and I have at length come to the conclusion that you are right and I am wrong. When I made my will two years ago, leaving everything to my brother James in trust for his son Walter on the latter attaining his majority, I am prepared to admit now that I was carried away by the glamour of my brother's bravery in Spain. Acting on that impulse, I allowed myself to commit a gross act of injustice against my adopted daughter Kathleen Evershed.

'My brother I have long since forgiven for the great wrong he did me. He is capable of looking after himself. His son, I hear, is a genius, and would perhaps be spoilt by too much prosperity. Let him make his way in the world.

'This, then, is my will in little. I instruct you to draw up a new testament, leaving everything to my adopted daughter, Kathleen Evershed, with a legacy of one thousand pounds to my nephew Walter. Return the will so that I can sign without delay. —Yours very faithfully, COLIN WHITWORTH.'

'Now, why did you suppress that letter?' Whitworth asked.

'I am coming to that,' Miss Bentley explained. 'It is not dated. It might have referred to one of the last half-dozen previous wills made by your brother Colin.'

'Turn it over,' Whitworth suggested. 'It is written on the back of a letter from Benn asking how much longer the recipient is going to prolong an act of injustice. That letter of Benn's was dated 17th September 1900, two years after the will was signed. Now, if that letter came before a judge, and he was assured of the soundness of mind of my brother at the time he wrote it, it is pretty certain that the will of September 1900 would be set aside and that letter ordered to stand in its place.'

'Really!' Miss Bentley cried, aghast. 'I—I never thought of that.'

'And yet I am merely stating a fact. That letter is absolutely signed by the would-be testator, setting out his ultimatum deliberately. Why, the draft of a will in the handwriting of a mere lawyer's clerk has been allowed to stand before now. And yet you knew of this—you knew that if you only produced that document Walter would have stood aside and Kitty would have taken his place.'

'Stop!' Miss Bentley cried. 'I did know of this. I found the letter before you did, and in the same way—looking for music for Kitty. It was a great shock to me; but after careful consideration I decided to do nothing. And why? Because I was absolutely and sincerely convinced that Kitty's days were numbered. Again, that letter is not a will in the strict sense of the word. Otherwise I would never have behaved as I have done. Kitty was dying. No harm could possibly be done by holding

my tongue. Kitty was dying. The rest mattered nothing. And here was Walter, the boy who so strongly reminded me of you, on the threshold of his career. If you could only have seen his pure delight in the beauties of the old place! All his dreams were realised. And you were so proud of him. I was proud of him. I had not the heart to dispel those dreams. And so I held my peace.'

Again Whitworth kissed the speaker's hand. 'But Kitty,' he urged. 'Kitty came back from the grave. Surely, you should have spoken then. The money was morally all her own.'

'Too late, James. My prejudices were too strong for me. And I always had the miniature in the diamond setting to fall back upon. All this time I had not the slightest idea that you knew of the letter; and James, James'—

Mary Bentley's face lighted up suddenly; she smiled behind her tears. Whitworth smiled too, in an unsteady fashion.

'It's coming,' he said. 'My turn was bound to come. Go on.'

'James, you are worse than I am,' Aunt Mary cried. 'I am an angel of purity compared with you.'

'Well, everybody knows that,' Whitworth said coolly. 'Pray, proceed.'

'You found the letter as well as myself. You knew that Kitty was morally entitled to everything here. And yet you kept the secret. You allowed my foolish prejudice to stand in the way of Dr Partridge's cure, when a word from you would have made everything quite smooth. Was it for your boy that'—

'No, I'm hanged if it was,' Whitworth cried. 'It was for Kitty's sake. Oh, I am quite as guilty as you are, perhaps more so. But you refused to see Partridge; you declared that all that could be done had been done, and that Kitty must die in the orthodox fashion. Then I played my strong card. As Kitty's legal guardian, I insisted upon having my

own way, and you had to yield. That's why I said nothing about the letter. If I had mentioned it you could have defied me, and'—

'And Kitty would have died,' Aunt Mary whispered.

'I'm afraid she would. It seemed to me that here was the typical case where the end justified the means. Mary, let us forgive one another.'

Their hands met across the table, and they smiled. They would be firm friends to the finish now, but nothing more. The old romance was dead and buried, but the fragrance of it lingered, and would sweeten their lives to the end.

'It is best as it is,' Mary said softly, and this was the requiem. They were sitting very quietly when the young people came in.

'Your father leaves us to-morrow,' Aunt Mary said in the same quiet fashion; 'and on Saturday we start on our journey. You smile, Walter. Well, my prejudices have vanished. Sit down, you two, and I will tell you a story.'

She told the tale in her own simple way. She passed the letter from one to the other.

'This is not really a will?' Kitty asked. 'No. And it makes little difference whether the property belongs to Walter or me. Mine is thine, and thine is mine. And now we can settle all disputes like this.'

She rolled up the letter quickly and dropped it into the glowing heart of the wood-fire. The quick spurt of blaze fell on the Romneys and Lelys, who seemed to smile down approvingly. Aunt Mary raised a mittened hand in protest.

'I feel so well to-night,' Kitty said; 'so strong and happy. Aunt Mary, you are the sweetest and dearest woman in the world. And I am going to get well for the sake of those who love me.'

'Amen to that!' cried Whitworth. 'Amen to both, say I.'

THE END.

THE WHISTLERS OF GOMERA.

FIFTY miles off the beaten track of a great steamship highway, yet full two hundred years behind the march of present-day progress, lies Gomera, the sixth in size and importance of the seven Canary Islands. The crowd of British tourists that yearly turns Las Palmas and Orotava into an Atlantic Riviera takes little or no note of the outlying islets, since they have no hotels and—so far as the ordinary tourist knows—no 'sights.' Yet Gomera, at all events, can show a wonder second to no curiosity of the archipelago, in its ancient custom of talking across almost incredible distances of mountain by means of the 'whistling language.'

Curiously enough, very little of this remarkable custom is known, or indeed believed, in Grand

Canary or Tenerife. Local books of travel refer to the alleged existence of such a power in the most cautious manner; visitors to the fashionable islands dismiss with an incredulous laugh the statement that a Gomera native can whistle a long conversation with a comrade four miles away; and even the very few travellers who take the slow but comfortable interinsular boat round to Palma, Gomera, and Hierro believe little, because they hear nothing in their short stay of a few hours in port concerning the whistlers of the island. Yet it is known that this strange art is of old existence in the Canaries. The Guanches—the original inhabitants of the islands, who were conquered by the Spaniards during the fifteenth century—seem to have been almost entirely a pastoral nation; and it was out of the constant necessity of signalling and speaking

to one another across the numberless ravines of the islands that the custom of whistling gradually arose. Originally all the islands knew the art; but it has now died out among the Canaries, except in Gomera. It exists also in Africa, among the natives of the Atlas Mountains, from whom, indeed, the ancient Canarians may originally have obtained the germ of the idea, since there was undoubtedly a good deal of emigration to the islands from the African mainland during the Middle Ages.

There is a brief mention of the whistling language in a letter addressed to the Royal Society of London about the year 1650 by Dr Sprat, Bishop of Rochester. That acute inquirer states that he met an Englishman in Tenerife who had been made deaf for fifteen days by a Guanche native whistling into his ear. The story is certainly rather 'tall'; but any one who has ever heard a Gomera whistle of the present day can at least believe that deafness for an hour or two might be the result of such an infliction. The present writer has been seriously assured by a Spanish hotelkeeper in Santa Cruz de Tenerife that a Gomera girl once employed as kitchen-maid in the hotel had been frequently known to mount a hill behind the town and whistle to her lover in Laguna, nearly five miles away; the lover invariably appearing in Santa Cruz, *visà* the electric tram, in less than an hour after the signal! Whether the above incident is to be believed or not (and it is at least not outside the realm of possibility), there can be no doubt that the Gomera islanders have an extraordinary power of throat and lung, probably due to some special development of a hereditary kind.

Gomera is two days' journey from Tenerife as the interinsular boat goes round by Palma. Leaving Santa Cruz de Tenerife on a Wednesday night, and lying all Thursday in Santa Cruz de la Palma, one reaches Gomera early on the Friday morning. The boat only stays a few hours in port, and calls but once a week. There is no really decent accommodation on the island, though it is fifteen by thirteen miles, and has a population of fourteen thousand. The climate, however, is perfect for camping out at all seasons of the year, rain being very rare, and the nights being almost as warm as the days.

San Sebastian, the tiny port and capital, is a strangely wild, desolate, forsaken-looking spot, lying in the mouth of a huge, barren ravine, and surrounded by dusty palm-trees shaking endlessly to the ever-blowing trade-wind. A square old fortified tower stands up in the middle of the low, flat-roofed houses—relic of the days when rough adventurers took this route to the golden Spanish Main, and were little particular as to what they took besides. The dark, sleepy, somewhat ugly church is famous as the last building of the Old World entered by Columbus before he sailed away across the unknown seas beyond. The great discoverer put in at San Sebastian for water, and, before leaving the island, went to the church to ask the blessing of Heaven upon the voyage then commencing. Not much of

the building remains unchanged since 1492; but there is at least enough to create an atmosphere of historical interest about what would otherwise be a very ordinary little Spanish chapel.

We try to obtain mules or horses here, and have probably considerable difficulty in doing so. The sun smites, the beggars swarm, and unwholesome-looking children, curiously degenerate and malicious in expression, harass the visitors like clouds of flies. It is a relief to ride away out of the town and plod slowly up the rough mountain bridle-track which lies beyond. There are no roads in Gomera, and the bridle-paths are so steep that saddles are sure to slip over the shoulders or quarters of the mules unless well secured by breast-girth and crupper.

With the help of an experienced friend we have succeeded in finding a muleteer who knows the whistling-language; but, in reply to our broken Spanish requests for a display, he tells us that we must wait until we get up among the hills and meet with some one else who understands the *silvando*, or whistling. So we ride on for an hour or two, through a strange wilderness of volcanic clefts and gorges, unspeakably tantalising to would-be explorers who have but half a day to spare. The Giant's Causeway is 'not in it' with many of the outcropping ranges of basaltic pillars that we pass by; we ride among spires of black upstanding rock perched in impossible places at incredible angles; we see huge gloomy glens winding away into the dark hearts of unknown hills, balustraded at every turn with giant balconies of twisted columns—a very Dantean Inferno of wild and forbidding forms. The candelabrum cactus (*Euphorbia canariensis*) spreads its gaunt grayish arms, each tipped with a crimson star of blossom, on the roughest and most barren of the rocky shelves. Its nature does not belie its ugly, kraken-like appearance; for a single drop of its sap will burn the flesh like fire and almost destroy the eye into which it may unluckily have fallen. There are rich woods and green valleys farther inland; but time will not allow us to visit them. We have come up for the *silvando* only, and we should by now have reached a spot where a signal may be heard and answered from the hills.

The *arriero* scans the slopes to right and left; but there is no one in sight. Still, there may be some one out of sight; so he places his two forefingers together at an angle of forty-five degrees, puts them in his mouth, and begins to call.

That is indeed a whistle! It seems almost incredible that no instrument helps in its production, as we hear it rise and swell, shriller and louder, and shriller and louder yet, piercing our very brains with its keenness, and speeding like an arrow of sound far away into the distance, over the deep ravines and up the stony terraces, right into the heart of the hills. The whistler stops at last, and holds up his hand for silence. All hold their breath to listen as out of the far distance, from some invisible creature hidden among the heights, comes

a tiny silvery reply, thin as the ghostly shrilling of a bat or the distant pipe of a mosquito. The call has been answered.

The muleteer listens, with his head cocked on one side like a fox-terrier, to locate the sound, and when it stops he begins to talk in whistles, evidently using the echoes of the rocky mountain-walls to catch and toss onward his calls with wonderful skill. It seems to be a sort of Morse whistling code, elaborated into long calls, short calls, high and low calls, dropping and rising inflections, and curiously articulated calls like a mingling of bird-notes and human words. The power of the whistle is marvelous, but still more notable are its intensity and carrying force; one cannot but feel that those clothy shafts of sound would spit a man from breastbone to spine if he came in the way of their flight!

The short sentence with which our muleteer begins is answered by a long one; another is replied to at greater length, and a third elicits quite a complicated and emphatic reply. The whistler translates:

'I say to them, "How many are you?" and they answer, "We are two, up in the hills." I say, "What are you doing?" and they answer, "We are very busy; we have done much work cutting grass." Then I say, "I have got two English here;" and they say, "Ask them will they buy our cow; we will bring it down for them to see."

The 'English' burst out laughing at this new variant on the 'nation of shopkeepers,' and explained that cows—especially Canarian cows—were not the sort of souvenir they generally carried home from an excursion, but that they would not mind buying some milk if the cow could be brought down.

More whistling, more replying, and then we set off, having arranged that the proprietors of the cow should walk down towards us, while we rode up towards them. We were going at a smart mule-walk all the way, and the cattle-owners were probably hastening lest they should miss the rare and precious visitors; but it was nearly three-quarters of an hour before the meeting took place. We calculated that the whistlers must have been over three miles away in a direct line when they first answered our muleteer's call—not an amazing feat of *silvando*, but still a remarkable one; especially as my companion told me that the best whistlers never used their fingers, as our muleteer had done, and that he was probably rather an inferior performer.

The whistlers answered exactly to their own description when they appeared. There were two of them; they had reaping-hooks, and they brought a milch cow, with which they were very anxious to trade.

'Is the *silvando* much used in Gomera?' we asked our guide.

'Yes, much, in the mountains,' he answered. 'There are many in the towns who do not know it, and the old men are better whistlers than the young. Yes, the women whistle too, and they can be heard as far as we can.'

It seems certain, on the whole, that the *silvando* is beginning to decline; but time moves slowly in Gomera, and even another couple of generations will hardly see the extinction of the custom. It is to be hoped that, before it becomes uncommon and difficult to investigate, some scientific inquiry may be made into the history and nature of this most curious art.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE WHITEHEAD TORPEDO.



HE notion of destroying shipping by means of floating explosives is by no means so new as some persons are apt to think, for contrivances of this nature were employed at the siege of Rochelle nearly three centuries ago. But it was during the American Civil War that the torpedo, as it came to be called, first gained notoriety, for by its aid no fewer than thirty-nine of the Federal ships were destroyed. From that time torpedo-boats date, for the American Government was quick to see the importance of this method of naval warfare, and built vessels for its development. The modern Whitehead torpedo is a most beautifully constructed machine, and it is a slur on our boasted civilisation that so much ingenuity and skill should have been devoted to the wholesale destruction of life and property. Shaped like a fish, it is made of steel. It is driven

through the water by two propellers working by compressed air, and the detonating charge at its head consists of more than one hundred pounds of gun-cotton. An ingenious application of the gyroscope causes the torpedo, which is about five yards long, to keep a straight line towards its goal, and it can be relied upon to keep at a fixed distance beneath the surface of the water—about ten feet. Since torpedo-nets were hung around battleships for their protection the torpedoes have been furnished with a scissors device for making their way through such obstructions, and nets are therefore now rendered useless. The cost of an ordinary torpedo is five hundred pounds, and its weight is half a ton.

MOTOR-OMNIBUSES.

At a meeting of the Scottish Automobile Club held in Edinburgh a paper on 'Motor-Omnibuses and Tramways' was read by Mr John Stirling, of Granton, in which he expressed the opinion that the subject would at an early date

become one of earnest public discussion. He considered that tram-cars constituted a perpetual street obstruction, and as time went on congestion and attendant street dangers would multiply unless a remedy were quickly found. He believed that the motor-omnibus was destined to displace existing tramways in crowded cities. It was free from the serious disadvantage of a tramway service depending for its power upon a central station. Recent improvements had brought motor-omnibuses into prominence as reliable means of commercial locomotion, and he thought that this fact should be widely known. It may be mentioned in connection with this matter that the Great Western Railway Company have opened up a service of road motor-cars between certain stations on their line and villages which hitherto have been difficult of access. These cars carry from fourteen to sixteen passengers, with accommodation for luggage, parcels, and bicycles. They are fitted with twenty horsepower petrol-engines, which enable the vehicles to ascend hills of considerable gradient. Only a few of these railway omnibuses are at present in operation, but it is intended within a short time to extend the service considerably.

SCULPTURE BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

An invention which has recently been shown at the Royal Society, London, is attracting much attention among photographers, for it aims at producing by means of the camera bas-reliefs from living models; and the examples of the work which we have had an opportunity of examining indicate a high measure of success. The system pursued by the inventor, Signor Carlo Baese, depends upon the circumstance that a thick layer of gelatine which has been treated with a bichromate salt, if exposed under a negative to light, will be deprived of its property of swelling on the application of water in proportion to the amount of light which various parts of the surface receive. Such an image in slight relief is the basis of the woodburytype and some other reproductive processes; but Signor Baese exaggerates this relief so as to adapt the method to the production of medals, plaques, and the like, by illuminating the model with a wedge-shaped beam of electric light, so that the more prominent parts (say, of a profile head) will receive the most light, while there is a gradual diminution of its intensity as the background is reached. By this means the ultimate amount of relief on the swelled gelatine which is used as a mould for the medallion to be produced is greatly increased. This is necessarily a very bare outline of the process, which, we believe, has before it a promising future.

RAIL-WELDING.

It used to be stated in some of the old school-books, as an instance of the expansion of iron under the influence of heat, that the metals on a given stretch of railroad were so many hundred feet longer in summer-time than they were in winter

and that to leave room for the natural expansion a space was always left between the ends of each rail. This is perfectly true when rails are supported on wooden sleepers and isolated from the ground; but on tram-lines, where the metals actually form part of the roadway, the difference between summer heat and that of winter is so slight as to be disregarded. Such rails are now welded at the joints by the action of electricity; but a newer method which has recently been tried with successful results by the Glasgow Corporation Tramways Department is to employ the German preparation called thermit. This consists of iron oxide mixed with aluminium, which has to be ignited by special means, when the heat given out is so great that the iron separates out in a molten state. The metal is made to flow into a mould in two pieces which are clasped on either side of the rail to be joined up with its fellow. It will be observed that no fish-plates are necessary, the result of the welds being that each rail is in one continuous piece from end to end of the line. This ensures very smooth travelling.

A NATURAL BULWARK.

When the Suez Canal was first contemplated there were many misgivings as to the possibility of preventing the sand from filling up the channel, and many suggestions were made as to the best means of preserving the integrity of the banks. But it has since been discovered that Nature has provided the most efficient means of protecting the waterway from injury, and a better one than the sunburned brick or sandstone in use in certain parts of the canal. The natural safeguard is a fringe of reeds, which travellers on the canal may have noticed on the African side below Ismailia. The Canal Company are making an attempt to grow these reeds for transplanting to other places; but the difficulty is that they must be reared in fresh-water, although in after-life they readily adapt themselves to salt-water. On the Asian shore of the canal no fresh water is procurable; but the difficulty should not be insuperable, and we may look forward to the time when the Suez Canal will grow its own embankment.

ORANGE ESSENCE.

In certain parts of South America *petit grain*, or essence of orange-leaves, has long been manufactured, the industry having been initiated a century and a half ago by the Jesuit priests, who at that time held sway over the Indians, and taught them how to rear the orange-trees which now form immense forests. The essence or oil mostly comes from Paraguay, and, according to a recent consular report, is principally manufactured by French people, but the natives also make it. The peel of the fruit is exported for making bitters, marmalade, &c.; the essence made from the leaves being placed in hermetically sealed cans, which are enclosed in strong wooden boxes. The natives greatly value the essence as a medicament, using it as an ointment for the

treatment of wounds and cuts both for themselves and for their beasts. They declare that wounds liable to fester are caused to heal very quickly, and that the essence also makes a fine hair-tonic, causing the hair to grow fast when rubbed into the scalp. In commerce, the essence is chiefly imported for its use in perfumery and in soap manufacture, and most of it is shipped to France.

A DOMESTIC COAL-SAVER.

In spite of the introduction of most convenient gas-stoves and electric radiators, there is a comforting, home-like feeling about the blazing coal-fire which heavily handicaps its rivals. It is, of course, a very wasteful method of burning fuel, for the larger part of the heat, including much unburnt carbon in the form of soot and smoke, goes up the chimney. But it is perhaps in the kitchen where the greatest waste goes on, for the closed range there is provided with flues, by the aid of which cook can roar away the coals according to her own sweet will. Campbell's coal-saver has been designed to put a check upon this waste. It consists of a series of iron bars placed at an angle of 45 deg., which can be inserted bodily into the grate, with the result that its area is reduced one-half by a diagonal screen, and the fuel consumption is diminished in the same ratio. At the same time, the effectiveness of the grate is by no means impaired; and as the fuel is kept by this arrangement more towards the back of the grate than it is without the coal-saver, the boiler generally placed there for providing hot-water for the bathroom, &c., is kept hot. A minor point of advantage in connection with the contrivance is that it is very cleanly in use.

HARNESSED ZEBRAS.

Motor-cars and electric trams have been the means of driving thousands of horses from our thoroughfares, and 'the noble animal,' as he used to be called in the old copy-books, now has another possible rival in the zebra. It has long been known that this animal can be broken to harness, and experts declare that it is more intelligent and tractable than the horse. Some interesting experiments have lately taken place at the Zoological Gardens, London, where His Majesty the King has sent the zebras recently presented to him by Menelik, the ruler of Abyssinia. After a few hours' coaxing, the zebras allowed themselves to be saddled and ridden; and the authorities hold out hopes that in time these animals will share with the elephants and camels the duty of carrying children round the Gardens. It was certainly unlucky that the Grevy zebra, nine years old, should die a few days after the course of lessons.

OZONE.

Long ago, when Franklin enumerated the various points of similarity between lightning and electricity, he noted that both had a *sulphurous* smell. We now know that this pungent odour, often observable when lightning is close, and always

noticeable in the near neighbourhood of an electric machine or an induction coil, is due to that modified form of oxygen called ozone. In pure sea-air and in the country it gives to air its bracing freshness; it has the power of destroying offensive emanations, and is believed to do good service in purifying the atmosphere in situations where animal life would otherwise vitiate it. In towns and crowded streets it can no longer be recognised. An apparatus for its artificial production by electrical means has been devised by Messrs Rosenberg and Company, of London. This device consists of a series of metal plates enclosed in a box, which can easily be connected with any electric light terminal in a building. It consumes no more current than an ordinary glow-lamp, and gives off abundance of health-giving ozone. This apparatus should prove a valuable adjunct to the ventilation system of a building.

MALARIA AT ISMAILIA.

Professor Boyce has recently returned from Egypt, and has made a most satisfactory statement with regard to the results of the anti-malarial expedition to Ismailia. In September 1903, when Major Ross visited the place, there were two thousand cases of malaria in a population of nine thousand, of whom two thousand were Europeans. At an expense of little more than four thousand pounds, the authorities loyally carried out Major Ross's suggestions as to sanitary reforms: marshlands close to the town were filled up, stagnant pools were cleaned, and petroleum was freely used to get rid of the mosquitoes, to whose agency the disease had been traced. The two thousand cases of malaria had now been reduced to one-tenth of that number. There were no deaths among the Europeans last year, and only four among the natives, instead of thirty, as was the case the year before. The president of the Suez Canal Company held out the hope that in a short time Ismailia would come to be regarded as a sanatorium and watering-place for Cairo. Even now people could sleep in any of the houses of the European quarter without mosquito-nets. Major Ross has been asked to draw up a report relative to malaria cases in India, which accounted for three hundred thousand admissions to hospitals among the troops and the jail prisoners. He considers that, in view of what has been done at Ismailia, the cases of disease represented by those figures can be reduced to about one-third.

PHYSICAL DEGENERATION.

We have heard much of late concerning the alleged physical degeneration of the British nation, and pessimists have drawn melancholy pictures of our possible future as a race. For this reason the paper read last month before the Society of Arts by Dr Robert Jones aroused much interest; and, as is often the case, the discussion which it provoked was as valuable as the paper itself. Dr Jones was able to speak as an expert of the increase

of insanity, for he is medical officer to a large county asylum, and he attributes a large percentage of cases to the drink habit. Other causes of deterioration are found in insufficient food, malnutrition, overcrowding, excessive tea-drinking, and juvenile smoking. He believes that the revolt against domestic service is a serious cause of evil, the general want of home experience preventing girls from becoming good wives and mothers. It seemed to be the general belief on the part of those who took part in the discussion that environment rather than heredity was responsible for deterioration of the race, and that much good would accrue if people could be kept on the land instead of flocking to the crowded centres. Dr Hall, of Leeds, said that the best physical development was shown by Jewish children, and he attributed this to their careful feeding. It seems that in the army recruiting department the number of rejections from physical causes remains the same year by year—about one-half. On the other hand, many lads of thirteen to sixteen years of age are passed into the army by the medical officers under the impression that they are eighteen, so well developed are they. In such cases the discharge of the lads is often claimed by their parents, and the true age is divulged.

LIGHTNING-CONDUCTORS.

Mr Alfred Hands has made a very interesting collection of photographs of lightning, and of buildings, &c., which have been struck by lightning, and he used them to illustrate in a very thorough manner a lecture which he recently delivered before the London Camera Club. He pointed out that a lightning-rod is a danger rather than a protection to a building unless it be properly fixed, is of sufficient area, and has a good earth connection. A conductor may be fixed in such a position and with such a bad 'earth' that the lightning is tempted to take an alternative path, say by any adjacent gas-pipe within the building, and in springing from one metal to the other it will probably destroy much masonry. It chooses the pipe path because the ramifications of the mains below ground offer a better earth connection than the rod provided for it. He estimated the damage by lightning annually in this country at about one hundred thousand pounds, and the loss of human life at about twenty. Much of the damage would be prevented if buildings were intelligently safeguarded.

THE TREASURE-LAKE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

In the June 1903 number of *Chambers's Journal* Mr Benjamin Taylor told the story of sunken treasure in the Sacred Lake of Guatavita in the Republic of Colombia, and described the efforts which are being made by a syndicate of adventurers and engineers to reach this treasure by means of a tunnel through the mountain. This romantic enterprise is in steady progress, just as if it were an

ordinary matter-of-fact business operation. We are informed by one engaged in it that the water is now being taken out of the lake, which is in a cup-like depression on the top of a mountain. The tunnel described in the article has been driven right through the side of the hill to the edge of the lake, which was reached some months ago, and it was the intention to carry it under the bottom of the lake to a point some feet below the centre of the basin. Meanwhile a shaft was sunk from the banks of the lake to connect it with the tunnel. By means of this shaft the engineers began drawing off the water in three sections. The third section is, we understand, now being emptied. These sections consist of small subsidiary shafts sunk near the water's edge at different parts, and are connected by means of small tunnels with the main shaft admitting to the large tunnel. The drawing off of the first two sections reduced the depth of water from forty-five feet to ten feet. Then, as the ground became very soft, progress was slower. It is expected that the centre of the lake will be bare this month, after which the mud deposit will be carefully sifted for the reputed treasure. The Colombians say that the Spaniards undoubtedly recovered a lot of valuables from the lake, but that this was only the treasure thrown in by the common people from the banks. The treasure deposited in sacrificial form in the centre of the lake by the caciques has, they say, never even been sought for, and is bound to be there now. We shall see.

THE ANSWER.

'THERE's naught but toil,' I said, and turned once more
To wrestle on with Fate;
And then I heard a little voice implore,
'Do not despond, but wait.'

'There is no joy in life or love or art,'
I said in my despair;
And then I heard your laughter in my heart,
And smiled to hear it there.

'There is no peace,' I sighed in hopelessness—
Held fast in gloom's embrace;
And then I felt your tender hands' caress,
Your lips upon my face.

'There is no promise. How can I rejoice?
To-morrow's lips are dumb!'
And still I hear your tender, hopeful voice:
'The summer days will come!'

J. S. M.

* * * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE RIGHT HORSE BUT THE WRONG MAN.

AN ADVENTURE IN SOUTHERN SPAIN.

By F. B. FORESTER, Author of *Held to Ransom*, &c.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART I.



AWFULLY rough luck !' said Kendrick, and he looked ruefully at the leg doubled under him.

It was bad enough luck, anyhow. While creeping warily along the base of a steep outcropping shoulder of rock he had made a false step, and had in consequence found himself immediately afterwards sliding, slipping, and jolting down, arriving at the foot of a precipitous slope in a thoroughly jarred and dazed condition, and with a sprained ankle into the bargain.

He tried to stand up as he spoke, found that to be impossible, and dropped down again pretty quickly. Then he looked up at the slope down which he had journeyed in so swift and sudden, if not altogether so pleasant, a manner ; turned his regards in like fashion to right, left, and in front of him ; and seeing that in the whole range of dreary, desolate, sun-baked crags, and dry, arid, treeless plain, there was not a sign of human existence visible, brought them back to his own immediate surroundings, and fell to fingering the twisted ankle tenderly.

'Don't seem much chance of getting on to Pozo del Monte to-night at this rate,' soliloquised Kendrick once more, and again he gazed from the bare forbidding rocks to the fast-reddening western sky. It would be sunset soon, and he knew it. Moreover, in the south of Spain darkness follows close on the heels of sundown, and he knew that too.

'Now, if there was a Civil Guard anywhere within hail !' thought he, speaking his reflections aloud. 'But, of course, there isn't. There never is when you want him.'

By this time the sun had begun to throw open the glorious doors through which he nightly passed to his rest ; every peak, crag, and boulder glowed with a roselight, wonderful and gorgeous to look

at ; and for a moment, despite his sprained ankle, Kendrick sat with lips apart and eyes intent, gazing at the majestic spectacle before him, and entirely forgetful of such sublunary matters as supper and shelter for the night. But the thought of these came back with a sudden leap a couple of minutes later, when, while still intent on the vision of glory in the west, he descried at the height of perhaps a hundred feet from where he lay a moving object among the rocks, which object revealed itself presently without doubt as the figure of a man.

'Maybe a Civil Guard after all !' thought Kendrick, with a leap of hope. 'And if that's so, t'other won't be far off. These fellows always hunt in couples.—Hullo ! Hullo ! *Ho-o-o-la !*'

The prolonged yell was loud enough to have penetrated far beyond the speck on the rocks there above, and for a minute or two Kendrick awaited results eagerly. He had seen the figure come to a halt, sure enough ; but the blaze of the westerling sun was dazzling his eyes just then, and there was no making it out very clearly. However, he rightly guessed the man to be on his way down, and for a couple of minutes waited eagerly, expecting every moment to see the erect, stalwart figure of a Civil Guard, cocked hat on head and rifle on shoulder, emerge from behind the rock at present barring his view.

But no ! In place of the uniformed and white-belted trimness of one of the representatives of Spanish law and order, as upright and soldierly in bearing as military drill and training could make him, his disappointed eyes encountered only a wild, uncouth figure clad in goatskin, and wearing upon his head a cap of the same. So fantastically strange was his appearance that Kendrick found his mind wandering to the representations of Robinson Crusoe as depicted in pantomime and picture-book of his childhood, and for the first time he almost

wished that he had followed the advice freely bestowed upon him and taken the precaution of carrying a revolver. But the man turned out to be merely a goatherd, and, despite his forbidding aspect, was an honest, good-natured fellow at heart. The worst of it was that the guttural *patois* in which he spoke left Kendrick utterly at a loss at first, and not even a good deal of dumb-show and many repetitions enabled our traveller to understand what the newcomer was trying to say. Moreover, when the latter, after an unintelligible flow of talk, suddenly glanced up to the rocks above and emitted a deafening and almost fiendish yell, the remembrance of certain objects lately seen from time to time throughout his wanderings returned to Kendrick's memory with unpleasant suggestiveness, and set him longing with ten times renewed vigour for that revolver. These objects had been crosses set up here and there by the wayside or happened upon by our hero in rugged and desolate mountain-passes—one and all, according to the testimony of his guide-book, invariably pointing out the scene of a murder; and with such recollections in mind it was hardly strange that Kendrick, rightly interpreting the shouts and gesticulations of the newcomer as signals, should have put him down as a bandit sure and certain, and expected speedily to find himself in the position of contributing another cross to the list. However, in spite of his inches, our traveller was British to the backbone, and being doggedly resolved that, come what might, he would at least die game, he awaited the appearance of his presumptive murderers in grim silence.

But it was a false alarm after all. The expected reinforcements proved to consist only of another sample of the natives, akin to the former, who stared in surprise, as well he might, at the unlooked-for apparition of a middle-aged British tourist in spectacles, Norfolk jacket, and knickerbockers in a place like that. Then it turned out—this fellow having at command a more intelligible *patois* than his comrade—that the intentions of the pair, far from cutting the throat of *el señor Ingles*, were merely to convey him to a small *venta* or roadside inn, hidden from view by the outcropping shoulder of the mountain and distant only a couple of hundred yards or so. Whereupon Kendrick, finding himself lifted carefully to his feet and as heedfully supported between these two stalwart sons of the sierra, recalled his late suspicions with somewhat self-reproachful sensations, and felt—nature having placed him already in the position of looking—a trifle small.

The *venta* referred to, a low, whitewashed, one-storied building, was the largest among a group of half-a-dozen hovels crowded together like frightened sheep, after the manner of outlying villages in Spain, and occupying a sheltered nook beneath a frowning crag. There was a bench at the door, and upon this his conductors set the Englishman down, one remaining beside him while his comrade, making a plunge through the low doorway, summoned

with a vigorous shout and in the end brought out the hostess herself, a buxom, black-haired, black-eyed, and in the main comely matron of Andalusia.

Kendrick was wise in his generation, and no believer in extremes. Before quitting Paris he had learned from one enthusiastic friend just returned from a tour in the Peninsula that his experience had gone to prove the Spanish mind superior to reward; from another that an insufficient *douceur* tendered to a native of the Castiles had drawn from that gentleman choice specimens of abuse similar to those in which the London cabby is wont to indulge when displeased with the amount of a tip. Hence our traveller, knowing something of men, and too sagacious to judge by single examples, concluded to strike the happy medium by tendering a couple of *pesetas* to each of his friends in need, and sending them in to drink at his expense. As a result he was somewhat surprised to find the pair go off well satisfied after offering him hearty and courteous thanks, and disposing of a mere modest glass of anisette.

The sun had not yet sunk behind the sierra, and his parting rays still shone strong and bright on the bench by the door and on Kendrick sitting there in meditation. They shone, too, on the unclean gutter a couple of yards away, where a sow and pigs were rooting dejectedly and three or four disconsolate hens doing their best to pick up an evening meal. But of human beings he saw nothing until the return of his hostess.

'Señora,' began Kendrick abruptly, 'is there a doctor here?'

It seemed a hopeless question to ask in view of the surroundings. But his ankle had begun to ache and twinge horribly, and struck, too, in a way that was distinctly unpleasant when he tried to stand.

Up came the hands of the good woman in a moment. '*Un médico! No, por Dios!* But at Pozo del Monte, yes.'

'Nor a post-office?' Kendrick tried again, not very hopefully. But he was thinking that in the event of his being detained there by that wretched ankle it would be necessary to apprise his friends of his whereabouts.

His hostess, a stately dame in voluminous skirts and handkerchief-hidden bodice, paused for a moment, evidently at a loss. Then, apparently certain of being right in that anyhow, she responded, brightening, '*Si, señor, at Pozo del Monte;*' and, evidently under the impression that a post-office must be some sort of civic dignitary, went on to observe, 'They have an *alcalde* [mayor] there too.'

Kendrick sighed. All good and desirable things seemed to be at Pozo del Monte, and he only wished himself there with them. But the fast-falling gloom and the darkening sky seemed to put all such possibilities beyond question for that night anyhow, and there was nothing for it but to limp painfully into the house. Then it was that his feelings, too

sensitive for a present-day tourist, received a rude and sudden shock.

He had passed the night in more than one village of southern Spain of late, and was in consequence tolerably familiar with the general plan of a domestic interior. There to the right of the small, low-ceilinged room in which he found himself now, its not over-clean walls hung with daubs that were supposed to represent the portraits of saints, a doorway minus the door gave upon a stable, at present tenanted by about half-a-dozen mules and their drivers, the former feeding at a long, low rack of hay; the latter mere inanimate bundles of particoloured humanity, rolled in their *capas* and nestling fast asleep in the straw. Nothing in itself all this, except that this stable and the famous one of King Ageus had much in common.

Kendrick turned away with a shrug, and glanced at the interior at his elbow. The table had been placed at a corner, and behind it three or four swartly, beetle-browed fellows, the whole group a study in crude colour, every man with a beard of at least four days' growth blackening lips and chin, and having his close-cropped bullet head covered with a handkerchief tied ringwise round the crown, sat smoking relays of *cigarritos* and drinking from a skin of wine, pausing in these occupations to stare hard at the stranger and whisper to each other. A picturesque, old-time interior, of course, with enough

in the way of local colour to commend it to every lover of Cervantes, but hardly calculated—particularly when taken in connection with the formidable knife carried in each man's belt—to appeal to an inoffensive tourist, or render him specially anxious to spend much time in its near neighbourhood. Kendrick had seen enough, anyhow; and as he stood there he registered a mental vow that, come what might of it, sprained ankle or not, that *venta* should not afford him shelter for this night. He turned suddenly upon his hostess.

'Señora,' he broke out in desperation, 'have you anything—horse, mule, donkey'—he was almost on the point of saying pig—'that could carry me to Pozo del Monte to-night?'

The woman looked at him, and he saw her face change suddenly. It was a strange expression, and he remembered it afterwards.

'Then it would seem,' demanded she, 'that the señor has no wish to pass the night here?'

She was right enough there. Kendrick's convictions were quite decided on that point, and he had no scruples in telling her so. His hostess, however, showed no sign of being offended, nor did she try to dissuade him. On the contrary, seeing her guest limp towards the door as if determined upon putting his intentions into action that moment, she uplifted her voice and made the rafters ring in a shrill call for Perico.

LORD NELSON'S PRIZE CAPTURES.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

By Rev. R. A. GATTY, LL.B.

PART II.



HERE are many of these captured letters which would bear translation if it were only to get the gossip of various places during the war. As for the sea, the news that the English fleet had sailed must have caused a flutter among the mercantile shipping. The chaplain's diary gives a good idea of what went on, and one can imagine, from his quiet allusions to the captures, that they were the ordinary incidents of sea-life at that time. No doubt each ship carried a letter-bag, and Lord Nelson would require these to be translated by Mr Scott. The following quotations from Mr Scott's diary bear the date 1803:

'June 1.—The wind still favourable but not strong, carrying us about three miles an hour.

'June 2.—Very early in the morning saw two ships, one like a frigate, at the same time being in sight of the Rock of Lisbon. Wind favourable, and going eight knots. Passed at nine o'clock in the evening Cape St Vincent.

'June 3.—Passed Cape Trafalgar. Took a French ship from Guadeloupe to Marseilles, and anchored in the evening at Gibraltar. Wrote several letters.

'June 4.—King's birthday. Saluted garrison, Portuguese admiral, and His Majesty. Remained on board from illness. Quitted Gibraltar at three in the afternoon. Gave chase, in company with the *Maidstone* frigate, to a ship and brig in Tetuan Bay. Cleared for action. Passed Ceuta, which, with the fortifications, appeared in a beautiful point of view. Answered the chase-signal, which proved to be the *Tourterelle*, and bore up for Malta.

'June 5.—Trinity Sunday. Took a Dutch brig from Cette in Languedoc to Amsterdam. About an hour after took a French brig called *Le Silvain*, bound from Cette to St Malo.'

This made three ships taken in five days. It would be interesting to know what was done with such captures. To put a crew on board each and send them to England would sadly deplete the fighting strength of the Admiral's ship, besides running a considerable risk of recapture on the way home. Mr Scott is never tired of praising Nelson's delightful character, which from its entire freedom from all affectation made him beloved by all ranks. The close intercourse on board ship is a great test and trial of friendliness; and when for nearly two

years—as was the case when with Lord Nelson in the Mediterranean and chasing the French fleet to the West Indies—you rarely leave the ship, and are in constant company with the same person, it might seem difficult to preserve the same admiration and affection. The following story is very illustrative of Lord Nelson's genial kindness: 'One bright morning, when the ship was moving about four knots an hour through a very smooth sea, everything on board being orderly and quiet, there was a sudden cry of "Man overboard." A midshipman named Flinn, a good draftsman, who had been sitting on the deck comfortably sketching, started at the cry, and, looking over the side of the ship, he saw his own servant, who was no swimmer, floundering in the sea. Before Flinn's jacket could be thrown off the captain of marines had sent a chair through the port-hole in the ward-room to keep the man floating, and in the next instant Flinn had flung himself overboard and was swimming to the rescue. The Admiral, having witnessed the whole affair from the quarter-deck, was highly delighted with the scene; and when the party, chair and all, had been hauled upon deck, he called Mr Flinn, praised his conduct, and made him lieutenant on the spot. A loud huzzza from the midshipmen whom the incident had collected on deck, and who were throwing up their caps in honour of Flinn's good fortune, arrested Lord Nelson's attention. There was something significant in the tone of their cheer which he immediately recognised; and putting up his hand for silence, and leaning over to the crowd of middies, he said, with a good-natured smile on his face, "Stop, young gentlemen! Mr Flinn has done a gallant thing to-day, and he has done many gallant things before, for which he has got his reward; but, mind, *I will have no more making lieutenants for servants falling overboard.*"

Every evening Mr Scott was with his chief, and he was constantly a guest at his table. In a letter to Mr Rose, dated May 24, 1804, Lord Nelson said: 'The Rev. Mr Scott desires me to present his best respects to you, and I cannot let this opportunity slip of telling you that his abilities are of a very superior cast, and that he would be a most valuable acquisition to any one high in office. He lives with me; I can therefore speak confidently of his ability.'

Mention has been made of the difficulties Lord Nelson frequently had over victualling his ships, and the missions of Mr Scott to the shore at various places to negotiate *sub roâd* for these requisites. On one of these occasions he made the acquaintance of Mr Francis Paul Magnon, a native of Savoy, who was commandant of the round-tower of Longo-Sardo, which was situated on an eminence at the natural harbour of Longon, in Sardinia, directly facing Bonifacio, in Corsica. He was a man of literary tastes and a poet, and he and Mr Scott became great friends. When dining one evening with Lord Nelson on the *Victory*, Mr Magnon received from

his host a gold medal of the Nile, and from Mr Scott a copy of Cicero's philosophical works and 'a pen which had been used by Lord Nelson.' Among the 'intercepted letters' is an account of the state of the garrison at Bonifacio, which Mr Magnon obtained through a spy, and which at the time was valuable information.

On one occasion when Mr Magnon was on board the *Victory*, he expressed a wish that some of the officers, and even the Admiral himself, would attend one of the religious festivals of the country shortly to be held at a small town near his fort, the sight of which he thought would interest them, and their presence would certainly please the people. Several of the ship's company promised to be present; but before the event took place the fleet had left the Maddalena Islands, and anchored in the Bay of Rosas, in the north of Spain. 'Here the usual communications were held with the shore, and a number of Spanish newspapers, among other things, were sent to the Admiral, and were duly read to him by Mr Scott. In them a great sale of pictures, books, curious Bibles, church plate, dresses, &c. was announced, and attracted Scott's antiquarian tastes. 'Nothing was said at the time; but it seemed to have dwelt in the Admiral's mind, for at dinner, talking jocosely with Mr Scott, he said, "I know why you dwell so much upon the advertisements in the Spanish papers. Ah, my dear Doctor! you are always the same. You want a holiday, I suppose, and would be glad to have a run on shore at Barcelona, and ruin yourself in old Spanish books and curiosities, as you have done before. You dwell upon the advertisement to give me a hint; that's the plain English of the matter.—Well," he continued, turning to the officers, "can we spare Mr Scott?—You see I have half a mind to gratify you. Well, we must send into Barcelona for supplies, so I'll try and indulge you." This was all that took place openly on the subject; but Mr Scott on leaving received his private instructions, a signal was made for the *Juno* frigate to come alongside, and the following day towards evening she was despatched for Barcelona, with Mr Scott on board. They anchored off the town; and Scott, slipping quietly on shore, passed an hour at the theatre, and the next morning began to execute his commissions. In the course of a few days he returned to the *Victory*, when a number of large chests were hoisted on deck with him, which excited no small amusement from the extensive additions the Doctor (as Lord Nelson always called him) had been making to his floating library. What the chests really contained was not known until the party from the ship attended the festival recommended by Mr Magnon, when they discovered that the plate and vestments which decorated the altar and priests, and, in short, all the most distinguished ornaments of the spectacle, had been presents from the Admiral, and that he had employed his secretary to buy them at the Barcelona sale for the purpose of cultivating the goodwill of the people of Sardinia. The Sards

acknowledged the compliment by an enthusiastic inscription in the chapel to the praise of their benefactor.' Such was an instance of Lord Nelson's diplomacy, which proved him as skilful in securing friends as in subduing enemies. It must not be supposed that while these courtesies were going on between the Sardinians and the British fleet they had escaped the notice of the French Government, who sharply wrote to the Viceroy as follows: 'Le Gouvernement de la République a droit de se plaindre de cette excessive complaisance, nourrir régulièrement une escadre, qui bloque un port, la ravitailler, en un mot, périodiquement, c'est fouler aux pieds la neutralité que l'on dit professer. . . . Je vais faire part à mon gouvernement d'un fait, qui mérite toute son attention, et dans lequel, il m'est pénible, de voir quelques motifs de mésintelligence entre la France et sa Majesté Sarde.' The Sardinian Government, having no means of defence or resources for engaging in open hostility with France, complied officially with the neutral regulations by giving public orders for limited supplies; but it continued favourable to the English, and the commandantes of La Maddalena and Gallura were given to understand at the same time that it was the wish of the Viceroy that accommodation of every kind should be afforded to Lord Nelson's fleet. 'On one occasion when Mr Scott was sent ashore at Palermo, he received hospitality from the Benedictine monks of St Martino, whose monastery, which is on a magnificent scale, is situated in a wild, romantic valley, and is kept up in a style of princely grandeur. From its affording so luxurious a retirement, many of the monks are the younger scions of the best families of Italy, and are men of education and taste. While Mr Scott was there he was the means of saving the lives of some travelling priests who had taken shelter in the monastery for the night. His love of reading had caused him to dip deep into the morning hours among his books, when the thought suddenly occurred to him that the priests had gone to sleep in an adjoining room, and that he had seen a charcoal brazier burning there during the day. The idea of their possible danger from suffocation immediately suggested itself. He got up and knocked at their door, but receiving no answer, he went in, and found, as he had apprehended, the charcoal still burning, and the priests in a heavy sleep. So deep was their slumber that but for his timely assistance it must have been fatal; and he used afterwards to say his love of old books had at any rate been of use on that one occasion, even if he had never derived any other advantage from it.'

It is a pity more is not known about these secret service expeditions; but Mr Scott always refused to enter into any particulars about them, and his private journal supplies no further information. About this time he was sent to Algiers from the fleet, and in the *Life of Scott* the account states that when Lord Nelson arrived at Gibraltar in June 1803

to assume command, he found there the English Consul-General of Algiers, who had been expelled from his post in a most indecent manner owing to some suspicion of the Dey of quite a private nature. This affair, together with the detention of an English ship captured by the Algerine cruisers, had become intricate from the lapse of time and the Dey's shuffling explanations by letter. As soon as Lord Nelson had received instructions from Government to adjust these differences, he appointed Sir G. R. Keats, who then commanded the *Superbe*, to proceed to Algiers for the purpose, and permitted him, at his own particular request, to take Mr Scott with him. Captain Keats made this selection in consequence of the high opinion he had frequently heard the Admiral express of Scott's abilities and his knowledge of languages. The dilatoriness and continued evasion, however, on the part of the Dey rendered it necessary that Captain Keats and his companion should pay two visits before a satisfactory reparation could be extorted. Prior to his intercourse with the Algerine authorities, Scott took the precaution of translating into Italian the instructions by which he was to act. One of the most delicate points in the matter was to discover whether, and how far, the Dey's conduct was influenced by French politics. Three years before this an English fleet had saved Algiers from being attacked and plundered by Bonaparte, who wished to possess it. This was still a favourite object with him, and it seemed very probable that the obstinacy now exhibited, and which, so long as it lasted, precluded any English consul being sent to Algiers, might have secretly originated in the ingenuity of Bonaparte's emissaries. These would naturally wish to keep away every one likely to enlighten the Dey and regency as to their master's nefarious views. Captain Keats's mission, therefore, had to awaken the Algerians to the fact, without seeming to menace them, that they would stand in a very awkward position if they were deserted by England and left to the mercy of France. By this course they succeeded in getting the amplest apology for the insult offered to our consul, and the restoration of the captured vessel, cargo, and crew. The fleet was in port in Sardinia when the *Superbe* returned from her second expedition; but, on account of having come from a country infected by the plague, she could not obtain immediate pratique. This obstruction occasioned a letter from Lord Nelson to Captain Keats, who must have given it to Mr Scott, as it is among his letters, owing no doubt to the references in it to himself:

"*Victory*," January 15th, 1805.

'MY DEAR KEATS,—Many thanks for your telegraph message, and I am sorry that, for form's sake, I must consider you, at least for one day, in quarantine; but I think if Dr Scott will go with one of your officers to the shore, and state to the governor and officers of health that you have been as many days in quarantine as you have been from Algiers, that the place is healthy, and you are healthy, with

such winning ways as Dr Scott knows so well how to use, I have no doubt but that you will have pratique; and let your officer say that I have examined the state of the ship and find her proper to have pratique, &c., which I am ready to certify if the governor wishes it. Then I shall hope to have you to dinner; but if they will not give you pratique I shall to-morrow.—Ever, my dear Keats, your much obliged
NELSON AND BRONTE.

‘I send you some late papers.’

Besides Mr Scott's conferences with the Dey, whom he describes as ‘*porco grandissimo*,’ and Vikel Hadge the Marine Minister, whom he considered a man of talent, he had a great deal of conversation with Bacry and Busnach, the celebrated Jew merchants whose claims upon France afterwards remotely led to open rupture between the two Powers, and at last to the capture of Algiers by the French. Mr Scott was also employed by Lord Nelson at Naples as a means of communication with the Court and the English Minister, Mr Elliott.

The following is a copy of one of Lord Nelson's letters to the Queen of Naples :

‘To the Queen of Naples.

“*Victory*,” Dec. 20, 1803.

‘MADAM,—Yesterday evening I had the honour of receiving your Majesty's gracious and flattering letter of the 10th December, and it is only possible for me to repeat my assurance that my orders for the safety of the Two Sicilies will be always exactly executed, and to this my whole soul goes in unison with my orders. The *Gibraltar* shall not be sent away, for I would rather fight twice our number of forces than risk for a moment the seeing your royal person and family fall into the hands of the French. I see no hope of a permanent peace for Europe during the life of Buonaparte. I ardently wish, therefore, that it would please God to take him from the world. Your Majesty's letter to my dear and good Lady Hamilton shall set out by the first opportunity. Her attachment to your Majesty is as lively as ever. Her heart is incapable of the slightest change; and, whether in prosperity or in adversity, she is always your devoted servant, and such, permit me to say, remains your faithful
NELSON AND BRONTE.

‘I beg to be allowed to present my humble respects to the Princesses and to Prince Leopold.’

The escape of the French fleet from Toulon caused Lord Nelson in January 1805 to leave his anchorage at the Maddalena Islands, and on May 6 of that year there is this entry in Mr Scott's diary :

‘May 6.—Arrived in the harbour of Gibraltar; but because the wind has just come from the east we have sailed away.

‘The fleet had been for so long a time baffled by contrary winds in the Mediterranean that the favourable change just spoken of was quite unexpected by them. So much so, that officers and men

had gone on shore, and the linen was landed to be washed. Lord Nelson, however, observing and weather-wise as he was, perceived an indication of a probable change of wind. Off went a gun from the *Victory*, and up went the Blue-peter, whilst the Admiral paced the deck in a hurry with anxious steps, and impatient of a moment's delay. The officers said, “Here is one of Nelson's mad pranks.” But he was nevertheless right; the wind did become favourable, the linen was left on shore, the fleet cleared the Gut, and away they steered for the West Indies. This course Nelson pursued solely on his own responsibility, there being a variety of opinions as to the route the enemy had taken, some saying “they had gone to Ireland,” some to this quarter, some to that. Lord Nelson said to Mr Scott, “If I fail, if they are not gone to the West Indies, I shall be blamed. To be burned in effigy or Westminster Abbey is my alternative.”

Mr Scott always considered that Nelson never exhibited greater magnanimity than in his decision on this occasion.

The chase of the French, however, consisted in tracking intelligence of the enemy from one West Indian island to another, until Lord Nelson finally drove them back to Europe, and on July 19 cast anchor once more in the Bay of Gibraltar. On July 22 the fleet sailed from Gibraltar to Tetuan Bay, where they took in water and fresh provisions, and on the 25th they repossessed the Straits of Gibraltar, being fired at in the early morning from the battery of Tarifa, but without effect. A few days afterwards, on their course home to England, they celebrated in the Admiral's ship for the seventh and last time the anniversary of the battle of the Nile by the performance of a play. On the 20th of August Lord Nelson landed at Portsmouth, baffled, indeed, in his main object, but with the satisfaction at least of having driven a recreant enemy some thousands of leagues before him, and saved our West Indian possessions from the grasp of Bonaparte.

There has been some dispute just lately about the identical spot in the cockpit where Nelson died, and it was found the place indicated was wrong, and that it should have been marked under a big beam of the ship's side. It certainly is strange that there should have been any doubt whatever on this point, as there exists at Greenwich Hospital an oil-painting by A. W. Devis, who was himself actually present at the battle of Trafalgar. He sketched the scene, and afterwards the principal officers were grouped for the picture. Nelson is shown lying under the ship's beam, in the cock-pit, and Mr Scott is lying beside him rubbing his stomach. The surgeon Beatty is feeling his pulse, and Hardy is bending over him. Other officers also are there. A fine engraving of this picture is occasionally to be met with, and it is the true scene of what took place as certified by Mr Scott. There is the famous death-scene by Benjamin West, R.A., but this is entirely imaginary. It is not recorded what position

Devis held on board the *Victory*, but this might be ascertained from the ship's books. The story of Nelson's death has been so often told that it may seem almost unnecessary to repeat it again; but there is one more letter, which is a copy, that should be given if only for its pathetic interest. It was written by Mr Scott to Lord Nelson's friend Mr Rose, after Lord Nelson's death:

'H.M.S., "*Victory*," December 22nd, 1805.

'MY DEAR SIR,—In answer to your note of the 10th inst., which, forwarded by way of Chatham, I received this morning, it is my intention to relate everything Lord Nelson said in which your name was in any way connected. He lived about three hours after receiving his wound, was perfectly sensible the whole time, but compelled to speak in broken sentences, which pain and suffering prevented him always from connecting. When I first saw him he was apprehensive he should not live many minutes, and told me so; adding in a hurried, agitated manner, though with pauses, "Remember me to Lady Hamilton—remember me to Horatia—remember me to all my friends—Doctor, remember me to Mr Rose; tell him I have made a will, and left Lady Hamilton and Horatia to my country." He repeated his remembrance to Lady Hamilton and Horatia, and told me to mind what he said several times. Gradually he became less agitated, and at last calm enough to ask questions about what was going on. This led his mind to Captain Hardy, for whom he sent and inquired with great anxiety, exclaiming aloud he would not believe the captain was alive unless he saw him. He grew agitated at the captain's not coming, lamented his being unable to go on deck and do what was to be done, and doubted every assurance given him of the captain being safe on the quarter-deck. At last the captain came, and he instantly grew more composed, listened to his report about the state of the fleet, directed him to anchor, and told him he should die, but observed he should live half-an-hour longer. "I shall die, Hardy," said the Admiral. "Is your pain great, sir?" "Yes; but I shall live half-an-hour yet. Kiss me, Hardy." The captain knelt down by his side and kissed him. Upon the captain leaving him to return to the deck, Lord Nelson exclaimed very earnestly more than once, "Hardy, if I live I'll bring the fleet to an anchor—if I live I'll anchor—if I live I'll anchor"—and this was earnestly repeated even when the captain was out of hearing.

I do not mean to tell you everything he said. After this interview the Admiral was perfectly tranquil, looking at me in his accustomed manner when alluding to any prior discourse: "I have not been a great sinner, Doctor," said he. "Doctor, I was right. I told you so. George Rose has not yet got my letter—tell him"—He was interrupted here by pain. After an interval he said, "Mr Rose will remember—don't forget, Doctor—mind what I say." There were frequent pauses in his conversation. Our dearly beloved Admiral otherwise mentioned your name indeed very kindly, and I will tell you his words when I see you; but it was only in the two above instances he desired you should be told.—I have the honour to be, &c.,

'A. J. SCOTT.'

Mistakes are often made from very slight causes; but afterwards, when years are gone by, they are not always easily corrected. The great fresco of the death of Nelson by Maclise in the House of Lords has in one corner an envelope, on which is written, 'Rev. Dr Scott, Secretary H.M.S. *Victory*.' This is a mistake, as Mr Scott was Lord Nelson's secretary, and he was not Doctor till after the battle, when the University of Cambridge gave him the honorary degree. Another Mr Scott was the ship's secretary, and was cut in two by a chain-shot the moment the battle began. It so happened that while the picture was in progress Dr Longley, then Archbishop of Canterbury, took my father and mother to hear a debate in the Lords; and, to fill up the time, the Archbishop suggested they should call on Mr Maclise, who was at work behind a hoarding in the gallery. On knocking for admittance, they found the artist had gone out, but a workman was there with a syringe, squirting a preparation over the painting to render it proof against damp and weather. My father explained that the lady with him was daughter of the late chaplain of the *Victory*, and the man said Mr Maclise would be sorry he missed seeing her, for he was hunting all over London to get some one to give him particulars about Lord Nelson's death. My father then took out his card, on which was 'Rev. Dr Gatty'; and he added, 'Mrs Gatty, daughter of Rev. Dr Scott, Secretary H.M.S. *Victory*,' forgetting he was not Doctor at the time, and also not secretary of the ship. On his return Mr Maclise put the envelope into his picture, the only name there, and it can never be corrected on the fresco.



THE CLOSED BOOK.*

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

CHAPTER XXIV.—FORESTALLED!



ALTER went out again, and returned after an absence of about three-quarters of an hour. They had telegraphed to Peterborough, he said, but of the nature of the message he knew nothing. After leaving me he had watched the pair ascend the curious old triangular bridge which stands in the centre of the village at the junction of cross-roads, and once, no doubt, spanned two narrow rivers long since dried up. On the top of this old Saxon bridge, approached by three flights of much-worn steps, Lord Glenelg and the hunchback halted, and stood gazing around. Then again Graniani took another plan from his pocket, took bearings of the northern angle of the one remaining tower of the abbey, and, his compass in hand, pointed away to a comfortable old-fashioned stone house in East Street, between the abbey and the bridge, the brass plate on which showed it to be occupied by a Mr Wyche, a solicitor.

Openly, and watched by the idlers at the bridge, the lounging-place of the villagers, they made a measurement to the corner of the house in question, going over the ground twice in order to make no miscalculation, Walter watching them from the bar-window of a small beer-house. The villagers evidently supposed the pair to be surveyors, and took but little notice; nevertheless Wyman kept careful observation upon their every movement.

'What they intend doing at the corner of that house in East Street I can't for the life of me imagine. They made a small mark in charcoal on the wall about two feet from the ground, then again returning to the top of the bridge and referring to the plan, took their bearings a second time and marked a spot right out of the village to the north-east of the abbey, in the centre of the field about ten yards behind the old windmill.'

'And then?' I asked, much interested.

'Then, having done this, they went to the telegraph office and wired to some one in Peterborough—afterwards returning to the "White Hart," and engaging beds for the night, saying that they had decided not to return until the morrow.'

'Why, surely they intend to make a search for the treasure?' I gasped.

'Without doubt,' was his reply. 'My theory is that they've telegraphed to some of their friends who are awaiting them in Peterborough, and that they mean to make a secret search to-night when all the villagers are asleep and everything is quiet.'

When dusk fell we again called upon the rector, explained how we had discovered the presence of

our rivals and their intentions, and arranged to return to him at ten o'clock. The feature of the case that aroused the rector's indignation—and most justly, too—was the intention of the others to search without permission. To me, their mode of facing matters boldly showed that they were in possession of positive information, and relied upon securing the treasure and getting it away before any one knew of their intentions.

When Walter once took up an inquiry or set out upon a journey, he never rested until his object was accomplished. He was one of those men who seem continually active and unable to rest in idleness for ten consecutive minutes, and, happy possessor of such a fine physique, he was never tired. We watched the pair away from the 'White Hart' again, for they were both smoking and wandering about, apparently enjoying the rural quiet, but in reality awaiting darkness. Then, when they had gone away—in the direction of the old South Ean, we learnt—we both lounged into the inn, called for ale, and chatted with the rosy-cheeked servant who brought it. A judicious sixpence released her tongue, and by careful questions we soon learnt all we wished about the two guests. They were staying till morning, but did not expect any visitors. One, the tall gentleman, was a doctor and might be recalled; therefore their coachman from Peterborough, who would remain there also, might be called up during the night, and they would be compelled to leave. His lordship had recourse to a clever fiction, then. He was a doctor who might be called in the middle of the night! I suppose it never occurred to the rustic mind that, if he was a doctor, his practice was not in Crowland, and therefore he was scarcely likely to receive an urgent call.

The other man, she told us, was a foreigner. They had brought a bag full of papers, but kept it locked. Both took a great interest in old ruins, and for that reason they had taken some measurements.

One fact she forgot she remarked before going out. The tall gentleman had said that a young lady might arrive during the evening and inquire for him. If she did, she was to be asked to wait.

A young lady! Was it possible that Lady Judith was about to follow her father there?

As ten o'clock chimed from the abbey bells we took our candles, and, wishing the worthy landlord 'good-night,' went to our rooms and there waited until all was still. Crowlanders retire early to bed, and presumably the policeman, like all others, has to meet another guardian of the peace, perhaps, at the end of that long, straight old road called Kennulph's Drove that runs towards Peterborough, for we saw nothing of him when we carefully crept

* Copyright, 1904, by William Le Queux.

down, drew the bolts, unlocked the door, and, closing it noiselessly after us, made our way to the rectory.

Mr Mason, ready attired in hat and overcoat, opened his door noiselessly ere we had approached it, and we slipped into his study to tell him all that we had heard. Then, feeling that we ought to go forth at once and take up our position to watch, we all went out, skirting the churchyard and passing down behind the high hawthorn-hedge which formed the boundary of the field wherein were traces of the fish-ponds.

The night was dark and starless, with that oppressive stillness that foretold a storm. Behind us lay the black ruins of the abbey rearing high and gloomy; and as we passed along, led by the rector, who knew every nook and corner, a silence fell upon us.

The rector's object was to approach the spot marked with the paper and stone as near as possible, yet having good cover to conceal us. In this he was eminently successful; for, after we had traversed the field on two sides, he suddenly suggested that we should crouch down in a low hedge only thirty yards or so from the scene of operations.

We conversed together in low, expectant whispers for almost an hour, until, indeed, the rector began to fear that our vigilance was in vain, when of a sudden we heard on the hard road far distant the sound of wheels approaching—the road skirting the village on the Welland side, Mr Mason declared.

They approached until they had gained the point where we ourselves had left the road, then stopped. The vehicle bore no lights, but from where we lay concealed we heard men's voices in greeting, as though his lordship and the hunchback had met them there by appointment; and then we heard the jingle of spades and the clatter of iron as some implements were apparently taken from the cart.

Without loss of time the party approached; and a lantern being turned on by one of them, search was made for the piece of paper held down by the stone. This was quickly found, whereupon more lights were turned upon the spot, and then we saw that the treasure-seekers numbered four—two of them were new-comers, apparently well equipped for the undertaking.

So close were we that we could overhear nearly all their conversation, for in that still night all sound travelled a great distance. But their words were few. Lord Glenelg assumed direction of the work, and before long the whole four, his lordship included, were busy with pick and spade making a large square excavation. Their lamps showed an excellent light upon the work, and were addition-

ally useful to us, for we lay back in the dark shadow impossible of discovery.

Suddenly, as one of the men bent down to examine the ground, and the light fell full upon his big, clean-shaven countenance, Walter gripped my arm, whispering 'See! That's the fellow Selby! Can you see his face? He's the man who probably holds the missing page of *The Closed Book*.'

I looked, and obtained a fairly good sight of his dark, sinister-looking visage—a hard, clean-shaven, furrowed face that had the miscreant stamped upon it. He seemed to be wearing a rough suit of dark serge, with a soft felt-hat which he had pushed to the back of his head. Seen under such auspices by the uncertain light of the lamp, he was not the kind of man one would care to associate with: loosely built, gross in manner, and deep of voice.

I watched him narrowly for a few moments, but he soon continued digging with the others, and when he stood upright his face was not within the zone of light. All worked with a will, knowing, of course, that the undertaking must be finished before the dawn, and from all four the perspiration soon poured, and their quick, deep breathing reached us even where we crouched, content within ourselves that their labour must be in vain.

Through nearly two hours they toiled on, removing the earth around a line of huge stones which appeared to be the foundations of one or other of the monastic buildings long since swept away. Time after time the abbey chimed sent out their solemn music far over the wide, misty fenlands; but with pick and spade and crowbar they slaved away in their efforts to recover the gold and jewels, the great treasure of what had been one of the wealthiest abbeys in England.

The hole they had made was so deep that two of the conspirators were down working out of our sight. The other two were Selby and the hunchback.

Suddenly, above the sharp ring of the picks, we heard a heavy thud, and then another.

'Look!' broke from Selby excitedly. 'At last! Here's the first of the chests—bound with iron. Hark!' And again he struck it heavily with his pick, while his companions were around him instantly, dropping on their knees and examining the find.

'That's one of them, without a doubt!' cried Lord Glenelg, as excited as any of the others. 'Come! Let's get it out. How very fortunate that we fixed the exact spot!'

The hearts of all three of us sank within us. How unfortunate for us, after all, that Walter had moved their paper mark from its original position!



PALESTINE UNDER THE SULTAN'S SWAY.



ANY books have been written on Palestine. It is to be feared that the tourist has to answer for a great deal of the trash which passes for travel literature. Travelling in the East has been made so easy that it has become the fashion to 'do' Palestine. Clergymen in ever-increasing numbers visit the country every year. Incompetent guides and dragomans supply the indulgent traveller with such information as they think will please him. After a short visit to Jerusalem and a rapid run of eight to ten days through the land, the traveller thinks that he has got such a store of valuable information on Palestine that the world will be thankful to share it. Clergymen are the greatest sinners in this matter. Perhaps they have to prove to their congregations that they have not wasted their time, and the proof usually takes the shape of a volume which is valuable only to burn. This may appear to some a hard saying; but if the reader had seen a tenth part of the trash which has come under the notice of the writer he would judge that it is not too severe. The amount of nonsense, the utter twaddle and futility of most of these books on Palestine are appalling. There are a few notable exceptions.

The writer has no thought of adding one to the number of 'Travels in Palestine.' He has lived for a good number of years as a missionary in the country, and desires merely to record one or two facts about Turkish misgovernment. While for obvious reasons the writer's name must not appear, the reader may be assured that what is here recorded rests on personal knowledge, not on hearsay.

It is common knowledge that the government of the Turk is corrupt, but how corrupt it is very few except those who have lived under the Sultan's sway really know. It is not too much to say that the whole system of government is rotten. There is not an office, great or small, which is not bought. Without the giving of backsheesh no office can be obtained. Every petty town throughout the provinces has its own governor (*ka-im-akam*) and judge (*kadî*), its own municipality with its various officials, and every governor and judge and municipal official must pay so much for his place. And the amount given for any office, and of course as much more as possible, the official must squeeze out of the people under him before he is called upon to resign his office. A system of rotation ostensibly devised for the safeguarding of justice and the interests of the poor, but in reality working for the enrichment of the government through the exploitation of the people, secures that no official shall exercise his functions for long in one place without a break. The governor or judge, if long resident in one place, might, it is said, be influenced by the rich against the poor. Hence frequent changes are resorted to. But in reality these frequent changes bear far more

heavily upon the poor than occasional acts of injustice would do. At every shifting of the scenes the official has to *buy* his old or a new place, and he is always expected to give a higher price than on the last occasion. Thus, as his salary is small and frequently unpaid, he has every inducement to make hay while the sun shines. A judge, for example, is appointed for two years. His term may be less (for he may be dismissed at any time) and it cannot be more. Before his appointment he must go to Constantinople and buy his office from the Porte; and according to the amount paid will the district assigned him be good or bad. It often happens that he must pay for his appointment a sum equal to the whole of his salary for the two years' term; and as his salary, inadequate as it is, is sometimes unpaid for six months at a stretch, the judge, however willing he may be to administer justice, is compelled to accept bribes—may, more, to demand and force them.

The governor (*ka-im-akam*) is not usually obliged to repair to Constantinople. He is appointed by the governor-general (*vâlî*), through whom his 'donation' is forwarded to headquarters. Even if he is a man of influence who can secure his appointment directly from the Porte, he yet finds it to be to his interest to 'square' or 'satisfy' his chief in the vilayet (a district under a *vâlî*). The writer knows a case where this was not done, the *ka-im-akam* thinking he had influence enough to stand against the *vâlî*. The result was that the *vâlî* made things so hot for his subordinate that he had to resign after little more than a year's rule. Again, if any important case comes before a *ka-im-akam*, appeal may be made by either of the parties to the governor-general. If the appealing party only presents him with a gift the decision will be in his favour, unless the local *ka-im-akam* also sends him a remittance, when it is likely that his decision will be upheld. It frequently happens, however, that both parties and the *ka-im-akam* make contributions, when the decision will be for the highest bidder.

The same principle, or want of principle, holds good with regard to the offices of municipalities. The doctor, for example, is appointed by the Minister of Health, with the concurrence of the *vâlî*. But before the appointment is made both these officials must be 'satisfied.' In many respects the doctor's position is worse than that of any other official. He may be removed at any time at the caprice of his superior; he may be charged with murder if an influential patient dies under his care; he may be evilly reported of by a casual inspector if 'palm-oil' is not given him; his salary is small and is irregularly paid (this is true of *all* officials). Every office, however lowly, has to be secured by backsheeshing a superior. Even the scavenger, when there is such a functionary, must pay a dollar or two before he

can secure his miserable employment which brings him in a few coppers per week. So, again, in the Post-Office every employé must pay his price, which price, and as much more as possible, he will get by hook or crook out of the poverty-stricken people. Without backsheesh nothing can be done by native or foreigner with any municipal or government official. If you want a dead animal removed from your door—it has perhaps been placed there for the purpose of 'bleeding' you—you must backsheesh the scavenger before he will remove it. If you want your letters and telegrams delivered or despatched promptly, you must backsheesh the messenger or operator. If you want to build a house or effect an alteration on existing premises, the whole hungry brood of town and government officials must be 'fed.' If you want a case tried in the law-courts, you must grease the wheels of the law machinery. I do not say there are no exceptions here and there. Occasionally you will find a governor or judge who, as a personal favour, will get your case attended to. More rarely you will find one who, on principle, does not take gifts. But these cases are so rare that they may be passed over. During nearly eleven years' residence in Palestine, the writer has known personally only two *ka-im-akams* and one judge who refused to take bribes. Two of these were men of wealth and of European education, and the third was a young man in his first place, who has not, it is reported, persevered in the good way. Indeed, it is almost impossible, under the present system, to refrain from what the people style 'eating.' 'He is a great "eater,"' is said of an official who does nothing without backsheesh. The Turkish official has to pay heavily for his place; his salary, small enough if paid regularly, is often merely nominal; he may have three or four wives and a large family, and if he is to live he must 'eat.' Thus on all sides the people suffer, and when the reader hears how they are oppressed by the system of taxation he will marvel, with all Europeans resident in the country, how the miserable, oppressed peasantry contrive to live.

On all produce a tax of (nominally) one-tenth is levied. In reality the tax is frequently, it might be said generally, as much as one-half, and in some instances it swallows up the whole produce. How this can possibly be the reader shall hear. The crying evil with regard to this tax of the tenth is that it is *let out*. The government does not collect it, but sells that privilege to the highest bidder. In a favourable year there will be keen competition. The would-be tax-gatherers (*publicans* of the New Testament) inspect the crops of the district, appraise them at a certain value, and offer so much for the tax. He whose offer is accepted collects the tax as he pleases. There is no government inspector to see that he does not take more than his due, and he will extract from the poor illiterate *fellah* as much more than the government tax as he possibly can. But let us suppose that the farmer has done fairly well, the year having been a good one. Next year,

perhaps, the rains are late or insufficient, or the crops are destroyed by vermin. From one cause or another there is a poor crop. Does the farmer therefore pay a smaller tax than before? Not necessarily, and more than probably not. He *ought*, of course, to pay less, as the tax is one-tenth of the yield. But the *vahi* dare not send to Constantinople this year less than he sent the last. His plea that there had been a bad harvest would not be listened to. He would be instantly dismissed and a successor appointed who would not allow bad harvests. Hence, if the crop is poor, so much the worse for the farmer, who, to save the *vahi* from dismissal, has to pay the *same sum*, or as near as may be, as if the yield were at high-water mark. In 1901, for example, owing to insufficient rain, the crops were generally about one-third of what they were in 1900. The farmer, therefore, should have paid about 33 per cent. of the former year's tax. As no profit was likely to be made, no one would offer for the collecting. The sheiks or village chiefs were therefore made responsible for the tithe. They offered 40 per cent. of the former year's tax. The offer was treated with scorn. They were brought into the *ka-im-akam's* presence and induced by threats to promise 60 per cent. The *ka-im-akam*, who was a humane and fairly just-minded man, but without experience, reported to the *vahi* that he thought the sheiks could promise no more, and that even with this percentage many would be ruined. The *vahi* informed the young *ka-im-akam* that he did not know his business, and that he would send a special commissioner who would let him see how to raise the tax. That gentleman came, saw, and conquered. The village sheiks were once more summoned, were at once cast into prison, and told that they should not depart until they had promised the last farthing. And meantime, until this business was settled, no harvesting operations were allowed, so that a good deal of the grain was lost. The *kourbash*, a heavy whip of plated hide, was freely used as a persuader, and at last the unhappy prisoners promised 90 per cent. of the former year's tax, and this was actually paid. With what had been lost through delay, the whole produce was in not a few cases absorbed. Scarcely a farmer had enough grain left for next year's seed, and few had enough to feed their oxen. Half of the animals had in some instances to be sold that the rest might be fed; and some cases were known to me where all the oxen had to be sold to provide the simplest food—Indian corn—for the family. In one instance, when the sheiks were brought before the lieutenant-governor (*mutasarrif*) and were proving obstinate, he was so exasperated that he sprang upon one of the unfortunates and bit his finger to the bone! This is a fact, though many may be unwilling to believe it.

Fruit-trees are taxed in a similar way. The tax is raised in a good year, and kept at the highest figure even in the worst year. As with the grain, sometimes the whole yield is swallowed up by the

tax. Even if there is no fruit, still the owners must pay; and hence it is that many owners of olive-trees have during the last few years cut them down that they might be free from such iniquitous demands.

Another grievance must be added. If the tax-collector gets into difficulties, as he well may,

because of his exactions, he can call upon the local government for help. Soldiers are quartered upon the *fellahin* until the last farthing is paid, and even then they will not depart until they receive a back-sheesh. In some cases when this was refused they drove off the oxen and horses and sold them. Such is the *normal* state of affairs; what of the *abnormal*?

THE DEADLY TORPEDO.

THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE WEAPON IN THE WORLD.



HE firm of Messrs Whitehead, whose name is borne by the most terrible engine of destruction that has ever been invented, supply nearly all the navies of the world with their famous torpedoes. Great Britain and Russia

are the exceptions, although the French, Germans, Danes, and Italians make a certain proportion of torpedoes at home, and even the Japanese, resourceful in this as in so many other directions, manufacture a few for themselves.

Though there are many types of torpedoes, yet the standard dimensions may be taken at a diameter of eighteen inches and a length of sixteen feet five inches for all ships-of-war except torpedo-boats, and these carry torpedoes having a diameter of fourteen inches and a length of fourteen feet ten inches. The Russian torpedo has a diameter of fifteen inches and is nineteen feet long.

As with all ships-of-war and weapons, improvements are being constantly made in the Whitehead torpedo, and ceaseless experiments combined with the application of untiring energy and the highest skill have made the present-day torpedo the beautiful and marvellous weapon that it is. The improvements are in the direction of speed and in the torpedo's range of action. The speed chiefly depends upon the pressure at which the torpedo can, in its air-vessel, carry the compressed air which is used for propelling it through the water. Until quite recently this pressure did not exceed one hundred atmospheres (about one thousand five hundred pounds per square inch); but Messrs Whitehead have now produced a new torpedo in which the pressure is to be no less than about two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds per square inch.

A torpedo is constructed in the following parts: the head, which encloses in war-time the charge of gun-cotton or similar high explosive; the air-chamber, which is about eight feet long; the balance-chamber, for regulating the depth at which the torpedo travels; the engine-room, the after-part of which now contains the wonderful gyroscope, which is literally the brain of the torpedo; and the tail. Indeed, the torpedo is by no means unlike a human body, for in addition to its brain it has its lungs in the shape of the air-chamber and its heart in the form of the engine-room. And very tough lungs they are, too, and a very stout heart it is, for

the little engines develop no less than forty-five horse-power.

The charge of explosive in the head has varied a good deal with different patterns or makes of torpedoes, but it has never been less than one hundred and twenty-five pounds or more than one hundred and eighty pounds. The lesser charge would probably either disable or sink a ship, however large; while the greater charge would, if properly exploded, almost certainly cause her to sink at once.

The charge is fired by a percussion arrangement which is 'safe' until the torpedo has travelled for a certain distance. The violent blow with which the point of the torpedo would strike a vessel is enough to fire the primer and charge by means of a simple rod or striker impinging on a detonator. The safety-gear to prevent premature explosion only consists of a screw-nut on the striker, which is fitted with small blades like a screw-propeller, which screw back the nut as the torpedo passes through the water, and so allows the striker to have play enough to strike the detonator.

The air-chamber is made from a steel forging; its walls are three-eighths of an inch thick, and after having been machined as a hollow cylinder, the ends are screwed in and soldered to make them airtight. The forgings for these chambers have to be most carefully made, and have to pass elaborate tests. They are manufactured either in England (by Messrs Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth, and Company, of the world-famous Elswick Works, Newcastle-on-Tyne) or in Austria, where Messrs Whitehead's works are situated.

The capacity of the air-chamber for an eighteen-inch torpedo is about ten cubic feet, but for the latest one hundred and fifty atmosphere torpedo this capacity has been increased to about eleven cubic feet. In other words, the process of charging an air-chamber of ten cubic feet to one hundred atmospheres means that all the air in a room ten feet long, ten feet broad, and ten feet high is pressed into a vessel ten feet long, one foot high, and one foot broad.

The balance-chamber was in the first days of the torpedo often called the 'secret' chamber because Mr Whitehead only allowed the secrets of its mechanism to be explained to those who signed a paper promising not to divulge what they learned. The secret is now so well known that it is no breach

of confidence to explain that the mechanism consists of a combination of hydrostatic valve and pendulum which controls horizontal rudders in the tail of the torpedo. The hydrostatic valve is supported by springs against the pressure of water due to the depth at which the torpedo is travelling, so that the depth can be regulated by increasing or diminishing the compression of the springs.

With a fast-running torpedo the pressure on the rudders themselves is so considerable as to render it necessary to use an engine to work them. The balance-chamber combination of hydrostatic valve and pendulum therefore operates a small valve in a servo-motor engine, the piston of which moves in obedience to the valve, and in its turn moves the horizontal rudders. The servo-motor is worked by compressed air, and is to the torpedo what steam-steering-gear is to a steamer. The engines are triple-cylinder, single-acting, they run at about twelve hundred revolutions a minute, and develop about forty-five horse-power.

The Whitehead torpedo could be adjusted to run a fairly straight course from a fixed launching apparatus; but it was not very reliable under the conditions which must prevail in warfare, when it has to be fired from a moving vessel. Therefore, until recently it was generally considered that four hundred yards would be about the correct range at which to discharge a torpedo against an enemy. Under these circumstances there is but slight wonder that up till the present war very little execution has been done with torpedoes. The invention of the gyroscope, however, completely altered matters. A gyroscope for steering torpedoes was several times proposed, but it was left to an Austrian engineer named M. Obry to invent the mechanism by which the gyroscope could be made practicable. So perfect is the 'gyro' now that if a torpedo be launched in a certain direction it will maintain that direction to the end of its run. It is this little instrument which has made long-range firing with torpedoes practicable.

The gyroscope is to the torpedo what the fly-wheel is to a watch. It consists of a wheel of about four and a half inches diameter, with a heavy periphery. This wheel can be engaged with mechanism attached to a strong clock-spring. The wheel is in a gimbal frame, and on the frame is a small lever which controls a tiny air-valve. The air-valve can admit pressure to one side or the other of a piston in a cylinder, and by suitable rods and levers the action of the piston is communicated to a pair of vertical rudders. Before launching the torpedo, the clock-spring is wound up by hand, which action also locks the gyroscope wheel in a certain plane. When the torpedo is launched a lever is thrown over, an act which admits the air from the air-chamber to the main engines, and at the same time releases the clock-spring mechanism. This sets the gyroscope spinning at a very high speed, and having done so, releases it, so that it is left spinning freely. It will therefore resist any motion tending to change the

plane in which it is spinning. If the torpedo swerves to the right or left the little air-valve opens in the direction necessary to move over the vertical rudder to correct the deflection. It is only when the torpedo has assumed the direction in which it lay immediately before launching that the vertical rudders come 'amidships.'

The 'gyro' is a delicate instrument, and has to be not only carefully kept but frequently treated for adjustment. It is therefore made so that it can be readily removed from the torpedo. It is generally kept in a little box, and most ingenious appliances are provided for adjusting it. When in the torpedo the 'gyro' finds its place in the after-body.

So much for the torpedo and its mechanism. Let us now look at the means of launching it.

All modern ships of considerable size are fitted with submerged torpedo-tubes—in other words, launching apparatus *below* the water-line. The two best-known systems are that of the British Admiralty pattern and that of Messrs Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth, & Company. Both systems are kept as secret as possible, but it may be said that the principal difference is that in the Admiralty tube the bar or shield is run out before firing the torpedo and run in after firing; while in the Armstrong tube the torpedo and shield go out together, and the shield returns automatically as soon as the torpedo has gone.

In the Admiralty tube the torpedo is ejected by compressed air—that is, the tube may be locked upon as a gun and the torpedo as the shot. A charge of compressed air is introduced and shoots out the torpedo. In the Armstrong tube either cordite or compressed air can be used.

All the Japanese ships above nine thousand tons are fitted with the Armstrong submerged torpedo-tubes, and the Russians also employ this tube.

Small vessels such as torpedo-boat destroyers and torpedo-boats are much too small to carry submerged torpedo-tubes, so they are provided with 'above-water' tubes. These are very simple apparatus, consisting of a smooth tube into which the torpedo is placed, and from which it is ejected again by means of either compressed air or cordite, usually the latter. The torpedo is shot out into the air and falls into the water, where it quickly picks up its depth under the influence of the balance mechanism and horizontal rudders, and its direction from the gyroscope and vertical rudders.

None of the torpedoes now being used in the Far East are of the one hundred and fifty atmosphere pattern; but they are all fitted with gyroscopes and are capable of ranging two thousand yards.

A word or two may be said with regard to handling torpedo-boats and destroyers. In the opinion of eminent naval authorities these are such a danger to war-vessels that instructions should be issued that every torpedo-boat seen at night to be approaching should be destroyed, on the chance of its being an enemy. 'Your own boats should be given a countersign in the shape of some signal with

lights to change every night or every hour of the night, and the boat having made the signal from a distance should stop until the ship has covered her with her searchlight beam, and should then approach slowly.'

No ship, much less a fleet, should lie at anchor in an open roadstead, and this danger has been so well recognised by our Admiralty that they have prepared a harbour of refuge at Portland just in the most convenient place for our fleet to lie in time of war. This harbour is enclosed with breakwaters

except for two narrow entrances, which could be closed by booms and other similar obstructions, besides being well defended with guns and searchlights. At Portland a fleet would be perfectly safe from torpedo attack, and yet without either difficulty or delay it could get to sea. No one can justly attribute neglect to the Admiralty, who are ceaselessly striving to foresee every danger to the British fleet, recognising that on it depend not only the welfare but also the very existence of the Empire.

BURIED HISTORY IN ROMAN REMAINS.

THE lingering traces of Roman occupation in Britain still call forth the latent enthusiasm of antiquaries and others, and every year that passes leaves a well-digested array of new facts, of excavations mapped and described, which will furnish a rich quarry for the future historian. This exploitation of Roman remains is on a higher level than the treasure-hunting craze encouraged by some journals from which better things might have been expected. Now and again some old hoard awakens more than local interest. At Caerwent, Chepstow, where excavations have been going on since 1899, stately fragments of a little walled town inhabited by civilised Romano-Britons have been unveiled, besides a hoard of seven thousand five hundred bronze coins found in the corner of a house in 1902. Dr Talfourd Ely has published an account of six years of digging in the island of Hayling (Hampshire), under the title of *Roman Hayling*. At Silchester (Hants), at Gellygaer (thirteen miles north of Cardiff), Brough (Derbyshire), and elsewhere discoveries have been made. Abroad, at Kaiser-Augst, near Basel, coins are found every year. A private collector has secured from this place specimens of coins from the time of Emperor Augustus to Arcadius, a period of over four centuries, minted in Rome, Lyons, Trèves, and London. Imitation coins made from impressions of money in circulation have also been found, as well as an early Christian cross of silver plate. While the ground was being dug up in connection with a deep drainage scheme at Stamford in 1903, Roman ironworks were disclosed. At High Wycombe was found, in 1904, a rare coin of 322 A.D., minted in London, inscribed 'Crispus Nobil. C.', Crispus being a son of Constantine the Great. A copper coin found here shows the bust of the Emperor Galerius, 300 A.D. Near Walmer an interesting collection of pottery was found, beautifully fashioned, and with the glaze still almost perfect; also a green glass vase, evidently a cinerary urn, with human remains, found inside a glass jar. Mr Le Queux, author of *The Closed Book*, at Castor (Northamptonshire), found in a field close to the ancient Ermine Street the floor and boundary walls

of a temple, besides glass and pottery. The discovery of a relic of the Roman wall around London below Newgate Jail, and the bastion in the wall of St Giles' Church, Cripplegate, shows how we are treading to-day over the foundations of a past civilisation.

This is much more the case at the heart of the Empire. To Giacomo Boni, under whom the Forum at Rome is being excavated, it has seemed for many years past that the greatest book of human history, the story of the life of Rome, lies buried, page upon page as it was written, within the small half square mile of the Forum, 'which was the most famous spot of the ancient world.' Truth is sought for not less in the pages of the historian than in the accumulated débris of ages, as Livy, whom he quotes, has said, 'to set our minds to understand the life and customs of the ancient Romans, that we may perceive by what manner of men and through what means, whether at home or in the field, the Roman power arose and grew.' The excellent handbook entitled *Recent Excavations in the Roman Forum, 1898-1904*, by Mr E. Burton-Brown (John Murray), will certainly assist towards this end. We are apt to forget that Roman polity lasted for a thousand years, and that in Britain there was Roman domination for about three hundred years at least. 'Roman methods,' says Mr Burton-Brown, 'were rough and often cruel; but the Roman character was of the strongest and most self-controlled. On Roman law the system of modern life is based, and no people ever ruled so well, because no men have ever so well ruled themselves.'

Rome was not so much destroyed from outside as by its own rulers. Professor Lanciani asks in his *Destruction of Ancient Rome* where the two hundred and fifty thousand feet of stone and marble in the Circus have gone, and replies that not the barbarian, but the Romans themselves of the Imperial, Medieval, and Renaissance periods are responsible for its destruction. In dredging the Tiber, he further says that the strata disclosed correspond with considerable regularity to the leading catastrophes in the history of Rome. For the details of the excavations in the Forum we recommend the reader to Mr Burton-Brown's book. Special interest, however, attaches to what was found in some of the forty wells which were cleared there. Later

we mention the 'finds' in a well in the station of Barr Hill, on the Antonine vallum, near Glasgow. A silver coin of Antoninus and a baker's wooden shovel for putting bread into the oven have been found in a Roman well in the Saalburg. The shovel is of beech-wood, and in one piece. The contents of the well at Procolitia on the English wall of Hadrian were a great surprise. Some sixteen thousand coins were discovered, as well as carved stones, altars, vases, Roman pearls, old shoes, and fibulae; also a stone with carved figures of three water-nymphs, attendants on the goddess Coventina, to whom the well was dedicated. No one can place Coventina; she belongs peculiarly to Procolitia. It is believed that in a moment of panic the treasure-chest and the contents of the chapel over the well had been thrown into its depths for security. Likewise the articles recovered from wells in the Forum throw an interesting light on Roman domestic life. Seeds and fruits were found which had dropped from the trees that grew there. From the mud of a 'Republican' well on the Særa Via were taken such miscellaneous objects as a vine-branch, a hammer and a hatchet, a little Greek marble head, a wooden flute with bone settings, and many cups and jugs. Lower down were found the whole contents of a butcher's shop: knives and grindstone, a chopping-slab of chestnut wood, the sawn bones of an ox, also a series of stone weights from which the system of weighing and its units have been accurately determined. Many skulls of weasels were found in some of the wells; these were the scavengers of Rome before cats were introduced from Egypt. Since Mr Burton-Brown's book appeared the foundation-stone of the equestrian statue of Domitian was discovered in 1904. A square chamber in the lower block was found containing five terra-cotta vases. Two were red in colour and three were *bucchero*, a primitive black ware, which fixes its use for ritual purposes at a later date than was believed. Pieces of charcoal, with a bit of crude gold and iron, were found in the large vase, and suggest the dedicatory rite of the monument.

The excavations made in recent years upon the Antonine vallum which spans Scotland at its narrowest part correct the old opinion that its termination was at Old Kilpatrick, on the Clyde, and that it was thirty-six and a half miles long. The late Alexander Gibb, in his valuable articles in the *Scottish Antiquary* (1900-1903), gives a new measurement of the wall. Beginning at the fort at Bridge-ness, Carriden, the wall, he shows, must have ended at Dumbarton Rock; and it is satisfactory to know that the Ordnance Survey measurements and those upon the stones of the Roman legionaries work out, with only the difference of a few yards, at slightly over forty miles. Mr Gibb further shows that it must have gone to Dumbarton in order to block the path, as there was a ford (Sandyford) between the Castle and Old Kilpatrick. Quintus Lollius Urbicus, governor of Roman Britain, built the wall about 140-142.

The *Proceedings of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries for 1900 and 1903* contain a record of work done at Camelon and Castledary, near Falkirk. The report has not been made as yet upon Roughcastle. The report upon Camelon will increase in value as the district increases in population, as it is rapidly doing, and the station is built over. Several foundries and part of a railway siding occupy ground on the south half of the station, which is situated eleven hundred yards north of the Antonine vallum and one and a half miles west by north of Falkirk, on the edge of a tableland through which flows the Carron River. In the south camp the buildings were very deep under the surface; in the north camp they were just below the surface, so that only the lower parts of the foundations existed. Much pottery was found here, as well as bronze objects, many of them being finely enamelled. The Samian ware belongs to the first four centuries of the Christian era. There were small cups and jars; a platter-like dish of dark-coloured ware, lamps of clay, beads, fibulae of bronze, pick-axes, spear-heads, two long-handled combs of deer-horn, and a few stone implements. The visitor to-day will see nothing save foundries, dwelling-houses, a railway cutting, and agricultural land, as the excavations have been covered in. Hence the value of the plans and printed description. Mr Thomas Ross, F.S.A.Scot., finds a remarkable likeness in the architectural details of a Roman station to our own twelfth century buildings. The camps or stations generally lie four-square, and have rounded corners, and there are gates on the north, south, east, and west, with streets leading from these inwards.

At Roughcastle the surprise has been a series of military pits to the north-west of the station, similar to those described by Cæsar in his *Commentaries*, book vii. chap. 73, in connection with the siege of Alesia. A walling tablet broken in three pieces is ascribed to Antoninus Pius (138-161). The section of the turf-wall exposed at Roughcastle shows the sixteen or eighteen layers of turf turned into peaty soil, with black streaks of decayed wood which had been used as a binding. At Castledary nearly a hundred quarters of charred wheat were found in 1771, which may or may not have been Roman. This fort is believed to be of the period about 151 A.D. Of the leather shoes and sandals, one has a sole of ten and three-quarter inches long and four inches broad, studded with iron nails. Some of the sandals have the thongs attached. The small and slender varieties evidently belonged to the women and children. Some of them, like those found at Barr Hill, have the upper leathers cut in open-work or stamped with lines of impressions. One shoe about nine inches in length is studded with 'tackets'; this is quite a feature of the foot-gear discovered at Barr Hill, as if the wearers needed catch and foothold for rough country. The bulk of these finds are preserved in the Edinburgh Antiquarian Museum, including the Camelon stone with figure of a warrior and prostrate native, and the fine

legionary stone found at Bridgeness, near Bo'ness, in 1868. This has an inscription which may be translated: 'To the Emperor Caesar Titus Ælius Hadrian Antoninus Augustus Pius, Father of his Country, the Second Legion, the Augustan [made the vallum], for four thousand six hundred and fifty-two paces' (four and a half miles).

The station at Barr Hill (near Croy Station of the North British Railway) lies on a ridge thirty or forty yards to the south of the vallum, and is a square of three hundred and ninety-nine feet by three hundred and ninety-three. Within this camp of the second century is another of one hundred and ninety-one feet by one hundred and sixty feet, which belongs to the first century. It has been suggested on good authority that this is one of the forts erected by Agricola. If this is so, it is the most interesting discovery yet made in Scotland, as hitherto we have no certainty as to any of his work. From a well forty-three feet deep in the centre a host of interesting articles were extracted. After a depth of twelve feet was passed the well yielded its hidden relics, which included sixty feet of shafting of stone pillars with several most remarkable capitals, carved and moulded, and with their corresponding bases. From the well and ditch and refuse-heap were found boots and sandals, those belonging, it may be presumed, to the ladies being ornamented above the instep. Amongst those belonging to children was one heightened by a piece of iron driven into the heel, evidently because of some deformity. There was a bag of workman's tools held together by corrosion, including a pair of compasses, chisels, and nails; also diamond-pointed chisels, arrow-heads, ballista-balls, a large amphora, oyster-shells, walnuts, hazel-nuts, a fine copper pot, a bell, an inscribed altar and walling tablet of the time of Antoninus Pius, skulls of the extinct Celtic ox, and several rudely carved stone heads. A number of denarii were found on examination to be made of tin, which may be an indication that the old Roman thought there was no use throwing away good money as a votive-offering to his god.

In this connection we note that two volumes have been published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge which are of great interest to those who wish information in handy form about the Romans in Britain: *Roman Britain*, by E. Conybeare, and *Roman Roads in Britain*, by T. Codrington, M.Inst.C.E. The first is of a popular nature, and gives a bird's-eye view of what as a nation we owe to the Romans. Although crammed with information, the book is yet pleasant to read. There was room as well for a volume on Roman roads in Britain, which are so much a matter of speculation in many districts. Mr Codrington, in his excellent chart which accompanies the volume, distinguishes between the problematical course of a road and that which can be accurately set down. The map shows how England and the Lowlands of Scotland were intersected with roads, which are the pioneers and forerunners of social intercourse and

the handmaids of civilisation. Mr Codrington has had another object in view: that of discrediting the spurious *Itinerary* of Richard of Cirencester, some of whose imaginary roads and stations find a place in new Ordnance Survey maps. Where the routes of the *Itinerary* of Antonine can be identified, the positions of the stations are fixed by distance, and the dimensions of camps and walled stations on the lines of road given. Mr Codrington remarks that although the roads do not appeal to the imagination as the remains of the Wall of Hadrian do, yet, when the extent and the permanent nature and effect of them are considered, they may claim a foremost place among the remains of Roman work in the country. They were part of the network of roads that covered the Roman world, for many centuries they continued to be the chief means of communication within the island, and, while some of them are still to be seen in almost perfect condition, portions of many more form part of the foundations of roads now in use. The writer believes that the course of the roads was planned with skill and laid out with a complete grasp of the general features of the country. Their wholesale obliteration began when turnpikes were constructed along them or near them in the latter part of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century. In cutting a trench for laying a telephone tube along Edgeware Road in London a Roman road was discovered. Beneath the wood paving and the concrete foundation, on about a foot of brick rubbish, there was found four inches to a foot of ordinary soil; but sometimes the brick rubbish rested immediately on the Roman paving, which consisted of long black nodular flints on a bed of reddish-brown gravel. On the bevelled surface of the gravel line grouting appears to have been laid, in which flints were set. The workmen had more trouble to break this up than the concrete floor above. Watling Street is believed to be older than the Wall of Hadrian, and the Roman road to the north of the Forth dates from the expedition before the construction of the Antonine Wall, 140 A.D. Watling Street, after passing through the Cheviots, goes north to the Antonine Wall a little to the west of Falkirk, and joins it near the modern villa of Watling Lodge.

As mentioned in a previous article, 'Roman Remains in North Britain,' in this *Journal* for 1903, there seems room for a handbook devoted to Scottish Roman remains, similar to that of Dr Bruce upon the English Roman wall.

WHERE LOVE IS.

Love! Love is there, where, high on halcyon wing,
The lone bird cleaves the air, and flies to sing
Its anthem 'neath the quiet evening sky,
Away from earth and things that fade and die.
High in the blue celestial vault of heaven,
Perchance, for it awhile a rift is given
To show how bright the glories are, how fair
The citadel of God, and thus to swell
Its song close to the home where Love doth dwell.

C. C. CAKEBREAD.

Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE PIEDMONT PEASANT.

By EUSTACE REYNOLDS-BALL.

PIEDMONT, though so near the great tourist centres Genoa and Milan, is almost unknown to English travellers; and, though only a day and a half from London, so far as tourists are concerned it might be in Transylvania or a remote 'government' of Russia. Like Brittany, this remoteness partly accounts for the strong individuality of the province and its inhabitants.

In climate especially the distinctiveness of Piedmont is very marked, and altogether different from the popular conception of what is loosely termed the Italian climate; it would be more accurate to say that Italy has a dozen distinct climates. The Piedmontese climate has been somewhat unkindly likened to Siberia in winter and to the Sahara in summer. The arctic severity of the cold season comes, indeed, as an unpleasant surprise to those who fondly imagine that when the Alps are crossed a mild winter-temperature will reward them.

The traveller bound for Rome or Florence, who has perhaps condescended to approve of the romantic scenery of the Mont Cenis or the St Gothard—the latter perhaps the most striking and picturesque railway trip in Europe—is apt to dismiss with a careless glance the monotonous rolling plains of Piedmont. Yet Piedmont, the cradle as well as the market-garden of Italy, is well worth the attention of the foreigner; but nine out of ten hurry on to Florence or Rome, and, taking their cue from the hasty glimpse from the window of the sleeping-car, ignore the beautiful hills and valleys alternating with farms and vineyards. The plain itself is, indeed, one huge market-garden, furrowed in spring with innumerable irrigation-canals. Seen from a balloon the country bears a striking resemblance to the Nile Delta, with the palms represented by mulberry-trees and poplars, and the mosques by the equally picturesque campaniles of the village churches.

Politically and morally Piedmont is far ahead of the rest of the peninsula, while the curious mode

of life and habits and customs of the peasantry seem to a casual observer almost primitive by contrast with those seen in the beaten track of Italy. In winter the stable is invariably used as a general living-room for the sake of warmth. To English ideas this sounds no doubt repulsive; but the stable in an Italian *cascina* is large, well ventilated, and tolerably clean. In fact, the practice is not considered unhealthy by medical men. Some, indeed, go further, and recommend living in the stable for consumptive patients! It is actually said that the breath of the cows and oxen has a prophylactic value; and certainly the peasantry believe this.

The inhabitants of the north of Italy, both in cities and in the country, suffer a good deal from the severe climate. Partly from the scarcity of fuel, and partly from a popular prejudice against large fires, they seem never to be really warm in winter. They vainly attempt to cope with the arctic rigour of the climate by a lavish use of portable fire-pots (*scaldino*), a little clay pot holding a few embers, which, in the homely wit of the people, is generally known as a *marito* (husband). This broad humour so characteristic of the Piedmontese is also illustrated by the popular name of a curious wooden frame (in which a pan of red-hot embers is placed) used to warm the bed. This is called a *prete* (priest). These *scaldini* are in universal use. Clerks in public offices, shop assistants, &c. are usually provided with them, and it is a little ludicrous to see a grave and elderly official carefully placing one under his chair or high stool. Even children going to school are invariably provided with one of those quaint little hand-warmers.

The casual traveller is scarcely likely to take up the study of agricultural systems in Italy, though no country in Europe offers a better field. It has been observed that all the various land-tenures which obtain from Edinburgh and Stockholm in the north to Cadiz and Smyrna in the south are to be found in the peninsula. The mere fact that

in 1881 a Government Commission which inquired into agricultural conditions in Italy was unable to condense the result of three years' work into less than fifteen bulky volumes is sufficient to daunt all but the most zealous students of rural economy. It is a popular error that the *metayer* or profit-sharing system of tenure is almost universal in Italy; it only obtains in certain districts, chiefly in Tuscany and central Italy. In Piedmont it is the exception, unless in the case of vineyards, whose up-keep demands considerable outlay.

The antiquated methods of agriculture which are so pleasing to artists and visitors with an eye to the picturesque entail a terrible waste. The farming operations are substantially the same as those in vogue when Giotto passed his childhood tending sheep. One may see the same kind of plough in Egypt or Palestine, where indeed these implements are known to differ slightly from those in use in the time of our Lord. Winnowing is carried on in the same elementary fashion, the labourer with his wooden shovel throwing up the thrashed wheat into the air for the wind to separate the chaff; and sometimes even a simpler method is employed, when the peasant, standing on the top of the outside stone staircase of his cottage, contents himself with merely lading out the corn over the edge. Previous to this rough-and-ready winnowing the corn has been threshed by oxen yoked to a curiously shaped wooden roller. The rumbling noise made by this peculiar-looking instrument, which is called a *rubatto*, is a familiar feature of rural life.

It will be noticed that in Piedmont the scriptural injunction against 'muzzling the ox that treadeth out the corn' is often observed. Horses are seldom used on the farms, while oxen are considered indispensable for all farm-work, and though rather more costly than horses—a good yoke of oxen costs from forty to fifty pounds—are much preferred. They are occasionally shod, in spite of the cloven hoof, though their light shoes approximate more to racing-plates than the heavy shoes one associates with farm-horses in England. For field-work the principle of shoeing is peculiar. In a yoke of oxen only the off feet of an ox would be shod and the near feet of the others, and they are yoked in such a way that the shod feet are contiguous. The harrow usually employed could hardly be more elementary; it is a rough kind of sledge called an *erpio*, fitted with heavy iron prongs and weighted by a few large stones, on which squats the labourer who acts as driver, holding himself on by the tail. The stubborn conservatism of the Piedmontese is strikingly illustrated in hay-making. It would be thought that a long stick is but a poor substitute for a fork; but, though forks are in constant use in farm-work, in tossing the hay a stick is preferred. A quaint custom, which has a biblical savour, is the letting of the pasture-land during the winter to a shepherd, who at the expiration of the term

gives to the farmer, in addition to the rent, the last-born lamb and a cheese. The veterinary surgeon is usually paid, by contract, with a measure of corn.

Perhaps the most quaint of all their customs is that connected with their coffins. It is the correct thing for each head of a family to choose and season the wood for his coffin; occasionally an ultra-conscientious householder will actually make the coffin himself. The selected planks are carefully put aside to season, and if the owner wishes to be particularly courteous to his male cronies he will exhibit this precious piece of timber and ask their opinion as to its durability!

A curious co-operative custom is that of the village bakery. Each family is in turn responsible for the firing of the oven, and each family has a right in turn to use the oven for the baking of the fortnightly supply.

In no other country in Europe, except perhaps Turkey, are the lower classes so monstrously exploited by the Government. The crushing burden of taxation which in Italy weighs so heavily on the agricultural classes is aggravated by the local and municipal taxes which the peasantry have to pay. There is actually some kind of census taken of livestock by the local authorities, and each addition means a further tax. Even the vegetable kingdom is not neglected by the tax-gatherer, each olive-tree (few in Piedmont, however) and vine being duly registered and subjected to a small duty.

The ordinary day's routine of the family of a small farmer is instructive. In summer they actually get up at sunrise, and take their dinner, consisting of soup *minestra* (or *poleenta*), or at all events the chief meal of the day (*pranzo*), whatever we choose to call it, at five in the morning, an hour when fashionable London is thinking of retiring. Work is then resumed, and continues till about eleven o'clock, when the intense heat of the sun compels them to knock off. Then what is called a *merenda* is taken, generally bread and cheese and salad. During the great heat of the day, till 2 p.m. or so, a siesta is universal. After this rest work goes on continuously till 7 or 8 p.m., interrupted only by another *merenda*: a generic term best translated by 'snack,' consisting of some kind of salad or an onion and bit of bread. At about half-past eight they seek their well-earned repose. Supper (*cena*) is as frugal a meal as the *merenda*: a little fruit, soup, a bit of bread, or one sardine divided among the whole family. In short, the Piedmontese peasant spends almost as little in food as an Indian coolie. White bread, for instance, is only eaten on a *festa*, whole-meal bread being the usual kind consumed.

In character the Piedmontese are very unlike the popular conception of the Italian people. As a class the peasants are sober, industrious, and thrifty. They have not the gay and *insouciant* temperament of the Italians of the south, but are stolid and

unemotional. There is, indeed, a curious resemblance in temperament between the Piedmontese and the Bretons. If thrifty, they are intensely grasping, and their religion is apt to run to bigotry. The blind devotion of the peasants, coupled with their extraordinary ignorance of affairs, is sometimes exploited by the priests. There is an amusing, if hypothetical, story told of a certain priest who increased the Peter's Pence offering of his flock by exhibiting from the pulpit a straw which he declared came from the Pope's cell in the Vatican. This sacred relic was accepted as an indisputable proof that His Holiness was kept a State prisoner by the Government!

The following instance of the thrift of the peasants has in it a touch of pathos. On one occasion having given a cigar to a *boaro* (herdsman), I found afterwards that the precious weed had lasted the recipient a whole month, a few whiffs only being taken after the evening meal, and then it was carefully laid aside till the next evening.

Whether the custom which still obtains in some parts of Piedmont of regarding the harmless, necessary domestic cat as a delicate morsel is to be put down to thrift or merely to a perverted appetite is doubtful; but it is well known that to fill the *pot-au-feu* of a Piedmontese peasant is the usual fate of wandering or homeless felines.

The strong religious side of the Piedmontese is shown in all relations of life. Nowhere in Europe outside of Spain or Brittany have the priests so strong a hold on the people. No girl, for instance, would be allowed to enter domestic service 'abroad'—that is, beyond her native province—without the express permission of the priest, and service with any but those of her own faith would be strictly forbidden. In minor matters the superstition of the peasants is displayed in erecting crosses on hay and corn ricks to protect them from fire and lightning. Sometimes they are placed over stables or sheds to ward off robbers. In fact, the sacred symbol is really regarded by the country-folk in much the same light as the insurance com-

pany's plaque affixed to buildings on the Continent—with the advantage, too, of being free from any premium!

The little shrines, containing a statue of the Madonna, which may occasionally be seen on farms are often erected by the landlord with the view of protecting his crops from storms, especially hail-storms. The efficacy of this is implicitly believed in. Certainly I myself know—and the coincidence is at all events striking—of a little farm near Carmagnola where the maize crops had been devastated for three consecutive seasons by hail-storms, and after a shrine had been put up the crops did not suffer at all. The severe hail-storms to which this country is peculiarly subject in July and August are much dreaded, especially in the vineyard districts, and it is the universal practice for the church bells to be tolled on the occasion of a storm, when the peasants, with touching faith, are in the habit of leaving their work and assembling in the church to pray that their crops may be spared from the fury of the elements.

The marriage customs are characteristic. According to the approved etiquette, bride and bridegroom, along with the parents of each, make a *festa* of the purchase of the trousseau. They proceed to the milliner's to buy a black silk and a stuff dress (woollen and cotton), to the shoemaker's to buy a pair of boots, and then to the pastry-cook's, where cakes are bought, but consumed at a café. A wardrobe is always bought by the bride; and the earrings, an indispensable part of the outfit, are bought by the bridegroom. The same evening the bride's mother holds a reception; then the best-man (*camarade*) puts in one earring and the bridegroom the other; and as each earring is put in, one of the groomsmen outside the house fires off a pistol. A supper and dance conclude the festivities. On the morning after the wedding the best-man's duties are to black the boots of bride and bridegroom, and take them, as well as a cup of *café noir*, to the bridal-chamber! These conclude the arduous and somewhat delicate duties of the Piedmontese best-man.

THE CLOSED BOOK.*

CHAPTER XXV.—WHAT THE BURIED CHEST CONTAINED.



FROM our hiding-place in the bushes we all three watched intently, wondering what was the nature of their find.

That they had discovered something of interest seemed certain, but from our position we could not see its nature. The whole four were in the deep hole, working eagerly and digging around what was apparently a strong chest buried in the earth.

The moments seemed hours until at last, with loud gasps, they drew the object to the surface, and their lamps revealed it to be an old chest about five feet long, narrow, and looking in that uncertain light very much like a coffin. But it was, we saw, strongly protected by great bands of iron bolted upon it, and locked by three ancient locks along one side.

'By Jove!' we heard Selby cry excitedly, 'it's heavy, isn't it? Let's get these locks off,' and, taking aim, he struck at one with his crowbar, using all his might. But the stout iron resisted all

* Copyright, 1904, by William Le Queux.

his efforts, although he repeated them from time to time.

Then the whole four turned their immediate attention to the locks, carefully examining them by the aid of their lamps.

'They're still very strong,' we heard his lordship say. 'The only way will be to file the hasps, and then force them.'

Thereupon two files were produced from the tool-bag, and Graniani and Selby set to work upon the hasps, while the other two stood by impatiently.

The work was more difficult than they anticipated; but at last the whole of the three fastenings were wrenched off, and, with a cry of expectation, Lord Glenelg raised the lid and, holding his lantern above his head, peered within.

His companions, in their haste to investigate the contents of the chest, bent and delved with their hands; but their exclamations were those of bitter disappointment, for instead of gold chalices and silver cups, they withdrew only a quantity of damp and bulky leather-bound volumes, evidently ancient religious manuscripts, which had formed part of the treasure of the old abbey at the time of its dissolution. Perhaps, indeed, they had been hidden for some reason long before those fateful days of Southwell's visit, for the monk Godfrey did not mention them in his list of the secreted treasure.

The disappointment of the investigators was very great. Above the low chatter we could hear the old hunchback grumbling to himself in Italian, while Selby expressed his dissatisfaction pretty strongly in English, declaring that they were not in search of old books but something of more intrinsic value.

'These are evidently a rare find,' remarked his lordship, opening several of the big musty volumes and glancing at them. 'But the damp, unfortunately, seems to have spoilt most of the miniatures.'

'The finding of that box makes one thing plain,' Walter whispered to me. 'The abbot would never have buried a box of manuscripts in water; therefore this discovery shows that the treasure itself does not lie concealed in the same spot. Let them go on, for they must fail. In a couple of hours it will be five o'clock, and the village people will be astir. They dare not work very much longer, and they certainly will not attempt to come here again.'

'But those books,' I said, with the envy of a keen collector; 'are they to secure them? They may, perhaps, contain something of interest to us.'

'I think not,' my friend responded. 'Let them take the lot. We are playing for bigger stakes.'

'Quite right, Captain Wynan,' added the rector. 'They must not discover us at this point.'

After a cursory glance at the big volumes, some of them fastened with heavy bronze clasps, like The

Closed Book itself, they ascertained that there was nothing else in the chest, and then three of them returned to their work of excavation, while his lordship commenced to carry the books, in small piles, across the field to the high-road where the horse was tied up.

I confess that I would have liked to jump up and secure one of those fine old tomes. I was only restrained by my friends, who were determined, as a matter of policy, to let him cart the books away, Mr Mason declaring that in due course he should claim their return, as an outrageous theft had been committed.

Lord Glenelg had made several journeys backwards and forwards across the fields, when, just as he returned, a stir among the treasure-seekers showed us that they had made another discovery, which, a few minutes later, we saw was a fine image of the Virgin, about four feet in height, dark and covered with the clay in which it had been embedded.

As it lay there upon the grass they placed their lanterns beside it, and with their pocket-knives scraped away the clay until it shone bright beneath.

'There was a celebrated image of Our Lady, in silver, here,' remarked Selby as he scraped diligently. 'Perhaps this is it.'

A few seconds later the thick-set man who was assisting, and who was a stranger to me, cried:

'It certainly isn't silver. Look! It's only one of those gilded wood things.'

And again there arose a chorus of dissatisfaction and disappointment.

The statue was evidently very ancient; but so well had it been preserved in the clay that the gilt still flashed upon it where they had scraped away the dirt, and in the early gray of dawn that was now spreading we could just distinguish the bright blue-and-silver stars upon the robes.

Again they all returned to their work with pick, spade, and 'grubbers,' toiling on in the hole they had made, their heads only being visible above the surface, until the abbey bells chimed out and then solemnly struck five o'clock.

Day had broken, and the warning notes of the bell caused his lordship to order a cessation of the labour. All four regained the surface and looked with regret upon their rather fruitless efforts, well knowing that the damage they had done would in an hour be discovered, and that to continue their secret search at that spot would be impossible.

'We can't return; that's very evident,' remarked Selby. 'The village constable will be put on to watch, I expect. Therefore we shall have to wait a month or so before we come back.'

'Couldn't we perhaps square the constable?' the fourth man suggested.

'I doubt it. These country policemen are so much more straight than the men in town. As like as not they'd split upon you, so as to get their promotion. You see, the work we've done to-night

is a bit ugly, for a magistrate would probably call it stealing.'

'Rubbish!' snapped his lordship. 'Don't stay gossiping here. Let's pack up and get away. There are a lot of labourers already on the move. Don't you see the smoke from the cottage chimneys over there? We shall have some one across this footpath to the fields in a few minutes if we don't get clear away.'

Scarcely, indeed, had he finished speaking when the dark figure of a man with a fork over his shoulder, whistling to himself on his way to work, appeared at the stile in the opposite corner of the field, and took the footpath in their direction.

They noticed him, and hastily snatching up their picks and spades and other tools, all four made off in the direction where the cart stood, and climbing into it, drove rapidly off down the long highway across the fen, in the mists of which they were quickly lost to sight.

As soon as they had gone we emerged from the spot where we had remained cramped for so long, and rushed to the big hole they had made.

My first investigation was the old chest, and in it I discovered several manuscripts which his lordship, not having finished transferring them to the cart, had been compelled, in his haste, to leave. Of these we took possession, and the labourer, on passing, looked at the hole with considerable surprise, especially on recognising Mr Mason.

In reply to the man's inquiry, we told him that thieves had been trying to discover something hidden, and had found some old books; for we wished the whole village to know of the secret attempt that had been made, in order that the people should keep a watchful eye upon the abbey precincts for further depredators.

Presently, when the man went on to his work and it had grown lighter, we were able to see the extent of their investigations, which was certainly far greater than we imagined; while Walter, after making some measurements, showed us the spot which they had at first marked out, and from which he had removed their landmark.

The chest and books were, of course, the property of the abbey, so we carried them to the small room in the restored portion of the fabric that the rector kept as a kind of museum, and there investigated them.

They were of little interest, all being works of theological writers, copied in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, save one,* a small quarto manuscript, beautifully illuminated, written by William, a monk in Ramsey Abbey, in Huntingdonshire, in 1191, which commenced '*Incipit Vita beati*

Guthlaci metrica composita,' a poem on the life of St Guthlac, dedicated to Henry de Longo Campo, the contemporary Abbot of Crowland.

It was Mr Mason's opinion, as well as my own, that the chest had been buried there fully a century before the dissolution, at some time when the abbey feared attack, and the worthy rector was already eager to demand of Lord Glenelg the return of the whole of the other volumes that had been surreptitiously carried away.

At present, however, it was agreed to make no sign. The manuscripts would no doubt be well preserved in his lordship's collection, and there was no fear of their going astray.

Then, having completed our examination, we returned to the Rectory, where we had hot coffee to warm us after our long night-vigil. Mr Mason promised to set a night-watch upon the field until such time as we should deem it advisable to make our search; for I pointed out to him that a journey to Scotland was imperative, in order to forestall our friends if they attempted to make a search there, and that we should be unable to excavate the site of the monastery fish-ponds until our return from Galloway.

As a matter of fact, we all felt, from the conversation we had overheard, that it was not their intention to return at present, as they had no wish to fall into the hands of the police.

'Well,' remarked Mr Mason as we sat over our coffee in his study, 'the whole affair is most mysterious and remarkable. Lord Glenelg evidently possesses certain information upon which he is working.'

'We hope that ours is equally precise,' I laughed. 'That is why we intend to go north and make preliminary observations. We can only make our investigation at a certain hour on a certain day, the 17th of September.'

I was not more definite, as I did not intend at present to give the secret away. In a hunt for treasure success depends to a very great extent upon strict secrecy. Arousing undue interest is always to be avoided. The Crowland treasure concerned the rector to a great degree, but the Borgia jewels would, if we discovered them, surely be our own.

At half-past seven we returned to 'The George,' which had already been open an hour or so, and we went in as though we had returned from a morning walk. Neither servants nor landlord suspected anything until the villagers discovered the big hole near the abbey, and then, I believe, we were viewed with considerable suspicion. Indeed, I was much relieved when, at eleven o'clock, we drove out along Kennulph's Way and through the village of Eye back to 'The Angel' at Peterborough.

* Cambridge University Library MSS., Dd. XI. 78, ff. 61, 92.

THE PROSPECTS OF BRITISH EAST AFRICA.



ORD DELAMERE'S remarkable emigration scheme and the offer made by the British Government to the Zionist Congress of a portion of land in British East Africa wherewith to found a Jewish colony have again brought that little-known protectorate into public notice. Most people in these islands have a very hazy notion of the extent, nature, or resources of the East Africa Protectorate. This is the more wonderful considering the interest that was taken in the building of the Uganda Railway, which traverses this protectorate its full length of five hundred and eighty-four miles from the coast to the terminus at Port Florence on the shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza. The present Consul-General, Sir Charles Eliot, is doing his best to bring the possibilities of the protectorate before his countrymen.

A glance at the map of Africa will show that the East Africa Protectorate extends, roughly, from the Indian Ocean on the east to the Victoria Nyanza on the west, and from German East Africa on the south to Abyssinia on the north. In the partition which took place of the East Coast of Africa, Britain came off decidedly well, and with characteristic energy addressed herself to the task of developing this new asset. Here was an immense tract of land without roads or waterways, and closed to all but an occasional big-game hunter or traveller. Behind it lay another vast unexplored protectorate—Uganda. How were these to be opened up to the enterprise of her subjects? The answer was the Uganda Railway. Though avowedly built primarily for political reasons, it must be admitted that in the railway lay the only hope of developing the resources of the two protectorates. And whatever charges of mismanagement may be brought against the railway committee, or however much we may rue the millions that it has cost the nation, the Uganda Railway, considering the difficulties that had to be overcome in its construction, is a superb monument to the energy, enterprise, and determination of our fellow-countrymen.

The change that has taken place in the protectorate since the railway was undertaken is little short of miraculous. Instead of a few isolated Government officials upholding precariously the authority intimidated by the flag waving in front of their tent-door, townships are springing up. Chief of these is Nairobi, the headquarters of the railway management, situated about three hundred and twenty-five miles distant from Mombasa. The telegraph now traverses the length and breadth of the land. The journey to Uganda, which formerly occupied months, is now a matter of a few days. Instead of a trackless wilderness, the whole protectorate lies open waiting the advent of the planter and the farmer. Probably in Mombasa, the capital of the protectorate, more than anywhere else is the change seen. What was

a few years ago an unimportant conglomeration of wattle-and-mud huts is to-day an important seaport, which promises soon to rival Zanzibar. The 'iron shanty' of the pioneer is disappearing before neat tile-roofed bungalows; while the solidly built law-courts, two fine hotels, and the palatial buildings recently opened by the National Bank of India give an air of business prosperity to the place.

It is true that the completion of the Uganda Railway has not been followed by that rapid improvement in trade expected by many. A temporary depression seems rather to have set in owing to the departure of so many of those who were employed in the construction of the railway. This is understandable when it is remembered how much everything at present depends on the money disbursed by the Government. No great improvement need be expected until private enterprise steps in and money begins to circulate more freely among the natives. The foreign element is very strong among the merchant community. German, Italian, French, and Dutch firms are engaged in the import and export trade, and completely outnumber the British firms, and the retail trade is chiefly carried on by Indians and Goanese. It is interesting, as bearing on the agitation for a subsidised line of steamers from England to East Africa, to know that since the establishment of a direct steamship service by the British-India Company such heavy merchandise as cement and corrugated-iron sheets are imported almost entirely from England, whereas these articles were formerly imported mainly from Germany. It is painful to know that in that branch of trade which is most likely speedily to expand—namely, the trade in piece-goods and cotton sheetings—we are entirely out in the cold. America supplies the cotton sheetings, while Germany and Holland send most of the piece-goods. This is entirely due to the deplorable lack of enterprise on the part of the British firms in Mombasa. The exports from British East Africa are insignificant considering the extent of the territory. Such as they are, they are completely in the hands of the foreigner. Ivory, of course, is the principal export. Rubber is exported in considerable quantities, and is at present occupying the attention of the Government. The export of hides and copra is rapidly increasing—especially the latter, which might be quite an important industry could the natives be deterred from ruining the coco-nut trees for the manufacture of *tembo* (palm-wine). There are a few insignificant exports, such as gum-copal and wax.

But the trade of the East Africa Protectorate must remain insignificant and its financial position wretched as long as imports are paid for chiefly by the subsidy granted by the British Government, and exports depend on the bounty of nature. The railway, too, must remain a tax on this country as long as there is little or nothing for it to carry. It

must be remembered, however, in estimating the loss on the working of the railway that a very substantial saving is now effected in the transport department of the administration. The British people are so used to hear of the abounding prosperity of the colonies that they are apt to look askance on a protectorate which calls for a subsidy to the tune of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year, including the subvention for the Uganda Railway. The chief sources of revenue at present are the customs duties and the hut-tax. There is so little money circulating among the natives that in many instances it is found necessary to accept payment of the hut-tax in labour or in produce. A small revenue is derived from sporting licenses, gun-taxes, registration fees, &c. But small as the revenue of the protectorate is, it is the utmost that can be produced by taxation, and it is not likely that the ingenuity of His Majesty's Commissioner will be able to find new sources from which to augment his depleted treasury.

What, then, is to bring prosperity to this British East Africa and raise it to the status of a self-supporting colony? It is impossible to predict what course the development of a new country may take. The discovery of gold in the protectorate may any day change the scene 'as by the stroke of an enchanter's wand,' and we shall awake some morning to find a new Transvaal in the heart of Africa. The search for minerals is being carried on by quite an army of prospectors, and it is on the success of this investigation that most of the inhabitants base their hopes for a speedy change in the fortunes of the protectorate.

But apart from minerals there is the more certain, if less dazzling, prospect of finding prosperity in the soil of the protectorate. Mr Chamberlain, with his usual acumen, hit the nail on the head in his speech to the members of the Mombasa Club. He said that though the discovery of minerals might reasonably be expected, it was rather to exports of rubber and cotton that we should look for the future prosperity of the protectorate. Pessimists in this country declare that since agriculture has not been tried on anything like a large scale its success is problematic. But the writer has not heard this view expressed by any who have been in the country and have beheld its wonderful fertility. Between Nairobi and the Mau escarpment lie thousands of acres of the most fertile soil uncultivated and supporting countless herds of zebra and antelope. Here at Kikuyu and Nairobi are to be found the *shambas*, or farms, of the first British settlers, who fondly hoped that they were but the forerunners of that army of burly British farmers who were to put backbone into a country overrun by languid Asiatics.

True, agriculture is but in its beginnings in British East Africa. The few settlers around Nairobi give their attention chiefly to potatoes. This is owing to the demand from South Africa. Even the modest potato possesses potentialities un-

dreamt of here. They grow to great perfection at Nairobi; but the lack of cold storage in the steamers running to South Africa makes it difficult to place them on the market in good condition. When this and other drawbacks are overcome a very profitable industry will be established. The success which has attended the potato industry is but an indication of what might be done if agriculture were pursued on a proper scale. Most European cereals and vegetables grow admirably, and thus the settler need not confine his attention to purely tropical products. Climate, of course, is a determining factor in agricultural undertakings, and here in British East Africa are to be had almost all varieties of climate. While at the coast the temperature hardly ever falls below eighty degrees in the shade, in the high uplands it is usual to have frost in the mornings. Thus, while wheat, oats, barley, &c. could be grown in the higher latitudes, the cultivation of tropical products could be undertaken in the low-lying districts. The recent Agricultural Show held at Mombasa gave an idea of the number of economic plants which may be cultivated and which at present grow, for the most part wild, within the protectorate. Castor-oil, coffee, cotton, tobacco, sugar-cane, and numerous fibre-plants were exhibited in their natural and manufactured states. It is of interest to know, in view of the recent cotton famine, that the fine black soil around the Victoria Nyanza is pronounced by experts as especially suitable for the cultivation of the cotton-plant. Rice, at present brought in such large quantities from India, could be grown all over the land. Indian corn is grown in large quantities by the natives. With proper cultivation and the introduction of the red Kafir corn an enormous export trade could be done with South Africa. But why multiply instances? Enough has been said to show that, even if minerals should fail, there is abundant hope for the future prosperity of the protectorate in the development of its agricultural resources.

To the settler with only a limited capital British East Africa does not hold out much prospect of fortune-making. The want of a local market for his produce, the expense of transport, &c., militate against his success. A comfortable living could no doubt be made; but beyond that he would be foolish to fix his expectations. Capital is what the country most needs at present—the advent of companies who could invest considerable sums in developing its resources and wait a few years probably for a return.

A word on behalf of the natives of the protectorate. Was there ever a more misrepresented lot of men? They are idle and lazy and given to dissolute habits, unfit for any hard work: so we are told. Have they ever been given a fair trial? The efforts being made at Lovedale and at Blantyre on Lake Nyassa under Dr Laws are in the right direction. In addition to religious training, there is industrial training in many of the arts of more civilised life. The land-laws, however, will need

considerable modifying before British East Africa enters the running with the Canadian north-west as an attraction to farmers. Not that land is not to be had in plenty—it is the inane, petty exactions laid down by the Government officials that make the would-be settler flee the country.

Mr J. Cathcart Wason, M.P., after a visit, declared that it would become a second New Zealand, and now that the old colonies were filling up, emigration should be directed towards East Africa. He was convinced of the utility of the Uganda Railway, which would be cheap in the end at six million pounds. Sir Harry Johnston, the author of a big book on the country, has said that East Africa afforded an area of eighteen thousand square miles to British settlers in a country which was nothing short of an earthly paradise. Mr Stordy, veterinary officer to the Government, has stated that to the agriculturist its soil is capable of yielding the finest crops and of rearing cattle and sheep. The British Government has introduced a large number of live-stock for the purpose of improving the breed of the native herds, which had deteriorated by native in-breeding. Mr Stordy has made experiments in the taming of the zebra for riding and traction purposes which promise to be successful. It is immune to the bite of the tsetse fly, which is not only the direct cause of the deaths of so many animals, but another species is said to be also responsible for the Uganda 'sleeping sickness,' now the subject of close inquiry.

A correspondent of the *Times* has described a remarkable emigration scheme of Lord Delamere's, the big-game hunter, who for the past two years has been in East Africa. His lordship has purchased round Nairobi one hundred thousand acres of land for general farming and breeding, experimental growing, &c. He has been guaranteed fifty square miles of land, and offers this free to fifty suitable settlers. The best free plots are between Elburgon and Fort Fernan, and within

the railway zone. Lord Delamere says that the Foreign Office policy of hitherto treating this most wonderful country as private estate is responsible for the present sparseness of settlers. The following are extracts from his messages: 'There are enormous timber trees, evergreens, grasses, and clovers; perennial streams abound; the climate is temperate—it will grow anything; and this is a chance in a thousand for men with little money. Each person of age in a household may have free six hundred and forty acres. Such land in Australia and New Zealand is worth ten pounds and twenty pounds per acre. English vegetables, wheat, oats, barley, roots, fruit, &c. grow splendidly without irrigation. Potatoes are the staple crop and command good prices in South Africa. Coffee, in which I am sure there is a future, simply grows like weed. For sheep-grazing, land can be leased up to ten thousand acres at a halfpenny an acre per annum. Tobacco and cotton offer a good return. Cotton has been produced in experimental plots valued at sixpence per pound. It should give a good return with land and labour cheap. Directly markets are fixed land will go up. It is now absurdly cheap.' Lord Delamere trusts his free land scheme will have the desired effect. Agriculturists are said to be chiefly wanted. The artisan's day will come later.

Altogether, hitherto little encouragement has been given to merchant, trader, or farmer. Possibly the administration have not been anxious for any considerable increase in the white population until they were in a position to offer them protection. But now that the railway is completed and the warlike spirit of the more troublesome tribes subdued, it is to be hoped that they will inaugurate a more generous policy than they have pursued in the past. With a generous and wise administration, British East Africa is sure to attract capital as its resources become known; and in a few years we may hope to see a most prosperous colony.

THE RIGHT HORSE BUT THE WRONG MAN.

PART II.

PERICO, who proved to be the son of the *ama*, made his appearance on the instant. A clear and olive-tinted skin; great molting eyes, soft as velvet in their ordinary expression, and yet none the less capable of watching the sanguinary business of the bull-ring from start to finish without so much as a quiver whenever the rare chance came in their owner's way; a head crowned with dark curls; and a frame and limbs the lithe grace and superb moulding of which the raggedness of his costume could do nothing to hide, made up this Apollo of eighteen. Perico came, listened, smiled, glanced commiseratingly at the stranger, but had only the obvious suggestion to

offer of remaining there for the night. However, his mother was evidently of another opinion; for that comely dame, suddenly opening fire upon her son, treated him to a torrent of Spanish reeled so rapidly off her tongue that the listening Englishman could not make out so much as a word. Perico listened, shrugged, played with the silver button that held his collarless shirt upon his brown neck, glanced again at Kendrick, and finally delivered himself in his turn. That he was arguing some point with his mother was evident; but beyond the single word *caballo*, meaning, as every one knows, horse, it was impossible for the perplexed Englishman to make out a syllable the lad said.

'Speak, then, obstinate one,' commanded the

matron at last, in a voice the speed of which it was possible for the stranger to follow, 'and explain to the señor. He is lame, and his wish is to go to Pozo del Monte to-night.'

Perico shrugged his shoulders. For some reason or other best known to himself, he was evidently reluctant to say a word. But his mother was inexorable, and would take no evasion.

'Look you, señor,' the lad said at last in a tone of evident unwillingness, fingering the ends of the *faja* twisted round his waist in a manner which, had it been possible to say so of one of his race, might almost have been termed awkward, 'if to go to Pozo del Monte is your wish, there is a horse, a good one, in the stable here, and at your service. Only'—He broke off short, and looked at Kendrick with a significant shrug.

But the gesture was lost upon the Englishman. He caught at the suggestion as a drowning man is said to catch at a straw. A horse there! A horse to be had for the hiring, and he would have cheerfully mounted a donkey, had it come to that, sooner than remain exposed throughout the night to the scent and atmosphere of that den! True enough, his ankle was badly twisted, and might turn out a nuisance in the way of his riding; but no very mettlesome steed would be likely to issue from a stable like that, he told himself, and it would go hard if he could not keep in the saddle.

'What's his hire?' he demanded eagerly, in the best Spanish he could muster.

He had looked at Perico, but before the lad had time to speak that business-like dame his mother, who stood by prepared to wade with elevated skirts across the sea of mud that formed the stable floor, spoke out with decision:

'Twenty-five *pesetas*, señor.'

Kendrick stared. A modest charge, certainly, considering that his objective could be no more than ten English miles away. He was opening his mouth in remonstrance, but pulled himself up short in time. To walk the distance was impossible—that wretched ankle put the mere suggestion beyond question; and as for staying there—well, a single glance at the surroundings was enough to settle that. But Perico had also been watching him, and his quick intelligence had leaped at the right conclusion.

'The señor reckons it too much,' the lad said eagerly. 'And twenty-five *pesetas*! By my faith! it is a stiff price. He will be better to stay here.'

'What dost thou know about it, foolish one?' screamed the señora. 'Put thy tongue in thy pocket, and go and bring out the horse.'

Jewels are at times found in rough enough caskets, and such proved to be the case here. Kendrick rubbed his eyes and stared in amazement as the lad returned five minutes later. He had expected to see emerge from that awful stable some lean, miserable screw, a broken-down brute whose next destination would probably be the bull-ring in the nearest town, and, instead, Perico reappeared leading by the bridle a handsome chestnut horse,

the finely shaped head, full prominent eye, shapely limbs, and well-set-on flowing tail, one and all giving proof of his descent from the famous Moorish barbs of days gone by.

Kendrick felt some surprise, and expressed it in no measured terms. But the subject was one on which the youthful native he addressed was scarcely inclined to be communicative.

'Yes, señor, you are right,' he rejoined somewhat confusedly, bending down over the shining neck as he spoke. 'The horse is a fine one, that is true. Only he is not ours, look you; we have the use of him, that's all. But'—the suggestion came with a quick and eager lifting of the intelligent eyes to the Englishman's face—'the señor's ankle pains him, that is very clear, and to my thinking this horse may give him some trouble on the way to Pozo del Monte. Would it not be wiser, then, in place of going on, to pass the night here?'

He asked the question in a slightly lowered tone, glancing in an oddly furtive way at his mother. But the eyes and ears of the señora were on a par with those of her son for quickness, and she not only intercepted the glance itself, but caught the drift of the muttered words.

'What hast thou told the señor, obstinate one?' she demanded with suspicion.

'I told him nothing, except that he might have trouble on this brute's account before reaching Pozo del Monte,' responded Perico sullenly, his handsome face taking on an expression of defiance as his eyes met those of his mother. 'True it is, and you know that, mother, as well as I.'

For a moment the pair stood facing each other in silence; then the señora turned to her guest, a word or two of adroitly spoken flattery upon her lips.

'The lad speaks folly, señor. The *caballero* is too good a rider for that; and to leave the horse at the *posada* of José Despana, in the Calle de San Martino, is all the trouble you are likely to have on account of him.'

'*Caramba!* but you have first to make sure that the señor will get there,' put in Perico the obstinate bluntly. 'Look you, mother, I may be a fool, as you say; yet I am no such fool as to mount a free horse like this when my foot is not to be trusted to bear my weight. By my faith, no! But the señor will not be warned, and it is of small use to say a word.'

Kendrick looked at the lad standing beside him, who overtopped him by at least a head, twisting a straw between his fingers, a frown contracting his handsome features as he gazed almost defiantly at his mother. That there was something in the background was evident, but for the moment Kendrick could get no further. Then a light dawned on him, and for the first time, as he saw that while the mother was unmistakably anxious that he should go on to Pozo del Monte, the son seemed equally as desirous of dissuading him, he began to entertain a doubt, not far removed from a suspicion, of this youthful Apollo. Tales of benighted travellers, compelled to seek shelter at lonely wayside inns,

who had met with foul play there and had never been afterwards heard of, came crowding with unpleasant suggestiveness on his memory now, all the more when he recalled the company, scarcely to be termed reputable, occupying the *venta* there within. Why, even this handsome youngster at his elbow, with his melting dark eyes and musical voice, was safe to have a six-inch blade *navaja* concealed somewhere in the folds of the ragged crimson *faja* twisted round his waist; and although a harmless, middle-aged tourist like himself scarcely showed as a specially promising object of plunder, still all would probably be fish that came to these fellows' net, more particularly when he remembered that, according to a popular and prevailing notion abroad, Englishmen were commonly reputed to 'swim in gold.'

That was the meaning, then, without a shadow of doubt. Kendrick saw how the cat jumped now, and had no longer any difficulty in understanding the anxiety and eagerness of his poor hostess to get him away from a dangerous neighbourhood. Probably the poor creature was risking something, too, out of the sheer kindness of her heart; for that one among yonder swarthy, muscular, sunburnt fellows whom he had seen drinking there within was her husband, and as such probably hand-and-glove with his hopeful son in their nefarious designs upon travellers, was not merely possible, but in the highest degree likely. And now this poor creature, in the profound pity and tenderness of her heart, was doing all she knew to save her

guest from his otherwise impending fate by prevailing upon him to put himself beyond its reach. Well, women were the same all the world over, the same compassionate, tender-hearted creatures, ready at any moment to sacrifice themselves in order to spare others; and Kendrick, who had certainly been intending to dispute those twenty-five *pesetas* as a piece of rank extortion, felt the remonstrance he had been about to utter die on his lips. A pretty sort of brute he would be to grudge the paying down of a paltry sum like that when he had more than a shrewd suspicion of its being destined to conciliate husband and son for the slipping through their fingers of a presumably plump partridge in the shape of himself. How eagerly the poor creature caught at the coins as he handed them to her!—her only protection, in all probability, against expected ill-usage; nor was there any mistaking the glance of exultation she flashed at her son. But the face of the latter was dark and irresolute; and though he helped Kendrick to climb—the climbing was literal—into the saddle, he merely bestowed upon the Englishman a curt '*Bon Dios, señor;*' and did not vouchsafe another word.

'Not this time, my fine fellow,' thought Kendrick, smiling grimly. 'Too old a bird to be caught with chaff; and I've seen through your little game for once.' And in spite of his sprained ankle and the prospect of the long, dark, comfortless ride before him, he chuckled audibly as he rode away at the thought of how the rascals had been done.

DE RULLECOURT'S INVASION OF JERSEY.

By C. T. O. COOKE.



FROM times long anterior to the Norman Conquest the Channel Islands were part and parcel of the ancient Duchy of Normandy.

Since the Conquest, with two inconsiderable breaks—one during the life of Robert and the other during the short reign of Stephen—the sovereignty of these islands has been united with and has followed the devolution of the English Crown. When King John ceded the Continental portion of Normandy to Philip Augustus these islands remained faithful to him, and they have ever since paid allegiance to the successive kings and queens of England as heirs and successors of their ancient dukes.

These sunny isles being French by their geographical position and language, it is only natural that our Gallie neighbours should cast covetous eyes upon them, and when opportunity offered attempt their seizure; the last and most important occasion being the disastrous descent on Jersey in 1781, which is locally known as 'the Battle of Jersey,' a distinction which the local militia has recorded on its colours.

An extract from an extraordinary *Gazette* of the time will serve as an introduction:

'ST JAMES'S, 9th Jan. 1781.—This day arrived Lt. Waugh of the Invalids at the Earl of Hillsborough's office with letters from Lieut.-Governor Irving of Guernsey, inclosing a letter to him from Lieut.-Governor Corbet of the Island of Jersey, dated Jan. 6th, 1781, of which the following is an extract:

"I am now to acquaint you that the French landed this morning about two o'clock between two posts so distant that the guard did not perceive them. They marched across the roads and were in the market-place by six this morning. I was taken prisoner about seven, but I was fortunately released by the very brave and steady behaviour of the troops and the militia; and the commandant then informed me that they all surrendered prisoners of war. They were all taken, killed, or wounded. Poor Major Peirson, exerting himself at the head of a brave troop of followers, at the close of this affair was unfortunately killed.

"P.S.—We have about five hundred prisoners. Some hundreds are killed and about one hundred wounded; the rest fled into the country, but hope to have them all to-morrow. Our losses may be fifty killed and perhaps half that number wounded.

"My friend Mulcaster has as usual exerted himself; I am not hurt, but two shots through my hat. Particulars to follow.

"(Signed) MOSES CORBET."

It appears that an adventurer known as Baron de Rullecourt obtained the consent and assistance of the French Government to make a descent upon Jersey, his reward to be, if successful, the governorship of the island. He accordingly collected an expeditionary force at Granville, a small town on the French coast opposite, and on the 24th of December 1780 set out with one thousand picked men of various corps. Stress of weather, however, compelled him to put back and reft.

On the evening of the 5th of January they again embarked, and, after a stormy passage, arrived off the south-eastern extremity of the island. While they were in the act of landing a terrible gale sprang up, upsetting several boats and resulting in a loss of nearly four hundred men. Meanwhile the garrison at Port Laroque, which commanded the landing-place, never dreaming for a moment that any one would attempt to land during such stormy weather, had gone to bed. They were rudely awakened by the French bursting into the redoubt, and, being unarmed, were compelled to surrender.

Leaving a strong party with two guns to guard the landing-place, De Rullecourt set out with four hundred men to seize the town of St Helier. The garrison at this time consisted of three hundred and fifty of the Seventy-eighth Highlanders, three hundred and fifty of the Eighty-third Regiment, seven hundred of the Ninety-fifth, four hundred men of various details, a hundred artillery, and about one thousand nine hundred of the Jersey militia—a total of three thousand eight hundred men.

Led by a treacherous Jerseymen, who avoided the main roads, the little force of adventurers arrived at the market-place at six in the morning and surprised the guard on duty there.

The Lieutenant-Governor, Major Moses Corbet, the Fort-Major, as well as the chief civil officials were seized in their beds, bound with ropes, and dragged to the court-house, where De Rullecourt informed them that resistance was useless, as he had over four thousand troops in the island; and stated, further, that unless the capitulation was signed within an hour he would put his prisoners to torture. In order to give colour to this, he pompously ordered two of his officers to at once march two thousand men to Elizabeth Castle. The joint effects of threats and bluff caused the terrified Governor and the Fort-Major to sign the capitulation. The other officials, although threatened with death, manfully refused to sign the document.

News of the landing having been brought to the Rev. Francis Le Couteur, he sent word to the commander of Fort Conway that a party of Frenchmen had been left at the landing, offering him the use of two small cannon which were in his possession. This officer, dividing his small force into two

columns, set out for the landing, and after a sharp fight, compelled the French to surrender. In this encounter the British lost seven killed and eight wounded; the French two officers and twenty-two men killed.

Meanwhile the capitulation having been signed, De Rullecourt read a commission from the King of France appointing him Governor of Jersey, and then proceeded to advise the people to open their shops and proceed with their usual avocations; further, he invited a number of the chief residents to dine with him at Government House.

One cannot help admiring the impudence of this bold adventurer, who knew all the time that there were at least two thousand men still under arms, while he had but four hundred.

His next step was to send copies of the capitulation to the commanders of the various forces in the island, demanding their surrender. Captain Mulcaster, who commanded at Elizabeth Castle, on receiving the letter placed it in his pocket, remarking, 'I cannot read French.'

The French officer urged a speedy surrender, as ten thousand more French were coming.

'All the better,' replied the gallant captain; 'we shall have all the more to kill,' and peremptorily ordered the officer to quit.

This reply was a bitter pill to De Rullecourt, for with the castle in his possession he could turn the guns on the town if the inhabitants proved refractory. He then threatened to destroy the town with fire and sword—a threat which so terrified the poor Governor that he sent a peremptory demand for the castle to be handed over to the French, which elicited the following firm reply:

'ELIZABETH CASTLE, 6th January 1781.

'SIR,—Seeing that you have been surprised and taken prisoner, the command of His Majesty's troops falls on Major Peirson, whom we know has neither been surprised nor taken prisoner. Moreover, the castle is not under my command. You know our force and our situation, and when we reflect that the standard of England has reaped honour in the defence of this fortress, we shall not allow its glory to be tarnished now, and that is why we are determined to hold out to the last extremity.

'(Signed) P. ALLWARDS, Capt.'

Meanwhile the militia, with detachments of the Seventy-eighth and Ninety-fifth Regiments under Major Peirson, had formed up on Gallows Hill to retake the town; and in response to De Rullecourt's message to bring in their arms to the Town Hall, the gallant Major replied, 'Oui, nous porterons nos armes à la Maison de la Ville; mais ce sera la bayonette au bout du fusil' ('Yes, we will bring our arms to the Town-Hall, but with fixed bayonets'), and gave the officer half-an-hour to get back to his command; at the expiration of which he advanced on the town with two columns, one commanded by himself and the other by Captain Lonsdale of the Seventy-eighth.

The French position in the market-place was a strong one, for cannon were planted at the outlets so as to sweep the narrow streets along which the British must of necessity advance.

Placing himself at the head of the regular troops, Major Peirson rushed into the Royal Square; but a discharge of grape and musket shots fired almost point-blank caused the Ninety-fifth to fall back upon the militia; however, seeing their commander lying dead in front of them, they re-formed and made a final dash into the square, when a terrific hand-to-hand encounter took place.

Above the din and rattle of the musketry could be heard the shrieks of the women from the bedroom windows of the surrounding houses as they witnessed their relatives fighting for hearth and home.

De Rullecourt, seeing that all was lost, dragged the unhappy Governor from the Court-House, swearing that they should die together. Scarcely had he uttered these words when a shot from a man of the Seventy-eighth took away part of his lower jaw, killing him, while a couple of shots perforated the hat of the Governor. De Rullecourt's second in command thereupon surrendered.

As this affair only lasted half-an-hour, and the French loss was computed at one hundred and one killed and one hundred and forty-two wounded, it must have been pretty sharp work. The loss on the English side was not quite half that number.

As soon as the firing ceased the women and children rushed from the adjacent houses to ascertain if their relatives were numbered with the slain, and many pathetic scenes were witnessed, for the men of the 'Town Regiment' of militia, who were fighting practically on their very doorsteps, had lost heavily.

When the body of De Rullecourt was searched, papers were found showing that in the event of his being successful the Prince of Nassau was to descend with fourteen thousand men upon Guernsey, and the inhabitants were to be transported to Languedoc, their places being taken by French settlers.

Seldom has a force met with greater disaster, for about five hundred were killed or drowned, while the remainder were taken prisoners, many of whom were women.

The Lieutenant-Governor was tried for surrendering the island, and removed from his position. The

gallant Peirson was buried at St Helier's Church, not far from where the pulpit stands. A plain slab with the word 'Peirson' marks the spot where rests all that remains of the young hero. Copley's famous picture in the National Gallery, London, embalms the incident of Peirson's death.

De Rullecourt was buried in the churchyard, where a stone bears the inscription: 'Rullecourt, 6 Janvier 1781.' The inhabitants raised a memorial to the gallant officer, Peirson, which records: 'À la mémoire du Major François Peirson, lorsque cette île fut envahie par les Français, tomba vaillamment à la tête des troupes Anglaises et de la Milice. Il mourut dans la fleur de sa jeunesse, et dans le moment de la victoire, le sixième jour de Janvier 1781, âgé de 24 ans. Les États de cette île en témoignage, reconnaissant de leur délivrance, causèrent ce monument d'être érigé aux frais public.'

The following parody of the Lieutenant-Governor's despatch appeared in the *Universal Magazine* of that period:

A LATE EXPRESS VERSIFIED.

I acquaint you, my friend, here 's the devil to do,
For the French are come here—yes, they landed at two.
When the folks brought the news I could hardly believe 'em,
But the guards were so station'd they could not perceive 'em.

They marched 'cross the roads, every common track
scorning,
So got to our market by six in the morning.

I was taken at seven, and might have been slain,
But the troops and militia released me again;
And then the commander inform'd me that they
Surrendered themselves, as a body may say,
All prisoners of war—not a soul saved his bacon;
All were killed or were wounded, and so they were taken.

But poor Major Peirson demolished I find him,
As he march'd before troops who were marching behind him.
We have five hundred prisoners, some hundreds are killed,
One hundred were wounded and left on the field.
All the rest left their arms, and are fled great and small,
But I hope by to-morrow I shall have 'em all.

Our loss may be fifty men slaughtered outright,
And perhaps half that number were wounded in fight.
As usual Friend Mulcaster fought: what of that?
I am safe, though they fired two shots through my hat.
To transmit an account to Old England 's my play,
In meantime, I wish you'd send this if you can.

REFORMATION AT TRAWDSLEY.

By ROBERT STONECHECK.



TRAWSLEY was rural—rural as waving corn-fields and insanitary cow-sheds could make it. It consisted chiefly of one straggling, cobble-paved street, and possessed, amongst other rural features, a general store that supplied the village with eatables and the county with a fly-cemetery; for the

windows thereof were mottled and the goods it displayed were mottled by countless carcasses of flies that had apparently considered it their duty to expire thereon in the most ungraceful attitudes; and the proprietress, having a monopoly of the village trade, failed to see any necessity for removing them—her prejudice against such unnecessary exertion even surviving inquiries about the price

per quart of fresh ones compared with those long deceased, and whether or not she measured them with the wings on.

This information was usually sought by loud-voiced boys who congregated in a sheltered passage near the shop door, and into which generations of youthful Trawdsley had gathered of an evening, to the chagrin of the shop's successive proprietors, who had at various times tried many ineffectual methods of removing the evil.

With such an object in view, she who harboured inanimate flies had had a capsizeable bucket affixed over the shelter and connected by rope and pulleys to the shop counter, from where she could flood the pavement underneath and its noisy tenants with soap-suds or other objectionable liquids. But no public right-of-way was ever defended more savagely than the gathering-place of Trawdsley juveniles, and it can safely be asserted that 90 per cent. of the stones hurled into Trawdsley atmosphere after the bucket's appearance finished up in the vicinity of the booby contrivance, till the inventress was fain to remove it.

It was this bucket that primarily caused 'Blubby'—legitimately known as William Sterrip—to enter the army; and as Johnny Andot would not have enlisted without a companion, Mrs Hudson's corner-cleaning apparatus was really the cause of both entering Her Majesty's Service.

Blubby was fifteen years old, and only son of his widowed mother. The ages of those who patronised Mrs Hudson's corner ranged from twelve to sixteen, and Blubby could be insulted or maltreated with impunity by any one of them. If outrage had been committed on somebody's property, and a name had to be furnished to the schoolmaster, it was Blubby; if a bragging child was contradicted, he kicked Blubby; if a new practical joke came into action, Blubby was the victim. And all these happenings only caused him to bury his face in his cap and weep. In short, Blubby was 'soft.' His mother and twin-sister, worn out at night with the washing that earned them bread, would often weep at the thought of his sufferings as they removed from his clothes the muddy traces of the day's indignities; and at times they entertained faint hopes that he might one day lose his timidity and become as other boys.

Therefore, Blubby being public scapegoat, his name was naturally given to Mrs Hudson as the perpetrator of the latest outrage on her watering arrangement—to wit, mooring her pet tabby underneath and then creating such noise as induced her to pull the string. As such perpetrator Blubby was duly beguiled into the shop and chastised; and afterwards, as he shed silent tears by the roadside, a notorious young bully derided him and gloated over his misfortunes. Then it was that Blubby's sister, taking clean linen to a neighbouring mansion, came along and fought for her brother. She got badly beaten and hurt, whilst Blubby, afraid to interfere, tremblingly watched operations.

The bully, satisfied that he had done sufficient damage to the Sterrip mind and body, presently went his way; the girl, after speaking cheering words to her brother, did likewise, carrying a heart almost as heavy as her basket; and Blubby, lying face down in the green laneside grass, forgot his sobs in a turmoil of strange thoughts.

It had suddenly dawned upon him that he was a coward. He had been addressed by a plebeian equivalent of the word before, and answered to it without shame—because the odium belonging thereto had never troubled him. Now, however, the recent sight of his sister's rapidly darkening eye and bleeding nose revealed its unwelcome meaning to him in a horribly clear manner, and also his own undeniable title to it. His own sister, whom the books at school taught him to defend against all odds, had fought for him, who was afraid to uplift a hand, and afterwards she had tried to laugh his tears away without so much as a word about her own hurts! Why was he not like the rest of the tribe—able to resent indignities in a practical manner, instead of merely brooding over them?

He grew incensed against his surname: it might be that if he had been of another house he would have been different; but his sister's pluck recurred to him and floored the conclusion.

Finally, the lad was forced to tell himself, with a mighty effort of will, that he, Blubby Sterrip, was a coward because—well, he did not know; but surely he was a mighty coward.

These were virgin thoughts for Blubby; and afterwards, when Will Sterrip, matured, commanded respect from all men, he often wondered what kind wind brought them.

Blubby's heel at length ceased to raise itself pettishly in the air, and his toe rested motionless in the hole it had kicked in the turf. His chaotic thoughts had fallen into order, and he was thinking deeply.

When a perennial thrush in the vicarage grounds proclaimed high noon the boy rose suddenly to his feet. Next moment he had mounted an adjacent copse and was striding savagely over the fields towards Brakeley, a small barrack-town seven miles distant.

A sob coming from the right in Farmer Dandy's hay-field arrested his attention. Blubby waded from the beaten path and beheld Johnny Andot lying in the hay, a picture of abject, weeping misery—Johnny Andot, expert bird-nester, surveyor of orchards, and defier of gamekeepers!

'What's up?' Blubby asked. He was rather astonished at the unique sight.

Johnny looked up, brushing away his tears with a shiny coat-sleeve.

'Where're you goin'?' he asked, with an effort to look unconcerned, and ignoring Blubby's question.

The lad's astonishment changed to timidity. He retreated.

'Come back !' commanded Johnny. Blubby obeyed. 'Where're you for ?'

The timid one shuffled nervously, and presently stammered :

'To 'list.'

'To what ?' shouted Johnny.

'List.'

Young Andot sat rigidly upright for the space of a minute, then lay back and searched the heavens for the wandering bolt that had struck Blubby. Gradually, however, his features relaxed and his interrupted thoughts returned. Tears gathered in his eyes again ; and Blubby, noticing a scar of recent birth on his cheek, ventured to repeat his question.

'It's him again,' replied Johnny.

Blubby understood, and sat down in silent sympathy.

'Him' was Johnny's stepfather, an idle, dissolute man whom, six months before, Trawdsley said Mrs Andot was throwing herself away upon, even if she was forty and had three children—intelligence that the lady in question had fallen in complete accord with about three months after she had married him. Trawdsley also volunteered the information that the late Mr Andot would turn in his coffin if he knew what was taking place, though he had been in that receptacle six years.

Those six years, aided by an assured income of fifteen shillings weekly, had effaced the grief Mr Andot had caused by departing ; and tranquil contentment reigned in the Andot household till Ned Hicksby came along and successfully wooed the widow. He was a semi-respectable farm-labourer ; but immediately after the marriage he retired from manual labour, regularly appropriated the family income, and took upon himself the maintenance of domestic discipline.

His method was simple. After copious libations at the inn with his wife's money, he would reel home reeking with meanness. If Johnny, gem of his mother's heart, was in the house, the drunken wretch would chastise him with feet and hands for some fancied offence ; if the larder was empty he vented his brutality on his wife, and the two younger children learned to run from him as they would from a mad bull. These things became daily occurrences, and Johnny's mother often moistened with tears the wool she knitted all the day through. Little wonder that she lost all regard or respect for the man, and that her son's teeth collided with impotent fury whenever he saw him.

This was why the redoubtable Johnny happened to be watering Farmer Dandy's hay-field with his tears when Blubby found him.

Young Sterrip silently watched his friend's grief return, and as silently watched it ebb ; he watched him look thoughtfully up into the heavens as though asking advice from his own beloved parent who was gone. Then Johnny spoke :

'Is your uncle at Brakeley, Blub ?' he asked.

'Yes.'

'Will 'e write to my mother for me ?'

'I think so,' replied Blubby rather curiously.

Johnny rose. 'Come on, then,' he said.

'What !' gasped Blubby. 'You're not goin' ?'

'Yes, I'm goin' to 'list too,' laconically answered Johnny. His resolve seemed to bring wonderful solace.

Two days later Mrs Sterrip received a letter from her bachelor brother, sergeant with fifteen years' service, then serving at Brakeley, saying that Blubby, subject to the maternal consent (which he as her brother had guaranteed), was serving his country ; also that Johnny, subject likewise (which the soldier beseeched his sister to obtain), was ditto. He further said that he would make men of them, but omitted to add that at the moment of writing, and at the writer's instigation, three big army-men were instilling into Blubby their intention of flaying him alive if he failed to give battle when the junior bugler next insulted him.

Mrs Sterrip, having faith in her brother and attaching some importance to one day seeing her son a man, approved with a little inward reluctance. Johnny's mother sorrowfully gave her consent because her husband registered a drunken vow to half-kill the boy when he returned.

Two years elapsed, during which Sergeant Grant and his regiment migrated to Aldershot, and the Sterrip-Andot generation in Trawdsley gradually took to various rural apprenticeships.

One genius of diabolical mischief, by name Andrew Ellabie, was milk-distributor for Farmer Dandy, and consequently had a wholesale contempt for Farmer Dandy's time, as was evident one beautiful June afternoon when he laid down his cans and solemnly incited two cats and a dog to mortal combat.

Having, by the judicious use of sundry unearthly, hissing noises, inducted a little sickly determination into each animal, he was breathlessly watching the next move when a girlish voice called him from behind.

He turned round and beheld Miss Sterrip.

'Hello, Nell !' he cried earnestly. 'Don't call 'im off !'

Nell was too much occupied with the news she had to trouble about canine morals.

'Willie's coming home to-day !' she joyously exclaimed.

'Eh !' The cats escaped, much to the dog's secret relief.

'Willie's coming home,' replied the girl. 'We got a letter this morning. He'll land at Wardenbank station at quarter-past five.' Then, seeing the lively anticipations expressed on the lad's features, she said plaintively, 'Don't plague him, Andy ; don't, please. It'll spoil his coming home.'

The milk-cans leapt instantly into noisy action. Andrew clattered up and down a garden path, leaving half-a-pint of milk in a jug and a like quantity on the doorstep ; he mounted and wriggled through fences of all descriptions ; he belaboured creaking doors unmercifully, and when the dila-

tory housewives appeared they were greeted with opprobrious insinuations concerning the neglected duties of husbands with idle wives. And the women were so astounded by the arrival of the milk before tea that they forgot to repeat the customary ominous prophecies regarding his future career. In short, Andrew delivered the milk, returned the empty cans, and travelled to Warderbank station in less time than half the round usually occupied.

Warderbank station was managed by one man; two trains stopped each day; two passengers rarely alighted; occasionally there was one, often none.

A lazy, contented peace hung about the basking metals, the uninhabited platform, and the combination waiting-room-booking-office building, wherein Andrew knew the combination stationmaster-porter was enclosed—probably asleep. Over the carefully trimmed hedge at the platform side winged insects droned monotonously.

Presently a bell whirled faintly in the wooden building, and a signal at the platform end rattled down, giving Andrew pleasant visions of extorting from Blubby his two years' experiences; probably—if Blubby were kind enough to give the slightest offence—of kicking a soldier's cap in the dust.

Trawdsley had never, within Andrew's limited memory, produced a soldier before, and the lad was anxious to learn what it was like. In fact, he had martial inclinations himself.

The train deposited two passengers—Blubby and Johnny, both of whom, to Andrew's astonishment, smoked cigarettes.

He greeted them with a weird yell at the station wicket-gate, to which they responded with a cheery but quiet 'Hello, Andy; how are you?' then coolly continued their conversation.

Andrew was piqued; and, moreover, he grew instantly envious of the uniform. Not realising that thoughts of home were uppermost in their minds, he offensively appropriated a white glove from Blubby's belt. The young soldier calmly—very calmly—reclaimed it.

'Wash your hands first, Andy,' he said, neatly hanging the glove in his belt again. 'It's a glove, if you wish to know its name.'

Master Ellabie was enraged, and slightly mystified. Was this Blubby?

'Look 'ere, Blubby,' he ejaculated, 'no cheek, or I'll'—

William Sterrip had not been addressed by his old nickname for almost two years, and its resurrection did not please him; therefore he took bodily possession of Andrew, who had uttered it.

Physically the Ellabie youth was little the worse when the two friends walked on again: he had merely been whirled round and jammed rather tightly in the hedge; but mentally he was a temporary wreck—his mind was a chaotic turmoil. For Blubby could fight, and his fighting was a revelation.

He looked after the two youths, and noticed what his knowledge of Blubby's former nature had

blinded him to: Blubby had grown; Blubby was broad; so was Johnny—Johnny was very tall; and they both walked with an easy confidence seldom seen in Trawdsley.

Suddenly a brilliant idea impelled Andrew to wriggle out of the hedge and race across field and ditch towards a distant farmhouse, the yard of which he presently surveyed with one eye from behind the gate-post. He instinctively dodged a turnip which a farm-hand, coming upon him suddenly, just as instinctively threw at him; whooped defiance at an old man feeding pigs, and darted across the yard; eventually discovering in a barn the pugnacious youth from whom Nellie Sterrip had once tried to defend her brother.

'Jim,' gasped Andrew, 'Blubby's come 'ome!'

Jim appeared but slightly interested.

'E says 'e'll give you the best sluggin' you ever 'ad in your life,' continued the visitor. Jim apparently did not believe. Such thoughts in Blubby were outrageous.

'E says you can no more fight nor a yelpin' kid.'

The bully grew attentive. 'Did 'e?' he asked, dropping his hay-fork.

Master Ellabie solemnly confirmed his statement.

'All right,' said Jim ominously; 'I'll be droppin' across 'im to-night. Then 'e'll see 'oo's a yelpin' kid.'

His informer was visibly disappointed.

'They've red coats,' he continued desperately. 'Leastways, I said it was red, an' Blubby said 'e used to think so, till 'e one day bethought 'issel' o' your 'ed, then 'e give 'is coat a back-seat.'

Jim grabbed his coat with a scowl.

'Where is 'e?' he asked.

'Gone 'ome; but if you cross Brayley's meadow, you'll catch 'im afore 'e gets to Trawdsley.'

Jim put on his coat, peered out of the barn, and by a little scouting got clear away unobserved, with the exulting Andrew at his heels.

Five minutes later he detached himself from a roadside copse, and gave Blubby great delight by his offensiveness. Andrew Ellabie, invisible in some neighbouring brambles, gleefully witnessed the Trawdsley bully receive a wonderfully scientific chastisement; and when the sorrowing but astonished Jim returned to work, his employer, after commenting abundantly on his various eccentricities of feature, had to admonish him hourly during the next three days; for Jim was like one half-dazed, and was wont to sit down and scratch his red head with a vague, unbelieving expression on his piebald countenance.

Blubby's fame went before him—Andrew carried it. But as Andrew had no particular grudge against any other member of Trawdsley society, he told the solid truth. Mrs Sterrip heard it as she stood at the garden gate to greet her son; and had the news been otherwise she would have believed only the truth when she saw him—three inches nearer the sky, and big in proportion, with a walk—oh, the way he carried himself!

Mrs Sterrip was exceedingly proud that day.

Johnny Andot continued on his way up the street, greeting old friends every few yards. Near his own gate two ill-clad children rushed upon him with delighted shrieks, followed by a woman whose pinched face seemed to be smiling for the first time in many months.

She dusted with her apron a chair for him to sit upon, gazing lovingly at his straight figure; but a pained look intruded on the smile when Johnny involuntarily glanced round the kitchen for the furniture he missed.

Johnny silently thought the tea rather transparent, and that the children fell voraciously on the victuals; also that his mother gave periodical uneasy glances through the window. The missing furniture and his mother's altered face were in his mind too; but he did not discuss them. Johnny had learned to study men and things in the army; Johnny was observant.

After tea he sent the children out to buy sweets for themselves, whilst he idly smoked on the doorstep. He smoked till a man wobbled out of the 'Shepherds' Arms' away up the road; then he turned to his mother with some money.

'Mother, I wish you'd see if Mrs Hudson has any pipeclay. I forgot to bring some with me, and my belt would disgrace a wash-basket.'

The mother grew suddenly nervous.

'You come too, Johnny,' she coaxed, 'and I'll show Mrs Hudson the lad she used to chase. She'll be quite pleased to see you.'

'I'm just slipping across to Will's, or I'd go myself,' said Johnny innocently.

His mother watched him cross the road into Sterrip's, and felt relieved. Two hundred yards up the road her husband lurched behind an intervening clump of thorn just in time to prevent her seeing him, or Johnny's anticipations might have miscarried. She slipped hurriedly out through the back-door; but by the time she reached the shop her son was home again, and his friend Sterrip sauntered leisurely across to Mrs Hudson's, thinking out devices to lengthen his greetings with Mrs Hicksby.

The two children rushed hilariously into the house a moment after Johnny returned; but he immediately bought up their purchases at a terribly enhanced value and cleared them out to reinvest. When they had gone he smoked again in company with many unchristian reflections.

His stepfather's feet presently collided heavily with the doorstep; but the remainder of his body refusing to stop on such short notice, he fell full length in the porch. With a few muttered growls he tumbled up and leered savagely at Johnny.

When he realised who the visitor was he proceeded to unbuckle a leathern belt.

'What're you after?' he bellowed.

'What do you want?' Johnny quietly asked.

'I'll show you what I want!'

'So will I,' said Johnny, rising and kicking the chair aside.

Shortly after, a half-sobered man awoke to the fact that the lad he had once kicked out had returned—a man, or at least sufficiently acquainted with men's ways to be dangerous. His ill-treated wife, returning home to say that Mrs Hudson had searched in vain for pipeclay, was informed by her two startled but by no means displeased children that Johnny and father were fighting, and Johnny was winning.

She raced home full of nervous apprehensions for her son, and arrived in time to see her husband leaving the premises, Johnny's energetic army-boot being chief motive-power. And—let it not be said to her shame—the surprise pleased her; for her love of the man had long since been driven away.

Next day two red-tunicated youths looked serenely into the blue sky from Farmer Dandy's hay-field. Same hay-field; same place.

'I suppose he kicked against your company,' said young Sterrip, watching the blue cigarette smoke curl lazily to the sky.

'I did the kicking,' replied Johnny.

'Where's he gone?'

'Don't know; up Brakeley way, I heard. Anyway, it does not matter; he won't trouble Trawdsley again.'

'He'll hear when we go back, though.'

'Not going back,' replied Johnny laconically.

'Don't stare, Will; it's correct. I'm staying at home to do sentry-go over the house and mother's bit of money. She saw Mr Brade this morning, and I've an idea I'll be engaged at his corn-mill before long.'

Young Sterrip looked melancholy.

'Anyhow, Will,' continued Johnny reflectively, 'I'm not sorry I went; and when you're sergeant-instructor I dare say I shall feel a bit envious. And you can tell your uncle, Will, that he deserves a V.C. for the trouble he took in driving us to the school and gym.'

SONG.

WILL be come when comes the springtime,
When the blossoms crowd the tree!
Will it be when birds are singing
My heart's love will come to me?
Will he come when summer cometh,
With the roses all aglow?
Will it be in spring or summer
Love's fair flower again shall blow?

Will he come in changing autumn—
Days of heat, and nights of cold;
Sun and mist and frost a-turning
All the green to brown and gold?
Will it be in stormy winter
That my love will come to me?
Ah! I know not: know I only,
Welcome will his coming be!

CLARA SINGER POYNTER.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

TALKS WITH GIRLS.

THURSDAY'S BAIRNS.

By KATHARINE BURRILL.

Monday's Bairn is fair of face,
Tuesday's Bairn is full of grace,
Wednesday's Bairn is loving and giving,
Thursday's Bairn works hard for his living,
Friday's Bairn is full of woe,
Saturday's Bairn has far to go;

But the Bairn who is born on the Sabbath Day
Is bonnie and blithe and good and gay.



Is it better to be born lucky than rich? Master Albert Perkins, proud possessor of the proverbial Silver Spoon, may open his mouth too wide in his anxiety to grab all the good things he sees spread in front of him, when out flops the spoon and away go all his wealth and riches. Whereas poor Thomas Hodge, eating his daily portion of porridge with a common little wooden spoon, has good luck seated on the rim of the porridge-bowl: good luck that shows him how to turn mangel-wurzels into note-paper or peat-moss into blankets till he amasses a large fortune, and by the stepping-stones of a knighthood and a baronetcy becomes Baron de Hodgue of Hodguetown! Good luck turns Thomas's fustian into a peer's robes, and the want of it makes it impossible for Albert to preserve his velvet pelisse. Miss Kilnansegg was very, very rich; her artificial leg was made of solid gold; and yet no one will dispute the fact that, notwithstanding

A wealthy Nabob was Godpapa,
And an Indian Begum was Godmamma,

poor 'Miss K.' was a remarkably unlucky young lady. Yes, on the whole, I think it is better to be born lucky than rich; of course some of us have the misfortune to be born poor and unlucky, but our birthdays may have something to do with that.

Sunday's children have an immense advantage over other people; they are naturally light-hearted, which helps them to bear their troubles bravely; they are 'born good,' and not an anstere, gloomy goodness either, for we are told they are blithe and gay. They are also bonnie, which means they are

No. 338.—VOL. VII.

[All Rights Reserved.]

just nice-looking enough to be attractive, and not so superlatively beautiful that they make their neighbours envious and uncharitable. Unfortunately we cannot choose our own day of the week, and must put up with the woes of Friday and the travels (probably Third-class and Steerage) of Saturday as well as we can. Perhaps Wednesday is even a nicer day than Sunday. Don't we all know those dear, loving, kind-hearted, generous Wednesday's Bairns: ready to help Miss Thursday with her work and comfort Master Friday, full of enthusiasm and admiration for graceful My Lady Tuesday and fair-faced Mistress Monday, and always with a spare moment to help weary, travel-stained Captain Saturday pack his boxes before he starts on another voyage?

Christmas Day would be a lovely birthday, only of course no one could reasonably expect two sets of presents. Midsummer Eve would make you feel you had real Fairy Godmothers, who danced on the green and rang peals of blue-bells all in honour of you. Twenty-ninth of February people must look upon their birthday as a Will-of-the-wisp, whose pale-green skirts and snowdrop-filled hands can only be caught and held once in every four years, and not always then. It would certainly be very nice to have your birthday on a Saint's day; to know you had Saint George to specially protect you from the Dragons in your path; to think brave Saint Andrew was your very own Saint, or that shamrock-crowned Saint Patrick or noble Saint Margaret was watching over you, and taking a real and personal interest in your welfare. Every girl can make her birthday a saint's day to the rest of the family; but we cannot, alas! choose our own day, and very many of us have to be contented with grim, prosaic, hard-working Thursday. Now, there are two kinds of Thursday's Bairns: the Real, who have to work for their living, whom we all admire and honour; and the Spurious, who call themselves Workers (with a large capital 'W'), who have no

MAY 21, 1904.

need to work, and make themselves so objectionable that every sensible person wants to slap them. We all know them. Sometimes they are misunderstood at home, sometimes they think they have a great mission, and very often they want to be nurses and singers and artists and actresses because it is dull at home. The young woman in *Punch* who explained to her Uncle, 'Mother is getting so blind, and Father is always ill, and it's so dull at home that I am going to be a Hospital Nurse,' is by no means so exaggerated as she sounds. There are at present in London five thousand actors and actresses out of work; but that does not deter the girl who thinks she can act from joining 'the army of budding Juliets' at fifteen shillings a week in a fifth-rate company—always, mind you, with the pleasing consciousness that at any moment she can leave the 'Thinking parts' and the lodgings that smell of parrots and Irish stew, and return to a comfortable home where she will be received with open arms. What about the girl who has no home, and wants that particular fifteen shillings a week to live on? There is nothing more contemptible than the Amateur well-off, and with no striking talent, who deliberately robs the poor 'Pro' of his bread. Only two things should take a girl to the stage: genius or starvation.

As for the reedy sopranos who think they are good enough for opera, their name is legion. We all know the girl with the penny-whistle voice who goes to Paris to study (if only the money her parents waste on her could be spent on some one who could sing!); she returns from Paris (very French) and talks a great deal about her singing, but has invariably mislaid her music, her accompanist, or her voice. Then there are girls who 'Sculp,' who paint, who recite, who fiddle, all calling themselves Professionals when they are nothing but inferior Amateurs; but then, you see, the studio (in the attic!) and the novels that are going to be written take up so much of the dear girls' time that they have not a moment for the ordinary home duties or a second to waste on Father or Mother. They are very tiresome young people, and not unlike bad Half-crowns which look impressive, but when tossed on the hard Table of Life with no pleasant backing of parents, home, and money do not ring true. I would rather have the honest, hard-working Penny that sells in a shop or teaches A, B, C in a Board School for her living than such pinchbeck silver coins. It would be a very sweeping assertion to say no one should work for money who does not actually require that money for bread; for sometimes Fate only provides people with dry crusts, and they rather fancy a spoonful of jam. If you can make some jam, make it; it's by no means easy.

It's a very good world to live in,

To spend or to lend or to give in.

But to beg or to borrow or to come by your own,

It's the very worst world that ever was known.

It certainly is a very hard world to make a livelihood in, and that is why I have so little

sympathy with girls who cannot be grateful and thankful when they have comfortable homes. I would not condemn a girl with exceptional talents to 'the common round, the trivial task'; but we have had a good many distinguished people who did not think the daily trivial task beneath their notice. Lancelot Gobbo tells us 'Murder will out,' and assuredly so will genius. You may bury ordinary talents in the back-garden, but genius cannot be hidden among the gooseberry-bushes. This is for the comfort of the girl who thinks her particular talent is genius, and that in the unappreciative home circle she is 'wasting her sweetness on the desert air.' Cheer up! If you are a genius and have greatness in you, you will be great. The picture will be painted that is to electrify the universe, the novel will be written, the poems published. You will rise to Fame on wings of song, or write your name on the Sands of Time with the end of your fiddle-bow, or act like Mrs Siddons if—you have not made the very common mistake of looking at your nice, compact little talent through a very powerful magnifying-glass. If you really have to work hard for your living with even a small talent, the necessity for 'the infinite capacity for taking pains' may turn that talent into something very closely resembling genius. Little Tommy Tucker probably sang his very best when his supper depended upon his performance. Hunger is a good incentive to work; but it is tragic to think of that great army of women who often are hungry, who have songs to sing and no audience who will listen to their singing. Can we keep our windows shut and not hear their voices: the songs that are full of tears, the songs that are sung with a brave but a breaking heart? It is terrible to think of the lives of some women, hard, unlovely, always toiling, always struggling, with nothing to look forward to, and nothing to look back upon—gray days, gray streets, gray lives—and then little Miss Flibbertigibbet says how lovely it must be to work for your living, how dull it is at home, and how she wishes she could set up in London in a small flat and write for the papers! Oh, foolish Flibbertigibbet! stay where you are, where the beds are soft, where there is kindness and comfort, and where there is enough to eat. Bread touched up with mustard to give it a relish is not a very sustaining nor exciting form of diet; but it is not unknown to girls who are fighting for a foothold at the bottom of the journalistic ladder. Miss Billington, in a recent article, gave ten years as the time of hard work and struggle that it takes to make a successful woman journalist. What of those who are not successful, and who go under in the struggle? Dr Forbes Winslow says: 'While, of course, it is true that many forms of manual labour are too severe for women, I hold that in any field of work where her strength will permit her to compete with Man, she can do as well as he can; while her general organisation will be no hindrance to her success and continued exertions.' This is true; women's work

is as good every bit, but—it is not so well paid. Now, if a woman-clerk is in every possible way as good as a man-clerk, why does she not receive the same salary? In some cases she may, but in many cases she does not. It is manifestly unfair that women should not be paid for good work exactly the same as a man would be. There should be no question of getting women cheaper. It is very cruel to the women, and it lowers the standard of paid work all round. If women are cheap, mean firms will employ them in preference to men, and the men are thrown out of work. I wish from the bottom of my heart that women had not to work for their living; but nowadays many of them must do so or starve. They can no longer sit at home and embroider silken banners, while the knights ride away singing:

I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword.

No, the women must go down into the Hurly-Burly themselves; no one will bring them home the spoils of the fight, and they themselves must gather the lay-leaves with which to deck their brows. If their hearts ache and their white hands are roughened and torn, no one can help it, and no one can do anything. That Fathers are immensely to be blamed in bringing girls up in the lap of luxury, and then leaving them totally unprovided for, goes, of course, without saying. And yet it is done every day. They will tell you they expect their girls to marry; but even if they do expect them to marry, are they going to let them go to their husbands for every single penny, are they going to give them nothing of their own? A French Father can give his daughter a *dot*; why can an English Father not do the same thing? If the *dot* is there to be plucked down on the wedding-day, it is equally there when the day comes that the kind and indulgent Father says 'good-bye.' Ever so little money would help a girl to make her way in the world. It is surprising how small a nucleus of capital will form the basis of a successful business. There are few things a girl can take up that she has not to pay a premium for, or to which she has not to serve a long apprenticeship. How can she possibly do this if she is penniless? It would be far better to live in a simpler, less luxurious way, and put by something for the girls. If they marry well, so much the better; a little pocket-money of her very own would not come amiss to even a millionaire's wife. She could always feel her husband was not paying for his own Christmas present! As ten chances to one girls will not marry millionaires, their little *dot* will help to make a small home with some honest, straight young fellow who can bring the same amount. If the girls never marry, the *dot* will be useful to live on, or if very small, *half* live on. Any way you like to take it, it will not be wasted.

That a woman's proper sphere is her own happy home is an undoubted fact; of course a great many

High-Falutin young women will tell you just the reverse. The chronicling of small-beer does not appeal to them. Well, as there are not nearly enough men to go round, it's just as well some women feel themselves too superior for ordinary happiness. I wish there were enough men, and that every hard-working, weary, slopping-through-wet-streets and riding-in-stuffy-busses woman had a real good home, with a husband to take care of her and do the bread-winning, while she did the bread-baking. 'Whoever makes a happy home for some one makes a happy world.' Can you possibly do anything better than help to make a happy world? All you girls and women who are (I hope) doing your share towards making the world's happiness, do think of the tired, worn-out workers who never see the sun except in short blinks through a high-up office window. Just think if you cannot do something for the Thursday's Bairns. They are not all interesting, sometimes they are very dull, and sometimes they are not grateful. But I don't think I should be grateful if I spent all my day tap, tap, tapping at a typewriter, nor particularly amiable if existence were passed in conducting small bored children through the intricacies of *Le Petit Précepteur*.

There are many Thursday's Bairns who want help and sympathy; a twopenny bunch of violets can brighten up a day wonderfully, the loan of a book, the gift of a magazine. Alice, just go into the morning-room and see if there isn't a magazine that could be given to somebody. Many of the women who work hard are invalids, and do all sorts of fine, intricate sewing lying flat on their backs. A jar of daffodils would make the little room look much cheerier, and a visitor who would talk for half-an-hour, or let the Thursday's Bairn talk herself and sympathisingly listen, would have the satisfaction of knowing she had given a great deal of pleasure at the expenditure of one little half-hour. It must be weary work sitting all day stitch, stitch, stitching. We have had 'The Song of the Shirt,' but no one has yet written the Song of the Embroidery Frame. Charles Kingsley wrote, 'Men must work and women must weep;' had he lived till the twentieth century he would have seen the women doing both the working and the weeping. Let those who are not obliged to work (they cannot escape the tears) do all in their power to help their less fortunate sisters. It is very grand to have name and fame, and be a very great novelist or a celebrated singer; but the path of Fame is beset with thorns, and though you may walk on roses at the end, you will walk on flint stones at the beginning. We hear of the successful, not of the Rank and File who fall by the way and die in the ditch. For every one who reaches the goal many perish by the wayside. Let the lucky and the fortunate hold out helpful hands to the stragglers on the road, and give a word of cheer to the faint-hearted. I believe even the greatest and most successful women long for a little peace and rest, a little escape from the world that is always with us. It is terrible to think what that

longing for rest must be to the ordinary over-worked, tired-out Thursday's Bairn, who has to strain every nerve to keep up in the race to make sufficient to live on, often with others dependent on her. If we know any Thursday's Children working bravely and hard for their living, let us try as far as we can to bring some of the 'small joys' of life within their reach.

Would I were lying in a field of clover,
Of clover cool and soft, and soft and sweet,
With dusky clouds in deep skies hanging over,
And scented silence at my head and feet.

Just for one hour to slip the leash of worry,
In eager haste from Thought's impatient neck,
And watch it coursing, in its heedless hurry,
Disdaining Wisdom's call or Duty's beck.

For I am tired, so tired, of rigid duty,
So tired of all my tired hands find to do;
I yearn, I faint for some of Life's free beauty,
Its loose beads with no straight string running through.

Ay, laugh if laugh you will, at my crude speech,
But women sometimes die of such a greed;
Die for the small joys held beyond their reach,
And the assurance they have all they need.

THE CLOSED BOOK.*

CHAPTER XXVI.—A DISCOVERY IN HARPUR STREET.



AT two o'clock that afternoon we were back in Dover Street, utterly fagged out by our long night-watch among the rank grass and nettles of the damp fenland; and as we took our ease for an hour's quiet smoke, I again referred to the one subject uppermost in my mind—Lady Judith Gordon. But my companion was disinclined to talk, and although I asked him to explain that strange warning he had given me, he declared that he was unable—that he was bound to secrecy.

'But, my dear fellow,' I cried, 'surely, after all these years, we know each other well enough to be real friends?'

'We are real friends, Allan,' he answered, looking me straight in the face. 'In this affair, for instance, I am assisting you because of our close friendship.'

'Then surely it is your duty to me, as my friend, to explain the reason of that strange warning?'

'It is a duty which I am unfortunately prevented from performing,' was his enigmatical answer. 'I have warned you; all I would urge of you, Allan, is not to make a fool of yourself. Avoid her, that's all, and wait until you see my prophecy fulfilled.'

And then he pulled vigorously at his pipe, his dark eyes fixed upon me in all seriousness.

His words puzzled me, and I could not help wondering if, after all, there was any real reason why the love of Judith Gordon was not permitted to me. There was a chance that it might be so. Chance! What is that? Our little coincidences which may be God's great designs.

I saw that it was useless to pursue the subject further, so feigned to treat his warning with the same flippancy as before. But he only sighed and was silent. That silence taught me much.

It seemed certain that the quartette had returned to London by the early train from Thorne or from Peterborough, and had carried back with them the manuscripts they had found; therefore, curiosity prompted Wynman to go forth about four o'clock,

in order to try and discover something regarding Lord Glenelg's movements.

When we parted in Piccadilly I went on to the British Museum, for I had been wondering if anything might be preserved there that would give me an accurate ground-plan of Crowland Abbey before its dissolution. If only I could get that I should be able to fix the exact spot where the carp-ponds once existed.

Professor Dawson Fairbairn, Assistant-Keeper of the Manuscripts, had, in the days before my self-exile from London, been one of my personal friends. He was perhaps the first authority upon paleography in Europe, one of the founders of the new Palaeographical Society, and an expert upon Latin and early English manuscripts. A man of middle age, he was by no means the dry-as-dust professor whom one would readily associate with such an unattractive study as the deciphering of mouldy vellum rolls. On the contrary, he was a short, stout, round-faced man, of merry demeanour, whose eyes blinked at one good-humouredly through his pair of circular gold-rimmed spectacles.

I found him in his room, busy deciphering a half-effaced page of an illuminated manuscript, but he laid aside his work to greet me. While in Italy I had had a good deal of correspondence with him regarding several rare documents that I had succeeded in finding, and more than one of which I had sent for his inspection and opinion. Of these we commenced to chat.

I did not care to show him *The Closed Book*, for various reasons. The secret it contained was my own, and I wished to preserve it to myself, for I recollected that he was an expert himself and could read that difficult script at the end of the volume as easily as I could a printed page.

'I am just now taking an interest in the history of Crowland Abbey,' I said presently. 'Do you know of anything in the collections that would give me an adequate description of the monastery as it was in the early sixteenth century?'

'Crowland Abbey! How strange!' he ejaculated. 'This codex I have been examining evidently came

* Copyright, 1904, by William Le Queux.

from there. It was sent to me for my opinion, along with several others, by Lord Glenelg, only a couple of hours ago. All the manuscripts undoubtedly once belonged to that abbey.'

'Lord Glenelg has been here?' I exclaimed.

'No—not personally. He sent them by a queer little old Italian with a hump back. I've met the old fellow before somewhere, only I can't think where. Abroad, probably, when I've been buying for the Museum. He's something of an expert.'

'His name is Graniani,' I said. 'But did his face recall to you any particular incident?'

'No; only I felt that I disliked him.'

'I thought Lord Glenelg was abroad.'

'So did I,' was the great expert's reply. 'I was very surprised to receive these from him,' and he pointed to a pile of heavily bound volumes on the table, those very manuscripts that we had seen unearthed the previous night. 'They've evidently been kept in a very damp place, for they're half ruined and effaced.'

'You received no explanation concerning them?'

'None. Only it seems such a curious coincidence that you should come and inquire for references to Crowland just at a moment when we have this important discovery of the abbey's liturgical and other books.'

'I found a reference to it by a monk named Godfrey in a manuscript I purchased in Italy recently, and it has aroused my interest,' I explained.

'A reference to it by Godfrey?' he echoed, looking up at me quickly through his spectacles. 'Have you actually found the missing Arnolds?'

'It is an Arnolds,' I responded; 'but why do you ask? What do you know of it?'

'I know, my dear Mr Kennedy, that if you have really rediscovered the book I mean, you hold the secret of the hidden treasure at Crowland,' was his reply.

'But what is known of the treasure?' I asked.

'All that is known is contained in an old pocket-book belonging to this monk Godfrey now in the Harley Collection. I'll send for it,' and, turning up one of the huge bound catalogues, he noted its number upon a slip of paper and sent one of his assistants for it.

The young man returned with a small squat volume, much worn, bound in a cutting from an ancient antiphonarium, and secured by a small bronze clasp.

'You will see that the book is full of useful recipes, domestic accounts, a calendar of saints' days, and memoranda of all kinds. Among the latter is the entry to which I refer,' and he opened it at a page wherein a slip of paper had been inserted.

There, sure enough, was an entry in Latin, in the same well-known hand as that upon the envenomed pages of *The Closed Book*. Freely translated, the memorandum was as follows:

'I, Godfrey Lovel, now monk of the Certosa of Florence, and once a brother of the Order of St

Benedict, at Crowland, in England, am about to die, and have therefore written a full account of my life and adventures, and have also given full directions for the recovery of the abbey treasures, so that the secret shall not be altogether lost. I have plainly told also where the emeralds of my lady Lucrezia are concealed. All this will be found clearly written in my Arnolds, which I have now concealed in a place of safety. Let him who seeks to know the secrets beware! He will grasp the hand of Death midway.'

There was nothing else, so the Professor informed me: only that single entry—a few rough, ill-written lines which told that the treasures of the abbey were actually concealed, and that the secret of their whereabouts was contained in the Arnolds that had so curiously fallen into my hands.

Was it any wonder that his curiosity was at once aroused, or that he sought to know what I really had discovered?

'It is true that I am in possession of the missing manuscript,' I said; 'but unfortunately one folio of it is missing—the very folio which gives definite instructions for the recovery of the hidden treasure. At present I am unable to make investigations, because I cannot find any plan of the abbey, the cloister court, and adjacent buildings. It is to ask your assistance in this matter that I've come to you to-day, although I would also ask you, as a favour, to regard the matter at present as entirely confidential, for I do not wish any one to know that I'm engaged upon a treasure-hunt.'

'I shall, of course, respect your confidence entirely, Mr Kennedy,' the Professor said; 'and if I can be of any assistance in the matter I shall be delighted. It would be a grand thing to recover the treasures of Crowland. There must be a good many valuable things among them, for the place was one of the wealthiest of the Benedictine houses.'

'Well,' I said, 'do you happen to know of any existing plan or any written description of the monastic buildings?'

He reflected deeply, taking off his glasses and carefully wiping them.

'At the moment I really cannot think of anything,' was his quiet rejoinder; 'at least of nothing more than what has already been published in the various histories. You have, of course, seen them?'

I responded in the affirmative; whereupon he promised to make investigations and look through various catalogues, a work which I knew would mean considerable study and research.

I learnt further from Professor Fairbairn that he knew nothing of the man Selby, although he was, of course, on friendly terms with Lord Glenelg, who, as a bibliophile, was frequently at the Museum when in London.

'It is evident from these manuscripts,' I said, indicating them, 'that his lordship is making some careful investigations; therefore I wish that my inquiries should be absolutely secret from him—you understand?'

'Perfectly,' was his reply. 'I am quite as much interested in the Crowland treasure as you must be; therefore I will commence to-morrow to search for the particulars you desire, and will write you. Are you in London only temporarily, or have you returned permanently?'

'I'm staying with my friend Captain Wyman the traveller, at 14A Dover Street. A letter directed there will find me.'

'Has not the other portion of the entry here struck you as curious,' he said, pointing again to the open page of the old monk's note-book—'this reference to "my lady Lucrezia's emeralds"? Can "Lucrezia" actually be Lucrezia Borgia and the emeralds those historic ones which we know were in his possession about 1508?'

'I affected ignorance. What could I do in the circumstance? I had asked the Professor's assistance regarding the Crowland ruins, but the other matter I intended to keep entirely to myself. In a few days I would go north to visit Fred Fenwick in Galloway, and make investigations for myself. Therefore I replied:

'I know nothing of the jewels. Yet it really seems probable that Godfrey, if he had lived in Florence, might have known the notorious Lucrezia Borgia of poison fame.'

'And that warning about meeting death hand-to-hand: what can that mean?'

'Oh, the old fellow's way of trying to frighten the inquisitive, I suppose,' was my response. Then, when I had thanked him for his promise, we took a turn down the long gallery where the English manuscript charters are exhibited in glass cases to the public, and at the door he bade me farewell, repeating his intention to assist me in every way possible, and expressing a hope that, as reward, he might have sight of the long-lost *Arnoldus* or *The Closed Book*.

Professor Dawson Fairbairn was an enthusiast, and when he received any rare manuscript he handled it with as much care as though it were fragile china or the most precious gem. The *Closed Book*, he declared, was a manuscript that the British Museum had been in search of for a century past,

ever since the discovery of old Godfrey's note-book among the Harley Manuscripts.

To search at Crowland before being in possession of a plan of the fabric as it was originally, and the buildings surrounding it, appeared to be a useless proceeding. Though Wyman and myself were both convinced of the existence of the treasure there, we were not at all certain of our measurements from the grand altar, nor of the exact position of the filled-up fish-ponds. Therefore, if we could obtain any plan showing the position and extent of the cloister court, the monks' parlour, the refectory, and the chapter-house, all of which must have once existed, the position of the fish-ponds would certainly also be shown, and thus assist us very materially.

Until Professor Fairbairn could complete his search we could only wait, the good rector taking care that no further theft was committed.

Again, some weeks must still elapse before the day and hour appointed for taking measurements at the Castle of Threave—namely, when the sun shone at 3.30 on September the 17th.

Suppose, as is so often the case in Scotland in autumn, the sun was hidden by the clouds? Should we be compelled to wait another year before our measurements could be taken with sufficient accuracy?

This fear haunted me as I wandered through Bloomsbury towards Harper Street, a sudden desire having seized me to again examine the exterior of that mysterious house. It struck me that a watch should be kept upon that smooth-faced fellow Selby, by which means we might be enabled to foil any attempt to filch the treasure from us.

As I halted at last at the corner of Theobald's Road and looked down the short, sad street, I saw it was deserted; therefore I strolled along it on the opposite side to the house in question, just as I had done on that well-remembered night after my long chase across Europe.

As I loinged past, pretending to be utterly disinterested, I glanced up at those two dingy first-floor windows. What met my gaze there held me bewildered and speechless.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE GAS INDUSTRY.

BY A GAS ENGINEER.



TWENTY years ago or more the gas industry was threatened with many vicissitudes. It had for long held sway in the public and private demand for light. The advent of electricity for lighting purposes threatened the stronghold of the gas manufacturer. To the uninitiated it may appear paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true, that electric light has been a good friend to the gas industry. It has created a healthy stimulus on the part of gas management,

serving to clear away the cobwebs which were wont to entangle its own best interests, and bringing about greater economy in manufacture, while increased revenue has been derived from by-products, and greater scientific and technical skill brought into play in the various processes.

The great majority of people must be, and are of necessity, governed by monetary considerations, and cheapness with due regard to efficiency is the factor with which competition can best be met. While the price of gas twenty years ago was not lower

anywhere than three shillings per thousand cubic feet, at the present time it has reached the low figure of one shilling and twopence (Widnes).

In the manufacture of gas great improvements have taken place, the most striking being the doing away with hand-labour and the introduction of machinery; but it is in the distributing department—in meeting consumers' requirements and in the opening up of new channels of business—that the greatest changes have come about; and these, too, have led to an enormously increased use of gas. Comparing the position of matters in 1893 with 1903, we have the following interesting figures:

	Capital of Gas Undertakings.	Cubic Feet of Gas Made.
1893.....	£96,110,644	110,781,788,400
1903.....	106,037,135	160,578,787,000

The increase in gas manufactured is equal to about 45 per cent.

'Light, more light,' has been the cry, and the last decade has seen one vast stride towards a higher efficiency of light being demanded, and at the present moment this want has not reached finality. The standard of light, as measured by the demands of private individuals and public authorities, has gone on increasing; and while at one time electricity had the advantage over gas in being able to furnish high-candle-power lamps, yet, since the advent of the incandescent mantle, gas engineers are now enabled with high-pressure intensified systems of lighting to put on the market lamps equal at least to the power of the electric arc.

The mantle invented by Auer von Welsbach may be said to have proved the salvation of the gas industry, and has within certain lines given gas a supremacy which otherwise it could never have attained. Now that mantles and burners are much cheaper than formerly, incandescent gas-lighting is fast reaching the point of becoming universal. In Continental towns fully 90 per cent. of the gas used is with incandescent burners, and when it is used to a similar extent in this country the benefits will all be with the consumer.

To the public the much-vexed question of illuminating power will become a thing of the past; gas will be produced without the aid of costly enriching agents, such as cannel-coal and oil, and instead of light value being the standard of requirement, heat value is what will best satisfy the consumer. Gas used in incandescent lighting need not be of any prescribed illuminating power. It may be pointed out that the lighting effect produced from an ordinary flat-flame burner is never more than from three to five candles per cubic foot of gas; with the incandescent burner and the same consumpt of gas the value is raised to twenty candles, and in high-pressure lamps to as high as forty candles.

The gas industry and the gas consuming public will benefit largely when the restrictions placed on authorities to supply gas of a stipulated quality are removed. The recent appointment by the Board of Trade of a special committee to look into the whole

question of supply would seem to indicate impending changes.

The coal used in gas-works gives gas of about fourteen standard candles, and if gas of still lower quality is to be supplied some new process will require to be introduced in order to reduce the illuminating power. For this purpose water-gas, which can be produced at a very low cost, is likely to play an important part, and will be carburetted only to a slight extent. The proportion of water-gas mixed with coal-gas will be so adjusted as not to unduly lower the calorific value of the mixture supplied.

That the public require to be educated as to how best to develop the lighting power of gas need hardly be enlarged upon. Gas-work staffs are best qualified to undertake this teaching; and that gas departments are eagerly desirous of meeting to the fullest extent the requirements of light-consumers is observed in the creation of a 'maintenance' branch, having for its object the upkeep of burners and mantles in private houses. For this supervision an annual charge is made per burner, mantles and accessories being renewed when necessary.

Undoubtedly one of the chief sources of increased consumption of gas has been due to the introduction of prepayment or 'slot' meters. This department has increased to enormous dimensions, and is a powerful factor in gas-supply. It is calculated that in the case of eighty of the largest companies in England, over 50 per cent. of the consumers are supplied on the prepayment system. In many towns almost the whole of the consumers have this class of meter. We find that the number of 'slot' meters in use in England during 1903 was one million two hundred and sixty thousand three hundred; in Scotland, forty-seven thousand nine hundred; and in Ireland, twenty thousand eight hundred. Scotland shows poorly in comparison; and it may be noted that in Edinburgh the system has not been encouraged to its fullest extent, while in Glasgow it has been almost neglected.

This development of the 'slot' meter business is of comparatively recent growth, as while twelve years ago the system had been barely started, latest statistics go to show that in the area supplied by the London companies, out of a total of fully eight hundred thousand meters, three hundred and forty-nine thousand consumers have their gas-supply through automatic meters. The greatly increased consumpt of the Metropolitan companies, so marked within recent years, can undoubtedly be traced to the enthusiastic and wholesale manner in which this class of business has been entered for. In this direction alone what has been lost owing to the displacement of gas by electric light has been more than made up.

This unique system of supply has much to recommend it. Thousands of the industrial classes who previously chiefly used oil have now the benefit of better-lighted and more cheerful homes. As each

consumer controls his own gas account, the system lends itself to economy in the use of gas, and as he has no quarterly bill to meet, the penny required each time to keep up the supply is not missed at the moment, and likewise gas departments benefit in so far as bad debts are entirely done away with. In many instances, instead of a penny, a florin is frequently made use of, the meter acting the part of a bank to the consumer, the surplus being returned when the money-box is emptied by the collector. The general experience is that a larger amount of gas is used with a 'slot' meter than when an ordinary meter is installed. In many towns where previously gas consumption was at a standstill the output has been more than doubled, and this entirely owing to the wonderful power of the penny.

The meters are made to take pence, shillings, or indeed almost any kind of coin, and the mechanism can be adapted to suit the coinage of any country. They are provided with 'change' wheels or other mechanical arrangement whereby the meter is set to deliver a certain amount of gas for each coin, and adjustment is easily made to suit the varying price of gas in different towns. It may be noted that by far the greater number of prepayment meters are made in our own country, and while each maker has his own particular coin attachment, no master-patent embodying the principle was ever taken out.

The question of the lighting of public streets in the best and cheapest way has for long occupied the attention of lighting authorities. That this department of municipal management was and is capable of much-needed improvement none will gainsay. In this sphere the part which gas plays is chiefly interesting as showing its great resources in face of the keen competition of electric light. While for some time our principal streets were changed over to electric are lighting pretty much as a matter of course, the claims of gas are now being more fully recognised. Now that the incandescent mantle and lantern have been brought to greater perfection for the purpose of street lighting, gas is able to hold its own, and this is strikingly shown on a comparison being made with public electric lighting. Liverpool, with four miles of streets electrically lighted, has four hundred miles of streets lighted by incandescent gas, and is constantly referred to as one of the best-lighted cities in the kingdom. London is lighted with six thousand one hundred and fifty-nine arc lamps and fifty-six thousand nine hundred incandescent gas lamps, thus showing a pre-eminence in point of number in public gas-lighting, and this in view of the fact that the system was introduced in the streets of London to a slight extent only in 1899. In Paris and Berlin also gas is the most extensively used. The recent decision of the Glasgow Corporation to adopt incandescent gas-lighting for all streets except those already lit with electric arc lamps is pregnant with much hope for the gas industry.

Although Princes Street, Edinburgh, which is lighted with thirty-two arc lamps, has been pointed to as one of the best-lighted streets in Europe, yet that town, while in the forefront with its electric supply, has been slow in adopting improved gas-lighting for its streets. A recent report of the Cleaning and Lighting Committee recommended incandescent gas-lighting, chiefly because of the financial saving to the ratepayers as compared with the increased annual charge necessary if electric lighting was extended. And in this matter it is of importance to note, when in these times money is being so lavishly spent by public bodies, that the capital expenditure necessary to extend cables and arc lamps is enormous when compared with the low first cost required to install an improved system of gas-lighting.

It must not be overlooked that in the change from the old-time burner to the incandescent, gas authorities have lost largely in the sale of gas. This, of course, is due to a less quantity being used for the greatly increased light obtained. What has been gained is the undoubted improvement in the lighting of streets economically and efficiently. While, therefore, gas consumption has lessened for street lighting owing to the introduction of electric light and the use of the incandescent mantle, the present position of gas in this respect abundantly justifies the prospect of its continuing to occupy a prominent position so far as this feature of municipal development is concerned.

Gas-engines have largely displaced steam-power, more especially as regards power requirements for small works. More recently gas-engines of five hundred horse-power and upwards have been installed. In this direction, however, coal-gas has a strong competitor to face in Mond-gas and what is termed producer-gas. These gases, while relatively of a much lower calorific value, are produced at a very low rate from inferior dross and slack.

Coal-gas will in most cases have the advantage where the power required is anything up to about three hundred horse-power. When this point is reached it becomes a question for the manufacturer to consider producer-gas, as this plant can only be installed and worked economically when in large units. To meet this competitor, coal-gas will require to be sold at about twopenny to one shilling per thousand feet, and this having regard to the relative efficiency of the two gases. The calorific value of the producer-gas is about one hundred and twenty Board of Trade units, and of coal-gas fully five times that amount, or about six hundred and twenty Board of Trade units.

The use of gas for cooking and heating purposes has advanced in public favour, and its many conveniences have been quickly recognised. Combined with cleanliness and efficiency, there is greater saving of time than when coal is used for like purposes. That herein lies in great part the solution of the smoke-problem is generally recognised, as it must be admitted that, while to the eye the domestic

chimney is not so prominent an offender in smoke-production as that of the factory, in the aggregate it is the worst.

Taking account of the greatly lessened demand for gas during the summer months, gas officials have for long recognised the necessity of increasing the daylight demand, and so reducing the capital charges per thousand cubic feet. Towards this end liberal encouragement has been given; cooking-stoves are now hired out by almost all gas companies, a small rental being charged for the use thereof, the stoves being fixed free of charge to the consumer. On referring to latest published statistics, we observe that London companies have out on hire four hundred and forty-one thousand stoves; Leicester, thirty-nine thousand; Birmingham, twenty-four thousand; Glasgow, twenty-four thousand; Nottingham, nineteen thousand. These figures, however, indicate only partially the extent to which gas-cookers are used, as many householders possess stoves of their own.

While it cannot be said that gas for domestic fires, if used constantly, is cheaper than coal as a fuel, the gas-fire has come into common use; its

cleanliness and saving of labour in household duties, and being always at command, making it an absolute necessity in many cases. While unfortunately gas-fires have been blamed for causing offensive smells, it need only be pointed out that this ought not to be, for if properly fitted so that the fumes can be carried away by the chimney no inconvenience need be experienced.

As the result of this forward policy in advertising and pushing the sale of gas, it is to be noted that in many towns the amount of gas sent out during the daytime throughout the summer months equals and frequently exceeds the demand for lighting purposes only. The extensive field open to gas companies in the use of gas for heating and cooking is almost unlimited; but in order to make its use anything like universal the charge per thousand feet would require to be very much reduced. A rate of about tenpence to fifteenpence would meet with approval. Probably, as improvements take place in manufacture and working charges are reduced, gas at one shilling will become quite common, while a reduced rate for larger quantities used would be initiated.

THE RIGHT HORSE BUT THE WRONG MAN.

PART III.

SO that young rascal said I was safe to have some trouble on account of this horse before we made Pozo del Monte,' said Kendrick to himself. 'Well, I must be just about half-way by now; and if he means business, I take it it's high time he began. All the same, I hope he won't.'

For at least a couple of miles, as long as the daylight had lasted, the pair had plodded steadily over a surface of dry, bare plain, without sign or suggestion of human presence or habitation. But within the last hour or so the landscape had taken on a different aspect, the road, which, had as it might be, was still a road, beginning to skirt the foot of a low range of frowning rocks. Darkness was coming on rapidly by this time, and when Kendrick found himself within their shadow there was little daylight left.

It was a somewhat eerie place to be in at that hour, with the twilight fast merging into night, the huge, shapeless masses of rock piled at the foot of the crags taking on fantastic forms in that uncertain light, and the intense silence brooding over all. Kendrick was no coward; but that twisted ankle had brought with it an unpleasant sense of helplessness, and somehow, do what he would, the thought of treachery haunted him. More than once, during that first mile or two, he had fancied he could hear the stealthy tread of following feet, and had turned his head sharply, unable to free himself from the suspicion that one of the fellows

whom he had seen drinking in the inn was stealing swiftly after him now, knife in hand, bent on robbery and murder. Nothing had been there, of course, and he had sneered at himself for a fool; but all the same he had got, as he termed it, 'the jumps' pretty badly that night; and when, as he plodded slowly along in the shadow of the rocks, a man suddenly sprang out close to him, he was just about as much startled as his horse.

A man, sure enough, though where he had appeared from was a mystery. A tall fellow, swarthy of skin and muscular in build; and Kendrick could see the flashing dark eyes staring at him in the dusk. Only a peasant, of course, on his way home after a hard day's work, and our traveller, realising that the fellow was probably as much startled as himself, hailed him in a friendly manner.

'*Hola, amigo!* Tell me, is this the right road to Pozo del Monte?'

The man was close up to him by this time, staring hard at both horse and rider.

'Pozo del Monte?' he repeated harshly. 'Yes, señor, you are right. This is the road to Pozo del Monte without a doubt. But, pardon me, before you go farther I have a word to say.'

'One of these eternal whiners of beggars, I suppose,' thought Kendrick wrathfully. 'Rather far from home, but it seems you can't keep clear of 'em, go where you will.—Well?' he demanded impatiently aloud, 'what do you want? Out with it! I'm in a hurry to get on.'

He had had some experience of Spanish beggars

in the cities; and the locality to which he mentally consigned the fraternity now was slightly undesirable as a place of residence. However, he had some loose coins in the left-hand pocket of his Norfolk jacket, and he shifted his reins into his right hand to get at them in order to choke the fellow off. But the latter interposed with a word.

'Look you, señor,' he said, with a short, grim laugh, 'it is not that I want. There is a small matter of business to be dealt with, at which your attendance is required within a short distance from here. You must have the goodness to accompany me, señor.'

For a moment, utterly taken aback by the cool demand, Kendrick sat staring at the fellow without a word. Then he recovered himself, and his speech too.

'All a mistake!' he broke out roughly. 'I've got no business in these parts. Can't have! I'm a stranger here, and nobody knows me.'

'The señor is too modest,' returned the other, laughing in the same grimly unpleasant way as before, and laying his hand on the horse's bridle. 'He is better known than he thinks he is, or, rather, would have us believe. Is it not so, comrades?' He looked behind Kendrick as he spoke; and the latter, following the direction of his eyes, saw two other men suddenly make their appearance, one on each side of the horse.

Kendrick saw it all now, or thought he did, which came to the same thing with him. Brigands, not a doubt of it; and he, according to the inviolable custom of these gentry, was about to be conveyed away into the mountains and held for a heavy ransom. In fancy he saw it all; and at the thought of signing away his money the soul of the stock-broker rose within him, firing him to a pitch of noble indignation.

'Take your hand off my horse's bridle!' he thundered. 'D'you hear, you rascal? You won't, eh? Take that, then, and be hanged to you!' Therewith he swung up the heavy stick he carried, and brought it down with all his strength. But the fellow jerked his arm out of the way just in time, and the blow spent itself harmlessly in air.

'Gently, gently, Excellency,' said the man, with a laugh. 'All that is quite useless, I assure you. Only, if you are going to get into mischief we must put the chance beyond your reach.' As he spoke he seized the stick, and, exerting his full strength, wrenched it easily out of the hands of the little Englishman, leaving the latter disarmed and at his mercy.

No use to try to spring from the saddle and endeavour to make his escape in the darkness. Thanks to that wretched ankle, he had no spring left in him, and there was nothing for it but to sit still and see what would happen next.

To lead the horse aside off the path was the work of a moment; and for about a quarter of an hour after that his captors conducted him in silence,

following a rough sort of track running at right angles to the road. But before long the ground became too steep for the horse; and the three, coming to a sudden halt, requested their prisoner in civil enough terms to dismount. There was no help for it, and down he got as best he could. Yet he was no nearer to escaping; for although one of the three remained below to see to the horse, the other two took good care to close in on the little Englishman in such a manner that, leaving his disabled leg entirely out of the question, it would have been a sheer impossibility for him to give them the slip.

It was all he could do to put his foot to the ground, and every step was painful. But Kendrick, despite his inches and his spectacles, was a Briton all through, and would have died rather than bring his infirmity before the notice of these fellows, or appeal for consideration on account thereof, so he stumbled on between the couple in silence. Steeper and steeper became the uphill climb, and more and more painful the tax upon his sprained ankle; but the little Englishman, despite his sufferings, was game to the backbone, and never let a sound through his tight-set teeth.

The climb ended at last on the edge of a hollow, a shallow ravine rather, its far end running away to some unknown distance between two steep incurving shoulders of rock; and Kendrick, standing there on the lip gazing down, was conscious of a sudden eerie sensation, as if he had been an unseen onlooker at the orgies of a witches' sabbath. Down below in the hollow a fire was burning, the flames, leaping up from moment to moment, glowing and flashing on the rocks that shut the ravine in on all three sides; and the dark figures of men crossing from moment to moment looked only the darker for the lurid glare.

There was only time for a moment's glance. One of the men, advancing to the sheer edge of the rock, put his hand to his mouth and whistled sharply, shrilly. The signal was at once answered from below, and the couple turned to him.

'We have to go down yonder, señor.'

'And how the dickens am I to get down, I should like to know?' queried Kendrick of himself savagely. He said nothing aloud, however, but followed, although it cost him many a groan, stifled valiantly between his teeth, before he found himself standing in safety on the turf below, with a set of wild-looking fellows—brigands, as he counted them without a doubt—crowding round him. Dark and swartly as were the faces of most of them, however, they were expressive only of an interested sort of curiosity; and Kendrick, who by this time was almost boiling over with wrath, looked round for some one bearing evidence of authority, some one to whom and on whom he could, as he expressed it, 'let himself out.' But for some few minutes he looked in vain, until a sudden 'At your service, señor,' at his very elbow made him turn sharply, to find himself confronted by a tall, handsome

man, his face half-hidden in a mass of silky-brown beard. Recognising alike in face and voice the unmistakable stamp of command, Kendrick hailed the sight of him with relief.

'Look here!' he broke out in desperation, translating freely. 'There's some wretched mistake here. These fellows tell me I'm wanted on business; but that's downright humbug, you know. I'm travelling in your country for pleasure, and I've left all my business behind in England. Some stupid mistake, of course; but that doesn't make it any the less inconvenient for me.'

'No mistake at all, señor,' responded the brown-bearded stranger, bowing courteously. 'You have been brought here by special order; and that order, Excellency, was mine.'

The information took Kendrick aback, but for a moment only.

'Oh,' he retorted then, with all the sarcasm he could muster, 'that's it, is it? Then I was right, and you are brigands, after all.'

It was a dangerous speech to make, and he found that out next minute. One of the men standing near, a young fellow with a strong, strenuous face and a keen intensity of determination, amounting almost to fierceness, in his eyes, snarled at the words like an angry wolf, and Kendrick saw his hand clutch momentarily at his belt. But a gesture from the other held him in check.

'Patience, Carlitos, patience,' he said, with a laugh that sounded slightly grim. 'It is only natural, look you.—No, señor,' he went on, addressing Kendrick, 'we are not brigands, as you do us the honour to suppose. Whether you know us or not matters little; it is sufficient that we know you, and that the purpose for which you have been brought here is a good and just one. But time presses, and there is nothing to gain by delay. Have the goodness to follow me.'

Kendrick obeyed sulkily. None the less, the drift of the last speech had considerably piqued his curiosity, and he wondered what was coming now. In silence they crossed together to the fire, and his tall conductor, pointing to one of two large stones placed close together in the full glow of the light, invited Kendrick to sit down. The latter wondered more than ever what was coming, but he was glad enough to comply for his ankle's sake. His conductor took the other stone, and the rest of the men stood or sat in a confused circle round them, looking on and listening. Their captive counted a score of them, all dark-faced, swarthy, muscular fellows, evidently belonging to the peasant class, and the expression of strained, almost fierce intensity in the gaze of each made their eyes resemble those of animals rather than of men. Not the most desirable company in the world for an inoffensive English tourist to have forced upon him; and the latter, sitting there, an incongruous object in his Norfolk suit and spectacles, wished himself well out of it.

He noticed something else, too, in that moment's

breathing-time: a large flat stone, set close to his companion's elbow, and evidently intended to serve as a table, since upon it were placed pens, paper, and ink. The sight of it only increased the mystery. Brigands, he believed, invariably required their captives to sign or write the terms of their ransom; but these men—so their leader had distinctly asserted—were not brigands, and the assertion was borne out by appearances, inasmuch as only two or three out of a score or so carried a weapon about them. The riddle was beyond Kendrick, and he gave it up. However, he was clear enough on the score of his own identity at least; and taking advantage of the momentary silence, he stated his case to the man beside him, declaring himself to be simple John Kendrick, stockbroker in a modest way in London, and at present spending a bachelor holiday in the south of Spain. His captors heard him out in silence; but when, having again asserted that all his business had been left behind in England, he began producing letters and papers, his passport, duly visned, and the rest, as proof of his identity, the brown-bearded man waved them all aside.

'Enough! enough!' he responded sternly. 'You have to deal with men and not with children, señor, and such things, in case of need, can be easily provided. Be advised in time, Excellency, and do not seek to impose upon us or try our patience too far. We are sworn to the work taken in hand, and in no mood to be trifled with. Let us come to the point, señor.'

'Wish you would, I'm sure,' rejoined the perplexed Englishman. 'We may get to the bottom of the mystery then, for I'll be shot if I know what you're driving at now.'

There was a moment's silence, and during the interval Kendrick felt a score of eyes on him, studying every line of his features.

'It is this affair of Pedro Perez,' explained the fellow with the brown beard, speaking curtly and suddenly. 'A bitter wrong has been done, and that wrong, Excellency, has to be set right.'

This was more than Kendrick could stand, and he got to his feet in indignation.

'Pedro Perez! I know nothing of Pedro Perez, or Pedro any one else! Never heard of him in my life!'

'That may be possible, look you,' put in another of the fellows in a low tone, bending forward to address his leader. 'He has been for months in England; we know that well.'

'*Bueno! bueno!*' rejoined the other impatiently, 'you may be right. That does not affect the main issues of the case, however.—Hark you, señor, since it would appear that you are in the dark on this matter, have the goodness to listen and I will explain. Some weeks ago this man Pedro Perez headed a rising in Pozo del Monte yonder, to protest against the price of bread. As a consequence the Guardia Civil and the soldiers were called out, several men killed, and the leader, Perez

himself, thrown into prison. There he now lies, señor, awaiting'—

But he got no farther. Another took up his words, and in a fiercer strain.

'And I,' broke out the young fellow called Carlitos, throwing to his feet and speaking in a rush of passionate utterance—'I am the brother of that same Pedro Perez, and have sworn to get justice done him. And that oath, mark you, Excellency, I will keep. Life of a man, *caramba!* What is the life of one man, or of twenty, in comparison with that of my brother? Heed what I say, Excellency, for it concerns you nearly.'

'But—but,' gasped the bewildered Kendrick, who throughout this speech had sat utterly lost in mystification—'what has all this to do with me?'

'This much, señor,' rejoined his chief informant sternly. 'You, in your present position'—he bowed courteously as he spoke—'have influence enough at command to obtain easily a pardon for Perez from the Government; and that influence, Excellency, you will do well, for your own sake, to use. Here is a paper which you, señor, will presently sign, whereby you pledge yourself to use your best endeavours to obtain this pardon, and at the same time to pay over a sum of three thousand *pesetas* in order to make provision for the widows and orphans of the men killed by the Civil Guard.'

Kendrick gasped; he was incapable of more. But the stern, inexorable tones went on:

'The terms are neither exorbitant nor unreasonable, Excellency; for had you given orders to ensure the better payment of those who work on your lands this rising would never have taken place. Since it has taken place, however, our part is to see to the blame being laid in the right quarter, and that the innocent do not suffer for the guilty. The paper lies here, señor, and all you have to do is to sign it.'

'Be hanged if I do!' broke out Kendrick, exasperated beyond endurance, his blood fairly up now. 'Why, you—you idiots, haven't you got any sense or hearing left? Can't you see—no, hear—that I'm English?'

'That you were brought up in England, yes,' distinguished the other, with quiet persistence.

'That is the worst of it. Had you not been brought up in another country you might have been less inclined to spend time there now, and so would have been better informed concerning the wrongs that flourish unchecked in your own. Time presses, and the paper awaits your signature, Excellency.'

Kendrick glanced round in sheer desperation. Was no one there capable of believing him, of understanding how the case stood? But wherever he looked he saw only the same fiercely intent determination on a score of eager faces, the same keen glitter in the circle of watching eyes. Once again he tried to speak, to explain matters, but all in vain. This time some of his hearers laughed out unrestrainedly, and the strong features of the leader relaxed into a contemptuous smile.

'Hark you, señor,' he said at last, speaking with a certain grim menace in his tone that his prisoner was quick to detect, 'I give you until morning to make your choice. You will then either comply with my demands—in full, Excellency—or in case of refusal'—

'Well,' demanded Kendrick hotly, 'in case of refusal?'

'In that case—we should regret it, Excellency—but in that case it would be necessary to send you to the other neighbourhood.'

'You can send me where you please, and be hanged to you!' retorted Kendrick, who was utterly reckless by this time; 'but I won't sign that paper. It would do no earthly good if I did, either. I tell you I'm a stranger from England, and know nothing of the matter you're speaking about. As for this Pedro Perez, I never heard of him in my life.'

The dark eyes of the stranger flashed momentary fire.

'*Caramba*, señor!' he responded coldly, 'I fear your memory is a bad one, both with respect to your knowledge of your mother-tongue and of your own countrymen. And yet,' he added with a sneer, 'your stay in England ought not to have deprived you so completely of the recollection that to go to the other neighbourhood means, in plain words, to die!'

THE LIVES OF THE LONDON POOR.

A NIGHT IN A SALVATION ARMY SHELTER AND AN EVENING IN A DOSS-HOUSE.

By H. JENNER-FUST, M.A.



NE half the world knows nothing of how the other half lives.' That has been said over and over again. It has been said so often that it has passed into a proverb. It has come to be insisted upon as a self-evident truth. But I question if the many who glibly repeat the phrase thoroughly realise the depth of their

ignorance. Certainly I did not till a few weeks ago. I then decided to see for myself how the poor of London gets, or does not get—and it is too often the latter—its daily bread and nightly rest. The result was a revelation to me.

My investigations led me in the first instance to the shelters of the Salvation Army, and I determined to go as an ordinary tramp and spend the

night in one of them. The one I chose was in Blackfriars Road. Leaving Westminster at six one evening, carefully got up for the occasion, I reached the entrance to the shelter about half-past six. The doors had been open half-an-hour, and the familiar crowd outside had melted away. I went through the outer door and up a short passage, at the end of which was a small office with the familiar legend, 'Pay here,' across the top. I planked down my fourpence, and received in exchange a red card, the size of a railway ticket, on which was inscribed :

THE SALVATION ARMY.

MEN'S SOCIAL WORK.

Blackfriars Shelter, 115A Blackfriars Road, S.E.

This Ticket will secure for the Bearer	
BREAKFAST.	SUPPER
Available	and
only on Day	4d. SHELTER.
following Date	
of Issue.	Available only on
NOT TRANSFERABLE	Date of Issue.

Passing inside, I found myself in a long passage. On my right was an arch leading into a large hall. The way through was barred by a table at which sat two officials. We filed past. 'Are you a stranger here?' 'Then come back after the meeting.' And we made our way along the passage, and so from the outer end into the back of the hall.

And what is this place like in which more than two hundred of London's homeless ones nightly sup and sleep? Imagine a hall some thirty yards long by fifteen yards wide, of distempered brick and floored with wood. Along each side is a double row of bunks, three stories high, reaching half-way to the roof. The body of the hall is occupied by rows of wooden benches. At the back is the bar where are sold bread, cheese, jam, bacon, and tea.

When I got inside I confess my heart failed me. Row upon row of homeless, hopeless, unwashed * humanity is not an encouraging sight. It does not become more so from the fact that one intends to sup, sleep, and breakfast among them. Here were men whose clothes betokened they had known better things; men, many of them, temporarily out of work; men who, on the contrary, had not washed for a week, and probably not removed their clothes for thrice that length of time. The sight of the dirty mass wolfing its food as if for a wager turned me, for the moment, sick. I felt I could not go through with it.

Two minutes unnoticed in a comparatively quiet corner produced better thoughts. I pulled myself together and went up to the bar. Holding out my ticket, I began, 'What does?'— I as nearly as possible said, 'What does this entitle me to?' but, remembering myself with a shock, sub-

stituted, 'What can I have for this?' It appeared I had the choice between a hunch of bread and jam, a small bit of bread and bacon, and a hap'orth of beans and bread. I chose bread and jam, and was given an enormous hunch and an old battered pewter full of—tea! Having secured this, and given up half my ticket, I toddled off to a seat, and settled down to my supper. After eating a little I looked at my right-hand neighbour. He appeared sleepy. I cautiously approached him on the subject of the weather; but, having to repeat four times at the top of my voice the innocent remark that it was a nasty night, I decided to seek information in a manner somewhat less public. The man on my other side was hopeless; he was one of an animated group who were discussing with glee how they had achieved their midday meal.

Poor creatures! My feeling of disgust was rapidly giving way to one of infinite pity. To think that in this great London, the richest city the world has ever seen, there are thousands upon thousands whose one and only aim in life is to get enough food to stay the actual physical pains of hunger and a pallet whereon they may lay their limbs at night!

Just then a new-comer put in an appearance. He was considerably more respectable than some, and proved to be a stoker out of work. We had an excellent talk on things in general, and means of getting food and a bed in particular; and he put me up to several places of which otherwise I should never have heard. Pulling out my tobacco-pouch, I offered him a fill. In a flash I saw I had made a mistake. A man in such circumstances may smoke a good brier, but he carries his tobacco in a tin. My crocodile-pouch very nearly gave the show away. I made him fill his tin; but he put the temptation away from him once, and then only half took advantage of my offer. He had begun, he told me, as an engine-cleaner on the Great Western, had risen to fireman's rank, and had afterwards been taken on to stoke one of the company's Guernsey boats. Why was he here? He got boozed, and they sacked him. 'Only once,' he assured me, and certainly a man less like a drunkard it would be hard to find.

So he talked, and I listened, while keeping an eye open for impressions. The man in front of me had long, greasy, black hair down to his shoulders, and was eating a bowl of beans at a pace I would never have believed possible. His next neighbour had just produced a packet of cigar and cigarette stumps, and was breaking them up into tobacco for his pipe. Two men behind me were asleep with their heads on the back of my bench. Some were eating, others smoking, sleeping, and talking—all, with few exceptions, tired, hungry, and footsore.

Suddenly a shrill whistle attracted our attention. An official had climbed on to a stool at the top of the room, and was holding up his hand for silence.

'O Lord!' groaned he of the flowing locks, 'ere's the bloomin' meetin'.'

* In these 'shelters' there is ample opportunity for washing. It is not, however, taken full advantage of.

'Never mind, old cock,' another reassured him; 'it's soon over.'

'Yus,' remarked a third, 'it's in at one ear and out at t'other. I wish they'd drop it.'

It certainly was soon over. The man on the stool opened out into 'Crown Him with many crowns,' and was well backed up by the remainder of the staff. Those of us who knew the words sang with them the two verses; others—not a few—hummed the tune. Afterwards came either a blessing or an address—I could not hear which. Anyway, it consisted only of a few sentences. That ended the business.

It was now eight o'clock, and preparations were made for bed. But we 'strangers' had to get our numbers. We trooped out at the back of the hall into the passage, and worked up in single file towards the entrance. My stoker pal was next me.

'Shall we ask for two together, mate?' he inquired.

The question took me by surprise. I had no idea I was so fascinating; perhaps, though, it was because I was clean. At any rate, this would never do. From him I had got all I wanted, and to talk to others even more destitute was now the business in hand. But the only remark I could think of at the moment was, 'Oh! just as you like.'

'Just as *you* like, mate,' was the grieved answer.

This was distressing.

'You see,' I explained, 'it's pure luck what bed you get, so it wouldn't be much use.' As I had just been telling him it was my first visit to the place, this must have surprised him. I fear he was disappointed in me.

I was lucky to get a bed in an annex which led out of the main hall, and which, though containing the same accommodation as the rest, was a little removed from the noise. Moreover, the beds were on the ground floor only, and though harder than the bunks, were to me infinitely preferable. From eight to nine I wandered about talking to as many of the submerged tenth as I could persuade to listen. Once again I got into difficulties. A fresh-faced lad of twenty-three or so was describing how he had walked up from Exeter, and got work on the way at some racing-stables in Bath.

'Out of work?' he asked, turning to me. I did not deny it. 'Groom, ain't you?' he went on.

Now, to Eton and the 'Varsity fell the task of educating me; and I thought that, however little I had taken advantage of my opportunities, I had at least preserved my purity of speech. To be taken for a broken-down 'Varsity man, no unknown visitor to these shelters, I expected. But to be mistaken for a groom! Well, there are worse people than grooms.

I admitted the soft impeachment, thinking thereby to save the situation. Never was a greater mistake. He immediately began to question me; and as I knew, to my sorrow, little 'horse' and less racing, I was quickly in a veritable quagmire of difficulties. Thrice I contrived to change the con-

versation; but always we came back to the same absorbing topic. At last, when he began trying to persuade me to 'tramp' with him next day, I felt that circumstances were getting a bit out of my grasp, and muttering something about 'bread and cheese,' bolted for the bar. Here I was informed that my remaining half-ticket was not available till the morning; so I invested one penny on bread and cheese, which I ate with some relish.

The next two I got into conversation with were in the very depths of destitution. Both had been on the streets the night before, unable to earn enough for a bed. Both had done well that day, one getting three meals, and the other two. Both, in consequence, were happy and talkative. And how they did go for the Salvation Army!

'Reckon these 'ere blokes make a bloomin' good thing out o' this,' I confess the idea had not occurred to me.

'Worf several 'undreds a year to 'em, I know,' chimed in the other. I had nothing to say.

'This place is for us wot's out o' work, not [impressively] for the likes o' [Hullo! thought I] some who's 'ere.'

That might mean anything—or nothing; but it occurred to me as an excellent opportunity to inspect my bed! This consisted of a wooden box about six feet long and a shade wider than the ordinary ship's bunk. At the bottom was a hard black mattress, which, I learnt, was made of American cloth and stuffed with seaweed. This unusual stuffing serves two purposes. It does not easily catch fire—which, with hundreds of men smoking in bed, is of importance—and it is not loved by a certain undesirable species of insect. The pillow was of the same materials, but, if possible, harder. A rug of American cloth lying folded at the bottom completed the arrangements. It looked neither clean nor inviting.

In the meanwhile half the hall was in the throes of retiring. To attain the highest of the three tiers was no mean feat, particularly if the people in the 'flat' beneath were sitting smoking, with their legs hanging over the side. In more than one instance I noticed it was a case of try again. Some took off all their clothes, and a funny lot of skeletons they looked, poor beggars; others their boots, trousers, and coats; others again their boots and coats only—a minority these. Personally, I lay down in every stitch of clothing I had, boots and cap included. A king's ransom would not have induced me to strip.

But how hard it was! I used to boast of my liking for a hard bed. I do so no longer. In the morning I was positively sore, and the skin in places was badly scraped. To say that a good night was mine would be to go outside the strict truth. I lay down at half-past nine and got up at six. I think I put in four hours' actual sleep. In the first place, the bed was hard; in the second, a gas-jet shone right in my eyes, and I could not bring myself to pull the cover over my head. And the noise! I would never have believed that even two hundred

and fifty men in one room could make such a din. Almost all were coughing, each on a different note, and the character of each cough differed tremendously. There was the short, hacking cough which betokened lung-trouble; there was the cough in paroxysms which suggested whooping-cough—and whooping-cough I believe it was; and there was the cough which shook not only the man who had the misfortune to possess it but the very building itself. Each burst of this kind ended in a rattling, grating sound impossible to adequately describe. I thought of the vibration of a safety-valve at play, of the jar and batter of a Maxim, of the roar of a rushing avalanche. But the grim reality transcended all these. It was a noise to be heard once in a lifetime, and, I trust, once only.

Men, moreover, kept dropping in all night. Sleep, in short, was well-nigh impossible. Five o'clock found people up and breakfasting. 'What's the time, mate?' said a man just beyond me, and the answer came, 'Turned five; bar's open.' That was how they fixed it.

I lay for another hour, and then went home. But so frightened was I of being discovered in the unkind light of day that I was fain to forgo my privilege of a 'penn'orth o' breakfast.' I learnt afterwards that the superintendent, though he had seen me only two hours before, and was on the look-out for me, utterly failed to recognise me.

My next experience was in a common lodging-house known among the faithful as a doss-house.

I looked at several, and the one I finally fixed on was not a stone's-throw from Victoria Street. The slums of Westminster were once the worst in London. They are so no longer; but if any of my readers wants a stiffer experience than mine, he must be unusually hardened.

I got to the entrance about nine in the evening. Over the door was a flaring gas-lamp with 'Beds for Single Gentlemen, 3d.,' on the glass, and the door itself bore the legend, 'St ———'s Chambers.' Personally, I have always found 'rooms' sufficient for my requirements; but there is no accounting for tastes. At the top of some steps was a small office with bread, milk, bacon, &c. ranged on its shelves. The narrow passage was crowded, one man wanting 'Ap'orth o' milk an' a penn'orth o' bread;' another, 'Bed, please, mister;' while a third was endeavouring to get through the crowd to the kitchen below to cook a raw piece of beastly meat which he held in his hand.

I plunked down fivepence, and was given in exchange a metal disc with the number of my bed. Then, shutting my teeth, I descended to the 'lower regions.' I found myself in a long, low-roofed room, the middle and sides occupied by wooden tables on trestles and wooden benches. At each end was a large open fire, and in one corner a large range. Round the fires clustered a dirty, chattering mass of humanity, each man trying to get as close as possible to the comforting blaze. Each table was occupied by

men of the same class, some eating dirty food out of still dirtier paper, others breaking up cigar and cigarette fags to put into filthy pipes, others talking in their own choice vernacular, and others again cooking their food at the range.

To describe the filthy condition of the room to those who have never seen a place of the kind is well-nigh impossible. It was accentuated by the litter of paper, bits of meat, &c. on the grimy floor. The room was worse than its inhabitants, for though by no stretch of imagination could the latter be called clean, there were some self-respecting persons among them who at least endeavoured to become so; several workmen, for instance, whose tools were hanging on the wall, and one dear, respectable old gentleman in particular, who was reading the *Sun* through a pair of excellent spectacles.

The babel of tongues was unceasing, and, so far as I could gather, interesting. Talk to me, however, they would not; neither would they allow me, except in a few isolated instances, to discuss matters with them. The reason is not far to seek, though it puzzled me for a time. It is to be found in the fact that every one knows every one else. Men *live* in these places, and sometimes keep the same bed for a year or two on end. Consequently a stranger is left out in the cold. I did, however, pick up a few facts.

The house had six hundred beds. Its proprietor had a place of the same kind in the Borough containing nine hundred beds. He was a rich man, his tenants told me. 'Lor' bless yer,' said one, 'e's got gardens'—with a magnificent wave of his hand—'he's got fawns.' He lingered on the word as if he loved it. 'Op-pickin' in Kent, an' fruit,' he went on. 'Comes up 'ere sometimes an' takes a couple o' 'undred o' us for the job.'

The majority of these men were out of work. Some, the habitual dossers these, never attempted to get any. A few were in regular employment: masons, dock-labourers, and so on. That was the gist of his information.

'What sort o' beds?' growled another, much annoyed at being disturbed. 'Beds are oyl-right—soft.' 'Yes,' said I, 'but are they *clean*?' 'Jes' depends,' said he; 'some is, some ain't.' This was not comforting, but it was all I could get out of him.

At the next table two boys—for they were nothing more—were eating a bit of bread and meat. I went and sat beside them and listened. Getting into conversation, I inquired as to their day. Both had done badly, earning enough for a meal, but nothing to spare for a bed. They were going out to try and pick it up. 'Which way shall we strike?' asked the younger of the two. 'Victorier?' and they accordingly departed to get their bed, or—walk the streets. 'Must try and turn somebody out for it,' was the expression used. Whether it meant beg or steal I had no opportunity to discover.

Then I handed over my check at the bottom of the staircase and proceeded to explore the 'sleeping

apartments. There were three floors. Each floor contained five rooms, and each room forty beds. Other furniture there was none, nothing but row upon row of beds, six hundred in all. Half only were occupied. Each had the number over it on the wall; but as I did not know in which room mine was, I had some difficulty in finding it.

This at length achieved, I proceeded to examine it. My cursory investigations in other rooms in dim gaslight had led me to suppose that the beds were much as other beds—small perhaps, but fairly comfortable. I was congratulating myself on this when I happened to catch a fair sight of my sheets. It gave me a shock. True, my bed was as others in shape and size, but the colour. The sheets were not white; they were brown—brown with dirt, and a good, rich, honest brown into the bargain. It as nearly as possible finished me, but with a final effort I turned to my next neighbour, who was disrobing, and asked for his experience.

'Are you a reg'lar inmate?' he asked.

I told him it was my first visit.

'Look out for yourself, then; you don't know what was in your bed last night'—this significantly. 'I've been here,' he went on after a short pause, 'for two years till last week; then I missed a couple o' days. When I came back I ketched five in six nights.'

'Five what?' said I.

Now I am not going to repeat what he said, because it is unspeakable. Before going in for this business I had thought it out carefully, and had bargained for many things unpleasant. I had bargained for fleas and other animals, a species of which is associated with the harvest. I had bargained for possible rough handling if discovered; for a hard bed and a sleepless night; for possible infection of every kind. I had bargained, in short, for most things evil, and was prepared to look on them as part in the day's work. But I had not bargained for one of the worst of the plagues of Egypt.

I fled, and I am not in the least ashamed of myself.

Of other places where the poor get shelter there is little space to speak. Medland Hall, however, the only free shelter in London, deserves a few lines. Opened on 5th January 1891, it has in the thirteen years of its existence given shelter to over two million men, and every one of these has had food as well as shelter. The cost has been between twelve and thirteen thousand pounds.

Every day about four o'clock men begin to assemble outside in the Horseferry Branch Road, and soon a long line of weary wayfarers is to be seen leaning against the fence which divides the Regent's Canal Dock from the street. The crowd gradually increases till at six o'clock the doors open and they troop inside. Every type is in evidence. The majority, of course, are from the United Kingdom; but British and Irish rub shoulders with Colonials,

Americans, Germans, Dutch, and, indeed, representatives from almost every country on earth. The inmates have included clergymen, Nonconformist ministers, university men, doctors, lawyers, editors, publishers, and journalists.

The idea of the whole thing—an idea, too, kept strictly to the fore—is to help people to help themselves, and only, so far as possible, are genuine cases dealt with. The habitual dosser is conspicuous by his absence. Each man admitted gets a ticket entitling him to a bunk, for six nights if he wishes, and receives at once half-a-pound of bread and butter; he is thus sure of food and shelter for a few days, and can seek work with a stronger heart. No labour-task is imposed to hinder him in his search, and as a matter of fact the great majority very soon have work found for them or find it for themselves.

The following is a typical case: A man who had come in stated that if he could only lay his hands on five shillings for tools he could start work at once. The tools were provided. At the end of the week came a grateful letter of thanks, saying that the work had been obtained and enclosing a postal order for the amount.

Medland Hall is doing a great work, and it may not be out of place to mention that two pounds two shillings sent to E. Wilson Gates, Esq., The Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, E.C., will provide shelter and food for some homeless wanderer on every night in the year.

And, lastly, there is the Salvation Army Soup Kitchen in Stanhope Street, close to Clare Market, where for those utterly destitute is provided free a bowl of soup. The kitchen opens at 2 A.M., and the men begin to form up long before midnight. Often one thousand apply in one night, and a man told me that on one occasion he waited three hours for his turn.

The pity of it all!

A SONG OF ROSES.

Sing a Song of Roses! Love has come to-day,
Come like early rosebuds, sweet and shy, but gay.
Rosebuds will be roses: love will greater grow;
Only half its sweetness dimly yet we know.
Rosebuds in the garden gathered, Love, for you,
Had they such in Eden when the world was new?

Sing a Song of Roses! Love so great has grown,
What shall we compare it to? Roses fully blown?
Sweetness, fullness, beauty brought by sun and rain!
Is not this our happiness close akin to pain?
Roses in their glory, Love, I bring to you;
Joy approaching agony—roses touching rue.

Sing a Dirge of Roses! sung by one who grieves.
Dead are all the roses, fall the autumn leaves.
But the dead rose-petals keep their scent, and I
In my heart will keep you till the day I die.
Rose-leaves in their sweetness on your grave I strew,
Bitter-sweet with memories of our love and you.

MARIA S. STEUART.

Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

DINNER À LA CARTE OR TABLE-D'HÔTE.

COUNTRY PATMORE wrote a poem which he called 'The Angel in the House,' and if it be your good fortune to have an angel in your house who gives a little thought to the preparation of your dinner you will never find any dinner so good (at Pallard's or elsewhere) as the one you eat at home. When we go into a library we do not all choose the same books; neither when we go into a restaurant do we choose the same dishes. I have never known any one who would not eat strawberries; but I once knew a man who disliked green peas.

The most perfect way to dine is to dine *à la carte*, selecting the dishes yourself, the dinner being specially cooked for you and ready at a specified hour. If you dine at the *table-d'hôte* in the Grand Hotel in Paris (eight francs), and drink as much red wine as you like, it is the same as a specially prepared dinner *à la carte*. The *table-d'hôte* begins at six forty-five, and it is all over by eight. If you dine at the *table-d'hôte* in the Hotel Métropole in London the system is different; the dinner is ready at six, and goes on until eight-thirty, and you may sit down at any time that is convenient to yourself. Under these circumstances many dishes have to be kept on the hot-plate for a time, and you cannot expect your dinner to be so perfect as it would be if you dined *à la carte*. Pascal, the *chef* at Philippe's restaurant in Paris, once observed that the most simple dishes begin to lose value every five minutes after they have left the kitchen. More delicately conceived *entrées* are yet more susceptible; some sauces sulk when they begin to feel cold.

I can recollect the time when, from the point of view of M. Casimir of the Maison d'Or in the Boulevard des Italiens, there was only one restaurant in London where you could dine—Verrey's in Regent Street. How one's heart goes out in sympathy with Verrey's, the little restaurant at the corner of the street that leads up to Hanover Square; the windows partly of stained glass, and above the glass the

printed cards, 'Ices, dinners, ices'! It now belongs to M. Krehill. I have never known the time when I could not go to Verrey's and be sure of a dinner *à la carte* nicely served and perfectly cooked. One night I dined at Véfours' in Paris; the following evening I dined in the Café-Royal in Regent Street. In each case I ordered the same dinner. I thought the dinner in the Palais-Royal the better cooked of the two; but that was in the days when Véfours' was one of the most popular restaurants in Paris. The Café-Royal may be said to be the first of the great restaurants on the French system in London. Now we have the Carlton, Princes', and the Savoy, all following in the footsteps of M. Nicol of the Café-Royal. It would be difficult to name a more successful restaurateur than M. Nicol. During the many years I knew him I cannot say I ever saw him do any work in his restaurant; he seldom, if ever, spoke to a customer. He was fortunate in his marriage; Madame Nicol was industrious to a degree. Then came M. Delacoste to help him. If you had a mission to visit the restaurants of Europe, M. Delacoste would be a charming companion. For many years he was the best judge of claret and Burgundy in London, and he did for M. Nicol what Bismarck did for the Emperor William the First.

It has been the custom to speak of the Café-Royal as an expensive restaurant in which to dine. I never thought so. You are charged, say, two shillings and ninepence for a sole; but then the sole is one of the largest and best the market can produce, and enough for two portions. In the less ambitious restaurants you are charged one shilling and sixpence, and two portions will cost three shillings. As a rule, in London or Paris you will find that small prices mean small portions. Tibbie Shiels once let me see a very large plate and a bell which she placed before Christopher North when he dined at her little inn by St Mary's Loch. If Christopher North had been served with the small portions common in the Latin Quarter there would have been strong language in the *Noctes* and much ringing of the little bell.

In 1862 my father took me to dine at Simpson's in the Strand. We dined in the second box upon your right as you entered, and we had roast beef and green peas for dinner. I had only just left school, and I was much impressed when I was told that I might have as many green peas as I liked. I went the year before last and dined in the same box, and I again had roast beef and green peas. I found the room in which we had dined unchanged; but forty years had proved too much for the *entourage* even of Simpson's. There was no waiter left in the restaurant who had been there in 1862. An old friend of mine to whom I paid my bill did not join the staff until 1864. I have always enjoyed dining at Simpson's: the little oval-shaped tables wheeled up to your side with half of a salmon, half of a large turbot, or a saddle of mutton. You were not limited to portions; it was hospitality in a restaurant. I sometimes think what pleasant dinners we might have with people we have read about in history or fiction. For example, you might give a Charles Dickens dinner, and ask Tom Pinch, Mr Micawber, and Mrs Gamp to dine. I am at a loss to think where one could take Mrs Gamp to dine; you certainly could not take her to Prince's. If I had to give a dinner to Samuel Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, and David Garrick, I would not take them to the Savoy; I would take them to Simpson's.

At times we hear a great deal about doing away with tips to waiters. Up to about 1872 there was no charge for attendance at Simpson's. We gave the waiters threepence. Then they introduced a charge of threepence for attendance, and I do not believe there was a regular customer who did not continue to give the waiter threepence for himself as of old.

The truth is you will never do away with tips to waiters. I remember an old gentleman who used to dine every night in the Café de la Paix in Paris. He always gave the waiter a franc and any odd coppers left after paying his bill; but he had a reward for his generosity. M. le Gargon was a friend of the *chef*, and when the old gentleman came in at night he used to tell him the best dishes on the *carte de jour*, speak to him about the weather, comfort him if he had the gout, and was his best friend; and I am sure that when the day came on which he ate his last dinner *à la carte* and gave his last *pouvoir*, no one would so sincerely regret him as the waiter in the crowded restaurant in the Boulevard des Capucines.

If you have thoughts of visiting the theatre, and you are in doubt as to where to dine, try the Restaurant Cavour in Leicester Square; M. Philippe will give you an excellent *table-d'hôte* dinner at a moderate cost. If you insist upon having a *hors-d'œuvre* and drink no wine you will be charged one shilling extra. As a concession to his English friends, M. Philippe has always roast beef or roast mutton on his bill of fare.

Here is the 'Cavour' dinner at three shillings:

SOUP
PAYSANNE.
SALMON STE. MATONNAISE. EPERLANS FRITS.
ENTRÉE.
CÔTES DE MOUTONNE BELLEVUE. FRENCH BEANS.
CROQUETTE DE VOLAILLE.
ROAST CHICKEN. QUAIL. ROAST BEEF.
VÉGÉTABLES. CHEESE. DESSERT.

There are many good restaurants in London that you would find difficulty in discovering for yourself. You may call them the restaurants of the Latin Quarter, similar to those in Paris in the maze of streets between the river and the Luxembourg. Only a few minutes' walk from Piccadilly Circus, going eastward, you find yourself in Dean Street. On your right is the Restaurant Européen. It originally belonged to M. Villeneuve, who made a little fortune and has returned home to France to enjoy it. The *chef* Louis has been *chef* for sixteen years. You will have no difficulty in telling that the restaurant is popular; you may count eighty napkins in the boxes on the walls. To save you the trouble of consulting the menu, there is a slate with the names of the *plats du jour*: *Potage au riz*, twopence; *rouget, sauce capres*, fivepence; *beef au gratin*, fivepence.

Upon the same side of the street there is the Restaurant Albert. Albert was head-waiter at the Européen, and being frugal, he saved enough money to start a restaurant for himself; and he has been successful. You may lunch for a shilling: *omelette aux fines herbes*, fourpence; *veau sauté carotte*, fivepence; *cheese petite Suisse*, twopence; coffee, one penny. Albert gets a great deal of help from his wife; it is said she can cook as well as the *chef*. She is handsome, and might play the Marquise de Saint Maur in *Châte*. They have beautiful children, and the children sometimes come to the restaurant to see them.

In restaurants of this class it is usual to give the waiter a penny, and he does not expect more. They have no license, and send out for wine, getting a rebate from the wine merchant upon each empty bottle. Having no license, they can remain open all day on Sunday.

France has given us the language of diplomacy and of the cuisine.

I shall only refer to one restaurant in Paris. If you have never dined at Voisin's in the Rue St Honoré, dine there the next time you are in Paris. You will have no difficulty in finding it. As you come out of the Nouveau Cirque, it is one minute's walk on your left; opposite to it is the Church of the Assumption. It is one of the last of the classic restaurants left in Paris. Philippe's, Café Riche, Brebant's, Maison d'Or, have all gone. When you enter from the street you pass at once into the restaurant. On the ground floor there are three modest little rooms in which you dine. In the first room there are two ladies who will make out your bill, and if you fail to salute them upon entering

you need not be surprised if you are charged two francs additional in your bill. You may sit down at one of the snow-white tables, and if by chance a Parisian is beside you who has enveloped himself in his napkin so that he resembles a ghost, do not let prejudice prevent you from doing the same. Very quiet and peaceful is Voisin's. In my recollection they never kept a waiter who could speak English. If you order red wine, the Burgundies and Bordeaux have the reputation of being the oldest and most carefully selected in Europe. The dishes are dear, but you need not order more than three. Order a sole cooked in the way mentioned in the bill of fare. The ways of cooking a sole invented by the *chefs* in France are innumerable. It must be the ambition of every good little sole finally to be taken to Paris and be cooked, say à la Colbert or au vin rouge. Select one *entrée* and finish with a Chateaubriand *aux pommes*, and your bill, divided by two, will not be a heavy one. If you ordered as many dishes as you find on the menu of the *table-d'hôte* in the Hôtel Continental, madame would make out a bill which would be appalling.

Dining one night at a restaurant not far from the Faubourg St Honoré, I ordered a sole *au vin blanc*. When it was served I carefully removed the white sauce, and I found it was a sole to be greeted unbegrudgingly. Some day I hope we may have a restaurant in London where you may select your food before it is cooked, choose your fish as you would choose them at Grove's in Bond Street, select your fruit and the flowers to decorate the table as you would select them at Solomon's in Piccadilly.

One of the pleasantest ways to spend an evening in London is to dine at Pagnini's in Great Portland Street, and to go to a concert in the Queen's Hall afterwards. You will search the Grand Boulevards

in vain to find a restaurant in which you will get a better dinner than you get at Pagnini's, and the brothers Pagnini and M. Meschini are reaping the harvest of silver and gold which comes to the painstaking and honest keeper of a restaurant.

It is not unlikely, if you dine on the first floor, that you may see Mr Henry J. Wood, who is doing for music to-day what Sir Charles Hallé and Sir August Manns have done in the past. Do not forget to see the artists' room upstairs, with the first bars of one of the airs from *Cavalleria Rusticana* written upon one of the walls by Mascagni himself. Here is a dinner for two, for 'Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat,' and yourself :

HORS D'ŒUVRE MELON.
POTAGE PETITE MARMITE.
BLANCHAILLES.
RIS DE VEAU À LA VOISIN.
PETITS POIS À LA FRANÇAISE.
POULET DE GRAIN EN CASSEROLE.
SALADE.
SOUFFLÉ EN SURPRISE.

You may order any of the well-known brands of champagne provided it be sufficiently old. A *maitre d'hôtel* at Kettner's once observed to me, 'After all, they are very much the same.' Should you order it *frappé*, do not let the bottle remain too long in the ice.

And when you have finished dinner you will only have to cross the street to the Queen's Hall, where Mr Wood will introduce you to music, sometimes in shadow, sometimes in sunshine, beautiful and suggestive, and full of romance as the Rhine between Mayence and Cologne. You may get inspiration from Beethoven as you get inspiration from Traquair or the braes of Yarrow.

THE CLOSED BOOK.*

CHAPTER XXVII.—'IF YOU KNEW THE TRUTH!'



First I could scarcely believe my own eyes, for there, placed again in the window just as it had been on that fateful night, was the stuffed bear-cub, the silent signal of what?

Behind the smoky panes of that window was a pale, haggard face peering forth wistfully, yet cautiously, as though in expectation of the passing of some person to whom the signal would convey a meaning—a face upon which anxiety and terror were betrayed—the countenance of the woman I had so suddenly grown to love.

In an instant, at sight of me, she drew back and was lost to view, there remaining only that curious yet fatal sign that conveyed so much to the person or persons for whom it was exhibited.

The house presented the same dingy, neglected

appearance as before, the steps uncleared and covered with pieces of paper and wisps of straw, the jetsam of the street. The shutters of the basement were still closed, and upon the area gate was a stout chain and heavy padlock. It was a roomy yet depressing place, more depressing than any other in the whole of Bloomsbury, a strange air of mystery pervading it from basement to attic.

My first impulse was to ascend those neglected steps and inquire for Lady Julith; but, on reflection an instant later, the fact that she had withdrawn so quickly from the window made it evident that she did not wish me to discover her there—that, indeed, she was in Selby's house in secrecy. With what motive? I wondered.

She had evidently been watching long and vigilantly for some person she expected would pass for the purpose of receiving the sign. The intent, anxious look upon her countenance told me this.

* Copyright, 1904, by William Le Queux.

But instead of the person she was looking for, I, the least expected, had suddenly come upon the scene and detected her. Her mouth had opened as her eyes met mine, and I knew that a cry had escaped her as she had fallen back behind the dusty curtains.

She was still watching me, most probably; therefore I did not glance up again, but merely walked on as leisurely as before, and turned the corner out of Harpur Street.

I stood for some minutes deliberating whether it were policy to go boldly to the house and inquire for her. What could I lose by so doing? Little—very little. What could I gain? A few minutes' chat, perhaps, with the woman who, although she held herself so aloof from me, was nevertheless always in my thoughts.

I was determined to get at the bottom of the mystery of that secret sign; therefore, without hesitation, I drew a long breath, turned again into Harpur Street, and, ascending the steps, rapped loudly at the door.

'The place sounded hollow, as a half-empty house always does. But there was no response.

I listened attentively at the door, but the roar of the traffic over the granite in Theobald's Road prevented me from hearing anything distinctly. Nevertheless, my quick ear caught sounds of whispering within. A door somewhere in the hall was closed and locked, and then I heard a man's low, gruff voice exclaim, 'Not yet—not yet, you fool!'

All was silent again, and I waited in patience for a couple of minutes longer. Then I gave another sounding *rat-tat-tat* that rang through the hollow house.

Again there was a movement in the hall, and softly footsteps crossed the linoleum, which was comparatively new, I felt sure, by its stickiness. Somebody was whispering; then a few seconds later the chain was withdrawn, and the door was opened half-way by Mrs Pickard, the little wizened old lady in black cap and dress, the same who had crossed the Channel bearing *The Closed Book* to England.

Fortunately she did not recognise me, so I inquired, 'You have a lady named Gordon here. She has just recognised me from the window. Will you ask her whether she will see me for a few moments, as I wish to speak with her on a rather important matter?'

'She has noticed you,' was the little old woman's reply, 'and she's just putting on her hat. She'll be down to speak with you in a few moments, if you'll wait;' and she admitted me to the hall, which was covered with a cheap black-and-white oil-cloth, and showed me to the dining-room, which overlooked the street—a big, old-fashioned apartment, very dingy, with ceiling and walls smoke-grimed, and furnished in an inexpensive and tasteless style, which bore 'hire-system' marked upon it as plainly as though the chairs and tables were ticketed 'Easy payments taken.' The carpet was one of those Kidderminster squares that always appear in hire-

system furnishing, and the furniture was of veneered walnut, covered with dark-green plush. There was no overmantel, no sideboard—nothing, indeed, to give it the slightest air of comfort. The room somehow looked as though it had only just been furnished, and that with some motive, for it was evidently not the dining-room in use.

After making a tour of inspection, I stood before the empty old-fashioned grate listening intently. There were footsteps in the room above—the drawing-room—but no other sound. The dismal outlook, the utter cheerlessness of the room, and the sooty curtains waving slowly at the half-opened window, added to the atmosphere of gloom which pervaded the interior even to a greater extent than the exterior. It was certainly a house of mystery.

Once I thought I heard renewed whisperings in the hall; but only for a moment, then all was silent again.

At last the door opened, and there appeared my pale-faced love, neatly dressed in black, with a small toque that suited her admirably, and a bodice that showed off her figure to perfection. Her sombre attire heightened the pallor of her countenance; yet, as she approached me with a sweet smile and outstretched hand, I saw that she possessed a marvellous self-control.

'Only fancy your recognising me, Mr Kennedy!' she cried. 'I'm so glad. You left Sheringham suddenly, and no one knew where you had gone.'

'I, too, have been wanting to meet you again,' I said, 'and believed you to be still at Saxlingham.'

'I returned to town yesterday,' she answered. 'But if we are to talk, had we not better go for a walk?' she suggested. Then she added, in a low, confidential whisper, 'There are eager ears here.'

Nothing loath to escape from that house, I agreed to her proposal, and she let me out, after considerable trouble with a very complicated lock, which I noted could not be undone by any one unacquainted with its secret—another suspicious circumstance.

Outside, we turned towards Theobald's Road, and I walked beside her in the hazy glow of the London sunset, full of admiration of her beauty, her grace, and her sweetness of expression.

She spoke of her mysterious seizure after parting from me—unaware, of course, that I had been the man who had discovered her and raised the alarm.

Feigning ignorance of it all, I therefore obtained from her a full description of her symptoms, and how she was taken back to Saxlingham Hall in a very weak and exhausted state. I told her nothing. What, indeed, could I reveal to her?

'You, of course, received my letter?' I inquired as we walked together towards Oxford Street.

'I did. But I sent you no reply, Mr Kennedy, because I can give none.'

'I expressed a desire in my letter, Lady Judith, to stand, if not in public, then in secret, as your friend,' I said earnestly.

'But why?' she asked, opening her splendid eyes widely.

'Because—well, because I believe we shall be good friends some day,' I said lamely, for it was on the tip of my tongue there, in that crowded street, to openly declare myself.

'We are good friends now; otherwise I would not be out walking with you here,' she remarked.

'Exactly; but there is still a stronger reason,' I said. 'You will recollect that when I met you on that path across the cliffs you confessed to me your unhappiness—that in your heart there lies concealed some terrible secret which has driven you to despair, and which?'

'My secret?' she gasped, looking at me suddenly with the same expression of terror as I had seen upon her face on that wet night in Harpur Street. 'Who told you of my secret?'

'No one,' I said quietly. 'But to me the truth is apparent, and it is for that reason that I desire to stand your friend. You recollect you spoke of your enemies, who were so strong that they had crushed you. Will you not let me render you assistance against them? May I not act on your behalf? You surely can trust me?'

I asked her the reason of her visit to that house of mystery and the meaning of the symbol of the bear-cub, but she hesitated, just as she had done before. Ah, how blind is man to the beginning of any series of great consequences!

All our previous conversation passed through my mind like a flash, and I saw how utterly I had failed to convince her of my good intentions in her interest.

The curious breach between father and daughter was inexplicable, just as much as their secret presence in London or their association with that dingy house in Harpur Street.

'I know that in ordinary circumstances the small knowledge you have of me would cause you to hesitate to allow me to become your confidential friend,' I went on in deep earnestness. 'But these circumstances are surely extraordinary ones. You are in distress, threatened by enemies who terrorise over you and are driving you to despair; and I believe I am also right in suggesting that you possess no friends?'

She had grown paler, and I knew my words made an impression upon her. We were then walking in the crowd of Oxford Street, and I was compelled to bend and speak confidentially to her, lest others might overhear. Surely that great busy thoroughfare was a strange place in which to court a woman's love! But love is always one of life's ironies. Many are the world's wonders; but surely Honour, Conscience, and Love are the three greatest. They will never be explained, and never cease to be bewildering. Of such are the source and the end of what is wonderful in our life—the sea and the shower, the aggregate whereof is in God and the atom in man.

I saw from her countenance, and knew from the trembling of her hand, that she would confide in

me if only she dared. The mystery of it all was maddening. My natural intuition told me that she was not averse to my companionship, yet the mention of her secret—whatever it was—caused the truth to arise before her in all its hideousness, holding her transfixed by the crisis that she knew must inevitably ensue.

'It is true,' she sighed at last. 'I am in sore need of a friend; but I fear your help is impossible. Indeed, if our friendship were known to certain persons it would place me in a position of even graver peril.'

'Then your enemies would be mine,' I remarked quietly. 'This is as it should be. But why would my association with you place you in peril? I don't understand.'

'Oh!' she cried, 'I cannot explain. I would tell you everything if I could—everything. But I cannot, for your sake as well as for my own.'

'For my sake?' I echoed. 'Would knowledge of it affect me so gravely?'

'I fear it would,' was her reply. 'It is best that you should remain in ignorance.'

'But, believe me, I cannot bear to think of you utterly friendless as you seem to be; I went on earnestly. 'Why do you not let me be your friend in secret?'

'Because if you were my friend it would be necessary for you to know the whole truth before you could help me. Yet, in my present position, I can explain nothing. If I did, it would be fatal to me—and perhaps to you also.'

'You are so very mysterious, Lady Judith!' I said. 'Cannot you be more explicit? What you tell me only excites my curiosity and interest.'

'I can tell you nothing more—absolutely nothing,' she said, quite calm again. 'I am unfortunately a victim of certain strange and incredible circumstances; that is all.'

'But why are you so averse to my friendship?' I said. 'I assure you that I will do my utmost to serve you if you will accept me as your friend.'

'I do not doubt it. I can only regret that our friendship is debarré,' she answered.

'Why debarré?'

'Because of circumstances which, as I have already told you, I am unable to explain. Besides, I have long ago read in the newspapers that you reside abroad. I could not think of keeping you here in England on my account.'

'I intend to live in England for the future,' I hastened to assure her. 'In fact, I'm on the look-out for a home at an easy distance from London, and in the meantime I am the guest of my old schoolfellow and friend, Captain Wyman, of whose recent explorations in Central Africa you may have heard.'

She looked at me with an expression of blank amazement.

'You know Captain Wyman?' she exclaimed in a hard, strained voice. 'Is he really a friend of yours?'

'A most intimate friend. Do you know him?' I asked, recollecting how he had warned me of any association with her.

'Yes,' she answered in the same hoarse tone, 'I know him.'

'And he is not your friend?' I suggested, for I at once gathered from her manner that mention of him was distasteful to her.

'No, Mr Kennedy,' was her quick response. 'I may as well tell you plainly that he is one of my enemies of whom I have spoken.'

'But if he is your enemy, as you say, that surely is no reason why I should not stand your friend?' I pleaded.

She shook her head slowly, and in a low, mechanical voice, almost as though speaking to herself, said, 'I cannot see why you should be so ready to sacrifice everything for my sake. It will be best if we part now, never to meet again. It will be best for both of us, Mr Kennedy, I assure you. Remember, once and for all, that our friendship is forbidden.'

(To be continued.)

LEAVES FROM A PORTUGUESE SKETCH-BOOK.



HE visit in the spring of last year of King Edward to Portugal brought prominently to the minds of the people of both countries that ancient alliance and that traditional friendship which have existed between them for at least the last two hundred years—a long period in the history of national alliances; and the recognition of this historical association has been made more vivid by the frequent visits which have since been paid by our fleets to Lisbon, and the warm welcome invariably accorded to them there.

Under these conditions of national feeling, Portugal is, apart from climatic and other considerations, a pleasant enough country for a subject of His Britannic Majesty to live in at the present time, and life there is not without many attractions and interests. The place in which our own particular lot is cast, fronting boldly to the Atlantic seaboard, and often swept by its strong breezes, is more or less historic ground. It is now practically a British commercial settlement on Portuguese soil, and is located in one of the old *châteaux* or *quintas* of Portugal, surrounded by its own demesne, and where any day in autumn you may flush a covey of partridges from the grass or see the lively rabbit scurrying about, just as in the neighbourhood of our own country-houses at home.

From it we look landwards towards the beautiful hills of Cintra, themselves a shade of darkest purple, standing out clearly against the blue sky, their highest crest crowned by the ancient Castle of Penna, a strange medley of Moorish and Gothic architecture, and their lower slopes rich in wood and garden. The ground on which we stand no doubt re-echoed, well-nigh a century ago now, to the tramp of British troops in the early years of the great Peninsular War; while in the far distance lie the famous lines of Torres Vedras, covering, it is said, an area of fortifications of nearly five hundred square miles, which Wellington held in the winter of 1810 against Napoleon's celebrated general, Masséna, and from which he began those great military operations which resulted in freeing Portugal for ever from the domination of France, and giving to this portion of the ancient Iberian

Peninsula a hundred years of immunity from at least the horrors of foreign invasion. Not that Portugal has, any more than any other country, been without its internal troubles during that period; but, compared with its great neighbours France and Spain, or even with Italy, it has seen no such violent upheavals of social order as have disturbed all those nations of the Latin race.

To-day at least all the land is calm, and it is also very hot! So think we at any rate as we step out of doors into the blazing sunlight; only a light breath of wind stirs the air, and not a sound breaks on the ear save the gentle hum of insect life or the murmur of the breakers as they roll in long majestic lines and graceful curves of white to the yellow beach. We slowly saunter across the fields towards the Rio da Amoreira. The ground is hard and dry, with cracks traversing the surface in all directions. Yet, although the grass is parched and brown, wild-flowers are blooming under the hot sun, and they give a graceful variety and a charming sense of colour to the scene. Blue cornflowers, ragged-robin, arnica, meadow-sweet, with many others of the commoner and some of the rarer plants, abound.

There is comparatively little water in the Rio at this time of the year, but in winter it changes to a foaming and rushing torrent as it sweeps between the lichened walls, which make it resemble more, at this part of its course, the most defending some castle of the Middle Ages than an ordinary stream.

What a host of insect life is abroad to-day! Dragon-flies of many hues cleave their brilliant and kaleidoscopic way through the summer air. Emperors, peacocks, admirals, small coppers, whites, and many others of the butterfly order flit from flower to flower; myriads of ants are scurrying over the hard sun-baked ground in all directions, some carrying pieces of thistle-down, bark, wood-chips, and other materials for their nests; others vigorously attacking in some seemingly ordered sequence a writhing centipede.

As we follow the Rio down towards the sea we come upon some Portuguese women washing clothes by the water-side. Without all the natural grace and dark, full-eyed beauty of the Spaniard, some of

these Portuguese women, clad in clean, fresh calico dresses, with brilliantly coloured handkerchiefs or scarves tied gracefully over their heads, have a certain picturesqueness of their own. Kneeling down by the side of the stream, they dip and wring the clothes about, generally giving the article a finishing-touch by vigorously smacking it upon a flat stone!

We now reach in our walk the beach of Carcavellos. How soft and grateful to the ear those Spanish names often are! It is exceedingly pretty, and here and there great green-and-brown rocks, some flat, some bold and rugged, stand out vividly against their background of yellow sand. The sea, although there is a long rolling swell coming up from the Bay of Biscay, is comparatively calm, and of a deep delicious blue such as we can have but seldom under our grayer skies at home, although I think that Mrs Oliphant once said of the bay which washes the bold headland on which the classic city of St Andrews stands, that at times it can rival even the Mediterranean in its blueness. To-day, far as the eye can reach, the waves ripple and glisten in the sunlight, and many boats of all shapes and sizes are gliding over the waters. There the royal mail steamer bound for Pernambuco cleaves through the waves, the pulsations of her engines and the throb of her screws heard distinctly in the calm, quiet air, while the water breaks in spray from her bows. Nearer inshore numerous Portuguese fishing-boats are busily at work. Some under full brown canvas are heading seaward; on others in the distance there may be seen the figure of a man silhouetted against the mast as he lazily 'sheets' the sail; while on others again, anchored not far from the beach, the fishermen are casting their nets overboard, reminding one of their brethren of the Sea of Galilee as described to us in Scripture.

To the left in the middle distance rises the picturesque ramparts of Fort St Julian, guarding the mouth of the Tagus. The guns in the fort itself are of obsolete pattern, and it is now chiefly used as a coastguard station; but a masked battery has recently been built behind the fort, the guns of which are believed to be of modern construction, and to constitute an effective armament for the protection of the sea approach to Lisbon.

Our dogs evidently enjoy their scamper along the beach, varied as it is by an occasional swim in the sea, cooling to their superabundant energies. But Portugal is not without its drawbacks for the canine race, for 'ticks' and other insect pests abound, the former especially multiplying at a tremendous rate. These little insects cling to the dog's body with their sharp mandibles, clustering in particular on the ears, and cause much discomfort and suffering to the animal attacked by them.

Farther on we see a large flock of curlews feeding about a hundred yards ahead of us. They do not seem in the least disturbed by our approach, which surprises us a good deal, knowing that they are generally such very wary birds. However, they

allow us to get within fifteen or twenty yards of them before rising, and we are able to admire their thrush-like plumage and graceful heads and bills.

The tide is now fast receding, and through the still wet seaweed the rocks appear in varying shades of brown, red, and green. In the rock-pools, where the water is crystal clear, there are a number of small fish darting hither and thither, anon hiding themselves under the stones or resting on the shining shingle at the bottom of the pool. At the end of the rocks a poor old cripple stands fishing. His gear is of a somewhat primitive kind, consisting of a long bamboo rod with strong coarse line and large rough hooks, an iron-wire gaff, and a rush-mat basket. One or two other rock-fishermen are wading about in the deep pools, cautiously feeling in the nooks and crannies with a long iron wire, and as the startled fish rush into the pool they are deftly captured in a rough sort of landing-net.

As we scramble across the rocks we come upon some of the boys from the Sanatorio Marítimo de Carcavellos paddling in the pools. What a healthy life they live, these little fellows! Picturesquely clad in short khaki-coloured trousers, blue-and-white striped overalls, and large straw sun-hats perched on the back of their heads, some of them are almost always to be seen on the far-stretching beach playing games, building miniature forts of granite boulders on the top of which a coloured bit of rag for a flag flies bravely, bathing in the fresh blue sea, or stretched in little groups on the sands, their brown legs glistening in the sun; and they undoubtedly add an enviable touch of life and colour to the scene. Perhaps the glories of Portugal as a maritime and colonising nation have departed, as the sun of Catholic Spain as a world-power has assuredly set; but old nations like theirs seem to die hard, and there are still some elements of national pride, patriotism, and vitality left in the Portuguese. One of the evidences of this is the tenacity with which, despite financial and other difficulties, they cling to what is still left of their once relatively great colonial empire. Of them, or rather of their country, it may perhaps be said in the words of the old Persian poet, Omar Khayyám:

But still the vine her ancient ruby yields,
And still a garden by the water flows.

Time flies apace! The shades of the closing day overspread the sky. A faint yellow which every moment turns to a deeper tint is gradually stealing over the western heavens until it changes to a brilliant crimson, touched here with amethyst and there with gray of pearl. How beautiful these sunsets are! Travellers have told us that even in the shining East they are not to be excelled. But now the crimson slowly fades, and we turn homewards in the fast falling twilight, which passes quickly and imperceptibly into night, under a starry sky and the faint rays of the crescent moon.

THE RIGHT HORSE BUT THE WRONG MAN.

PART IV.



HE words, impressive enough in themselves, had been impressively spoken, and were succeeded by a dead silence. But Kendrick was only indignant, and his indignation found vent now.

'But—but,' he got out, spluttering in his eagerness to speak, 'it—it's downright absurd, you know. There's the British Government to be considered and reckoned with, remember that; and I advise you to take warning and be careful what you do!'

He got no further; and the last words were lost in a chorus of grim laughter from the ring of men.

'British Government!' repeated the leader contemptuously. 'Can the British Government reach you here, think you, or, if it could, who would pay heed to it? Besides,' he added with a sneer, 'the British Government would scarcely take in hand to protect native-born Spaniards, Excellency. No, señor. Your pardon, but we are not yet so bald that you can see our brains.'

Kendrick shrugged his shoulders. Argument seemed hopeless, and he gave it up. Things would simply have to take their course now.

'If you would be kind enough just to say for whom you are taking me,' he suggested, with a tinge of sarcasm, 'it would simplify matters so very much.'

'What need, señor?' responded the fellow, with a sneer. 'We take you for yourself, that is all; and it is surely safe to presume that you know your own identity. However,' he added, standing up, 'you have until morning to make your choice; and for your own sake I counsel you to let that choice be a wise one, señor. I have the honour to wish you a very good night.'

It was all very well to say that, but the evening that Kendrick passed was hardly a pleasant one. He sat a little apart, under the shelter of a rock, rubbing his eyes from time to time in a puzzled endeavour to ascertain whether he was in truth awake or only dreaming. His captors had invited him to come nearer the fire; but he was in no humour for their company at any closer quarters, and chose to remain where he had been first placed for safety's sake. However, the hope, if hope he had cherished, of thereby eluding the vigilance of his guards and making his escape in the night, was doomed to disappointment. Two of them, muscular, powerful young fellows, both well armed, kept close beside him; and although they looked longingly at the fire and the group round it, neither showed a sign of slackening his vigilance over his prisoner for a moment.

They brought him supper—meat and bread, and wine from a pig-skin that was circulating round the fire; and one of his guards, a handsome youngster, not unlike Perico at the inn, only a year or two his

senior, rolled him a dozen paper *cigarrillos* with his quick, deft fingers, afterwards bringing him unasked a wet bandage for his ankle. But for all this proof of goodwill, he only shook his head when Kendrick tried to get him to talk, and was not to be shaken in his fidelity.

So the hours passed, and the prisoner's meditations were none of the sweetest. It was all very well to feel inclined, as he did now and then, to laugh grimly at the whole adventure as some absurd mistake. There was little of the ludicrous in the faces of his captors: they were in dead solemn earnest every man of them; nor was there much of the ridiculous left about the thing when the reflection came home that, unless he declared himself in the morning ready to sign his willingness to fulfil the conditions imposed on him, he would assuredly find himself knocked on the head without mercy. Nor could he have got out of his difficulty, even if British obstinacy would have permitted it, by asserting his willingness to sign, and leaving his captors to find out their mistake afterwards, when the simple fact of the matter—absurd, but none the less true for all that—was that he did not even know the name of the landowner whom he was supposed to be personating. The only thing clear at present was that he was in the hands of desperate men, who would stick at nothing in order to carry out their ends; and altogether the outlook in the morning promised to be scarcely lively for him.

He sat and watched, hugging his knees, until he saw pretty clearly that all hope of eluding the vigilance of his captors and giving them the slip in the night was useless. They evidently meant to maintain a strict watch over their prisoner, and were not to be caught napping. Our traveller had had no intention of sleeping either; in fact, as he told himself, he had never been wider awake in his life. But a long week of exercise in the open air, and a hard and tiring day at the back of that, proved to be more than he had taken into consideration, and the end of it was that, he never knew how or when, despite his uneasy bed and the pain of his ankle he fell fast asleep.

Kendrick slept until the morning sun, shining on his face, woke him, and he sat up with a start.

He had never spent a night under 'green curtains' before, and every limb was stiff and aching with the unwonted exposure. The air was chilly, for the *madrugada*, the fresh, sweet dawn of southern Spain, even in summer is searchingly keen to a stranger; and he shivered, with chattering teeth, as he stared round him. Yet memory in his case was not a blank; he remembered the incidents of last night only too clearly, nor was he at all likely to forget the pleasant prospect awaiting him at the hands of his captors in the morning.

But where were his captors? What had become of them? Not a human being, not a living creature even, was to be seen, and the silence round him was like the silence of the grave. For a moment he sat there staring blankly, wondering whether it had been all a dream and nothing more. But no! There lay the ashes of the fire, warm yet; there was the stone on which he had sat in conference with the brown-bearded stranger, and the grass on every side still bore the impress of trampling feet. All that was clear enough; it was clear, too, that his captors had vanished; but how, or why, or where was a mystery. However, their disappearance, indeed the possibility of never seeing them again, was a prospect he found himself equal to sustaining without a shadow of regret.

Another thing made itself clearly evident presently—namely, that since he was in that hole, the sooner he got out of it the better. His injured leg scarcely promised to make the task an easy one; but the relief of finding himself a free man again did away with every other consideration, and with the aid of his heavy stick, which he had found on waking lying beside him, he hobbled across the hollow and set to work to scale the rocks at the easiest point available. It was only a climb of forty or fifty feet; and he managed it at last, taking many short rests during the process, and pausing when fairly up, before turning away, to cast a glance down into the mysterious hidden hollow in which he had last night gone through so strange an experience. He had almost been expecting to come upon his captors on the rocks there above; and it was a distinct relief on gaining the lip of the hollow to find himself to all appearance the single living being in a world of solitude. There was little inducement to linger. He had had enough of that locality, he said to himself, to last him for some time; and after one more look at the silent hollow below he set off down the slope in the direction in which he judged Pozo del Monte to lie, at as good a pace as his ankle would let him. But he had barely covered a couple of hundred yards or so when, on rounding an outcropping rock, he came face to face with a man and mule on their way up; and at the sight of them Kendrick stopped and stood staring in amazement. For the man—youth rather—was young Perico from yonder *canta* of unblessed memory.

Perico himself looked little less surprised for the moment, somewhat confused too. But for all that, he was the one to recover himself first.

'Ah, señor!' he exclaimed, a smile lighting up his handsome young face, 'I rejoice to find you here. I feared that you might not find yourself able to walk at all.'

The reply on Kendrick's lips was about to be couched in terms somewhat more forcible than polite; but the lad's quick intelligence had taken in the state of things in a moment, and he gave the Englishman no time to get out a word.

'Look you, señor, I bring you a message. I am charged to convey a thousand regrets—yes, by my

faith! and profound apologies—for the mistake made last night and the inconvenience resulting to yourself. And,' he added adroitly, allowing no time for a rejoinder, 'this mule is for your use, and I have orders to convey you in safety to Pozo del Monte. Will you do me the favour to mount him, señor?'

Once again Kendrick, all the smouldering wrath of the night on the point of breaking into flame, was half-inclined to stand on his dignity, and reject the offer with scorn and just indignation. But, like a sensible fellow, he thought better of it, for his ankle was aching most consumedly just then. Besides, his curiosity and indignation were tolerably well matched, and he had discernment enough to see that there was no chance of the former being gratified except through the agency of Perico. However, although the latter, pacing alongside the sturdy mule, was willing enough to talk, he showed himself singularly reticent concerning last night's adventure.

'Hark you, señor,' the lad said with a shrug, 'we have a proverb that "when we think to catch we are sometimes caught," and you, as a stranger, will do well to keep silence respecting those with whom you have had to do last night. Mistakes may be made, even by the wisest; and the past, look you, is past.'

'Oh,' queried Kendrick bluntly, 'that's it, is it? And Pedro Perez, what of him? Is the past to be past with him too?'

Perico shrugged his shoulders.

'Pedro Perez will have to take his chance,' responded he indifferently. 'He is not the first who has had to suffer injustice. Yet he has a good friend in—in one in authority at Pozo del Monte—and the chances are that if—if he does not succeed in other quarters, he will be able to secure the pardon of Perez among those that will be granted in May, when the little king comes to his throne.'

Kendrick rode on in silence, considering. A light was beginning to dawn on him.

'This friend you speak of,' he demanded then, turning suddenly on Perico, 'does he wear a brown beard?'

Perico gave him back look for look, and there was no trace of consciousness in the steady gaze of his eyes.

'No, señor,' he answered simply. 'It is not our custom here. He has been always clean-shaven when I have seen him.'

'But a custom might be broken through for once,' persisted the Englishman, and again he looked hard at Perico.

'It is possible, señor,' rejoined the lad imperturbably. 'I do not say no. I have known stranger things happen than that, when there was occasion for it.'

Kendrick knew better than to ask more. Every country had its own little ways of managing its affairs; and this was probably only a 'thing of Spain,' into which it would be unwise for a stranger

to inquire too closely. If the ends of justice could best be served by the kidnapping of a landowner and compelling him under pain of death to obtain fair dealing for the tillers of his soil, that was no concern of his. He only wondered whether, supposing he had laid hold by chance of that brown beard, it would have come off in his hand; and asked himself, too, if he would know the fellow, clear of his disguise, granting that the pair of them should ever meet. On coming to think things over, it struck him that, taking one with another, he had come off worst in the whole business; and he said so. However, it was not much in the way of consolation to find that Perico scarcely saw the matter in the same light; rather, that the lad regarded the whole thing as being in a large measure Kendrick's own fault.

'I do not deny that had the mistake not been found out before morning things might have gone hard with you,' Perico admitted candidly, 'for those with whom you had to deal were men of their word. But what would you? When two men are as like each other as two blades of grass, and the one appears riding the horse of the other, I would ask, how are those who are on the watch for that other to know that he has kept to the high-road after all, and so reached Pozo del Monte by another way? But, *caramba!* if his Excellency the Duke—by my faith! the name has slipped off my tongue without my knowing it—would remember that Spain, and not England, where he was sent to school, is his country by blood and birth, there might be less occasion for actions such as that which was likely to have cost you so dear. Things would be as quiet as a pool of oil, and he might take solitary rides in safety then.'

'By Jove!' exclaimed Kendrick, a light dawning on him. 'Then it was through the horse after all!'

Perico regarded the Englishman with the air of one who has believed a fact to be patent to his hearer all along. 'Of course, yes, señor. What would you have? I warned you you might have trouble on his account before reaching Pozo del Monte, for I knew him to be well known as the horse of the Señor Duque; but you would not heed me.'

Kendrick hardly heeded him now. He was too busy piecing things together, and he saw pretty clearly how the case stood by this time. Remembering his hard thoughts of the lad Perico, he felt slightly humiliated and small; the more, perhaps, on recalling the very different construction put by himself upon the action of the señora last night. Needless to say, he had changed his mind by now on both points, and more particularly as concerned the lady.

'Oh, my mother!' said Perico indifferently, with a shrug, when the Englishman, smarting still under the sense of having been tricked, had made one or two pointed remarks on the subject. 'My mother, she thought only of the twenty-five *pesetas*, that is all. The horse had been left with us awaiting the Señor Duque, whose whim it is to ride to Pozo del Monte over the sierra at times alone; and if she believed she could make twenty-five *pesetas* out of his hire in the meantime, she asked herself why not. She had no thought of risk to you, señor, and when I represented it to her, called me only a fool for my pains.'

For a few minutes Kendrick rode on in silence. He was wondering how the brown-bearded man and the rest of his captors had felt on discovering their mistake; and being no more than mortal, he was sensible of a distinct sense of satisfaction at the reflection of how completely his kidnappers had been done.

'So they thought they had caught a Duke, and he turned out to be only a stockbroker,' he said, with a grim laugh. 'Pretty well sold that time, anyhow.' And Perico, plodding alongside the mule, although he did not understand in the least what a stockbroker might be, laughed in echo of the Englishman, and in the main agreed with him.

'Yes, señor,' said the lad, 'you are right. They have been given *gato por liebre* over you, without a doubt. *Caramba!*' he went on, seeing the puzzled expression on his companion's face, 'I know not how you say it in England, but when a man thinks he has got a bargain and it turns out to be nothing after all, we say he has had *gato por liebre*—has been given a cat for a hare.'

THE END.

A VISIT TO THIBET.

By Captain J. H. BALDWIN.

PART II.

IN my last paper on the above subject in the April issue of *Chambers's Journal*, I endeavoured to describe a journey through the Himalayas across the snowy range into Thibet.

By the first week in June we had advanced a considerable distance into the country in a north-westerly direction. The farther we went

the more people of the country we met coming from the opposite direction, driving their flocks and herds before them. These pastoral Tartars had come considerable distances from the far side of the river Sutlej, which they had crossed by a bridge from the neighbourhood of a place called Gartok. There was a guard of armed men posted at this bridge, and unfortunately I was debarred from

crossing to the northern side by the arrangement I had originally come to with the authorities. It was a disappointment to be thus hindered from seeing more of the country, and probably reaching far better hunting-grounds; but it proved quite useless attempting to persuade the head official of the district, called the *tumpan*, to grant me the desired permission. I had a meeting with this satrap, whom I found to be a greedy, malevolent individual, a confirmed opium-smoker, and a lover of strong drink.

It was with the greatest difficulty, and only by bribing him with sundry presents, including one of a pair of precious red-coloured blankets, which he evidently had set his heart on obtaining, that I succeeded in gaining an extension of time to continue my hunting; but I feared coming to any misunderstanding with these truculent people; for had I endeavoured to force matters and to take my own course in the direction I wished to travel, I should undoubtedly have brought a crowd of mounted Tartars against me, and if once we had come to blows it might have ended disastrously and compromised me with our Government. Moreover, I was now alone in the wilderness, my comrade having left me and recrossed into British territory by the route we had come.

At Tazang, a place I have already mentioned, after many disappointments and much toil I at length succeeded in shooting a male *Ovis ammon*, one of the greatest prizes a sportsman can win. This giant sheep stood fully twelve hands high at the shoulder, and supplied us with an abundance of meat—which was of the greatest importance, for, owing to the watch kept upon us by our Tartar guard, we found it impossible to buy sheep or goats from the pastoral tribes around us.

To show the severity and tyranny of the authorities over their subjects, I will relate what happened to one of my escort for complying with a most harmless request which, unfortunately, I had made to him.

One morning when starting for the hills as usual in search of game, we happened to pass the spot where our escort had spent the night. I noticed that one of the party—the youngest and most pleasing-looking of the group—was seated on the ground repairing the soles of his boots with some narrow strips of hide. Remembering that one of a pair of my own shooting-boots required mending, I asked Dhun Singh to take it over to the man when we returned in the evening, and try to get him to do what was required. On the following morning my boot was brought back to me roughly repaired, but once more fit for use. I sent a small present to my Tartar friend, and thought no more about it. Some days afterwards, while I was in my tent about midday, Dhun Singh called me outside. The poor fellow who had mended my boots was standing beside him. The other three of the Tartar guard were not in sight. Glancing anxiously behind him to make sure that he was not being

watched, the man suddenly threw off his sheep-skin coat, exposing his back and shoulders, and showing that he had been recently most cruelly and shamefully beaten with the lash. To my astonishment, Dhun Singh informed me that this terrible punishment was the result of the Tartar's having complied with the small request I had made to him to repair my boot.

But the above is only one instance among many I could give confirming the opinion I formed many years ago that the Thibetans are for the most part a brutal, cruel race of beings. Nor do I believe, judging from the reports of recent travellers, that they have improved in this respect or become more civilised than they were at the time I speak of, the year 1863. Evidently the unfortunate man so mercilessly flogged had been betrayed by one of his companions, had then been summoned to appear before those in authority, and for a most trivial act of disobedience in rendering me a little assistance had been cruelly treated in the manner I have described.

But to return to our narrative. I was gratified to observe that the 'dwellers in tents,' the people in charge of the flocks and herds recently arrived from the interior of the country, showed a more friendly spirit towards us. And I may say here that my experience in wild countries has always been that pastoral tribes are as a rule a harmless, peaceable race of beings, and so these poor Tartars proved themselves to be. At first they evidently stood in awe of our escort, and appeared afraid to approach our encampment—which was not to be wondered at after what had recently occurred; but gradually things improved. I noticed a jug of fresh milk every morning on the breakfast-table, with ynk-butter to match; and in return I sent a good piece of the recently killed *Ovis ammon* as a 'peace-offering' to the Tartars for their civility. Women and children soon came peeping about, and I gave them a few trifles I had brought with me for the purpose, in the shape of small looking-glasses, beads, and our empty bottles, which latter they were delighted with.

After this the ice was fairly broken, and we were soon invaded by swarms of grubby Tartars of every age and both sexes. As a matter of course, as with all uncivilised races, they proved themselves to be great beggars, continually pestering us for everything they saw and wished to possess; but this I will say of them, that they took nothing away but what we gave them.

I found myself constantly inspected by groups, principally of women, squatting together opposite the door of my tent.

I have already described the dress of the men. The women generally wore long woollen coats of a dark colour; sometimes these loose hanging garments were striped with brighter shades, with a belt or girdle round the waist; long cloth boots kept up by garters completed this rough costume.

The head was left bare, with the hair hanging

down. Some of the women wore strings of beads or coral ornaments round the neck, while others had turquoise stones attached to the hair. I noticed that these latter, though many were of large size, were full of cracks and flaws. The women appeared to be industrious, and were continually occupied in spinning from bundles of wool which they carried about with them.

Both men and women were of short stature; but many of the former were of powerful build, with enormously developed lower limbs, reminding me forcibly in this respect of the porters to be seen about the docks at Hong-kong. These people, although they possessed the usual type of Mongol countenance, were considerably darker in complexion than the Chinese, more of an olive than a yellow tint. Their faces were deeply lined by toil and exposure to the terribly severe cold of these inhospitable regions.

Like most inhabitants of cold climates, these Tartars were excessively dirty. They lived all crowded together in a few large tents. Some of these temporary erections were of circular form and well put together, being made of a coarse dark woollen covering woven from the hair of the yak and supported on bent poles. A hole was left in the centre of the roof to permit of the exit of the smoke from a fire beneath.

The Tartars continually begged for gunpowder; but a traveller should always be careful in complying with this request, more especially in a country containing big game. I remember feeling surprised, however, that from first to last, while in Thibet, I never once saw firearms of any sort; but from the anxiety of the people to obtain gunpowder, it was quite evident that rifles or guns were not far away. The only arms I ever noticed were heavy *dhon* knives, which some of the men carried in their belts.

We soon discovered that the influx of people passing along the valleys with their sheep and goats, the latter guarded by a large breed of dog which kept up a perpetual barking after nightfall, had the natural effect of driving away the game of the country. This compelled us to leave the open undulating plains for higher ground; but we generally encamped within a few miles of some of the wandering Tartars, in order to obtain supplies of milk, butter, and the like. Hitherto I had had no opportunity of personally visiting these people, though my camp-followers constantly passed to and fro. At length came the chance, which I was glad to avail myself of. My guide had one evening crossed a range of hills to a valley where a party of Tartars were encamped, and to my surprise, when I met him the following morning, he told me that one of these people had recently killed a snow leopard, as this animal is commonly called by English sportsmen; but the more correct name is the ounce (*Felis unca*), a very rare animal seldom come across or shot by either European or native hunters.

Dhun Singh informed me that the Tartars had the skin of the ounce in their tent, and as I had

never seen one of these animals, and wished most particularly to learn how they had succeeded in killing an animal which the most successful sportsmen I knew of had failed in obtaining, I at once determined to pay a visit to these people and inspect this valuable trophy. Accordingly we walked across the hills to the Tartar encampment. The skin was produced, and the successful hunter, a shepherd lad, related through my interpreter how he had killed the ounce by dropping a rock upon it from the edge of a cliff above when the animal was lying asleep in the sun at the mouth of a cave, evidently its den. By extraordinary good luck the piece of rock struck the ounce in the centre of the back, crippling it in the spine. The Tartar then descended and despatched the creature by a few blows on the head with his heavy *dhon* knife. On examining the skin, which was that of a female ounce measuring fully seven and a half feet in length, I saw a dark mark about the centre of the back where evidently the animal had been injured when alive, and as I could discover no bullet-hole through the skin I became convinced that the account as related was perfectly true. Unfortunately a splendid trophy had been ruined by the careless manner in which the skin had been removed from the carcass, no attempt having been made to stretch and dry it properly. The consequence was that it had fallen into bad condition, with the fur falling out in several places.

I may here mention that two days later we captured one of the two cubs of the ounce. At first the young creature was in a half-starved condition, but by careful treatment it rapidly improved and became quite tame. I had great hopes of later sending it to England for our Zoological Gardens, but on returning one evening from the mountains I found it lying dead in my tent. I had a suspicion at the time that one of my camp-followers had given it poison. The animal gave my servants considerable trouble when on the line of march. I had left it in the morning apparently in the best of health; but wild creatures, especially when very young, often die in this manner from want of a mother's care.

After inquiring into the death of the snow ounce and ascertaining from the Tartars what game they had come across in the neighbourhood, we discussed some tea my entertainers put before us. I wished to taste the decoction made from the brick-tea of the country which these people are continually drinking. There are several kinds of this brick-tea, which chiefly comes to Thibet from China. Some of the bricks were of considerable size, weighing three or four pounds, and naturally these poor people could only afford the cheapest and coarsest description.

Their ideas of making tea evidently differed from ours. There was a brass or copper vessel on the fire in which the tea was well stewed, and just before presenting me with a metal cup full of the precious liquid one of the men added an abominable yellow mess of thick *ghee* or clarified butter. I managed to gulp down a mouthful, and

after that was glad to turn from the stifling atmosphere of the evil-smelling tent to the pure air outside. Among the Tartar pots and kettles which they showed me I at once noticed a large-sized tin plate with the English alphabet round the outside. In the centre of the plate were two raised figures representing our late Queen and Prince Consort. On my inquiring how they acquired the plate, the elder of the party informed me through the interpreter that an English sportsman visiting Thibet in search of big game several years before had given him it. I parted with these poor wanderers on good terms. They proved themselves to be a simple folk, glad to welcome the English stranger and altogether

wanting in the overbearing manner commonly displayed by those set in authority over them. Later they returned my call, and I took the opportunity of giving them a few trifling presents, which sent them away delighted.

A few days later I had the good fortune to shoot a fine male *burhel*. This completed my collection of Thibetan trophies, with the one exception of a bull *bunchowr*. It began to be time to think of returning south. The short summer was drawing to a close, and the Thibetan traveller should always beware of delaying his departure too long, for an early fall of snow might cut off his retreat by closing the passes behind him.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

SUBMARINE WARFARE.



RECENT events in the Far East and a terrible disaster in our home waters have concentrated attention upon torpedo warfare and submarine vessels. It is the general idea, perhaps, that the submarine ship is a new thing which has hardly passed the trial stage. This is unfortunately the case so far as our own country is concerned, for we are slow to adopt new devices. But other nations have been more prompt to avail themselves of this type of vessel; and if all the submarines belonging to the navies of the world or in course of construction were gathered together they would make a very formidable fleet of about two hundred craft. Mr A. H. Burgoyne, who has made a study of the subject, contributes to the *Times* a long letter regarding the world's submarines, and we are able to gather from it some interesting particulars concerning vessels of this type which are either actually afloat, are being built, or are about to be built. France takes the lead with a total of fifty-eight; Russia comes next with thirty-four; England has, or will presently have, twenty-nine; Spain, twenty-two; America, seventeen; Italy, nine; Germany, eight; Sweden, six; Portugal, two; and Turkey, two. Other countries are making exhaustive trials with experimental boats, but have not yet any of their own. It is noteworthy that Japan has not apparently deemed it necessary to add this type of vessel to a navy which has lately exhibited its efficiency in such a remarkable manner.

THE RUBBER INDUSTRY.

Little more than a century ago Dr Priestley said that he had 'seen a substance excellently adapted to the purpose of wiping from paper the marks of a blacklead-pencil,' the price of india-rubber, to which he referred, being at that time three shillings for a cubic half-inch. Since then rubber has been found to be so excellently adapted for a great many

other purposes that its culture has assumed the position of a very important industry. In the Imperial Institute *Bulletin* for 1903—which has recently been issued under the authority of the Board of Trade, and which is full of matter relating to the economic resources of the overseas dominions of the King—there is much useful information about the cultivation of various kinds of rubber-trees, there being no fewer than eight reports dealing with this subject. We find here, too, a very interesting account of experiments made to find a use for the large quantity of seeds yielded by the Para rubber-tree, which have hitherto been destroyed by the planters. These seeds, we learn, which are like small chestnuts in shape and size, have been examined at the Institute, and the husk and kernel ground together have been found to yield a light-yellow oil useful as a substitute for linseed-oil, and worth about twenty pounds per ton. It is believed, too, that the residual matter, after the oil is extracted, could be utilised as a feeding material for cattle.

ELECTRICITY v. STEAM.

The electric-motor is taking the place of the steam-engine in so many industries, to say nothing of its use for locomotive purposes on our tram-lines and railways, that it must be evident to all that it possesses great advantages. In workshops the employment of a motor, which takes up little space, which requires neither furnace nor boiler, and is clean and safe in use, is naturally appreciated. In addition to all these advantages, it is much cheaper to run machinery by electric current than it is by steam. It would appear that this is also the case in the working of electric railways; but the system is so young that it is difficult as yet to get trustworthy data for comparison. The chairman of the Mersey Railway, Mr Falconer, did, however, make reference recently to the first half-year's working of that line by the electric current, and his report is distinctly favourable, with the exception that the bill for repairs was more than double that of the corresponding half-year of 1902, when the

line was worked by steam locomotives. We presume that there must be some special circumstances to account for this increase. As to the other details, they are given as per train-mile under steam and electricity respectively, and in every case, except in the one cited, the figures are in favour of electricity. The total working expenses per train-mile under steam are stated to have been 41-2d., and under electricity only 18-2d.

A WEATHER-FORECASTING PLANT.

Some years ago a good deal was heard of the alleged virtues of the so-called 'weather plant' *Atrus predatorius*, which found an enthusiastic advocate in the person of Professor Nowack, of Vienna. This observer has recently written to the *Times* in support of his theory that this plant, by its behaviour, will accurately foretell not only the state of the weather, but will give notice of a seismic disturbance which may be at hand. He claims that during the Vienna Jubilee Exhibition, a few years ago, he was able by the aid of the plant to forecast from hour to hour, and two or three days in advance, the state of the weather for a period of six months, with a correctness which elicited universal surprise. Shortly after this the plant in question was subjected to tests at Kew Gardens; but the authorities there were not impressed by its behaviour, and gave it an unfavourable character. Professor Nowack claims that the English tests were not carried out under proper conditions nor for as long a period as was necessary, and that the failure of the plant to give accurate indications was only to be expected; and so the question remains undecided whether the plant will do the work alleged or not. It may be, of course, that the *Atrus* finds the climate of Britain an uncongenial one, and refuses to act as it will abroad, where many testimonials have been given as to its efficacy as a weather-prophet. There are several Indian plants which have the same reputation; but they simply become moist when the air is charged with watery vapour—acting, in fact, like the seaweed which is such a popular form of weather-guide in our own country.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN COLOUR.

The discovery of a means of obtaining photographs in the colours of nature has been so often described as an accomplished fact that one is apt to be chary of accepting any statement with regard to an invention of the kind. We have, however, detailed in these columns certain processes which, by the help of dyes, give good results by photographic means—that is to say, the application of the colours is governed by the action of light. A printing process in colours which has novel points has been invented by Herr Szezepanik, and was recently brought under the notice of the London Camera Club. The process utilises a special kind of prepared paper which is coated first of all with collodion or gelatine stained blue, next with one stained yellow, and finally with a surface stained

red. The colours are of such a fugitive nature that when the paper is exposed to light they are destroyed. But if during exposure the paper is covered with a coloured original, say a stained-glass window, the colours in that original preserve the colours buried in the paper, and they are not obliterated. In other words, a coloured transparent picture is exactly reproduced on the paper placed beneath it under the action of light. Specimens which we have handled and examined prove the process to be a practical one. The colours remaining on the paper after exposure to light can be fixed by a mordant so as to become permanent. Unfortunately the necessary exposure to light is a protracted operation; otherwise it would be possible to expose the paper in the camera and get a coloured picture direct—that is, a fac-simile of the beautiful image seen on the focussing screen of the instrument. The inventor is, we are told, prosecuting experiments with a view to make this possible. Should he succeed, the art of photography would undergo an entire revolution.

SKIPPING AS AN EXERCISE.

It is recorded of blunt old Dr Abernethy that when a lady consulted him with regard to some nervous affection from which she suffered, he said to her, 'Don't come to me; go home and buy a skipping-rope.' Dr Bond, of Gloucester, is advocating this same kind of exercise, which he describes as an unsurpassed form of home gymnastics; but the skipping-rope which he recommends is an exalted form of the toy-shop pattern, to which he has given the name 'girbola.' Skipping, he tells us in his pamphlet on the subject, is a form of exercise which calls a large number of muscles into activity, and it is of special value as a means of correcting that weakness of the heart which is apt to occur in persons of sedentary occupation. He describes it as 'an unequalled resource for those who wish, at no appreciable expense, and with little expenditure of time except at odd moments that are at the command of every one, to supply the lack of outdoor exercise which their occupation during working hours imposes, by exercise of a kind that is calculated to do for them all that any kind of home gymnastics can offer.' The idea of a judge or a bishop passing his leisure moments in this manner will, of course, be seized upon by the burlesque writer, the comic artist, and other frivolous persons as a most admirable opportunity for displaying their talents. Many serious things have been spoken in jest; and if Dr Abernethy and his modern disciple are right with regard to their estimate of the value of skipping, sensible people will not be frightened from it by any amount of ridicule.

A THAMES LAKE.

The Thames Conservancy have before them a scheme for constructing across the river Thames at Gravesend a barrage which would virtually transform the noble waterway between that place and

London Bridge into a lake. This scheme, which would comprise a dam, with locks which would be available at all states of the tide, a subway for foot-passengers, and an overhead road for vehicles, is estimated to cost between three and four millions sterling. The project has lately assumed more importance from the fact that the Conservancy are restrained by a recent decision from dredging the river above the Thames Tunnel, and a bar is thus offered to the passage of large ships. The making of the dam would ensure a constant depth of water, and tides would not be felt; but it seems probable that adjacent districts might suffer from floods if the dam were established. The proposal will affect many interests and will require serious consideration.

WOOD-WORKING MACHINERY.

With the introduction of machinery in every conceivable field of labour it is a necessity that many handicrafts must for a time suffer, often with deplorable results to those who have been dependent upon them. For ages the Swiss peasants have had almost a monopoly in the making of certain toys, and especially in the carving of the remarkable animals which are peculiar to the miniature Noah's Ark. It was frequently the case that an entire household would be engaged in the carving and painting of these toys; but it is not so now, and many of the Swiss peasants must feel the pangs of poverty, we fear. The reason of the change is to be looked for thousands of miles away in the American lumber-forests. At the sawmills the vast amount of waste cuttings would quickly accumulate were they not put to some purpose, and the result is that machines have been introduced for cutting all kinds of useful articles, including toys, out of this waste. So that they become a factory, and will often produce a vast number of articles of use in a household, while some have entered into the manufacture of toys upon an enormous scale. In an article dealing with this subject in *Cassier's Magazine* it is stated that in the great woods of New England the fact that all turn out in one day more toys than fifty households in the Tyrol could produce in a week.

TO STOP SEA-SICKNESS.

The penalty which many persons pay when they venture upon the sea, although it has always been a favourite subject of jest, is a very real thing for the unfortunate sufferer, and no effort will be made to cure the evil, or the remembered that ships have been sent to the Channel service of special design to prevent seasickness; but they have proved quite inefficient. The last proposal of the kind comes from Herr Otto Schlick, who appears to have taken the gyroscope, which is used in the steering of ships, and suggests the use of it on shipboard of an enormous size, weighing ten tons for a ship of six thousand tons.

which would revolve at a velocity of six hundred and fifty feet per second at the circumference. The weight and the power necessary to keep the wheel in motion would both be grave difficulties, and it is very doubtful if the device would prove effective. The gyroscope does keep the torpedo on a straight course; but a torpedo differs from a ship in that it travels a few feet below the surface, and out of the reach of choppy sea.

SALMON FOR THE THAMES.

In November 1897 a noteworthy meeting was held at the Mansion House, London, to discuss the possibility and desirability of restocking the Thames with salmon, and as an outcome of that discussion the Thames Salmon Association was formed two years later. Since that time experimental work with this end in view has been vigorously prosecuted, and the hatching of fish for the Thames has been carried on gratuitously by Mr W. C. Gilbey at his fishery at Denham, near Uxbridge. A number of gentlemen interested in pisciculture recently formed this fishery in order to see the collection of young salmon for transmission to the river. These fish, which were in splendid condition, were the offspring of five thousand ova kindly sent by the Duke of Richmond from the Spey, forty thousand from Lord Denbigh's fishery, fifty thousand from Mr Freeman's Irish fishery, and four thousand from Mr Powers. So that England, Ireland, and Scotland are all lending a helping hand to stock the metropolitan river with salmon. It is to be earnestly hoped that the efforts of this praiseworthy association and its helpers will be crowned with success, for it is only reasonable to suppose that other streams would be amenable to the same treatment. The re-establishment and maintenance of salmon-fisheries is of national importance.

COTTON-GROWING IN THE EMPIRE.

The wild speculation on the New York cotton-market has precipitated a state of things in Lancashire sufficiently serious to call for notice in the King's Speech at the opening of Parliament; but the calamity will not have happened in vain if it brings about a large increase in the growth of cotton in our own colonies and dependencies. At present the chief sources of supply of the raw material are the Southern States of the American Union, India, and Egypt. But India does not count for very much, as the growers there retain their prejudice in favour of the short-staple variety, which Lancashire cannot be induced to approve, and the bulk of that growth probably finds its way to the mills in Bombay. The Indian Government, however, has taken up the subject of cotton cultivation in a serious manner, and the Inspector-General of Agriculture reports that there are hopeful signs that an improvement may be looked for ere long, especially in Behar and the provinces of Punjab and Sind. Roughly speaking, we depend almost entirely on America for our supply; and, apart from the question of 'corners'

and 'rings,' this is not satisfactory, if view of the rapidly increasing population of that country, and the probability that she will soon require all her production for home consumption. But there are many parts of the British Empire where cotton can be grown with success; and Mr Leigh Hunt, of New York, an expert agriculturist, declares that the Soudan will furnish the finest cotton-fibs in the world. There are, he says, thousands of square miles of deep alluvial soil along the ten thousand miles of river-reaches provided by the Nile; while the means of export are among the most efficient in the world. He recommends, therefore, the importation of negroes from the Southern States of the Union, who will gradually teach the thin population of the Soudan all the methods of cotton cultivation. Mr Leigh Hunt has arranged with the Soudan Government to start a cotton plantation upon these lines at the mouth of the Atbara River. Meanwhile the British Cotton-Growing Association has had its attention turned to Nigeria, and already one or two small consignments have come to him from that quarter. Rhodesia, too, is said to be exactly suited to cotton-growing; and there appears to be no doubt that the staple could be largely grown in the West Indies, where any accession of commercial activity would be welcome. Next to the rehabilitation of English agriculture, there is no more important question than this of British cotton-growing; and if ever bounty-giving could be justified, it would surely be on behalf of the sorely distressed population of Lancashire.

'WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA' UP TO DATE.

Published four years ago, that handy biographical dictionary of notable living men and women of the United States, *Who's Who in America*, promises to become as permanent as it is useful and indispensable. We noticed the 1901-1902 edition fully at the time in *Chambers's Journal* for 1902, and need only mention now that a thoroughly revised third edition, containing four thousand new names, or a total of fourteen thousand four hundred and forty-three, has been issued by A. N. Marquis & Company, Chicago. Notoriety must come quickly in the United States, for more than half of the fourteen thousand names were not in the first edition. There is some ground of complaint against the captains of industry who were chary of returning their forms filled up with the necessary information, one man giving as a reason, 'I thought you wanted to draw my leg.' Another gentleman furnished materials for his biography in instalments of eight thousand words each. The patriarch of the present book is Charles Haynes Haswell, civil and mechanical engineer, born in 1803, who has written his autobiography, and has a long record of useful work behind him. Messrs Harper announce a seventieth edition of his *Mechanics and Engineers' Book*. Did Mr Carnegie revise his fifty-line biography? If so, he should not have passed the statement that he was 'Lord-Rector, University of St Andrew, Edinburgh.' His

total benefactions for libraries and education now amount to over ten millions sterling. There is no precedent for this in either ancient or modern times. Mr A. Mosely tells us that it was the skill and up-to-dateness of the American engineers at the mines of South Africa that organised these on a sound basis; from them, too, he conceived the idea of the inquiry which resulted in the useful Mosely Commission to the United States, of which the educational reports were published in April 1904. Take it all in all, the United States may well be proud of its fourteen thousand and odd notable people amongst a population of over seventy-nine millions.

SAN MARINO.

A tiny guide to San Marino has been printed by J. Civelli, Florence, from which we learn that the most favourable time to visit the oldest and smallest independent state of Europe, situated on the Adriatic slopes of the Apennines, is from 1st April to 15th October. It is worth visiting because of its antiquity, its fine views, the healthfulness of its air, and the quaintness of some of its ceremonies. The state is only thirty-two square miles in extent, with a population of slightly over ten thousand. The exports are building-stone, cheese, and wine, and there are some brick-making and pottery industries. Mr William Le Queux, author of *The Closed Book*, is a chevalier of the Order of San Marino and consul for the republic. His Italian residence is at Villa Queux, Lastra a Signa, near Florence.

A CALL.

The lanes are white with blossom,
And all the world's a-May;
The lavish larks are flinging
Their pearls of song away.
The daisies star the meadows,
The violets arise,
With the secret of the summer
In the fragrance of their sighs.
Each day reveals fresh wonders,
And 'he who runs may read'
Nature's 'Book of Beauty'
Love's universal creed.
We leave the dusty city,
With its turmoil and its din,
Fashion and its falseness,
Glitter, sham, and sin;

Seek awhile 'green pastures'
'still waters' where thou'lt find
And a refreshment
Body, soul, and mind.
We cannot draw a calmer breath,
Adjust life's load,
And 'new song in thy heart'
T'gainst the road.

M. HEDDERWICK BROWN.